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From the Picture by] THE FERRY, NORTH HOLLAND. *[G. H. Boughton, R.A.*

(City Art Gallery, Manchester.—By permission.)

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Illustrated Interviews.

LXXI.—MR. GEORGE HENRY BOUGHTON, R.A.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

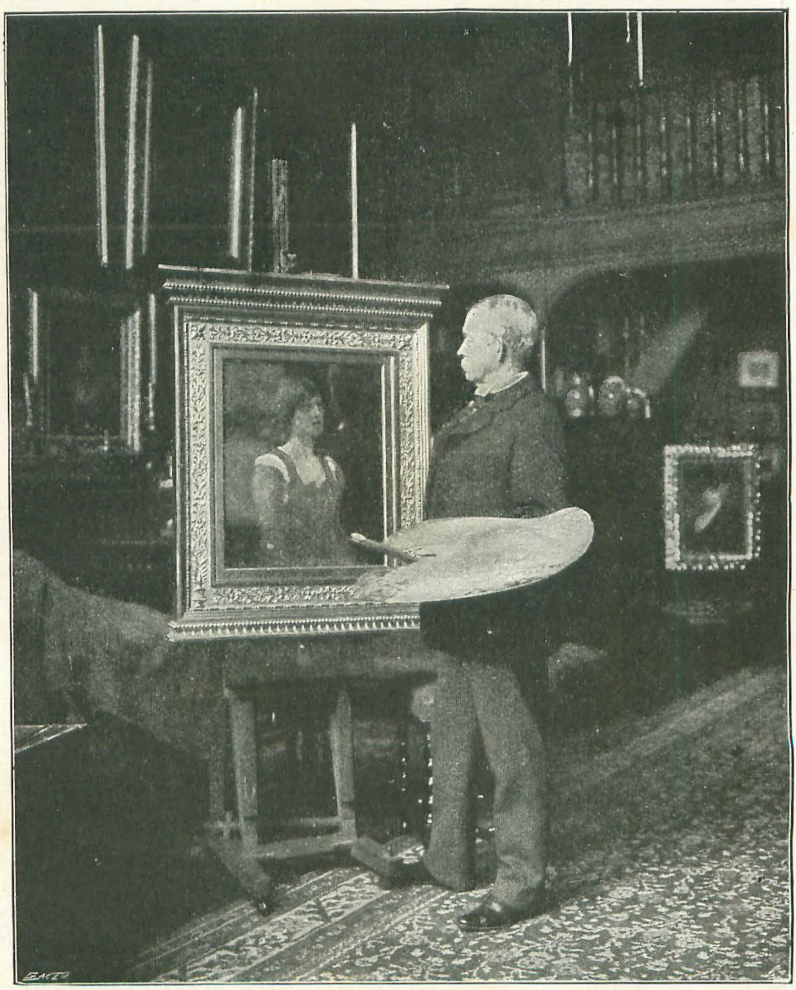
THE painter of Hope—I had almost written poet—for there is in all Mr. Boughton's work that subtle suggestion of emotional aspiration which is the hall-mark of all inspired poetry, and, indeed, of all inspired work. It is not with him so much the theme as the way in which it is presented which gives the peculiar impression to his art, whatever the medium; for, as everyone knows, Mr. Boughton is as exceptional a worker in pastel as he is in oil.

"That is the most comfortable chair," said Mr. Boughton, indicating it, when he had received me in his beautiful studio the day I called on him for the purpose of this interview.

"You had better have it," I replied, with a smile.

His smile answered mine as he sat down. "It's just the chair for this operation, and you are just like a photographer who puts two cold things behind one's ears and says, 'Please look pleasant.'"

I shivered at the suggestion, and drew closer to the fire. There was a pause while I warmed my fingers, and Mr. Boughton got into a reminiscent mood.



MR. G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

"I am here for you to talk," I said; "please begin."

"I began near Norwich," said Mr. Boughton, with another smile, "but I remember nothing of my life there, for I was only two when I was taken to America with my people, who went with 'bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage.' Not only my own folk, but a number of others we knew went too, so it was almost like the pilgrimage of the early settlers of New England. When I was quite a little chap I had a serious accident, and the top of my head was nearly knocked off. I was not allowed to do anything, and, to amuse me, one of my elder brothers used to decorated in a similar manner, I decorated them all. The master, I regret to say, had no soul for art, for when he saw them he asked at once who had done them. The boys with one accord shouted 'Boughton'; there was nothing mean about them. They had the pictures, and I had the thrashings resulting from them—five thrashings. The result was that I fainted. The master was frightened and sent at once for my eldest brother. My brother came, and when he found out what had happened he said to the master, 'Now let us see what you used on him,' and to the delight of the boys he proceeded to thrash him with the weapon he had used on me.

From the Picture by] THE EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY. *[G. H. Boughton, R.A.*

(Knickerbocker History of New York.)

Small variation of large picture in Corcoran Gallery of Washington.—By permission.

take me on his knee and teach me how to draw elephants. Elephants, sailors, and wild Indians were my passion in those days, and I used to copy them so that I could draw them pretty well and not childishly when I was only five. When I went to school, the first thing I did was to draw Indians and things on my slate, and on the slates of my admiring fellow-pupils. They were determined that my art efforts should not perish beneath the effacing sponge, so they cut them in with a knife. The result was that, as every boy wanted his slate

"I need hardly say that after that episode I ceased attending school—that school.

"At the next place I curbed my ardour in the matter of carving, but I used to draw every mortal thing that came under my notice. One day a kindly relative gave me a silver half-dollar (two shillings). It seemed an awful lot of money to me, for I had never had more than a few coppers, and what I was to do with such a fortune puzzled me. 'Buy something useful,' said a friend. 'I should get a book if I were you.' 'The very thing,' I thought; another advised a history

YOUNG SHAKESPEARE AND ANN HATHAWAY BY THE AVON. [By permission.
From the Picture by G. H. Boughton, R.A.

book. I took my little sister with me, and walked into a bookseller's. 'We want a history,' we said.

"'History of what?' asked the shopman.

"*That* had never occurred to us.

"'History of England?' said the man.

"Thinking well of the idea, we asked, 'How much?'

"'Fifteen dollars,' he replied. The proprietor came up at this juncture, and thinking that my eight or nine years did not look like fifteen dollars' worth of history, asked how much money I had. When I told him, he suggested a natural history—ten cents—and produced the book. 'This—why this is a menagerie,' I said when I opened it and saw the pictures, but I took it, because I knew I should be able to use it for drawing purposes. Years afterwards I used to go to that same shop to buy drawing materials, and one day I saw a copy of the *Art Journal*, the price of which was then fifty cents. I saved up my pennies and bought copies at a time when only people who were well-to-do could afford the *Art Journal*."

"Did it influence you then?"

"Indeed, it did. It was at its best at that time, and it was publishing good things by Mulready, Turner, Constable, and Collins, and men of that stamp. It was the first *real* art publication I ever saw.

"Once again I had an accident, and I was not allowed to do anything. The best

surgeon in the town in which we lived was called in to see me, and when I was getting better he said I must not be excited in any way, and must not even read. 'May he draw?' asked one of my sisters. 'Yes,' said the doctor; 'can he draw?' And when my sister said I could he asked to see some of my work. My drawing-book was given to him. I had been to the theatre just before and had seen 'Black-Eyed Susan,' and drawn all the characters from memory. The surgeon, who was an enthusiastic art amateur, was delighted with the promise of the work, and took an interest in me from that day. He used to come for me to go drives with him on his rounds, and it was he who awoke the delight which exists in me for landscape and colour. He used to take me to the houses of his patients who had paintings, and they allowed me to see and study them, so that I really got a magnificent start."

"At that time I take it you had not formulated any idea of art as a career?" I ventured.

"No; on the contrary. When the question arose what I should be, whether I should be educated on classical or commercial lines, I selected the latter, and went to a commercial college for two or three years. The master was the kindest old man I had ever met in my life. He was interested in art, and he told my brother, for my parents were dead at the time, that I ought not to be allowed to waste my life in commerce. But, I confess, I never did waste any *gifts*, but some futile time in business.

"Just about this time two or three good landscape artists and one portrait painter were in the town, and my doctor friend got them interested in me. I went sketching landscapes with the former, and the portrait painter helped me and gave me hints, and was kindness itself. Then a curious thing happened. I was still at school, and I did not get much pocket-money. One day I bought a comic illustrated paper from New York. It invited paid contributions in art and humorous literature. I made a sketch and wrote a joke to go with it, and a friend, who was apprenticed to an engraver, got me a block. I drew my sketch on it, he engraved it, and we sent it to New York, with a letter asking if it would do. 'Yes,' replied the editor; 'it's splendid—the very thing I want.' We got six dollars for it, which meant three dollars each, and that was big pocket-money, I can tell you. I did not tell my brother, for he was inclined to be pious; but I assured him that it was all right, and that the money had come from work. We worked this oracle for two years, and I did sometimes two drawings a week; while, in addition, I used to write little things for the papers, for which they also paid. One fine day I went into a shop to buy some fishing-tackle. There I saw what appeared to me then to be some curious-looking things in a case, and I asked what they were.

"'Oil-colours in tubes,' said the shopman.

"That settled me. I didn't buy any fishing-tackle, but I bought what colours I could with my available cash and went tick for more, as well as for oil and millboards. Then I started off home and got an *Art Journal* on the way. In it there was a reproduction of the 'Market Cart,' by Gainsborough, which is now in the National Gallery. I copied it in oils, and two or three more pictures, and took them to the old boy at the shop, and showed him what I had done with his oil-colours."

"And he——?"

"He gave me unlimited credit," replied Mr. Boughton. "One day when I called he had a lovely big canvas in the shop for a painter with a big reputation, who had come to the town to do some work for a millionaire who lived there. 'Who's going to take that canvas up?' I asked. And when I was told it was waiting for the boy to come in for it, I said, 'Let me take it.' I was seventeen at the time. I took off my coat, shouldered the canvas, and went off with it. The painter, who was a fine-looking man, was in his shirt-sleeves too, and when I took it into his room he said, 'Put it down there.' There was a beautiful landscape, in a splendid frame, leaning against the easel at the time, and I went down on my hands and knees in order to get a better view of it. 'You're fond of pictures?' queried the painter.

"'Yes, very,' I replied, and my eyes were widely opened, taking it all in.

"'Do you see anything you'd like to suggest?' he asked, pleasantly.

"'The cows are not quite up to the rest, are they?' I asked, with the effrontery of youth.

"'You're quite right; cows are not my strong point,' he said.

"Then I awoke to the enormity of my boldness, and I dashed out of the room. Four or five days after the old man at the shop had a new oil sketch of mine. The painter went in and saw it, and it resulted in his asking me to go and see him, and for two or three weeks he took me under his wing."

THE VISION AT THE MARTYR'S WELL, BRITTANY. [By permission.
From the Pictur by G. H. Boughton, R.A.

Mr. Boughton stirred the fire quietly.

"And then?"

"I had a little money left to me just then, and the dream of my life was to go to Europe.

"One morning I went out for a walk and met a dear old friend for whom I had painted some pictures at about £4 each. We got talking, and without any leading up he said to me, 'Have you ever thought of going to Europe?'

"'I should think I have,' I answered.

"'How much do you think it would cost you to go for a year?'

"I replied I thought I could do it for £200, or I might possibly manage it for £150.

"He asked me if I had any money towards the scheme, and I said I had about £50.

"'Well, you can go to Europe whenever you want to,' he said; 'I will advance the rest of the money, and you can paint me three or four pictures when you come back.' I had gone out without the remotest idea of going to Europe, and I returned home and announced my intention to my astonished sisters, who would not believe it. My brother didn't want me to go either, and offered me a partnership in his business if I would stay, but when he saw that I was resolute he did the brotherly thing and put his hand into his pocket and added to my letter of credit. I came to England and stayed in London for three or four weeks, went to Scotland and Ireland, and returned to London and went to Norfolk, but nobody I saw knew me. The only thing I did was to paint out of doors and see pictures, and I took back

studies for the work I was to do for my friend."

"How long did you stay?"

"Six or eight months. I made inquiries about getting into the Royal Academy School, but there were so many preliminaries to be gone through then that I gave up that idea, especially as I wanted to be a landscape painter, and this I did later on.

"Almost as soon as I got back I painted 'A Wayfarer,' an old man at the side of a road. I offered it for £5, but nobody wanted it at that price. A friend said to me, 'Send it to the New York Art Union.' The question of price arose, and he said, 'Ask £10 for it, for they are sure to beat you down.' Another friend said, 'They won't think anything of you unless you ask £20 for it.' I sent the picture, and put £20 on it. In a little while there came a letter, taking the picture at my price, and they sent the money at the same time, thinking it might be of use to me. Out of gratitude I spent £2 in tickets, and I drew a picture, and a very good one too. Somebody asked me if I would sell it, and what I would take for it. I said, 'An offer,' and he offered £15 and got it, which was about its value, and I blessed the Art Union for a Mascot.

"The next step in my life was a rather curious one. It was the depth of winter, and it struck me that I had never seen a winter landscape painted just as I saw it. I went into a field and worked until I was so cold that I was on the point of giving up. Then the thought came to me, 'Stick to it—that is the only way pictures are ever done.' I stuck to it, and to my delight it did look different to the ordinary winter landscape. I sent it to the New York National Academy of Design. It was the first thing I offered them. It was called 'Winter Twilight.' In a little while I got a letter, saying it was accepted and hung. Then I began to think of going to New York to try my luck. I went. A friend hired a studio for me, and I sold or gave away everything I had and went to New York, with nothing but the clothes I stood up in, my sketching easel, seat, and paint-box. As soon as I arrived I met a friend, who said to me, 'You're in luck: your picture has been sold to R. L. Stuart, the great sugar manufacturer' (the Tate of the United States). That picture had been skied, but the President, Mr. Durand, saw it, and said, 'That is too good a thing to be put up there.' He always sent six or eight pictures, in order that he might have one or more removed in just such cases; and, indicating a frame of his of about the same size, he said to the hangers, 'Suppose you put that down here on the line.' He was a friend of Mr. Stuart, who had asked him to buy anything by any young man which struck him, and it was just a proof of my good luck."

"Your good painting," I interrupted.

"There was perhaps a little of that in it, I won't deny," replied Mr. Boughton. "It certainly was different from anything else, for they were not in the habit of really painting in the open air at that time.

"The next incident of my New York life was also curious. When I arrived one well-known painter had just died in straitened circumstances, and it struck his artist friends that they would each add a picture to an exhibition which was to be held for the benefit of his widow. I was asked if I would do something. I had an idea, and I began on it at once. The lines I had chosen as the subject of the picture—'The Haunted Lake' (supposed to be haunted by the spirit of an Indian girl)—were:—

> When all night long, by her firefly lamp,
> She paddles her white canoe.

"It was a moonlight swamp lighted by a greenish light. I really painted it because I saw a frame which I thought I should like to fill. The leading landscape painter of New York at that time, Mr. F. E. Church, who had a studio in the same building, came in one day to see me, and the picture was just in his vein. 'For whom are you doing that?' he asked. 'For the Ranney fund,' I replied.

"'Nonsense,' he said; 'you must not give that. Why, we are only doing sketches. I can get you £20, or perhaps even £40, for it.'

"'Then whoever wants it can pay that for it to the Ranney fund. I said I would give this, and I'm going to.' I was obstinate, and nothing could alter my determination. He bullied me and called me pig-headed, and told the incident to some of his millionaire cronies. The Press noticed it among the first pictures in the exhibition, and when the time came for it to be sold two men got bidding for it, and it was bought by Mr. August Belmont for several hundred dollars.

"That was the start. The incident got talked about, and commissions came in fluently to do little things of a mysterious character. I painted 'The Witching Time of Night' for Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, among others, and then it occurred to me that I could go

on repeating this sort of thing indefinitely without any advantage to myself artistically. I had made some money and I had more coming in, so I decided to go to Paris in order to study with Couture. It was late in the summer, and I had two letters of introduction to Mr. Edward May, Couture's chief pupil, one of the few private ones he ever had. With him I had a curious experience. I called on him one morning and he opened the door himself. I was the typical callow art student, and he was a splendid-looking fellow who looked more like a Field-Marshal than an artist. 'I have brought a letter from Mr. Wright,' I said (he was the man who bought Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair').

"'Have you brought any money from him for me?' he said, angrily.

"'No,' I replied, simply; 'he merely sent this letter.'

"May stormed for a while, and then I took the

ARMED PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND.

From the Picture by G. H. Boughton, R.A. [Municipal Library, New York.—By permission.

second letter from my pocket, and said, 'As you don't seem to care about that, here is another.' It was from a man who was no more in his good books. 'He came here once with a letter of introduction, and now he is pestering me with more letters of introduction,' said May, still more angry.

"'I didn't ask for these letters,' I said; 'I was asked to present them. I have done so, and when I go back I can say I have seen you,' and I turned on my heels.

"In a moment May had recovered from his unreasonable anger, and cried out: 'Here, come back, don't go like that; the fact of almost like a partner with my new wealth), and as I have just come from America I am flush.' At lunch he asked where I thought of studying, and I told him.

"'You can't study with Couture,' he said; 'he is in the country, and you'd better go there too, for no one is in Paris at this time of the year.'

"Then a bright idea occurred to me. 'If, pending the arrival of your remittance, four or five hundred francs are of any use to you, I will let you have them, with pleasure.'

"'You angel,' cried May; 'four or five hundred francs will be my salvation.' Then

From the Picture by] MINDEN, NORTH HOLLAND. [*G. H. Boughton, R.A.*

(Owned by Sir Wm. H. Wills, Bart.—By permission.)

the matter is, I was expecting a model who is sitting for the hands in a picture I am doing, and he hasn't come, and now the whole of my day is wasted.'

"'Oh, if that is all, I will sit for your hands,' I said, 'if they'll do for you,' and I held them up for his inspection.

"'Do? They're the very thing. They're better than the model's; just the long, slim fingers I want for my Priest.' So in I went, and I sat the whole morning for the hands and also for the head. When it came time for *déjeuner* he said, 'I can't ask you to lunch, as I really am working on tick myself at the restaurant, for I haven't any money.'

'Then, lunch with me,' I said; 'I have a letter of credit on the Rothschilds (I felt he went on to say that there was a studio next door to his which I could use. 'I will put you in there,' he said, 'and give you the same instruction that Couture would, and I will take you from the beginning.'

"The next morning I was installed, and he set me drawing from the cast. I did it at once, as it was easy enough. I had been a student in the Academy of New York.

"'Yes, you can draw pretty well,' he said; then he gave me a drawing from life to copy, and I did it right off, for I work very rapidly. Then I had a study in colour from the nude figure to copy, and I did that bang off, for it was as simple as saying 'Bon jour'; anyone could do it. All this took less than a week, and then I got

to the living model, working all the time on Couture's principle. At last one day May said to me: 'The rest is with yourself. You draw well enough now; you never will be a *perfect* draughtsman, nor will anyone else, but you must work alone for the future.'

"All that good luck came because I wasn't offended with his brusqueness. He was the making of me in Paris."

"How long were you there?"

"Altogether about eighteen months. Then I went to Écouen with Edouard Frère, a pupil of Paul Delaroche, who advised, criticised, and suggested, but wouldn't take a sixpenny-piece in payment for his work. He had several other students working with him, and we learnt from one another. Frère's method was to tell you general principles, which would apply to anything and everything, instead of fads of his own."

"This was about the time that du Maurier was in Paris, was it not?" I asked.

"No, it was just after du Maurier left, so that the Bohemianism of Paris which I saw was not that depicted in 'Trilby.' Nor was I entranced with much of the Bohemianism that I saw there. There is a great deal of glamour about it, but the glamour consists chiefly in the after-talking of it rather than the living of it. It consisted for the most part in spending all one's money as soon as one got it, without any thought for the morrow. They were not good specimens of Bohemians I met, from this point of view. They were all poor enough, goodness knows! but they all had a taste for work and sobriety. It was the time of the American War, and I was in with the American set, and at times it was pretty bad rations, I can tell you. We used to get our meals at a Crêmerie, and the old lady used to let us come cheap on condition that we came every day. Generally one or two men turned up with us who had nowhere to go for their dinner, and they fed on the co-operative plan. One man would go without his soup, another without his entrée, a third without his meat, a fourth would contribute his cheese, a fifth a bunch of grapes, and in that way the odd man would get his

From the Picture by] "FRAGILE." [*G. H. Boughton, R.A.*

(Owned by H. J. Walters, of Baltimore.—By permission.)

dinner for nothing. The old lady used to wink at it, and sometimes donate a dish of her own with her eyes full of tears of sympathy. The common people of France are very nice if they like you; but if they don't like you, you'd better be in the infernal regions. Écouen, and I took up my quarters in a cottage belonging to an old blind woman, about whom I wrote a story in *Harper's Magazine*. She was a wonderful character."

Mr. Boughton's mention of *Harper's* gave me the opening I wanted.

From the Picture by] IZAAK WALTON AND THE SINGING MILKMAIDS. *[G. H. Boughton, R.A.*
(Owned by Charles Stewart Smith, New York.—By permission.)

When I got to Paris it was Couture and Delacroix. They were the fashion, as much as it is the fashion among certain sets to turn up one's trousers in Piccadilly on a fine day and carry a stick upside down. There was only talk of those two and of nobody else. An American friend said to me, 'Do you believe in following slavishly what everyone else is doing?' I didn't; so we went to

"When did you first take to writing stories?" I asked.

"Before I began painting seriously, and when I was quite a small boy, I sent a story to one of the big Boston papers; it printed it, but omitted to send me any coin in exchange. As far as Harpers were concerned, they asked me to do a drawing. I did a scene from the life of one of the

Governors of New York, and as it needed some explanation in writing, I supplied it. Their representative over here then asked me to write a short story, and as I had some ideas for one I jumped at it. After that, as you know, came 'The Rambles in Holland,' which I never intended to do at all, for Mr. M. D. Conway was to have accompanied Mr. Abbey and me, and have written the account of it. When he didn't turn up Abbey and I agreed that we'd do the articles together. I was prevailed upon, however, to write the first one alone, and I did, just to see how it would do. We sent it to the publishers, and they said, 'Spin this out,' so I took the same theme and spun it out into three or four papers. It was great fun in Holland. I used to sketch and write as I went along. One morning I went out for a walk, and to my disgust when a long way from the hotel I found that I had no sketch-book. I went to a tallow-chandler's and got the only thing in the shape of a book they had, one for keeping accounts, and I found it one of the loveliest things to draw on, for the perpendicular lines were especially useful when it came to the architecture. It always strikes me as an interesting thing in connection with that visit to Holland that, after I took to painting the short cape with the stand-up collar, which is called the Medici cape, probably because it is not, its possibilities may have so appealed to the milliners that they made it fashionable in England.

"After the 'Rambles' came three or four more short stories for *Harper's* and two for the *Pall Mall Magazine*."

"And there are more stories still?" I inquired.

"Yes; whenever I get an idea I set it down, simply to prevent it bothering me. I sometimes write in my sketch-books, sometimes in penny account-books, and I work anywhere and everywhere; but I very rarely sit down to write, and very seldom write at night."

Then we got to talking of other things, and incidentally the question of photography in its relation to art came up. "Do you believe in photography as an aid to the artist?" I asked.

"If he hasn't got an eye and doesn't want to take trouble or time over his work, or if he doesn't get any fun out of sketching, then, perhaps, photography is of some use. But if it is great fun to take your pencil and go into your work, as it is to me, you get a quality which you cannot possibly obtain with a Kodak, a quality which I may call artistry. To me, individually, sketching is like sport, and I doubt if a sportsman would have much fun in getting a man to do his shooting or fishing for him. I did once buy a beautiful Kodak, but I never used it and I gave it away. I could not give up the use of my pencil, for by training one's observation one can get an effect with a line which no artificial aid could possibly produce. Besides, one's memory is stimulated, and I can remember in even unimportant sketches every bit of colour that the original picture contained."

"How do you set to work with your pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, that is impossible to say. The idea comes, you don't know how, and you don't know whence. It is there, and if you are wise you take it. Of course, I make studies, but my great method is to have no method except to keep on working. I have never begun two pictures in the same way in my life, so I don't think I shall ever get into a groove. With me, things grow so that they often finish quite differently from the way they were begun, and that is one of the great charms of the whole thing, for there is in it an element of surprise even to one's self. I certainly cannot set out knowing exactly what I am going to get, as I would if I were a bootmaker going to make a pair of boots."

From his own work the talk drifted to the work of other men and the men themselves. With regard to Millais, Mr. Boughton was peculiarly enthusiastic.

"I consider his was one of the greatest characters I have ever met. Millais's kindness and simplicity were marvellous, and not the least of his personal charms was that you could always depend on him. One night at the club du Maurier was speaking about different men's advice, and he said, 'If I had a difficulty with a piece of work and wanted advice about it I wouldn't go to Ruskin if he lived next door, but I'd rather take the most expensive cab and go off to Millais and Leighton, even if they were miles off.' That is typical of the painter's view of Millais, Leighton, and Ruskin.

"When I first met Millais he said some nice things about some birch trees which appeared in the picture I had just exhibited. He asked me to go and see him, as he was also painting some birch trees. When I got to the corner of the street in which he lived I saw a most gorgeous equipage at the door; 'gorgeous equipage' but faintly describes the sort of thing it was; I couldn't demean it by calling it a carriage or a vehicle. Millais

MILTON'S FIRST LOVE. [By permission.
From the Picture by G. H. Boughton, R.A.

came out dressed for walking and spoke to someone in the carriage, and, as if replying to a question, shook his head. This little pantomime went on for a couple of minutes, and then the carriage drove off and Millais started for his walk.

"'I really was going to call on you,' I said, when we met; 'but as you are going out I will come another day.' Again Millais shook his head. 'Wait till that blessed thing gets round the corner,' he said, with a smile; 'what do they know about half-finished pictures? I want you to see my work.' Then we went back and we talked for half an hour of the picture, which was afterwards known as 'Winter Fuel.'

"He was a great lover and admirer of children, and loved not only to talk of them, but to them. He used to say, 'People think lightly of men who devote themselves to painting children, but a man who can paint a baby can do anything, children are so delicate and so subtle in every way.'

"Millais would come to you whenever

you sent for him. If you were in a bother about your work he'd come in with his beautiful great presence, and say, after looking at it, 'Let's see! Oh, I'll tell you what is the trouble: give me a piece of chalk, or a pencil, or something,' and then he'd make the most beautiful drawing, correcting the action of a limb, or whatever else was wrong. I remember once I was painting the portrait of a little girl, and I couldn't get it like her. My wife was out shopping, and Millais met her and began talking to her. He asked after me, and my wife told him that I was worried about the picture, which I couldn't get right. 'I'll go up and see him,' said Millais.

"'Will you?' said my wife; 'that is the very thing of all others he'd like.'

"'Is he at home now? Do you think he'd see me?' asked Millais.

"'Of course he will,' Mrs. Boughton replied.

"He came; he looked at the picture. 'Oh, I know that girl,' he said. 'It's her mouth you've got wrong; give me a bit of pencil. This is the way her mouth goes,' and, as he said the words, he drew on a piece of paper the correct lines. 'That's the only thing wrong with it. Put that right, and you won't have any more trouble with it.' He was exactly like a doctor in his manner, and most soothing. The great thing about him which always impressed you was his clean mind and his sense of healthfulness. He was always like a healthy English squire who had lived all his life out of doors."

For Browning, whom he knew well, Mr. Boughton has also a great admiration. "Browning had the most marvellous memory I ever knew," he said, as we talked of him, "and could quote Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, and a host of other poets by the page together. If one wanted a quotation for a picture, one had only to go to him, and he would be able to give the necessary lines without a reference to any book, and he'd reel them off letter-perfect. I remember once, though, a funny failure of his memory—the funnier because it was in one of his own poems. When the phonograph was first brought over to London it was being shown at the house of an artist, and we were all asked to speak something into the receiver. Browning modestly declined for a time, but we egged him on, and at last someone said, 'Quote some lines from one of your own poems,'

"'I know those least of all,' he replied, with a smile, and eventually he said he thought he knew 'How they brought the good news from Aix to Ghent' better than he knew anything else. He began splendidly:—

> We sprang to the saddle, and Joris and he;
> I galloped, Dirk galloped, we galloped all three;
> We—we—we; we—we—we!

"'Upon my word, I've forgotten my own verses,' he exclaimed, and stopped there. Somebody prompted him; he took up the thread again, but he couldn't get on any farther.

"He apologized, but the owner of the phonograph declared that the cylinder was more valuable to him on account of the breakdown than if the poet had recited it right through.

"One night Wilkie Collins, William Black, Millais, Browning, and I were dining all together at the Reform Club. Browning began telling a story from an old Florentine poem. It took him between twenty minutes and half an hour, and we sat open-mouthed, like children, listening to the wonderful rhythm of the words and entranced by the marvellous power of the speaker. It was all impromptu, but some time afterwards Black referring to it said, 'Do you know, that might have been taken down verbatim, and it would have stood as splendid literature without a single alteration of a word!'

"But there was another side to Browning, which came out at the same dinner. We were talking about the disappearance of the commercial or advertising poet whose verses were used to proclaim the superiority of his employers' wares. 'How funny those were,' said Browning, and he quoted a most absurd verse in laudation of Somebody's Trousers, as glibly as if he were the author. We were even more surprised than ever. Millais said, 'How on earth can you remember such beastly things?'

"'Because I don't forget them,' replied Browning. 'You know we go through a wood and gather burrs and thousands of dead leaves and all kinds of rubbish, and find them sticking to our clothes, but when we come to look we find we have lost our *watch!*'"

Mr. Boughton was in a reminiscent mood, but the hands of the clock pointed ominously to the hour of an appointment, and the exigencies of space compel me to bring the records of a most interesting chat to a "most lame and impotent conclusion."

Vagabonds.

A TALE OF A BOER DEFEAT.

By Basil Marnan.

I.

WITHOUT a doubt they were vagabonds. It was writ large in their attire, their careless aspect of disreputableness, their bland enjoyment of sleep in the shelter of a stranger's gate. Yet Major Brand, of the Cape Frontier Corps, when his horse shied at them in the ghostly shadow of moonbeams and the cross-bars of the gate, gave a gasp that betokened anything but disapproval. In fact, it suggested some shadow—a starlit shadow, perhaps—of comforting fellowship.

Major Brand as he rode homeward was thinking of a son—of a son snatched ruthlessly from him when but three months old. In a way too he was resenting the destiny that denied him any further child, and though he was a fervent Catholic, almost alone as such in a land of hypocritical egoism, he felt that the rod was being pressed too keenly to his lips. He adored his wife, and she—well, she was an Irish girl in love with her husband. It might be admitted then that she was not dilatory in returning his affection. A little woman, *svelte* like all Colonials, raven-haired, with black arched brows, with scarlet child-lips and eyes grey as the sea, she had a winsome, gentle, sómewhat grave manner that bespoke love of all living things, and attracted especially the love and confidence of little children—a feature which rendered her husband's longing for a son almost bitter in its passion.

Lean, somewhat lanky for all the squareness of his shoulders, John Brand, with his close-cropped iron-grey hair, his stubby grey moustaches, his broad nose, rugged chin, and wide blue eyes, presented an almost heroic type of a frontier yeoman-farmer. As he rode in through the gate of his compound, this particular night of April, 1895, his thoughts had been, as I have indicated, somewhat bitter. His cattle, his homestead, his increasing crops—what use were they without a child to work them for? His mood seemed well answered as a low, snarling growl greeted the sudden jibbing of his horse. He looked down and rested motionless, his hand gripping hard on the quivering curb.

There, coiled up in the corner of the gate, were two forms, a child and a yellow dog! Tattered, torn, veldt-stained, thorn-searched,

"THEY WERE VAGABONDS."

the twain, even in the dim starlit shadows, were indubitably vagabonds. Yet, in the child's upturned, tranquil, dreaming face there was something that drew a sharp breath from John Brand and made him leap swiftly from the saddle. The yellow dog growled menacingly as he approached, showing a flash of keen white fangs. Yet some instinct of the invader's kindliness withheld him, and, though somewhat grudgingly, he permitted the Major to lift the sleeping child into his arms. And when John Brand mounted on his horse bearing on his breast the sleepy, nodding, golden-haired head, the dog followed his course, whimpering a little, ever glancing upwards, yet evidently half-contented. So the Vagabonds came to Greendip Farm.

Beneath the feverish excitement of Katie Brand's wonder and surmise the boy awoke. His eyes, almost black for all their blue glint, looked squarely into her face. The child-lips quivered manfully. He could not be more than five, thought Katie Brand, as she hugged him suddenly, passionately, to her breast. He was so sweet with his lithe, graceful limbs, drooping inertly in tired abandon, with his white, bare chest gleaming through the ragged shirt, with his curly locks, his gracious, shy smile, with the timid, pearly dimples accentuating the scarlet, smooth curve of his lips. And the wonder in his eyes, the vague defiance, the gleam of certain trust dawning through the shadowy fear! It went to her heart, and made the Major, watching her, turn away, swearing softly.

"Who are you, dear?" she whispered, coaxingly.

"Jackie!" he replied, and—as if that embraced all details — added, "Where's Tinker?"

The yellow dog answered for himself. At the mention of his name he leapt up, his fore-paws on the knees of the woman, his nose shoved gently, caressingly, against the wondering, flushed face of his master. The boy's hand fell lovingly on the yellow, bony head, and his eyes closed sleepily.

"Dear old Tinks!" he murmured.

Then, nestling his hand into the throat of Katie's dress, he snuggled softly towards her, and smiling divinely—a little tired, happy smile—settled into sleep, with the yellow dog gazing with deep brown, wistful, grateful eyes, now at the woman, now at his fellow-wanderer.

And it was thus the Vagabonds gained a home in the heart of Katie Brand, while her husband, regarding them under lowered lids, smoked many strong pipes and thought many strange thoughts.

II.

STRICTLY speaking, John Brand was a farmer. His title of Major applied only to his position in the Rifle Corps of his district. It was on the borders of the Orange Free State that his farm lay, being some thirty miles south-west of the angle formed by the river and that State's western boundary. In older days he had belonged to an Artillery corps in the home district, but domestic reasons had led him to seek a livelihood on the veldt.

His first venture had been at the Diamond Fields, and it was in the neighbourhood of Kimberley he had first met his wife. The daughter of an Irish settler, her beauty had brought her many admirers. Her father had most favoured the suit of one Paul Jansen, a Boer farmer of considerable wealth. But from the first moment of Brand's arrival Katie had yielded her heart unconditionally. Brand's cold show of contempt for his rival, whom he knew to be a profligate of the shadiest honesty, had roused in the Boer a feeling of savage hatred for the young Englishman. This feeling was not lessened when, chiefly on Brand's evidence, he was exposed for illicitly trading in diamonds with the Kaffir employés, and only evaded punishment by flight.

John Brand, in the happiness of marrying Kate and meeting with much luck, laughed at the threats which Jansen had breathed against him. Yet when, after amassing a comfortable fortune, he set out South, with his wife and infant and his pile carefully bestowed in his waggon, he was soon destined to remember the Boer's menace.

Lung sickness having broken out in his team, he obstinately refused to go on farther with the three other waggons that formed the caravan, and having given them a day's start, trekked slowly in their rear. One dark night as he was fording the Modder a sudden shot rang out, and Brand felt himself falling wildly into the yellow maze of water. When he recovered consciousness it was to find himself lying on the banks of the stream a hundred yards below the waggon, with his wife and driver bending over him.

Even as he had struggled to his feet a shout from the boy in charge of the team attracted their attention. The sight they saw held them paralyzed. By the dusky flare of the lantern ever swung in the tent they saw a man leap from the tail-board. At his waist was the yellow bag containing the treasured diamonds, and in his left arm

"THEY SAW A MAN LEAP FROM THE TAIL-BOARD."

was a glistening bundle of white robes enveloping their infant son. The man leapt on to his horse, and as John Brand staggered forward, with a hoarse cry, shook his sjambok mockingly at the horrified group, dug his spurs into the animal, and galloped off into the night.

All search, all inquiry, had proved unavailing, and six months later John Brand had settled down, a soured, hopeless man, on a little farm he had luckily purchased in Kimberley before departing.

With the advent of the Vagabonds, however, the life at the little homestead began to twinkle into an atmosphere of radiant cheerfulness. The Major whistled for no assignable cause. When his collar would not button, and he heard Jackie's voice ringing in greeting to his dog, he forgot—the first time in many years—to swear. His wife, too, began to sing again, and as she had a soft, sweet voice, with a touch of lilting brogue in it, the sound of her songs smote on the Major's heart-strings to new, strange echoes of youth.

He had naturally deemed it his duty to search for the child's relations. But he was unfeignedly glad that his efforts proved fruitless. The child was literally a very vagabond of the veldt, borne out of the great reaches of darkness and shadow, with none to claim or care for him. Beyond the assertion that he had come many days in a waggon, and run away from a bad man who whipped him, Jackie could tell nothing. Even of the dog he could only say it had always been his friend, fought his battles, shared his crusts and whippings, and in the dark stolen away with him from the dreaded waggon.

The boy grew into the Major's heart. He would look at him till his heart seemed to beat through its seared crust, and his eyes would blink softly. He was such a fearless, healthy, thorough boy, just such as his own son . . . . At that point he would pause, swear, and romp with the Vagabond.

For the dog! It was an impossible beast. Outside the two brown depths of its mournful, loving eyes it was a dull dead yellow, from the tip of its tail to the end of its nose, the colour of a clay-pit. Half of its left ear was bitten away, leaving but a tasselled edge. Its hard, bony skull was seamed with scars; its shoulders were dented deep with teeth-marks; its left hind-leg had a great hole in it, which lent it a permanent kink and a ridiculous limp. It was evidently a fearless warrior, and in a quiet, sneaking way—with its tongue edgeways, licking—it was given to vain and proud dreams of its wounds.

For real pride in him, however, Tinker had no chance against Jackie. The boy loved the dog, and with the passion of five years he adored without discrimination. It was yellow, ugly, deformed, lean, with a limp, without a grace; but it was Tinker, his friend, faithful, loyal; and the boy's

heart, recognising kinship of ideal, demanded no more.

When Major Brand and he fell out, and the occasions were not infrequent, for Jackie was something of a Turk, Katie was sure to find him later, his bare, brown arms circling the yellow, knotty neck of the hound—the child sound asleep, the dog lazily watchful, suspicious though friendly.

So things went on for four years. Then came the bugle-call—Kruger's voice defying the stars in their courses. And Major Brand joined his corps and went to the front with Methuen's fighting division. He had tried hard to induce his wife to go to Cape Town. But with true Colonial tenacity she pleaded her duty to him and the farm, averring that with the farm hands she could always hold the homestead against marauding patrols—an opinion which Jackie stoutly shared.

The boy had grown a handy, intelligent little fellow, with a language composed of a strange medley of words—English, Kaffir, and Taal alternating indiscriminately. There was not much of the country within fifteen or twenty miles of the homestead that Jackie had not explored, his brown bare legs astride of a pony and Tinker ever at heel. His boast to keep a sharp look-out was, therefore, accepted by the Major with becoming gravity.

Strangely enough, the most despondent member of the household on Brand's departure was the yellow dog. Like most Englishmen, he had ever had a loving hand for the ugly, faithful cur, and Tinker's appreciation of the fact had only been equalled by his evident wonder.

For days after the Major's departure the dog wandered restless and unhappy about the house; sniffing curiously at the doors, and, as night grew near, whimpering, ill at ease and anxious. His perturbation reached a crisis when the booming of the big guns away towards the Orange River broke the sultry stillness of the air round Greendip Farm. When the first boom reached the little homestead Jackie and the dog were sitting on the stoep, engaged in the genial occupation of teasing the pet monkey. With his one and a half ears pricked upright Tinker sat listening, every now and then giving vent to a snarling whimper as the dull roll of the echoes faded and swelled and died among the outlying kopjes.

Jackie, flinging his arm round his friend's neck, tried to comfort him by many an ingenious trick of teasing. But for the first time in his experience Tinker took no notice of him. His eyes had a red glitter in them; his scarred, ugly nose sniffed persistently at the wind; ever and again a quick tremor ran through his limbs. Then, almost before Jackie was aware of it, the dog, with a melancholy whine, had slipped from his side and, with tail erect and snout to ground, was racing northwards over the veldt.

The boy was after him in a minute, his mind alert at the thought of rock-rabbits, his brown legs twinkling feverishly among the long grasses. But it was a hopeless pursuit. The dog, giving no heed to his voice, kept ever straight on in a long, tireless stride, which finally took him out of sight. Exhausted and resentful, Jackie picked his way slowly back. He thought he had lost Tinker for good and all, and his little figure quivered with passionate anger, as some two hours later he related his loss to Katie, and declaimed against the ingratitude of all living things, especially yellow dogs.

III.

Ten o'clock sounded from the little clock hung on the wall in the large round hut that served Katie Brand for drawing-room. A log fire slumbered in the open hearth, the lamp on the table had burnt low and was smoking lazily. Mrs. Brand lay asleep in the cushioned cane chair, a book open on her knees.

She had wearied of Jackie's plaints for the loss of the dog, and sending him early to bed had indulged in the luxury of solitude. The almost oppressive stillness of the night had made her drowsy, and so it was that she never heard a faint whimpering and scratching at the door, and that the swift patter of feet from the communicating door had passed her unheeded. Even the opening of the door and Jackie's low gurgle of joyous welcome as he knelt by the side of his panting yellow friend failed to rouse her.

Suddenly Jackie, with a low cry of alarm, started back and dragged the dog to the dim light. His hands and nightgown were stained with little red flecks like red snowflakes, and Tinker seemed like a piece of crazy patchwork—here a daub of mud, here a streak of natural yellow, and everywhere daubs of that flaky, damp, staining red. The dog, with a low whimper, licked at his master's face, and then, seizing his nightgown, dragged him towards the door again. Jackie, a little perplexed, snatched his gown away and watched with curious gaze the

antics of the dog. First he ran out, then paused, yelping softly. Then back he came again, and again seized the boy's gown, and, dragging him a little way towards the gate, paused again and whined, looking up at him with speaking, beseeching eyes.

Jackie began to tremble with excitement. He felt he was on the brink of an adventure. He glanced at his "mother," and then whispered, eagerly, "All right! I'll come!" He fled back on tip-toes to his room, and dressed himself—that is to say, he put on his slippers, drew on his breeches, tucking in his nightdress and girding the whole with his knotted braces, and hastily scrambling into a jacket crept back to the door.

The dog greeted him with a sharp yelp of joy, and bounded away towards the gate. The boy snatched up a whip and bridle and paused to look at the sleeping form.

Katie Brand was moving uneasily, muttering. Jackie sneaked to her side and touched her hand with his lips. He was very fond of his "little mudder," as he called her, and he felt rather mean in leaving her. He found consolation in her whispered dream-words, albeit they thrilled him with a certain fear :—

"Find him! O Jackie! He is lying there wounded. I see the blood—the blood!"

Jackie felt a sudden cold push on his leg, and turned with a start to find Tinker gazing at him in evident disapproval. He waited no longer, but, following the dog, swiftly bridled his pony in the adjacent kraal, and with Tinker leading galloped over the veldt.

The night was fine and starlit, and the brooding stillness of the air lent added mystery to the adventure. As the dog led unfaltering ever on a sense of fear gripped at the boy's heart. Where was the dog taking him? And for what? Yet every now and again, as the ugly yellow face looked back at him, he derived new courage and confidence from the look of mute intelligence and purpose in the faithful brown eyes.

Presently, after some three hours' riding, away to the right he saw lights gleaming and the ghostly shining of a vast array of tents. Then his pony commenced to shy, and, looking down, he turned pale. His way was strewn with dead horses, and here and there a white, ghastly face stared up from the grass.

"FIND HIM! O JACKIE!"

But the dog never halted, and Jackie, setting his teeth, followed, looking resolutely away from the ground, for the most part, indeed, keeping his eyes tight shut.

Suddenly his horse, with a frightened whinny, halted dead, pitching him forward on his neck. Losing his balance, he slid on to the ground, to find the dog at his feet, his nose pushed over the edge of a steep kraanz.

With an intelligent glance at his master Tinker crawled over the brink, following a small goat-track down the face of the cliff. Jackie's nerves were accustomed to dizzy depths, and with his hand gripping hard on the dog's collar, his footsteps picked a sure

way. About twelve feet down the path, taking a sharp turn, opened out on to a fairly wide ledge, and then Tinker, with a plaintive howl, ran forward and reached the object of his errand. There, lying half unconscious, his khaki coat smeared and stained with blood, lay Major Brand.

Jackie, with a thrill of fear and horror, knelt by his head, while the dog gazed from the one to the other, a curious gleam, as of complacent questioning, shining in his eyes.

The Major, opening his eyes, gazed at the two of them as in a dream, for a moment believing his mind was wandering. Jackie dispelled the illusion. He flung his arms suddenly round the Major's neck, crying out, "Father, father: you are not dead then, after all!"

Though the stiff pain of the bullet wound in his shoulder was not improved by the generous pressure of Jackie's encircling arms, the Major managed to smile.

"Devil a bit, my son," he said, almost cheerfully.

He had made up his mind to die in this nook where he had fallen, and the relief of this friendly pressure was great. "But how on earth did you come here?"

"It was dear old Tinks," replied Jackie, with fond pride; to which Tinker blinked his appreciation, extravagantly thumping his ridiculous yellow tail against the hard rock. "He ran away this morning and came back and brought me. And mother was asleep, and I got out of bed and dressed myself and saddled Brownie, and Tinker showed the way, and Brownie's up above, and now you must please get up and come home."

It was with a dizzy effort the Major, in answer to this breathless narration, staggered to his feet. His arm was broken. He was exhausted with loss of blood. He leant heavily against the rock, feeling the earth swimming in rainbow circles round him.

"It's no go, Jackie," he gasped. "I should topple over the edge if I tried to crawl up there. Trot away to camp, little man, and bring a couple of men with a rope."

Jackie, after one critical, comprehending glance, turned on his heel and fled, sure-footed as a buck, up the path.

IV.

It seemed to the Major, sitting painfully propped up on the ledge, that Jackie was a very long time in returning. True, he did not know exactly where his comrades were now camped. But as victory had been a certainty at the moment when he had been struck, he felt pretty sure they were not far off.

The delay, indeed, was not due to any dilatoriness on the part of the boy. When he had gained the veldt, with Tinker hard at

"'IT'S NO GO, JACKIE,' HE GASPED."

his heels, he had sped off with all the haste of his excitement in direction of the twinkling lights of the camp. The starlit distances were treacherous, however, and the camp was a good seven miles away. The boy's speed slowly slackened, and little by little he began to stumble rather than run. Suddenly a low, fierce snarl from the dog brought him to a halt. But it was too late. From out of the hollows of the night four burly forms rose, and a rough hand seized the boy's shoulder.

"What do you here?" someone asked.

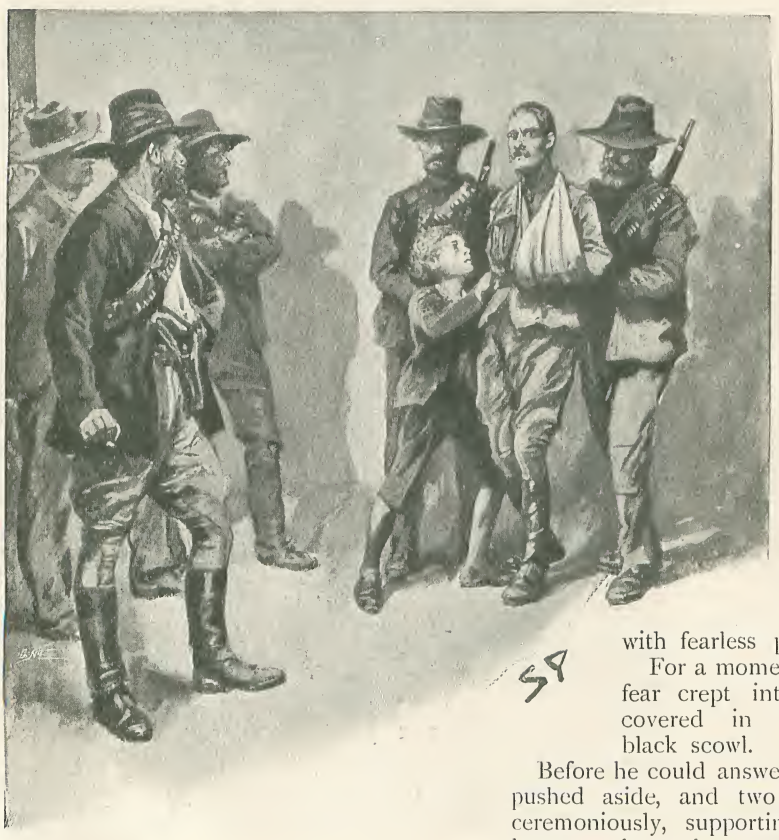
"Down, Tinker!" called Jackie, imperiously, as the dog, with a low growl, lanced out at the detaining hand. Then turning to the man, in all unconsciousness that he was a Boer and an enemy, he speedily explained his errand and his father's predicament. A few whispered words passed between the men, and then Jackie felt a thong passed over his wrists, and his captor gruffly said:—

"Your father shall be looked to. For you, you must come to the Commandant. You may be all right, but you may be a spy of these cursed rooineks."

It was an hour later when Jackie, with the dog curiously, sullenly, quiet at his heels, stood in a little tent on the hillside beyond the river, facing a burly man, whose coarse, red-bearded face and small, narrow eyes offered little inspiration of confidence.

As the boy's eyes searched the man's face they filled with a vague, troubled fear. The dog, too, seemed suddenly irritated. The short, yellow hair on his neck bristled angrily, and a red, fierce glow grew into his eyes, while his lips were drawn back in an ugly, mute, vicious snarl, more expressive of menace than many growls. It was obvious he did not like the Commandant.

He, Paul Jansen by name, eyed the two furtively, curiously, looking ever and again from the boy to the dog. Then a nasty smile as of recognition quivered for a moment on his lips.



"YOU ARE A PRISONER OF WAR, AND WILL BE FORWARDED AT ONCE TO THE REAR."

"Ah, my little friend," he said, "you have come back to Oom Paul again, eh? Playing spy for the rooineks, are you? Ah, well, we shall see how a little sjambok agrees with you."

"It is a lie!" cried the child. "I am not a spy. I came to seek my father when your men caught me."

"Of course," said the man, with a sneer. "And who might your father be?"

"Major Brand," replied Jackie, with fearless pride.

For a moment a look almost of fear crept into the man's face, covered in an instant by a black scowl.

Before he could answer the tent door was pushed aside, and two men entered unceremoniously, supporting, not untenderly, between them the tottering form of the Major himself.

Jackie sprang towards him with a glad cry.

The Major hardly noticed him. His eyes were fixed on the face of the Commandant, whose eyes were roving uneasily around.

"Paul Jansen! Ah, at last!" ejaculated the Major.

"Yes, Paul Jansen!" retorted the other, with a sudden change to defiance. "You are a prisoner of war, and will be forwarded at once to the rear. For that brat there, he is a spy, and will meet a spy's death. At dawn he shall be shot."

A low guttural murmur of disapproval ran through the group of Boers in the tent. Jansen turned on them furiously.

"One such evidence of mutiny again," he cried, hoarsely, "and I will pistol the first who dares it."

The men shrugged their shoulders and turned away.

John Brand had become very white.

"You will never dare it," he said, in a harsh whisper. "It would be murder. If you must shoot anyone, shoot me."

"He is a spy!" retorted Jansen, viciously, "and shot he shall be. I know him. He was in my service till lately, and he ran away to serve you. He was the son of my servant-maid."

As the man spoke the words his furtive eyes glanced quickly, cunningly, at the other to note the effect.

Something in that glance illumined the Major's mind with a sudden light. He felt his heart beating in his throat. He turned to Jackie.

"Is it true?" he said. "Were you ever with this brute?"

Jackie nodded.

The Major felt the blood burn swiftly to his face and as swiftly recede. His eyes were glued on the child's erect, graceful form and features—the curling, gold-brown hair, the wide, fearless eyes, the tender curve of the lips, so like, so absurdly like, Katie's. What a blind fool he had been! He turned suddenly and walked up to Jansen.

"You are a liar!" he said. "The boy is my son, the child you stole nine years ago. Bandit and thief and highway robber as you are, you shall not be permitted to do this thing. I will see your general this night."

Jansen's face grew white, but as swiftly turned to a livid look of fiendish triumph.

"You are too late!" he snarled, pointing to the whitening sky without. "It is dawn already. You shall stay and see the execution."

The Major with a swift movement lifted his hand and smote the ruffian full on the mouth.

Jansen reeled back, recovered himself, wiped his bleeding lip, and smiled. "That we will settle later," he said. Then turning to his men: "Blindfold the boy, place him twelve paces from the door of my tent. Bind this man and place him there, facing the boy. You, Bothe, and you, Meth, take your rifles, and when I give the word fire, and see to it that you don't miss."

Five minutes later the livid sunlight smote on the fair curls of the child, as, erect and beautiful in his graceful, supple curve of limb, he stood on the side of the bronzed veldt, facing the levelled barrels of the two Boer sharp-shooters. The Major, bound hand and foot, stood with white, strained face, and eyes lurid with passion, gazing on Jansen, who, revolver in either hand, stood at the back of his two men.

He did not notice the look that glanced and met and was understood by each as at his word the men stood ready.

"Fire!" he snarled, hoarsely.

The Major with a bitter curse bowed his head.

Two shots rang out in the clear air, and Jackie felt the singing hiss of two bullets whizz one at either side of his head.

"Curse you!" yelled the Commandant; "you have missed."

"Yah!" grunted in the same breath the two men. "Missed we have, and miss we shall if you keep us here till Christmas."

And with cool courage they loaded their rifles, spitting phlegmatically after the rejected cartridges.

With an oath Jansen hurled them aside, and, levelling his revolver, took steady aim at the boy. But even as he fired a flash of dirty yellow lanced athwart the sunlight, and Tinker, who till that moment had crouched unobserved at the Major's feet, flew at the levelled hand of the Commandant.

The report of the pistol was followed by a long, unearthly howl, and the dog sank bleeding to the earth as Jansen, shaken and upset, recoiled in startled fear.

At the sound of that howl Jackie, till then motionless, sprang forward and, tearing the bandage from his eyes, flung himself on the dog.

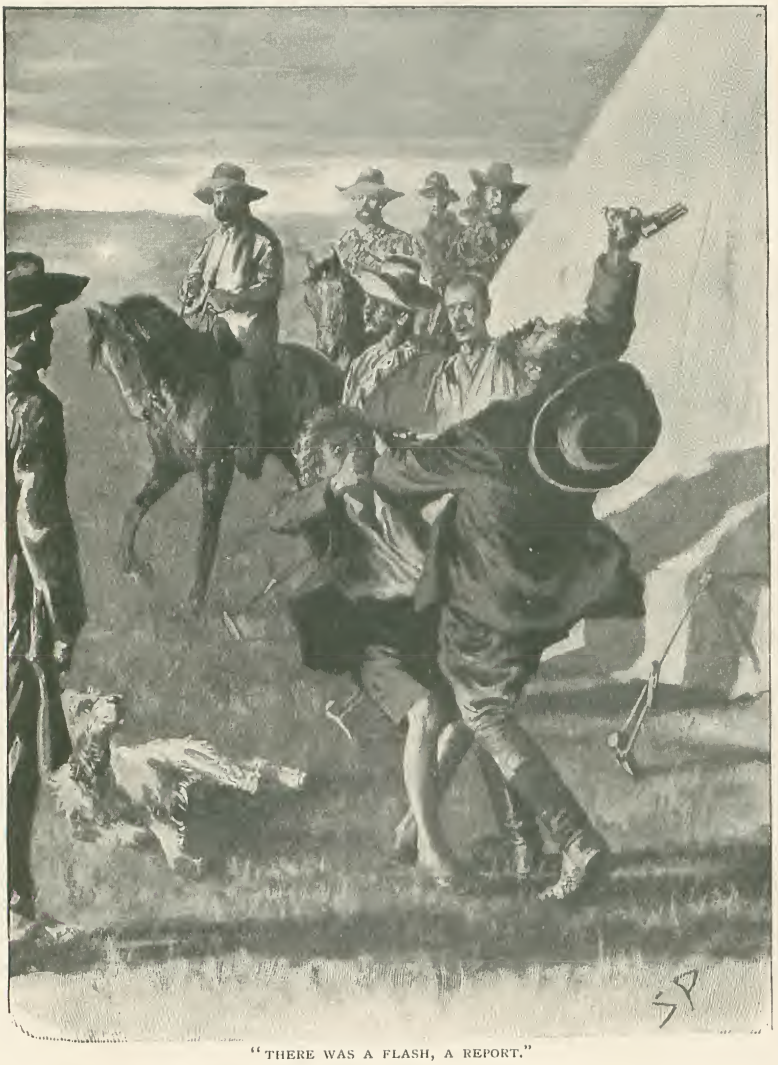
"Who did it? Who did it?" he cried.

Something in the imperious blazing of the child's eyes awed Bothe into responding by a silent nod in the direction of his Commandant.

With a cry of rage he sprang to his feet and literally flung himself on Jansen, grasping at the still smoking revolver. Even as

he did so the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard. Round the corner of the tent swept a cavalcade, and Bothe and Meth sprang to attention, ejaculating, "The General!"

The unlooked-for arrival of the dreaded Cronje in person startled the Commandant into a swift recoil, staying his uplifted fist. In his hand he clasped the barrel of his revolver, and as he dragged it back the child's sturdy fingers, clinging to the butt, locked suddenly on the trigger. There was a flash, a report, and Jansen lurched suddenly forward, shot through the heart, falling face downward on the boy.



"THERE WAS A FLASH, A REPORT."

The explanation that followed was short and to the point, the two troopers bearing manful evidence on the child's behalf.

The Boer General glanced coldly on the still twitching face of the Commandant.

"He was a dog!" he said, shortly, "and died like a dog. He is well served. As for you, child, get you home. We war not with children."

"I won't go without my father," said the boy, stoutly, facing the General.

Cronje smiled grimly.

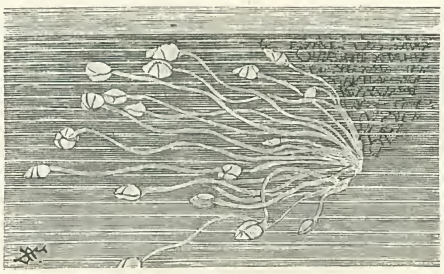
"Take your father, then," he said, "and be off. You, there, see them through the lines."

It was some seven hours later that Major Brand reached home. Jackie had prevailed on the two good-natured Boers to make a litter and bear the dog along. And when the Major, later, after telling his wife the true identity of the boy they had so strangely found, visited with her the room where the two Vagabonds slept, perhaps his eyes were just as misty as the eyes of the mother, as, bending over the flushed, sleeping face, she tried to spell out of his features the tiny baby face she had mourned so long.

Sociable Fish.

By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S.

IN one of the most charming chapters of that truly charming book, Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," the gentle author tells of some strange instances of sociability among the denizens of the farm-yard, a craving for companionship that brought into intimate acquaintanceship such widely differing animals as a horse and a hen, a doe and some cattle. This, as a proof that loneliness is an abnormal condition of life even among the lesser intelligences of creation, "gives to think," as our neighbours say; but probably few people would imagine that the same desire for society obtains even among the inhabitants of the deep and wide sea.



1.—BARNACLES, SHOWING FEET-STALKS.

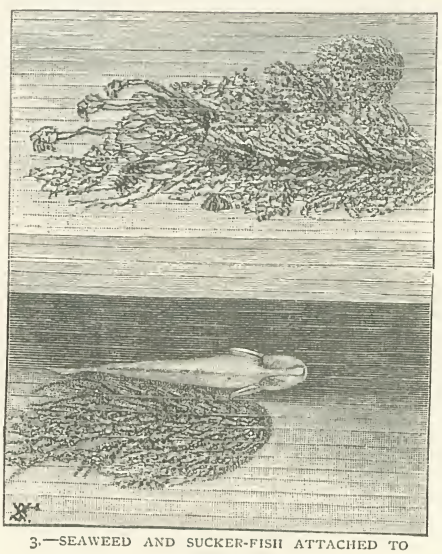
I do not now speak of such gregarious fish as compose the great shoals that beneficently visit the shallower waters washing populous countries, from whose innumerable multitudes whole nations may be fed without making any appreciable diminution in their apparently infinite numbers, but of those more varied and widely scattered species that are to be found near the sea-surface all over the ocean. In the ordinary routine of modern passenger traffic no observation of these truly deep-sea fish is possible, for in the first place the breathless panting of the propeller fills them with dread of the swiftly gliding monster whose approach it heralds; and in the next, the would-be observer has no time to catch even a glimpse of the inhabitants of that teeming world beneath him with, perhaps, the exception of a rapidly-passing school of porpoises or the hurried vision of a sea-shouldering whale.

2.—SEAWEED, WITH LIMPETS AND CRABS.

No, for the deliberate observation necessary in order to know something of the sea-people a sailing ship must be chosen, the slower the better, one wherein may be felt to its fullest extent by the mindless, sightless passenger the "intolerable tedium of a long voyage." In such a ship as this the student of marine natural history, provided he be not responsible to stern owners for the length of his passage, will welcome with great delight the solemn hush of the calm, when the windless dome above him is filled with perfect peace, and the shining circle upon which he floats is like the pupil of God's eye. Then, leaning over the taffrail, looking earnestly down into the crystalline blue, you may see the bottom of the ship without visible support as if poised in a sky of deeper blue and more limpid atmosphere. The parasitic life that has already attached itself to the vessel is all busy living. Barnacles (Fig. 1), with their long, glutinous feet-stalks waving in the imperceptible motion, are expanding from between their shells delicate fringes of brown, that, all eyes to see and hands to hold, allow nothing that can feed them to pass them by. And as they flex themselves inward with the supplies they have drawn from the apparently barren water, you can fancy that the pearly whiteness of the shells gleams with a brighter lustre as of satisfaction. The dull-hued limpets (Fig. 2), like pustules breaking out upon the ship's sheathing, may also be discerned, but less easily, because they have such a neutral tint and love to nestle amongst a tangle of dank, deep-green sea-moss, that, except where the light from above breaks obliquely down upon it, looks almost black.

But a little patient watching will reveal a set of tiny arms forth-darting from the

irregular opening in the apex of each limpet-cone. They, too, are busy continually, arresting every morsel, invisible to feeble human sight, that comes within their reach, and passing it inside for the up-keep of the compact, self-contained residence. And there, can it be possible, at all this distance from land? It is not only possible but undeniable that there is a *crab* (Fig. 2), an impudent, inquisitive little tangle of prying claws surrounding a disc about the size of a shilling. He strolls in leisurely fashion, but making a track at all sorts of angles, among the living fixtures, skirting each barnacle or limpet with a ludicrous air of contempt, as it seems. You can almost imagine him saying: "I never saw such a lot of dead-an'-alive ornaments in my life. Say! how d'you like stoppin' in the same old spot for ever an' ever?" But, impervious to his rudeness, the busy creatures never cease their one set of movements, utterly ignoring his very existence. You cannot help but wonder what becomes of that little crab when the ship begins to move, for you know that he can't possibly hold on against the tremendous brushing past of the water. He isn't built for that.

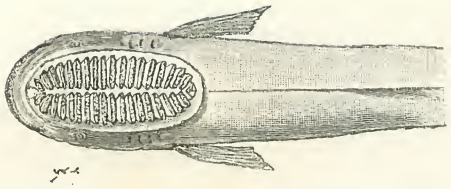


3.—SEAWEED AND SUCKER-FISH ATTACHED TO SHEATHING.

The other parasites, whether animal or vegetable, have, you notice, been busy for who shall say how long adapting themselves to every condition of their dependent life, so that now, whatever motion be made by the ship, they present to the onrush of the water just the right angle of surface that will allow it to slip over them easily, while at the same time they are always in a position to levy contributions. There is a puzzling lead-coloured streak along the copper near the keel to which your eye returns again and again, for although it will persist in looking like a place whence a strip of sheathing has been torn, there is yet a suggestion of quivering life about it which is certainly not the tremulous outline given to every inanimate object under water. Suddenly your doubts are set at rest—the mystery is solved. The steward has cast over the side some fragments of food that settle slowly downwards, turning over and over as they sink and catching the diffused light at every point, so that they sparkle like gems. As they pass the almost motionless keel the leaden-looking streak suddenly detaches itself, and, almost startlingly revealed as a graceful fish, intercepts and swallows those morsels one after the other. You fetch a few more fragments, and, dropping them one by one, entice your new acquaintance nearer the surface, so that you may admire the easy grace of every movement, and study at your leisure the result of this creature's development along certain lines of inventiveness.

It is a *Remora*, or "sucker" (Fig. 3), a species of shark that never exceeds a dozen pounds in weight. Having all the shark's usual qualities of slothfulness, voracity, and timorousness, it is prevented from becoming ferocious also by its limitations of size and the feebleness of its teeth. And as it would be hopeless for it to attempt to prey upon other fish while they are alive, from its lack of the requisite speed as well as from the scarcity of fish of sufficiently small size in the deep waters which are its abiding-place, it has developed a parasitic habit, which saves it a whole world of trouble by insuring its protection, economizing exertion, and keeping it in the midst of a plentiful food supply. All these objects are attained in the simplest manner possible, aided by an unfailing instinct guiding the creature in its selection of an involuntary host.

On the top of its head, which is perfectly flat, it has developed an arrangement which has, perhaps, the most artificial appearance of anything found in animated Nature (Fig. 4). It is in plan an oblong oval, with a line running along its middle, to which other diagonal lines, perfectly parallel to each other, extend from the outer edge. The whole thing is curiously like the non-slipping tread moulded upon the soles of many lawn-tennis shoes. This strangely-patterned contrivance is really an adhesive attachment of such strength that, when by its means the fish is holding on to any plane surface, it is impossible

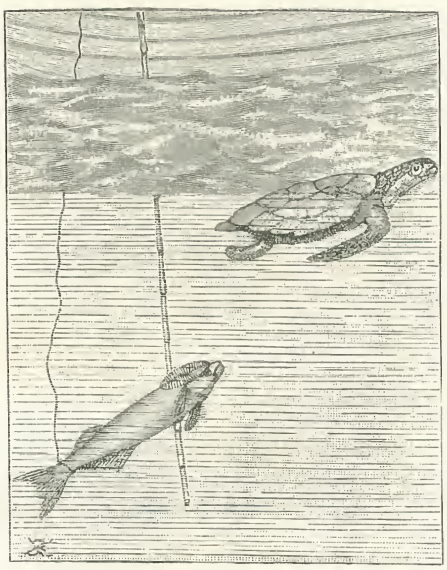


4.—THE SUCKER OF THE SUCKER-FISH.

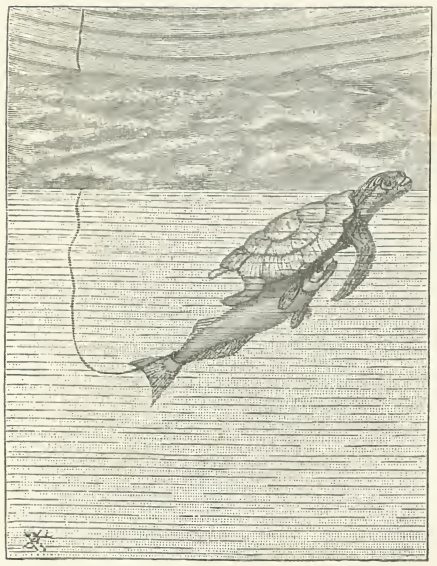
to drag the body away, except by almost tearing the fish in half. Yet by the flexing of some simple muscles the fish can release its body instantly, or as instantly re-attach itself. Of course, it always adheres to its host with its head pointing in the same direction as the host usually travels, because in that manner the pressure of the water assists the grip of the sucker and keeps the whole body lying flatly close to whatever is carrying it along. In this position it can perform all the natural functions. Its wide mouth gapes; its eyes, set one on either side of its flattened head, take in a most comprehensive view of the prospect, so that nothing having the appearance of edibility can pass that way without being seen and, if the speed of its host admits, immediately investigated. Thus its sociability is obviously of the most selfish kind. It sticketh closer than a brother, but affection for its protecting companion forms no part of its programme. Its number is, emphatically, One.

I have used the word "host" intentionally, because the remora does not by any means limit its company to ships. It is exceedingly fond of attaching itself to the body of a whale, and also to some of the larger sharks. Indeed, it goes a step farther than mere outward attachment in the latter case, because well-authenticated instances are recorded where several suckers have been found clinging to a huge shark's palate. This is another stage on the way to perfect parasitism, because under such circumstances these daring lodgers needed not to detach themselves any more. They had only to intercept sufficient food for their wants on its way from the front door to the interior departments. I have also seen them clinging to the jaw of a sperm whale, but that jaw was not in working order. It was bent outwards at right angles to the body, and afforded harbourage to a most comprehensive collection of parasites, barnacles especially, giving the front elevation of that whale an appearance utterly unlike anything with life.

But John Chinaman has outwitted the superlatively lazy remora. By what one must regard as a triumph of ingenuity he has succeeded in converting the very means whereby this born-tired fish usually escapes all necessity for energy into an instrument for obtaining gain for other people. The mode is as follows: First catch your remora. No difficulty here. A hook and line of the simplest, a bait of almost anything that looks eatable lowered by the side of a ship, and if there be a sucker hidden there he will be after the lure instantly. The only skill necessary is to haul him up swiftly when he bites, because if he be allowed to get hold of the ship again you may pull the hook out of his jaws, but you will not succeed in detaching him. Having caught a remora, the fisherman fastens a brass ring closely round its body, just at its smallest part before the spread of the tail. To this he attaches a long, fine, and strong line. He then departs for the turtle grounds with his prisoner. Arriving there he confines himself to keeping the remora away from the bottom of his boat by means of a bamboo (Fig. 5). Of course the captive gets very tired, and no turtle can pass within range of him without his hanging on to that turtle for a rest (Fig. 6). The moment he does so the turtle's fate is sealed. Struggle how he may, he cannot shake loose the tenacious grip of the sucker, and the stolid yellow man in the sampan has only to haul in upon the line to bring that unwilling turtle within range of his hands and lift him into the boat.



5.—JOHN CHINAMAN'S SUCKER-FISH TRAP FOR TURTLE.



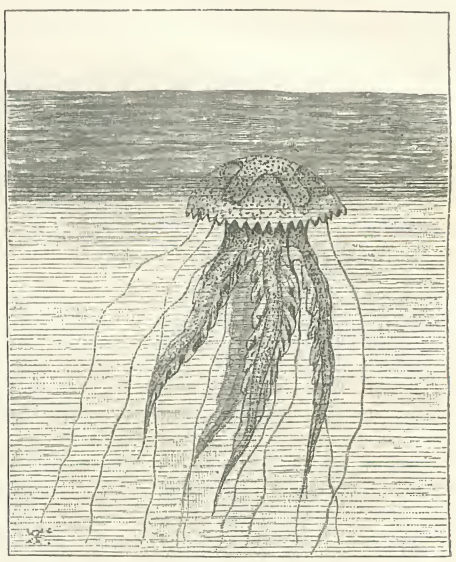
6.—THE TURTLE CAUGHT.

And this ingenious utilization of the sucker's well-known peculiarity has also commended itself to the semi-barbarous fishermen of the East African littoral, who are not otherwise notable for either ingenuity or enterprise.

Before we dismiss the remora to his beloved rest again it is worthy of notice that he himself gives unwilling hospitality to another sociable creature. It is a little crustacean, rather like an exaggerated wood-louse, but without the same power of curling itself into a ball. It is of a pearly-white colour, very sluggish in its movements, but with tenacious hooks upon its many legs it holds on securely to the inside of the sucker's mouth near the gill-slits, being there provided with all the needs of its existence, without the slightest effort of its own. Its chief interest to naturalists lies in its strange likeness to the fossil trilobites so plentifully scattered among various geological strata.

But while you have been watching the remora a visitor from the vast openness around has arrived, as if glad of the society afforded by the ship. Yet in this case the idea seems a fond conceit, because the newcomer is only a "jelly-fish," or "Medusa" (Fig. 7). It is really an abuse of language to use the word "fish" in connection with such an almost impalpable entity as the Medusa, because while a fish is an animal high up the scale of the vertebrata, a Medusa is almost at the bottom of the list of created things. When floating in the sea it is an exceedingly pretty object, with its clear, mushroom-shaped disc uppermost, and long fringe of feathery filaments, sometimes delicately coloured, waving gracefully beneath with each pulsation of the whole mass. It has no power of independent locomotion, no—but, there, it is not easy to say what it *has* got, since if you haul one up in a bucket and lay it on deck in the sun, it will melt entirely away, leaving not a trace behind except two or three tiny morsels of foreign matter which did not belong to its organism at all. Yet if one of these masses of jelly comes into contact with your bare skin it stings like a nettle, for it secretes, in some mysterious way, an acrid fluid that serves it instead of many organs possessed by farther advanced creatures. As the present subject passes beneath your gaze you notice quite a little cluster of tiny fish smaller even than full-grown tittlebats, perhaps a dozen or so, who look strangely forlorn in the middle of the ocean. It may be that this sense of loneliness leads them to seek the shelter of something larger than themselves, something which will be a sort of rallying point in such a wide world of waters.

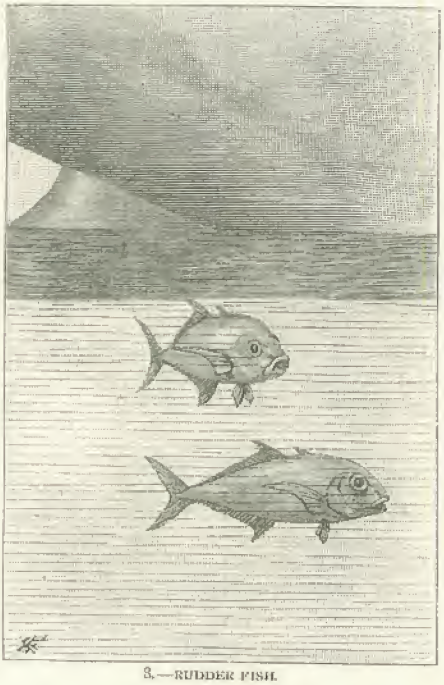
Perhaps the lovely streamers dangling have aroused their curiosity, but, whatever the motive, you see the little group huddled round the Medusa, popping in and out from the edge of the disc, through which you can plainly see them as they pass beneath. It is quite pretty to watch those innocent games of the sportive little fish, but presently you notice that one of them doesn't play any more. He is entangled among those elegant



7.—THE MEDUSA, OR JELLY-FISH

fringes and hangs like a little silver streak, brightening and fading as it is turned by the pulsatory movement of the Medusa. And if you could watch it long enough you would see it gradually disappear, absorbed into the jelly-like substance by the solvent secreted by the Medusa for that purpose. Still unconscious of their companion's fate, the other little victims continue to play in that treacherous neighbourhood, voluntarily supplying the needs of an organism immeasurably beneath them in the sum-total of all those details that go to make up conscious life.

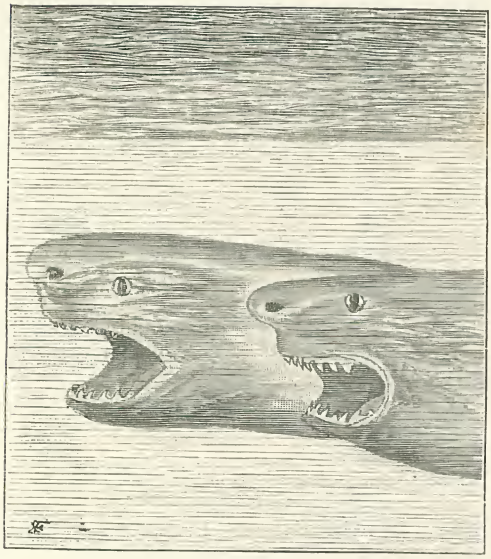
Closely gathered about the rudder and stern-post is another group of larger fish, the several individuals being from 4in. to 8in. long, and most elegant in shape and colour. They evidently seek the ship for protection, for they scarcely ever leave her vicinity for more than 2ft. or 3ft. If one of them does dart away that distance after some, to you, imperceptible morsel of food, it is back again in a flash, sidling up to her sheathing closer than ever, as if dreadfully alarmed at its own temerity. A small hook baited with a fragment of meat will enable you to catch one if only you can get it to fall close enough to the rudder — no easy matter, because of the great overhang of the stern. In the old-fashioned ships, where the rudder-head moved in a huge cavity called the rudder-trunk, I have often caught them by dropping my hook down there, and very sweet-eating little fish they were. Sailors call them "rudder-fish," a trivial name derived from their well-known habit, but they are really a species of "caranx," and akin to the mackerel tribe, which has so many representatives among deep-water fish (Fig. 8). They are, perhaps, the most sociable of all the fish that visit a ship far out at sea; but they present the same problem that the crab did a little while ago: What becomes of them when a breeze springs up and the vessel puts on speed?



8.—RUDDER FISH.

I have often watched them at the beginning of a breeze, swimming steadily along by the side of the stern-post, so as to be clear of the eddies raised by the rudder; but it was always evident that a rate of over three knots would leave them astern very soon. Not less curious is the speculation as to whence they come so opportunely. There seems to be very few of them, yet an hour or two's calm nearly always shows a little company of them cowering in their accustomed place. As you watch them wonderingly, a broad blaze of reflected light draws your attention to the splendid shape of a dolphin gliding past and exposing the silver shield of his side to the sun's rays, which radiate from it with an almost unbearable glare. At that instant every one of the little fish beneath you gather into one compact bunch, so close to the stern-post that they look as if part of it. When they can no longer keep up with the ship's protecting bulk how do they escape the jaws of such beautiful ravenous monsters as that which has just passed? The swift flying-fish cannot do so, even with the swallow-like speed that he possesses and the power of skimming through the air for a thousand yards at a flight. What chance, then, can our shrinking little companions possibly have, or how do they survive amidst so many enemies? It is an unsolvable mystery.

What is this cold grey shadow stealing along through the bright blue water by the keel? A shark, and a big one, too (Fig. 9). No one doubts the reason for *his* sociability; in fact, he (or she) is credited by most sailors with a most uncanny knowledge of what is going on aboard any ship he chooses to honour with his company. We need not be so foolish as to believe any of these childish stories, especially when the obvious explanation lies so closely on the surface. Heredity accounts for a great many things that have long been credited with supernatural origins,

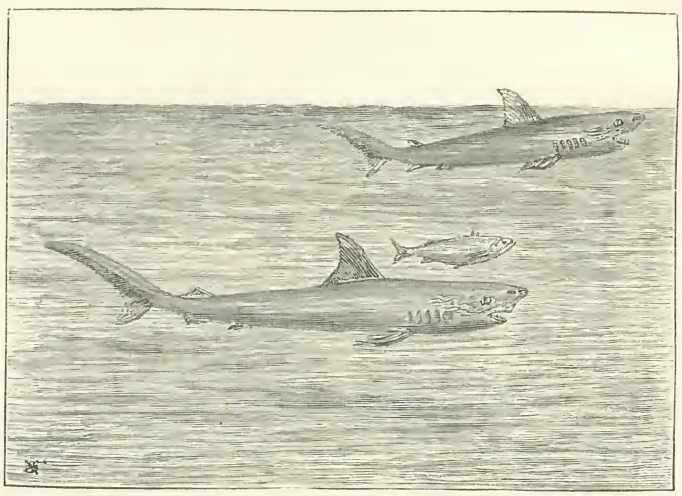


9.—SHARKS.

and the shark's attachment to the society of ships is so plainly hereditary that the slightest thought upon the subject will convince any unbiased person of the reasonableness of the explanation. For many generations the shark, born scavenger that he is, has learned to associate the huge shadow cast by a ship with food, not perhaps in such mountainous abundance as that provided by the carcass of a dead whale, but still scattering savoury morsels at fairly regular intervals. From its earliest days—when, darting in and out of its mother's capacious jaws, it has shared in the spoil descending from passing ships—to the end of what is often a very long life, ships and food are inseparably associated in whatever answers to its mind in the shark. Man, alive or dead, always makes a welcome change of diet to a fish that, by reason of his build, is unable to prey upon other fish as do the rest of his neighbours.

As I have said elsewhere, the shark eats man because man is easy to catch, not because he likes man's flesh better than any other form of food, as many landsmen and even sailors believe. But the shark is only able to gratify his sociable instincts in calms or very light airs. He is far too slothful, too constitutionally averse to exertion, to expend his energies in the endeavour to keep up with a ship going at even a moderate rate of speed. Let the wind drop, however, and in few parts of the sea will you be without a visit from a shark for many hours. In one vessel that I sailed in the skipper had such a delicate nose that he could not bear the stench of the water in which the day's allowance of salt meat had been steeped to get some of the pickle out of it. So he ordered a strong net to be made of small rope, and into this the meat was put, the net secured to a stout line, and hung over the stern just low enough to dip every time the vessel curtsied. The plan answered admirably for some time, until one night the wind fell to a calm, and presently the man at the wheel heard a great splash behind him. He rushed to the taffrail and looked over, just in time to see the darkness beneath all aglow with phosphorescence, showing that some unusual agitation had recently taken place. He ran to the net-lanyard, and, taking a good pull, fell backward on deck, for there was nothing fast to it. Net and meat were gone. The skipper was much vexed, of course, that the net hadn't been hauled up a little higher when it fell calm, for, as he told the mate, anybody ought to know that 30lb. of salt pork dangling overboard in a calm was enough to call a shark up from a hundred miles away.

As this particular shark, now sliding stealthily along the keel towards the stern, becomes more clearly visible, you notice what looks at first like a bright blue patch on top



10.—SHARKS AND PILOT-FISH.

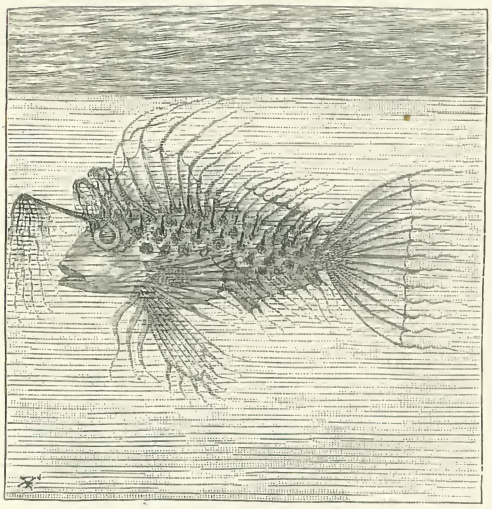
of his head. But, strange to say, it is not fixed; it shifts from side to side, backwards and forwards, until, as the big fish rises higher, you make it out to be the pretty little caranx that shares with the crocodile and buffalo birds the reputation of being the closest possible companion and chum of so strangely diverse an animal to himself (Fig. 10). And now we are on debatable ground, for this question of the sociability of the pilot-fish with the shark has been most hotly argued. And perhaps, like the cognate question of the flight of flying-fish, it is too much to hope that any amount of first-hand testimony will avail to settle it now. Still, if a man will but honestly state what he has *seen*, not once, but many times repeated, his evidence ought to have some weight in the settlement of even the most vexed questions. Does the pilot-fish love the shark? Does it even know that the shark is a shark, a slow, short-sighted, undiscriminating creature whose chief characteristic is that of never-satisfied hunger? In short, does the pilot-fish attach itself to the shark as a pilot, with a definite object in view, or is the attachment merely the result of accident? Let us see.

Here is a big shark-hook, upon which we stick a mass of fat pork two or three pounds in weight. Fastening a stout rope to it, we drop it over the stern with a splash. The eddies have no sooner smoothed away than we see the brilliant little blue and gold pilot-fish coming towards our bait at such speed that we can hardly detect the lateral vibrations of his tail. Round and round the bait he goes, evidently in a high state of excitement, and next moment he has darted off again as rapidly as he came. He reaches the shark, touches him with his head on the nose, and comes whizzing back again to the bait, followed sedately by the dull-coloured monster. As if impatient of his huge companion's slowness he keeps oscillating between him and the bait until the shark has reached it and, without hesitation, has turned upon his back to seize it, if such a verb can be used to denote the deliberate way in which that gaping crescent of a mouth enfolds the lump of pork. Nothing, you think, can increase the excitement of the little attendant now. He seems ubiquitous, flashing all round the shark's jaws as if there were twenty of him at least. But when half-a-dozen men, "tailing on" to the rope, drag the shark slowly upward out of the sea, the faithful little pilot seems to go frantic with—what shall we call it?—dread of losing his protector, affection, anger, who can tell?

The fact remains that during the whole time occupied in hauling the huge writhing carcass of the shark up out of the water the pilot-fish never ceases its distracted upward leaping against the body of its departing companion. And after the shark has been hauled quite clear of the water the bereaved pilot darts disconsolately to and fro about the rudder as if in utter bewilderment at its great loss. For as long as the calm continues, or until another shark makes his or her appearance, that faithful little fish will still hover around, every splash made in the water bringing it at top speed to the spot as if it thought that its friend had just returned.

No doubt there is a mutual benefit in the undoubted alliance between pilot-fish and shark, for I have seen a pilot-fish take refuge, along with a female shark's tiny brood, within the parent's mouth at the approach of a school of predatory fish, while it is only reasonable to suppose, what has often been proved to be the fact, that in guiding the shark to food the pilot also has its modest share of the feast. It is quite true that the pilot-fish will for a time attach itself to a boat when its companion has been killed. Again and again I have noticed this on a whaling voyage, where more sharks are killed in one day while cutting-in a whale than many sailors see during their whole lives.

Hitherto we have only considered those inhabitants of the deep sea that foregather with a ship during a calm. Not that the enumeration of them is exhausted, by any means, for during long-persisting calms, as I have often recorded elsewhere, many queer denizens of the middle depths of ocean are tempted by the general stagnation to come gradually to the surface and visit the unfamiliar light. Considerations of space preclude my dealing with many of these infrequent visitors to the upper strata of the sea, but I cannot refrain from mention of one or two that have come under my notice at different times. One especially I tried for two days to inveigle by various means, for I thought (and still think) that a stranger fish was never bottled in any museum than he was. He was sociable enough, too. I dare say his peculiar appearance was dead against his scraping an acquaintance with any ordinary-looking fish, who, in spite of their well-known curiosity, might well be excused from chumming up with any such "sport" as he undoubtedly was (Fig. 11). He was about 18in. long, with a head much like a gurnard and a tapering body resembling closely in its contour that of a cod. So that as far as his



II.—A FISHY "FREAK."

shape went there was nothing particularly *outré* in his appearance. But he was bright green in colour—at least, the ground of his colour-scheme was bright green. He was dotted profusely with glaring crimson spots about the size of a sixpence. And from the centre of each of these spots sprang a brilliant blue tassel upon a yellow stalk about an inch long. All his fins—and he had certainly double the usual allowance—were also fringed extensively with blue filaments, which kept fluttering and waving continually, even when he lay perfectly motionless, as if they were all nerves. His tail was a wonderful organ more than twice as large as his size warranted, and fringed, of course, as all his other fins were, only more so. His eyes were very large and inexpressive, dead-looking in fact, reminding me of eyes that had been boiled. But over each of them protruded a sort of horn of bright yellow colour for about two inches, at the end of which dangled a copious tassel of blue that seemed to obscure the uncanny creature's vision completely.

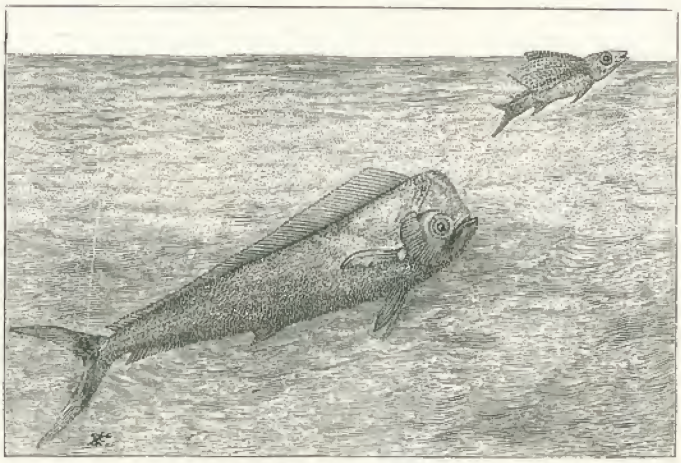
To crown all, a dorsal ridge of crimson rose quite two inches, the whole length of his back being finished off by a long spike that stuck out over his nose like a jibboom, and had the largest tassel of all depending from it. So curiously decorated a fish surely never greeted man's eye before, and when he moved, which he did with dignified slowness, the effect of all those waving fringes and tassels was dazzling beyond expression. I think he must have been some distant relation of the angler-fish that frequents certain tidal rivers, but he had utilized his leisure for personal decoration upon original lines. This was in the Indian Ocean, near the Line; but some years after, in hauling up a mass of Gulf weed in the North Atlantic, I caught, quite by accident, a tiny fish, not two inches long, that strongly reminded me of my tasselled friend, and may have been one of the same species. I tried to preserve the little fellow in a bottle, but had no spirit, and he didn't keep in salt water.

By far the most numerous class of sociable deep-sea fish, however, are those that delight to accompany a ship that is making good way through the water. They do not like a steamer—the propeller with its tremendous churning scares them effectually away—but the silent gliding motion of the sailing-ship seems just to their taste. As soon as the wind falls and the vessel stops they keep at a distance, only occasionally passing discontentedly, as if they wondered why their big companion was thus idling away the bright day. Foremost among these, both in numbers and the closeness with which they accompany a ship, are the "bonito," a species of mackerel so named by the Spaniards from their beautiful appearance. They are a "chubby" fish, much more bulky in body in proportion to their length than our mackerel, for one 18in. long will often tip the scale at 3olb. Their vigour is tremendous; there is no other word for it. A school of them numbering several hundreds will attach themselves to a ship travelling at the rate of six to eight knots an hour, and keep her company for a couple of days, swimming steadily with her, either alongside, ahead, or astern; but during the day-time continually making short excursions away after flying-fish or leaping-squid scared up or "flushed" by the approach of the ship. Not only so, but as if to work off their surplus energy they will occasionally take vertical leaps into the air to a height that, considering their stumpy proportions, is amazing.

The probable reason for their sociability is, I think, that they know how the passing of the ship's deep keel through the silence immediately underlying the sea-surface startles upward their natural prey, the flying-fish and loligo (small cuttle-fish), and affords them ample opportunities for dashing among them unobserved. In any case, to the hungry sailor, this neighbourly habit of theirs is quite providential. For by such simple means as a piece of white rag attached to a hook, and let down from the jibboom end to flutter over the dancing wavelets like a flying-fish, a fine bonito is easily secured, although

holding a twenty-pounder just out of the water in one's arms is calculated to give the captor a profound respect for the energy of his prize. Unlike most other fish, they are warm-blooded. Their flesh is dark and coarse, but if it were ten times darker and coarser than it is it would be welcome as a change from the everlasting salt beef and pork.

The dolphin, about which so much confusion arises from the difference in nomenclature between the naturalist and the seaman, has long been celebrated by poetic writers for its dazzling beauty. But between the sailor's dolphin, *Coryphæna Hippuris* (forgive me for the jargon), which is a fish, and the naturalist's dolphin, *Delphinus deductor*, which is a mammal, there is far more difference than there is between a greyhound and a pig. Sailors call the latter a porpoise, and won't recognise any distinction between the *Delphinus* and any other small sea mammal (except a seal), calling them all porpoises. But no sailor ever meant anything else by "dolphin" than the beautiful fish of which I must say a few words in the small remaining space at my disposal. For some reason best known to themselves the dolphin do not care to accompany a ship so closely as the bonito. They are by no means so constant in their attention, for when the ship is going at a moderate speed they cannot curb their impatience and swim soberly along with her, and when she goes faster they seem to dislike the noise she makes, and soon leave her. But, although they do not stick closely to a ship, they like her company, and in light winds will hang about her all day, showing off their glories to the best advantage, and often contributing a welcome mess to the short commons of the fo'c's'le. Their average weight is about 15lb., but from their elegant shape they are a far more imposing fish than the bonito. They are deepest at the head, which has a rounded forehead with a sharp front, and they taper gradually to the tail, which is of great size. A splendid dorsal fin runs the whole length of the back, which, when it is erected, adds greatly to their appearance of size.



12.—DOLPHIN CHASING A FLYING-FISH.

No pen could possibly do justice to the magnificence of their colouring, for, like "shot" silk or the glowing tints of the humming-bird, it changes with every turn. And when the fish is disporting under a blazing sun its glories are almost too brilliant for the unshaded eye; one feels the need of smoked glass through which to view them. These wonderful tints begin to fade as soon as the fish is caught; and although there is a series of waves of colour that ebb and flow about the dying creature, the beauty of the living body is never even remotely approached again, in spite of what numberless writers have said to the contrary. To see the dolphin in full chase after a flying-fish (Fig. 12), leaping like a glorious arrow 40ft. at each lateral bound through the sunshine, is a vision worth remembering. I know of nothing more gorgeous under heaven.

The giant albacore, biggest mackerel of them all, reaching a weight of a quarter of a ton, does seek the society of a ship sometimes, but not nearly so often as bonito and dolphin. And although I have caught these monsters in the West Indies from boats, I never saw one hauled on board ship. It would not be treating the monarch of the finny tribe respectfully to attempt a description of him at the bare end of my article, so I must leave him, as well as the "skipjack," yellow-tail, and barracouta for some other occasion. Perhaps enough has now been said to show that sociability is not by any means confined to land animals, although the great subject of the sociability of sea-mammals has not even been touched upon.

TALKING of prize-fighters, sir, said the night watchman, who had nearly danced himself over the edge of the wharf in illustrating one of Mr. Corbett's most trusted blows, and was now sitting down taking in sufficient air for three, they ain't wot they used to be when I was a boy. They advertise in the papers for months and months about their fights, and when it does come off, they do it with gloves, and they're all right agin a day or two arter.

I saw a picter the other day o' one punching a bag wot couldn't punch back, for practice. Why, I remember as a young man Sinker Pitt, as used to 'ave the King's Arms 'ere in 'is old age; when 'e wanted practice 'is plan was to dress up, in a soft 'at and black coat like a chapel minister or something, and go in a pub and contradict people; sailormen for choice. He'd 'a no more thought o' hitting a pore 'armless bag than I should ha' thought of hitting 'im.

The strangest prize-fighter I ever come acrost was one wot shipped with me on the *Cavendish*. He was the most eggstrordinry fighter I've ever seen or 'eard of, and 'e got to be such a nuisance afore 'e'd done with us that we could 'ardly call our souls our own. He shipped as an ordinary seaman—a unfair thing to do, as 'e was anything but ordinary, and 'ad no right to be there at all.

We'd got one terror on board afore he come, and that was Bill Bone, one o' the biggest and strongest men I've ever seen down a ship's fo'c's'le, and that's saying a good deal. Built more like a bull than a man, 'e was, and when he was in his tantrums the best thing to do was to get out of 'is way or else get into your bunk and keep quiet. Oppersition used to send 'im crazy a'most, an' if 'e said a red shirt was a blue one, you 'ad to keep quiet. It didn't do to agree with 'im and call it blue even, cos if you did he'd call you a liar and punch you for telling lies.

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He was the only drawback to that ship. We 'ad a nice old man, good mates, and good grub. You may know it was A1 when I tell you that most of us 'ad been in 'er for several v'y'ges.

But Bill was a drawback, and no mistake. In the main he was a 'earty, good-tempered sort o' shipmate as you'd wish to see, only, as I said afore, oppersition was a thing he could not and would not stand. It used to fly to his 'ed direckly.

The v'y'ge I'm speaking of—we used to trade between Australia and London—Bill came aboard about an hour afore the ship sailed. The rest of us was already aboard and down below, some of us stowing our things away and the rest sitting down and telling each other lies about wot we'd been doing. Bill came lurching down the ladder, and Tom Baker put 'is 'and to 'im to steady 'im as he got to the bottom.

"Who are you putting your 'ands on?" ses Bill, glaring at 'im.

"Only 'olding you up, Bill," ses Tom, smiling.

"Oh," ses Bill.

He put 'is back up agin a bunk and pulled hisself together.

"'Olding of me—up—was you?" he ses; "whaffor, if I might be so bold as to arsk?"

"I thought your foot 'ad slipped, Bill, old man," ses Tom; "but I'm sorry if it 'adn't."

Bill looks at 'im agin 'ard.

"Sorry if my foot didn't slip?" he ses.

"You know wot I mean, Bill," ses Tom, smiling a uneasy smile.

"Don't laugh at me," roars Bill.

"I wasn't laughing, Bill, old pal," ses Tom.

"'E's called me a liar," ses Bill, looking round at us; "called me a liar. 'Old my coat, Charlie, and I'll split 'im in halves."

Charlie took the coat like a lamb, though he was Tom's pal, and Tom looked round to see whether he couldn't nip up the ladder and get away, but Bill was just in front of it. Then Tom found out that one of 'is boot-laces was undone and he knelt down to do it up, and this young ordinary seaman, Joe Simms by name, put his 'ead out of his bunk and he ses, quiet-like:—

"You ain't afraid of that thing, mate, are you?"

"*Wot?*" screams Bill, starting.

"Don't make such a noise when I'm speaking," ses Joe; "where's your manners, you great 'ulking rascal?"

"I thought Bill would ha' dropped with surprise at being spoke to like that. His face was purple all over and 'e stood staring at Joe as though 'e didn't know wot to make of 'im. And we stared too, Joe being a smallish sort o' chap and not looking at all strong.

"Go easy, mate," whispers Tom; "you don't know who you're talking to."

"Bosh," ses Joe, "he's no good. He's too fat and too silly to do any 'arm. He sha'n't 'urt you while I'm 'ere."

He just rolled out of 'is bunk and, standing in front of Bill, put 'is fists up at 'im and stared 'im straight in the eye.

"You touch that man," he ses, quietly, pointing to Tom, "and I'll give you such a dressing-down as you've never 'ad afore. Mark my words, now."

"I wasn't going to 'it him," ses Bill, in a strange, mild voice.

"You'd better not," ses the young 'un, shaking his fist at 'im; "you'd better not, my lad. If there's any fighting to be done in this fo'c's'le I'll do it. Mind that."

It's no good me saying we was staggered; becos staggered ain't no word for it. To see Bill put 'is hands in 'is pockets and try and whistle, and then sit down on a locker and scratch 'is head, was the most amazing thing I've ever seen. Presently 'e begins to sing under his breath.

"Stop that 'umming," ses Joe; "when I want you to 'um I'll tell you."

Bill left off 'umming, and then he gives a little cough behind the back of 'is 'and, and arter fidgeting about a bit with 'is feet went up on deck again.

"'Strewth," ses Tom, looking round at us. "'Ave we shipped a bloomin' prize-fighter?"

"Wot did you call me?" ses Joe, looking at 'im.

"Nothing, mate," ses Tom, drawing back.

"You keep a quiet tongue in your 'ed," ses Joe, "and speak when you're spoken to, my lad."

He was a ordinary seaman, mind, talking to A.B.'s like that. Men who'd been up aloft and doing their little bit when 'e was going about catching cold in 'is little petticuts. Still, if Bill could stand it, we supposed as we'd better.

Bill stayed up on deck till we was under way, and 'is spirit seemed to be broke. He went about 'is work like a man wot was walking in 'is sleep, and when breakfast come 'e 'ardly tasted it.

Joe made a splendid breakfast, and when he'd finished 'e went to Bill's bunk and chucked the things out all over the place and said 'e was going to 'ave it for himself. And

Bill sat there and took it all quiet, and by-and-by he took 'is things up and put them in Joe's bunk without a word.

It was the most peaceful fust day we 'ad ever 'ad down that fo'c's'le, Bill usually being in 'is tantrums the fust day or two at sea, and wanting to know why 'e'd been born. If you talked you was noisy and worriting, and if you didn't talk you was sulky; but this time 'e sat quite still and didn't interfere a bit. It was such a pleasant change that we all felt a bit grateful, and at tea-time Tom Baker patted Joe on the back and said he was one o' the right old sort.

"You've been in a scrap or two in your time, I know," he ses, admiring like. "I knew you was a bit of a one with your fists direckly I see you."

"Oh, 'ow's that?" asks Joe.

"I could see by your nose," ses Tom.

You never know how to take people like that. The words 'ad 'ardly left Tom's lips afore the other ups with a basin of 'ot tea and heaves it all over 'im.

"Take that, you insulting rascal," he ses, as Tom jumped up spluttering and wiping 'is face with his coat. "How dare you insult me?"

"Get up," ses Tom, dancing with rage. "Get up; prize-fighter or no prize-fighter, I'll mark you."

"Sit down," ses Bill, turning round.

"I'm going to 'ave a go at 'im, Bill," ses Tom; "if you're afraid of 'im, I ain't."

"Sit down," ses Bill, starting up. "'Ow dare you insult me like that?"

"Like wot?" ses Tom, staring.

"If I can't lick 'im you can't," ses Bill; "that's 'ow it is, mate."

"But I can try," ses Tom.

"All right," ses Bill. "Me fust, then if you lick me, you can 'ave a go at 'im. If you can't lick me, 'ow can you lick 'im?"

"Sit down both of you," ses young Joe, drinking Bill's tea to make up for 'is own. "And mind you, I'm cock o' this fo'c's'le, and don't you forget it. Sit down, both of you, afore I start on you."

They both sat down, but Tom wasn't quick enough to please Bill, and he got a wipe o' the side o' the 'ead that made it ring for an hour afterwards.

That was the beginning of it, and instead of 'aving one master we found we'd got two, owing to the eggstrordinry way Bill had o' looking at things. He gave Joe best without even 'aving a try at him, and if anybody else wanted to 'ave a try, it was a insult to Bill. We couldn't make 'ed or tail of it, and all we could get out of Bill was that 'e had one time 'ad a turn-up with Joe Simms ashore, which he'd remember all 'is life. It must ha' been something of a turn, too, the way Bill used to try and curry favour with 'im.

In about three days our life wasn't worth living, and the fo'c's'le was more like a Sunday-school class than anything else. In the fust place Joe put down swearing. He wouldn't 'ave no bad langwidge, he said, and he didn't neither. If a man used a bad word Joe would pull 'im up the fust time, and the second he'd order Bill to 'it 'im, being afraid of 'urting 'im too much 'imself. 'Arf the men 'ad to leave off talking altogether when Joe was by, but the way they used to swear when he wasn't was something shocking. Harry Moore got clergyman's sore throat one arternoon through it.

Then Joe objected to us playing cards for money, and we 'ad to arrange on the quiet that brace buttons was ha'-pennies and coat buttons pennies, and that lasted until one evening Tom Baker got up and danced and nearly went off 'is 'ead with joy through havin' won a few dozen. That was enough for Joe, and Bill by his orders took the cards and pitched 'em over the side.

Sweet-'earting and that sort o' thing Joe couldn't abear, and Ned Davis put his foot into it finely one arternoon through not knowing. He was lying in 'is bunk smoking and thinking, and by-and-by he looked across at Bill, who was 'arf asleep, and 'e ses:—

"I wonder whether you'll see that little gal at Melbourne agin this trip, Bill."

Bill's eyes opened wide and he shook 'is fist at Ned, as Ned thought, playful-like.

"All right, I'm a looking at you, Bill," 'e ses. "I can see you."

"What gal is that, Ned?" ses Joe, who was in the next bunk to him, and I saw Bill's eyes screw up tight, and 'e suddenly fell fast asleep.

"I don't know 'er name," ses Ned, "but she was very much struck on Bill; they used to go to the theayter together."

"Pretty gal?" ses Joe, leading 'im on.

"*Rather*," ses Ned. "Trust Bill for that, 'e always gets the prettiest gal in the place—I've known as many as six and seven to——"

"WOT!" screams Bill, waking up out of 'is sleep, and jumping out of 'is bunk.

"Keep still, Bill, and don't interfere when I'm talking," ses Joe, very sharp.

"'E's insulted me," ses Bill; "talking about gals when everybody knows I 'ate 'em worse than pison."

"Hold your tongue," ses Joe. "Now,

Ned, what's this about this little gal? What's 'er name?"

"It was only a little joke o' mine," ses Ned, who saw 'e'd put 'is foot in it. "Bill 'ates 'em worse than—worse than—pison."

"You're telling me a lie," ses Joe, sternly. "Who was it?"

"It was only my fun, Joe," ses Ned.

"Oh, very well then. I'm going to 'ave a bit of fun now," ses Joe. "Bill!"

"Yes," ses Bill.

"I won't 'it Ned myself for fear I shall do 'im a lasting injury," ses Joe, "so you just start on 'im and keep on till 'e tells all about your goings on with that gal."

"Hit '*im* to make 'im tell about *me?*" ses Bill, staring 'is 'ardest.

"You 'eard wot I said," ses Joe; "don't repeat my words. You a married man, too; I've got sisters of my own, and I'm going to put this sort o' thing down. If you don't down 'im, I will."

Ned wasn't much of a fighter, and I 'alf expected to see 'im do a bolt up on deck and complain to the skipper. He did look like it for a moment, then he stood up, looking a bit white as Bill walked over to 'im, and the next moment 'is fist flew out, and afore we could turn round I'm blest if Bill wasn't on the floor. 'E got up as if 'e was dazed like, struck out wild at Ned and missed 'im, and the next moment was knocked down agin. We could 'ardly believe our eyes, and as for Ned, 'e looked as though 'e'd been doing miracles by mistake.

When Bill got up the second time 'e was that shaky 'e could 'ardly stand, and Ned 'ad it all 'is own way, until at last 'e got Bill's 'ead under 'is arm and punched at it till they was both tired.

"All right," ses Bill; "I've 'ad enough. I've met my master."

"*Wot?*" ses Joe, staring.

"THEN JOE OBJECTED TO US PLAYING CARDS FOR MONEY."

"I've met my master," ses Bill, going and sitting down. "Ned 'as knocked me about crool."

Joe looked at 'im speechless, and then without saying another word, or 'aving a go at Ned himself, as we expected, 'e went up on deck, and Ned crossed over and sat down by Bill.

"I 'ope I didn't hurt you, mate," he ses, kindly.

"Hurt me?" roars Bill. "You! You 'urt me? You, you little bag o' bones. Wait till I get you ashore by yourself for five minits, Ned Davis, and then you'll know wot 'urting means."

"I don't understand you, Bill," ses Ned; "you're a mystery, that's what you are; but

I tell you plain when you go ashore you don't have me for a companion."

It was a mystery to all of us, and it got worse and worse as time went on. Bill didn't dare to call 'is soul 'is own, although Joe only hit 'im once the whole time, and then not very hard, and he excused 'is cowardice by telling us of a man Joe 'ad killed in a fight down in one o' them West-end clubs.

Wot with Joe's Sunday-school ways and Bill backing 'em up, we was all pretty glad by the time we got to Melbourne. It was like getting out o' pris'n to get away from Joe for a little while. All but Bill, that is, and Joe took 'im to hear a dissolving views on John Bunyan. Bill said 'e'd be delighted to go, but the language he used about 'im on the quiet when he came back showed wot 'e thought of it. I don't know who John Bunyan is, or wot he's done, but the things Bill said about 'im I wouldn't soil my tongue by repeating.

Arter we'd been there two or three days we began to feel a'most sorry for Bill. Night arter night, when we was ashore, Joe would take 'im off and look arter 'im, and at last, partly for 'is sake, but more to see the fun, Tom Baker managed to think o' something to put things straight.

"You stay aboard to-night, Bill," he ses one morning, "and you'll see something that'll startle you."

"Worse than you?" ses Bill, whose temper was getting worse and worse.

"There'll be an end o' that bullying Joe," ses Tom, taking 'im by the arm. "We've arranged to give 'im a lesson as'll lay 'im up for a time."

"Oh," ses Bill, looking 'ard at a boat wot was passing.

"We've got Dodgy Pete coming to see us to-night," ses Tom, in a whisper; "there'll only be the second officer aboard, and he'll likely be asleep. Dodgy's one o' the best light-weights in Australia, and if 'e don't fix up Mister Joe, it'll be a pity."

"You're a fair treat, Tom," ses Bill, turning round; "that's what you are. A fair treat."

"I thought you'd be pleased, Bill," ses Tom.

"Pleased ain't no name for it, Tom," answers Bill. "You've took a load off my mind."

The fo'c's'le was pretty full that evening, everybody giving each other a little grin on the quiet, and looking over to where Joe was sitting in 'is bunk putting a button or two on his coat. At about ha'-past six Dodgy comes aboard, and the fun begins to commence.

He was a nasty, low-looking little chap, was Dodgy, very fly-looking and very conceited. I didn't like the look of 'im at all, and unbearable as Joe was, it didn't seem to be quite the sort o' thing to get a chap aboard to 'ammer a shipmate you couldn't 'ammer yourself.

"Nasty stuffy place you've got down 'ere," ses Dodgy, who was smoking a big cigar; "I can't think 'ow you can stick it."

"It ain't bad for a fo'c's'le," ses Charlie.

"An' what's that in that bunk over there?" ses Dodgy, pointing with 'is cigar at Joe.

"Hush, be careful," ses Tom, with a wink; "that's a prize-fighter."

"Oh," ses Dodgy, grinning, "I thought it was a monkey."

You might 'ave heard a pin drop, and there was a pleasant feeling went all over us at the thought of the little fight we was going to see all to ourselves, as Joe lays down the jacket he was stitching at and just puts 'is little 'ead over the side o' the bunk.

"Bill," he ses, yawning.

"Well," ses Bill, all on the grin like the rest of us.

"Who is that 'andsome, gentlemanly-looking young feller over there smoking a half-crown cigar?" ses Joe.

"That's a young gent wot's come down to 'ave a look round," ses Tom, as Dodgy takes 'is cigar out of 'is mouth and looks round, puzzled.

"Wot a terror 'e must be to the gals, with them lovely little peepers of 'is," ses Joe, shaking 'is 'ead. "*Bill!*"

"Well," ses Bill, agin, as Dodgy got up.

"Take that lovely little gentleman and kick 'im up the fo'c's'le ladder," ses Joe, taking up 'is jacket agin; "and don't make too much noise over it, cos I've got a bit of a 'ead-ache, else I'd do it myself."

There was a laugh went all round then, and Tom Baker was near killing himself, and then I'm blessed if Bill didn't get up and begin taking off 'is coat.

"Wot's the game?" ses Dodgy, staring.

"I'm obeying orders," ses Bill. "Last time I was in London, Joe 'ere half killed me one time, and 'e made me promise to do as 'e told me for six months. I'm very sorry, mate, but I've got to kick you up that ladder."

"You kick me up?" ses Dodgy, with a nasty little laugh.

"I can try, mate, can't I?" ses Bill, folding

"WHO IS THAT 'ANDSOME, GENTLEMANLY-LOOKING YOUNG FELLER? '

'is things up very neat and putting 'em on a locker.

"'Old my cigar," ses Dodgy, taking it out of 'is mouth and sticking it in Charlie's. "I don't need to take my coat off to 'im."

'E altered 'is mind, though, when he saw Bill's chest and arms, and not only took off his coat, but his waistcoat too. Then, with a nasty look at Bill, 'e put up 'is fists and just pranced up to 'im.

The fust blow Bill missed, and the next moment 'e got a tap on the jaw that nearly broke it, and that was followed up by one in the eye that sent 'im staggering up agin the side, and when 'e was there Dodgy's fists were rattling all round 'im.

I believe it was that that brought Bill round, and the next moment Dodgy was on 'is back with a blow that nearly knocked 'is 'ead off. Charlie grabbed at Tom's watch and began to count, and after a little bit called out "Time." It was a silly thing to do, as it would 'ave stopped the fight then and there if it 'adn't been for Tom's presence of mind saying it was two minutes slow. That gave Dodgy a chance, and he got up again and walked round Bill very careful, swearing 'ard at the small size of the fo'c's'le.

He got in three or four at Bill afore you could wink a'most, and when Bill 'it back 'e wasn't there. That seemed to annoy Bill more than anything, and he suddenly flung out 'is arms, and grabbing 'old of 'im flung 'im right across the fo'c's'le to where, fortunately for 'im—Dodgy, I mean—Tom Baker was sitting.

Charlie called "Time" again, and we let 'em 'ave five minutes while we 'elped Tom to bed, and then wot 'e called the "disgusting exhibishun" was resoomed. Bill 'ad dipped 'is face in a bucket and 'ad rubbed 'is great arms all over and was as fresh as a daisy. Dodgy looked a bit tottery, but 'e was game all through and very careful, and, try as Bill might, he didn't seem to be able to get 'old of 'im agin.

In five minutes more, though, it was all over, Dodgy not being able to see plain—except to get out o' Bill's way—and hitting wild. He seemed to think the whole fo'c's'le was full o' Bills sitting on a locker and waiting to be punched, and the end of it was a knock-out blow from the real Bill which left 'im on the floor without a soul offering to pick 'im up.

Bill 'elped 'im up at last and shook hands with 'im, and they rinsed their faces in the same bucket, and began to praise each other

up. They sat there purring like a couple o' cats, until at last we 'eard a smothered voice coming from Joe Simms's bunk.

"Is it all over?" he asks.

"Yes," ses somebody.

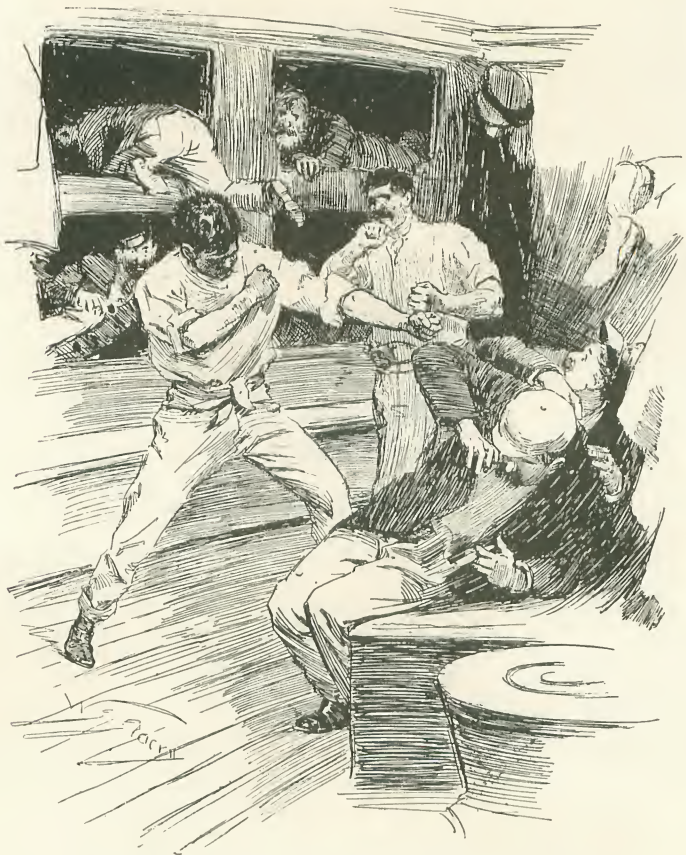
"How is Bill?" ses Joe's voice again.

"Look for yourself," ses Tom.

"*Mighty Moses!*" ses Dodgy Pete, jumping up, "it's a woman!"

"It's my *wife!*" ses Bill.

We understood it all then, leastways the married ones among us did. She'd shipped aboard partly to be with Bill and partly to keep an eye on 'im, and Tom Baker's



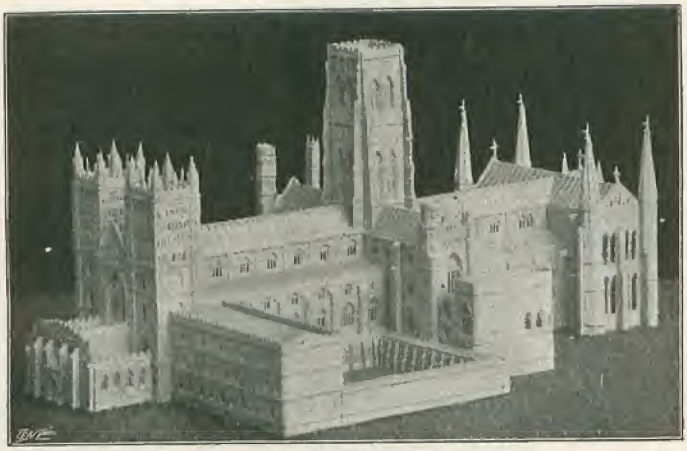
"HE SEEMED TO THINK THE WHOLE FO'C'S'LE WAS FULL O' BILLS."

Joe sat up in 'is bunk then and looked out, and he no sooner saw Bill's face than he gave a loud cry and fell back agin, and, as true as I'm sitting here, fainted clean away. We was struck all of a 'eap, and then Bill picked up the bucket and threw some water over 'im, and by-and-by he comes round agin and in a dazed sort o' way puts his arm round Bill's neck and begins to cry.

mistake about a prize-fighter had just suited 'er book better than anything. How Bill was to get 'er home 'e couldn't think, but it 'appened the second officer had been peeping down the fo'c's'le, waiting for ever so long for a suitable opportunity to stop the fight, and the old man was so tickled about the way we'd all been done he gave 'er a passage back as stewardess to look arter the ship's cat.

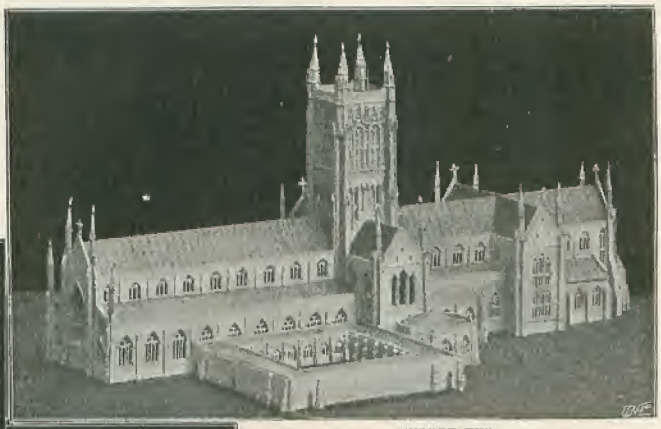
The World's Cathedrals in Miniature.

By Albert H. Broadwell.

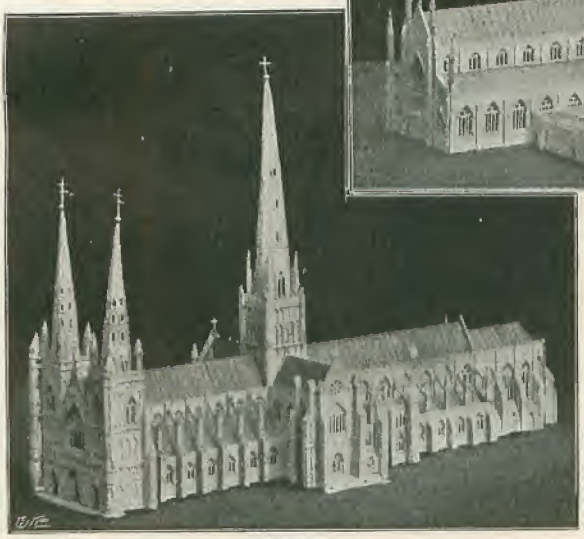


DURHAM.

THE Free Library of Putney contains at the present moment an attraction which may fairly be described as one of the marvels of the age, in the shape of the temporary exhibition of an almost unique set of miniature models of British and foreign cathedrals, reproduced with the greatest skill and accuracy and modelled with marvellous ingenuity, after the masterpieces of the greatest architects that the world has hitherto produced. We said almost



WORCESTER.



LICHFIELD.

unique, because there is another set of these beautiful "monuments of patience," as they may well be called, in the possession of the celebrated musician and veteran, Sir Herbert Oakeley, musical composer to Her Majesty in Scotland. The set on view at Putney belongs to Sir George Newnes, Bart.

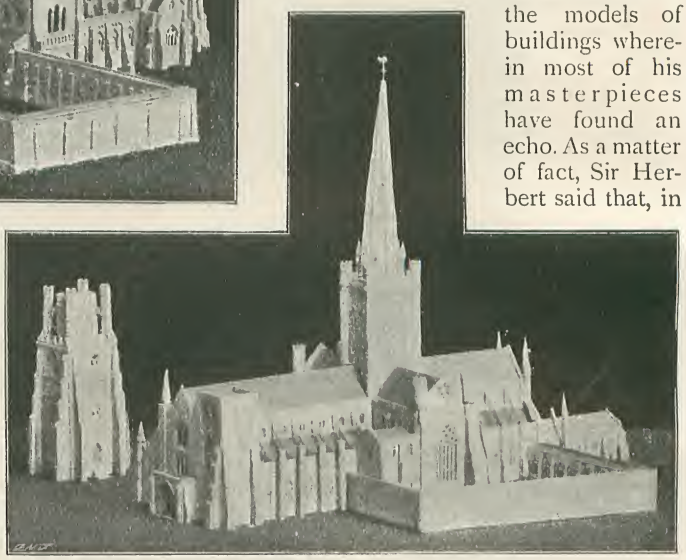
The models are well worth attentive study. The writer has spent no inconsiderable amount of his

WELLS.

leisure time in dissecting, as it were, the marvellous amount of detail which goes to make up the collection, and his experience has been that a fascination grows upon the visitor in the examination of these miracles of ingenuity and patience.

It has been a matter of extreme difficulty to gather

works, mostly of an intensely religious character, have very naturally trained his mind to matters connected with churches and cathedrals the world over; it seems, therefore, to follow as a natural consequence that he should have taken somewhat more than a casual interest in the models of buildings wherein most of his masterpieces have found an echo. As a matter of fact, Sir Herbert said that, in



CHICHESTER.

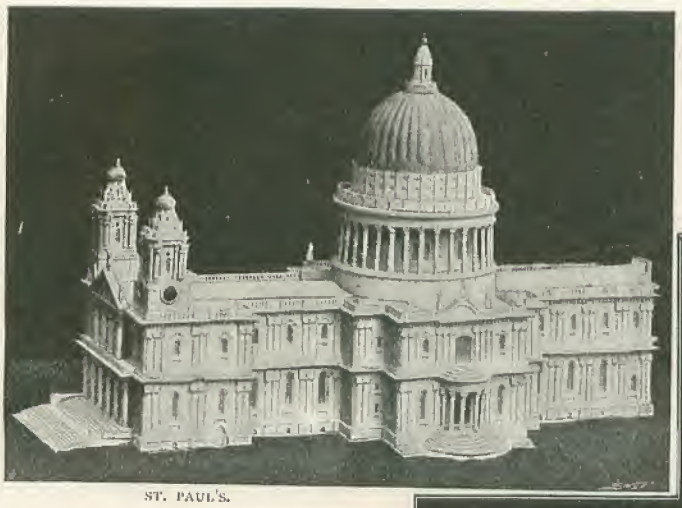
CHESTER.

the course of his travels, whenever he came within reasonable distance of a well-known cathedral or church, he promptly took a holiday and paid a visit to the building in question and investigated all its architectural beauties to the fullest extent. Apart from the collection of models, Sir Herbert owns an extraordinary collection of prints and also of paintings of

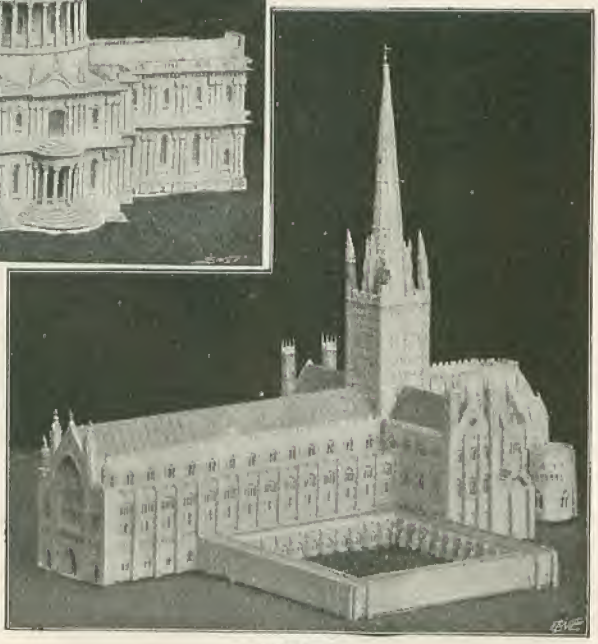
details about the construction of these works of art, inasmuch as the maker, Mr. W. Gorringe, architectural modeller, late of Hales Road, Cheltenham, passed away somewhere in the eighties; but Sir Herbert Oakeley, the owner of the original set, very kindly allowed us to interview him on the subject, for he is practically the originator of the main idea which led to the gradual construction of the models under notice.

Sir Herbert's well-known musical

HEREFORD.



ST. PAUL'S.



NORWICH.

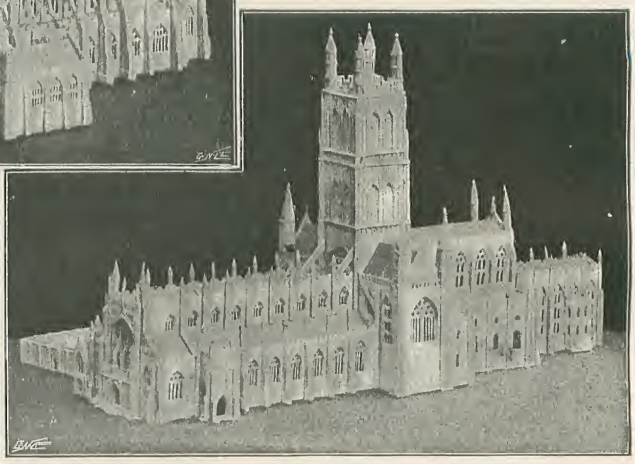
were required to make these replicas to scale—for let us add all the models are made to scale to their minutest detail; and Sir Herbert became so interested that he lent his aid by furnishing Mr. Gorringe many of the world's cathedrals, and his devotion to the subject is clearly shown by the way in which he treasures his collection almost beyond anything in his possession; he is, moreover, so anxious for its future welfare that we understand it to be his wish to dispose of it, on condition that the collection be kept intact by their new custodian.

It appears that Mr. Gorringe made Sir Herbert's acquaintance at a very early stage of his undertaking the modelling, in specially prepared cardboard, of the best known cathedrals of the world, and this is where Sir Herbert's assistance came in. Mr. Gorringe had not at his command the necessary documents, plans, elevations, and designs which with all the important documents which were necessary for the accomplishment of his arduous undertaking—an undertaking which took over twenty-five years to complete!

Space will not allow us to enter into a

ST. PETER'S, ROME.

EXETER.



GLOUCESTER.

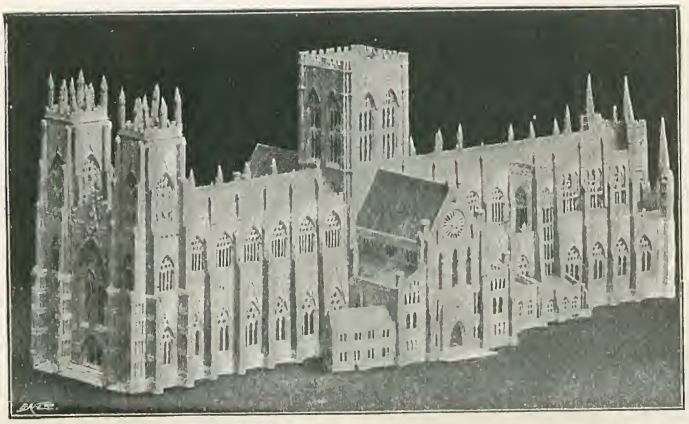
detailed account of every model shown in the illustrations which accompany this article, but we may well refer to some of the principal cathedrals and give a few details of the buildings they represent, though space again has not allowed us to reproduce all the models which make up the whole collection.

Sir Herbert Oakeley favoured us with a photograph of models of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, showing their proportion to each other, which, owing to its being exceedingly faded, was not suitable for reproduction here; but it showed how easy it would be, due allowances being granted, to take the whole of St. Paul's and put it under the dome of St. Peter's without the ball and cross being in any way interfered with.

We give respective reproductions of these famous buildings, which, especially in the case of St. Peter's, will show how much care has been given to the accurate reproduction of nearly all the details of the well-known *Piazza de Santa Pietro*, which faces the building, and is truly worthy of the largest, grandest, and most famous church in the world. This space, as will be seen in the miniature, is considerable, and in its natural size is 366yds. long and 260yds. wide. The pavement alone, which is accurately reproduced, cost £35,000; the whole of the piazza, which is in the form of an ellipse, inclosed by huge colonnades, cost £184,000; and the entire structure, including St. Peter's, about ten millions sterling! It seems an enormous task to undertake the reproduction on so small a scale of a work that has taxed the powers of a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, and a Bernini, yet there is no doubt that nowhere in the world can a model showing more accuracy

RIPON.

PETERBOROUGH.

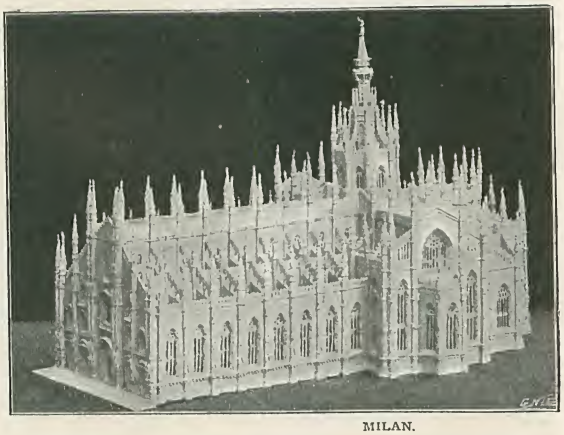


YORK MINSTER.

of detail and proportion be seen as in this marvellous handiwork of Mr. Gorringe.

To students of architectural design, both ancient and modern, these comparisons, as drawn here for the first time, cannot fail to be extremely interesting. To the refined taste of the artist these photographs of buildings which he no doubt has loved to sketch and paint over and over again will recall many a pleasant hour, and to the religious mind they are certain to appeal in their beauty of design—in their nobleness of structure so truly worthy of the House of God.

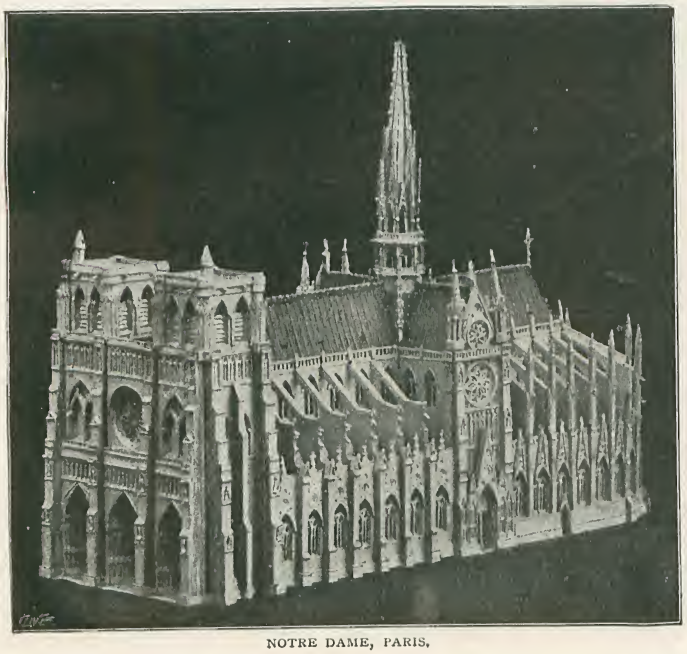
Among the Continental cathedrals famous now the world over we find a splendid reproduction of the Cathedral of Antwerp, which has probably been sketched and painted more often than any. It is certainly worthy of its popularity among artists of all nations. It was begun in the middle of the thirteenth century, and took no less than eighty-four years to construct, having a superficial area



MILAN.

of 70,060ft., six aisles, and a tower 402ft. high. Anyone who cares to climb 514 steps may reach the first gallery, and another 102 lead to the second and highest. It may be observed that in the model these galleries are most faithfully reproduced, and it is astounding to think what labour, patience, and skill must have been expended in reproducing so stupendous a structure on so small a scale and so faithfully withal.

Notre Dame de Paris is another cathedral well known to Englishmen, and the reproduction shown here will enable them to judge of the wonderful accuracy displayed in the various details of this magnificent

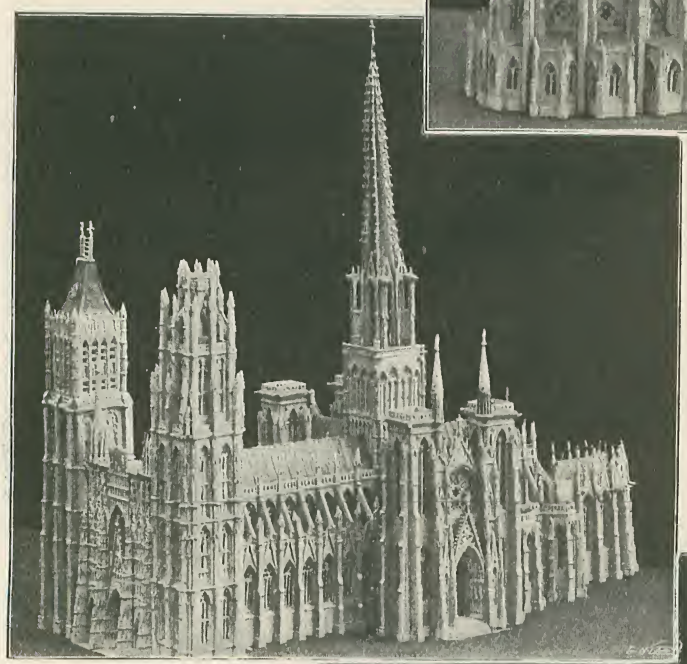


NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

building; the smallness of the reproduction, however, does not allow us to do justice to the magnificent frontage, which in the model has been reproduced with infinite pains and labour.

Again, observe particularly the model of Milan Cathedral. Milanese consider it to be the eighth wonder of the world, and it certainly is, after St. Peter's at Rome and the Cathedral at Seville, the largest church in Christendom. This huge structure, of which the tiny model does infinite credit to its constructor, has been styled the most perfectly beautiful building in the world. It is built entirely of white marble, and covers an area of 14,000 square yards, in which square 2,400 square yards are taken up by pillars and walls. Externally the cathedral looks too beautifully fragile to be real, with its ninety-eight turrets and forest of lesser spires, among which are placed upwards of

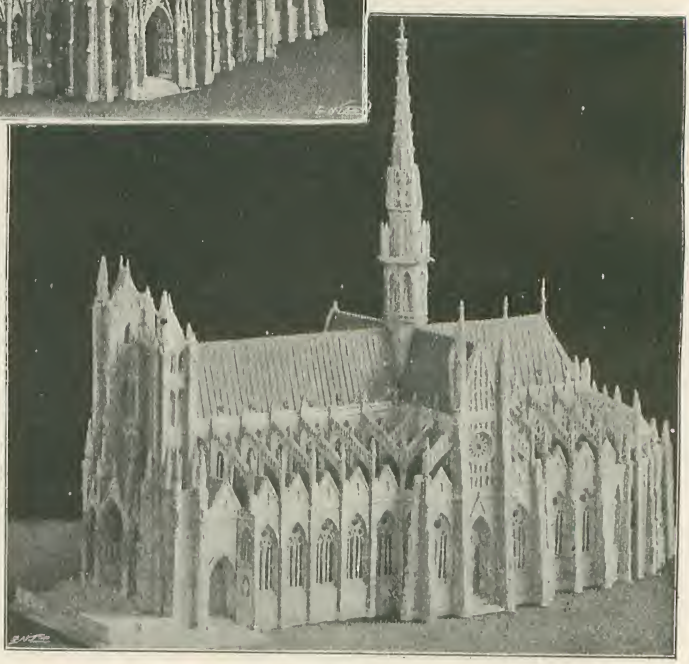
BEAUVAIS.



ROUEN.

2,000 statues. The stained-glass window of the choir, by the way, is the largest in the world.

There are models also of the well-known Cathedral at Rouen and the noble building which has made Amiens famous. Amiens Cathedral, it is interesting to note, was commenced in 1220 and finished in 1288; it is



AMIENS.

470ft. long, and is 213ft. wide across the transepts. The slender spire so beautifully reproduced by Mr. Gorringe in the model shown here is 360ft. high in the original.

Then there is the Beauvais Cathedral, a Gothic building of great beauty, which, by the way, was commenced about 1225, and the choir of which is said to be the loftiest in the world, rising 153ft. from floor to ceiling.

The Vienna and Cologne Cathedrals are equally well known. The latter justly excites the admiration of every beholder, and is probably the most magnificent Gothic building in the world. It stands on a slight eminence about sixty feet above the Rhine. There is a deal of romance connected with the building of this famous cathedral, but space will only allow of a few details, which, however, will find additional interest inasmuch as the tower so faithfully reproduced in the miniature replica is 512ft. high, and boasts of the proud distinction as the loftiest church tower in Europe. The foundations were laid in 1248, but the rate of progress was phenomenally slow, owing to sundry bickerings that arose between the Archbishop and the citizens. In 1796 it was converted into a hay magazine by the French, who also stripped the lead from the roof! The work of renovation was, however, commenced in 1823, and between 1842 and 1880 no less than £900,000 was spent on the edifice. Another interesting item, which will probably come as a revelation to many, is that no fewer than twenty-eight men are required to ring the 25-ton bell in the south tower.

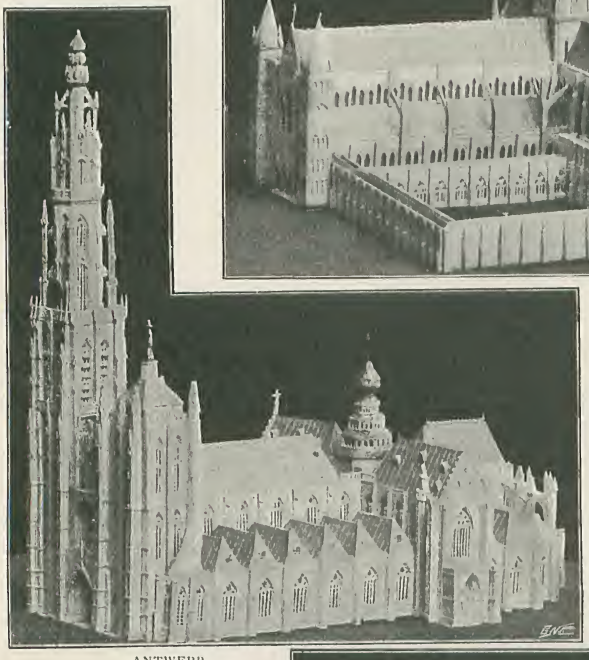
COLOGNE.

VIENNA.

CANTERBURY.

Among the best-known cathedrals in our own island Canterbury stands well to the front. The Metropolitan Cathedral, as it is often called, owes its enthralling interest to its vastness of scale, its wealth of monuments, its treasures of early glass, the great historical scenes that have been enacted within its walls—above all, to the greatest of all historical tragedies to the mind of the mediæval Englishman, the murder of Becket. In our replica lovers of the grand old building will readily recognise its transepts, its turrets, and its pinnacles.

SALISBURY.



ANTWERP.

Lincoln Cathedral, noted among other things for its choir screen of charming design, is well reproduced. Salisbury Cathedral, whose spire is no less than 404ft., and which by that fact is the highest cathedral in England, is also done justice to, and one wonders how long it must have taken to reduce every detail of the model to scale, a mathematical problem which Sir Herbert Oakeley and Mr. Gorringe must have taken infinite pains to solve and verify beyond doubt.

Durham, Chichester, Hereford, Lichfield, Ely, Chester, Norwich, Wells, and a host of other well-known sacred buildings are to be seen, and as space will not permit us to particularize any further, we cannot do better than to recommend those of our readers who are interested in the subject to pay a visit to the Putney Free Library, where these marvellous examples of patience and painstaking workmanship are on view.

LINCOLN.

THE BURGLAR.

By Walter Ragge.

RICHARD JOHNSTONE, commonly known as "Dirty Dick," had made a new start in life. For the last three years he had earned his daily beer by doing odd jobs for such citizens as needed an unskilled painter. This honourable, but scarcely lucrative, profession was now closed to him. He had never loved his work: he had a distaste for that great system of co-operation that is so marked a feature at the present day. In his own words, "he didn't want no bloomin' master nor yet no bloomin' pals. He wanted to work on 'is own." Nevertheless, he remembered with pride that in the words of the judge, who addressed him from the Bench, he had "for the last three years followed a most respectable calling."

Richard had described himself as a "tarman," and the judge had entered him on his notes as a "carman," and was labouring under this trifling misapprehension when he addressed the prisoner before sentencing him to six months' hard labour for an aggravated assault on one of his employers.

The six months were over now, but Richard felt that this most respectable calling must of necessity be closed to an ex-convict. He had, therefore, chosen another, that would enable him to gratify his passion for independent work. He was now about to enter upon this new profession. It was an important step, and Richard was too shrewd a man to take it hastily. He had made the usual inquiries, and had satisfied himself that "The Cedars" was in every way a most suitable house for a beginner. In the first place, there was no dog; secondly, the master of the house was in South Africa, leaving his wife at home; thirdly, two of the three servants were absent; fourthly, there was a most tempting little balcony over the hall-door; and last, but not least, there was not another house within a mile. Richard looked regretfully at his new and shining tools which had cost him nearly his last penny; they would be almost useless in a case like this; still, perhaps it was best to begin with an easy job. Even a burglar cannot expect to spring into fame and wealth at once.

He slipped over the low wall, crossed the well-kept lawn, and halted a little to the right of the porch. He arranged the various bags for the carriage of tools and booty picturesquely about his person, and started to climb the trellis-work against the house. He reached the little balcony and stepped cautiously on to it. There were two windows opening on to it: one a French window, which was closed; the other, an ordinary respectable British window, which was slightly open.

The artist in Richard was awake that night—any casual amateur could enter a house by an open window: it was a burglar's business to break in—silently, skilfully, no

doubt, but still to break in. He turned to the French window and tried his new tools on it, one after the other. He burrowed into the wood like an ant, but the window was no more open at the end of his work than it had been at the beginning. There was a little sawdust on the balcony, and that was all. Richard looked again at the open window and pondered. The room was a bedroom, he knew, because when he had examined the house in the morning he had noticed the back of a looking-glass at the window. In Richard's philosophy an open window meant an empty bedroom; he never slept with a bloomin' wind blowing at him, not he; but perhaps some folks were fools enough to like it. Then, again, it might be a trap. He tried to peer into the room, but heavy curtains obstructed the view. At last, with infinite care, he put his hand through the opening and moved one of the curtains slightly. The room was nearly dark, but not quite. It seemed to him there must be a light of some kind in it, but he couldn't make out where it was. Then there came to his ears a sound—a familiar sound, that carried him back to the days of his innocent childhood and his father's room in Brigson's Buildings, E. It was a snore; a good, uncompromising British snore.

A figure crossed his field of vision, with swift, silent steps. There was a gurgling sound and then a cry. "Oh, lor, mum, how you startled me!" "Hush, hush, for God's sake!" said another voice, in a hissing whisper; "you'll wake him — you were snoring."

"Well, mum, and if I was — I'm that tired——"

"Be quiet, be quiet, I tell you." Then a third voice joined in, a feeble, wailing voice. "Mother," it cried, "mother, it hurts me—oh, it does hurt me so."

That was enough for Richard; he wasn't going to intrude where he wasn't wanted. It was quite a little family party in that room. The mistress of the house was there and her little son, and the housemaid — the only servant at home that night. It was the housemaid that had snored and then called out. He knew her voice; he had thought of trying to get her to help at one time, but, true to his rule of having no pals, he had abandoned the idea. Well, then, these were the points to consider: First, the other rooms must be empty. That was good. Secondly, all the three occupants of the house were awake. That was bad. Should he go down again and try to get in on the ground-floor, or should he climb up the trellis-work to another window?

He decided on the latter course. The ground-floor windows would have shutters; besides, the people might go down to the kitchen to get drinks for the boy or something. What was all the good of his climbing as a painter if he couldn't climb now? He re-adjusted his discredited tools, swung himself off the balcony, and started to go up the trellis-work to the next window.

In all the weary months since that sad November morning, when she saw the ship that bore her husband and his comrades thrashing its way seaward through the fog, Mrs. Thorburn had never felt her loss so keenly as she did this night. She had sent her husband to his duty with a smiling face; she had braced her nerves to bear the dreadful strain of waiting, braced herself even to hear the news of that glorious tragedy, "Killed in action," that might come to strike her heart at any moment. She was proud to be a soldier's wife. But this night—how she longed to have him back, at all costs to his country, to his honour, to have him with her now. For their son, their only son, was ill, seized in the grip of one of those sudden sicknesses that mothers know so well.

The nearest doctor lived two miles away, she had no neighbours, and there was no one in the house but the housemaid, Jane. Jane had been dispatched for the doctor—had gone and found him not at home, and, with a literal obedience worthy of the British Army, had returned leaving no name or message because she had had no orders to do so. The boy appeared to grow easier—he was sleeping when Jane returned, and Mrs. Thorburn watching by the bed was less anxious now. She made Jane sit in the chair near the fire to be ready for any emergency. The snore that Richard heard had awakened the boy—he was in pain, restless, calling to his mother, and now and again wringing that mother's heart by crying, "Father, father." The cries grew more piteous, the child seemed weaker. "Jane," she whispered, "you must go again. Dr. Dean must be in now—go, and bring him back with you. If he is not in, go to the Bell, ring them up, and make Mr. Jones drive you into Leamington. Be quick."

"I can't, mum," was the answer.

"You must. I cannot leave the boy now. Please, please go—for the boy's sake, Jane, go, and go quickly."

"I'm that tired, mum, I'll drop by the way."

"Go to the nearest house, then. Go and tell them to fetch the doctor. Oh, can't you see how ill he is?"

Jane rose slowly and with many groans proceeded to the door. "Well, mum, since you will 'ave it, I'll go and put on my things."

"Things! Take my cloak—and Captain Thorburn's cap——"

Jane drew herself up. "No, mum," she said, haughtily; "if I must hintrude on people in the dead of night, I'll do it in my 'at."

"Quick, then. Where is your hat?"

"Upstairs, mum, in my room, which I laid it there when I come in just now, mum. I'm to go to Plummer's, mum?"

"Yes, that is the nearest. Tell him to bring Dr. Dean here; and if he is not in, to go on to Leamington and fetch the first doctor he can find. And, Jane—if you meet a man on the road near here bring him back and make him put the bridle on Jeremy and ride him."

"There ain't no saddle, mum."

"Never mind; do as I tell you."

"The cart's gone to be mended, mum."

"I know it has. Oh, don't stand talking here, Jane; go at once. Please go at once."

"'Ave you got the key of the stable, mum?"

"Yes, it's in my room, on the mantelpiece."

"Yes, mum. And I'm to tell Plummer to come back here and fetch Jeremy?"

"No, no, not Plummer—if you get to Plummer's tell him to start at once—but if you meet a man near here——"

"A strange man, mum? Oh, I couldn't, mum."

The boy had hold of Mrs. Thorburn's hands; she could not move: if she had been free, no sense of dignity could have saved her from personally assaulting the respectable Jane. The fit passed. "Go, please," she said, quietly. "Go to Plummer and tell him to be quick."

Jane turned and left the room, banging the door behind her to prove that she was a free woman and no slave. Mrs. Thorburn gently drew one of her hands from the child's feverish clasp and laid it on his forehead. The soft, cool touch seemed to soothe him; the poor, frightened eyes closed; the quick, painful panting ceased—he was falling asleep. Suddenly, from the room overhead, came a wild scream that ran along the mother's nerves like a flame of fire, making the grasp of her right hand suddenly tighten on the slender little fingers that it held. The scream was followed by another and another—then came a rush of feet, the door flew open, and Jane pitched headlong in. The little boy was awake now and crying, and Mrs. Thorburn ran to the grovelling, twisting, screeching mass of drapery on the floor.

"GO TO PLUMMER AND TELL HIM TO BE QUICK."

"Get up," she cried, "you miserable fool, get up." Jane got up, still screeching, with wide-open mouth, and staring eyes like a fresh-caught cod. Her mistress seized her by the shoulder. "Be quiet," she said, fiercely; "be quiet, or I'll kill you."

Jane flopped down on the floor again. "Burgulars," she wailed. "Bub—bub—

burgulars. There's a m—man in my room."

"You wretched coward," said Mrs. Thorburn; "a man! It was the shadow of the curtain. Get up, I tell you; get up and go at once. You might have killed the child."

It was useless. Jane's screams subsided, but the slack mouth was still open, the vacant eyes still staring, while a ceaseless babble of words poured forth as she lay sack-like on the floor: "Burgulars—burgulars—burgulars!"

The child's cries smote upon its mother's heart. What could she do? Her only messenger was useless now, changed by the flickering of a shadow on the wall into a maundering idiot. In God's name, what could she do?

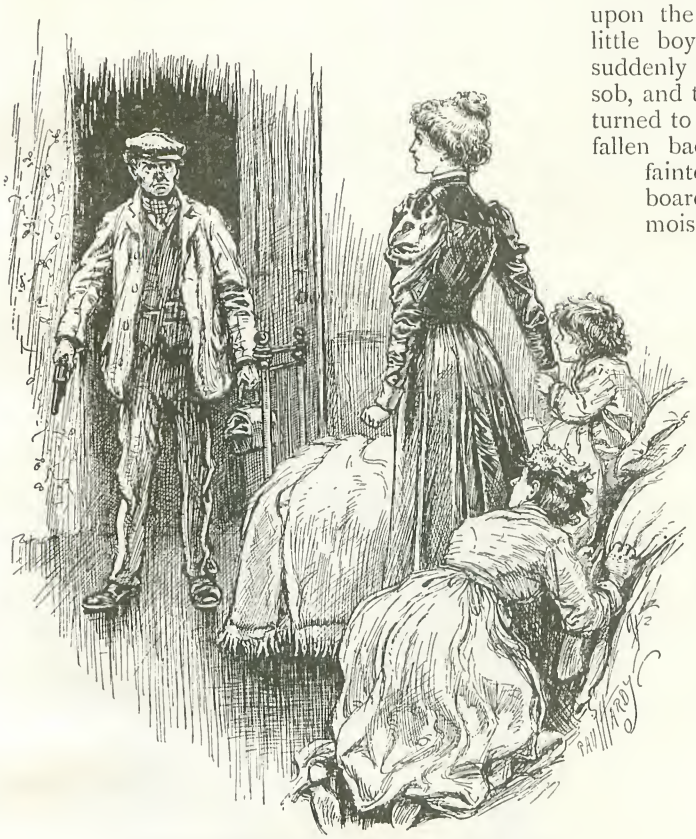
Suddenly she heard a step, a heavy step, upon the upper staircase. Someone was there then, after all. She stood still, listening, listening. Yes, there it was again. The woman on the floor raised her head—she had heard it too. "He's coming," she screamed, and went off into a paroxysm of whooping hysteria. But she was right. He, whoever he might be, *was* coming down the stairs.

Richard had found little difficulty in opening the window to which he had climbed. An ordinary, every-day clasp-knife did the business; he had not yet recovered his trust in the tools that failed him so lamentably on the balcony. It was a large room that he had entered—large, and rather untidy. He examined every corner of it with his lantern: there was no one there, of course; he knew that, but it disappointed him to find that there was nothing worth taking there either. There were two beds, two dressing-tables, four chairs, two wash-hand stands, everything plain but good. Obviously, he was in the servants' bedroom. Well, there might be a shilling or two to pick up even there. He swept the bull's-eye lantern round once more: there was a curtain with pegs for dresses behind it. His inventory was cut suddenly short: a door banged somewhere below, and he heard steps coming upstairs. He hurriedly shaded the lantern, and dashed for the curtain, learning something of his trade as he did so. Always dash for the curtain first and shade your lantern afterwards. Richard caught his foot an awful crack against the bed in passing; he was wearing light gymnasium shoes, so that the pain was considerable. He kept his thoughts inside his teeth, however, and waited. The door of the room opened. "It's the housemaid," he thought. "She'll only have a candle. She won't see me."

There was a click, and the room was suddenly flooded with light. It struck Richard that it was almost indecent for people who lived in a house of this kind to have electric light in the servants' bedroom. However, he said nothing, but waited quietly behind the curtain. Jane entered. Richard knew Jane by sight, for, as has been already mentioned, he had thought of taking her into his confidence. "If she finds me, it won't do any harm to make a pal of her now," he thought, secure in the power of his own attractions. Jane was muttering to herself; she picked a hat up from the bed and adjusted it carefully at one of the looking-glasses. Then she turned and came slowly and deliberately towards the curtain. Her muttering was audible now. "The fuss she makes about that squalling brat," she said, and drew the curtain savagely aside. Richard had determined on a policy of ingratiation: he stood stock-still and moved nothing but his mouth. This wore a fascinating grin.. Perhaps the light was bad, perhaps the fascination was overdone. Let the cause be what it may, the effect was terrible. Jane sprang back with a frightful screech, turned, screeched again, and then fled wildly from the room, leaving the unsuccessful Lothario still standing by the pegs.

"When love rejected turns to hate" there's sure to be trouble, as the poet truly says, and Richard was angry. His self-respect had been sorely hurt: his plan had failed. His vanity was in even worse plight: he had smiled upon a woman, and she had started back and screamed as if he were a toad. The screams were still plainly audible: there was no need for concealment now. Since love had failed, he must try what terror could do. He would go down—scare the women out of their lives, make them give up what they had in the way of valuables, and then decamp. It was too late to go back now. He had been seen—possibly recognised; he might as well get something for his pains. He strode firmly to the door and descended the stairs, planting each foot heavily, to strike awe into the hearts of those below. He was guided by Jane's screams to the sick room; the door was open, and just as he reached it the electric light was turned on. All the better; it was no time for concealment now: the light would show these women that he held a pistol in his hand. He strode into the room, holding his bag of tools in one hand and his new cheap revolver in the other. He glanced round. Jane was still

grovelling on the floor, the little boy had raised himself in bed; his mother stood near him. The eyes of all three were fixed on Richard's face. He advanced another step: slow and inexorable as fate. It was most effective. Jane dropped her head on the floor again; the boy seized his mother's hand and began to cry; only Mrs. Thorburn was unmoved. "Well, sir," she said, "what do you want here?"



"'WELL, SIR,' SHE SAID, 'WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?'"

Richard made an effort, and produced a voice from somewhere in the lower region of his waistcoat—a voice hoarse and hollow—the voice of the Adelphi murderer.

"What do I want?" he said; "I wants yer jewels and yer money, and if yer don't 'and 'em over quick, I want's yer life."

The voice was rather cracked and weak towards the end of this long sentence, but on the whole it was an admirable performance. Mrs. Thorburn looked at him in silence—Richard did not understand or like her attitude—he was gathering himself together for another effort, when she spoke.

"You have come here," she said, slowly, "because you knew that Captain Thorburn was away in Africa—because you knew that there was no one in the house but two women and a little boy. And you are a man—an Englishman! You coward, you miserable, dastardly coward!"

He stood before her like a stopped clock: what was a man to do with a woman like this? He said nothing. There was no sound in the room but the gurgling of Jane upon the floor and the cries of the little boy in the bed. These cries suddenly ceased, there was a choking sob, and then silence. Mrs. Thorburn turned to the bed: her son's head had fallen back on the pillow—he had fainted. She dashed to the cupboard, fetched a little bottle, and moistened the boy's lips with the contents. A little colour came into his cheeks, his eyes opened, and he began to moan. Jane was still gurgling on the floor, while Richard watched the scene with vacant eyes. The rules of burglary as he knew them did not deal with cases such as this. Suddenly the mother turned towards him. "Man," she cried, "he's dying: go, go; run to Dr. Dean's."

"Dr. Dean!" repeated Richard, foolishly.

"Yes, yes, at Shelton—the first house in the village; run, man, run. He's dying! Oh, can't you see he's dying?"

Richard turned, dropped his bag of tools upon the floor, and was out of the room and down the stairs in three strides, had unchained and opened the front door, and was running down the road to Shelton before his brain began to work. He had gone nearly a quarter of a mile before it struck him that this was not strictly burglary. He slackened his speed for a moment. Then, "That's a fine woman!" he said, aloud; "a bloomin' fine woman," and this thought occupied his mind for another mile or more. He was only half a mile from Shelton when he noticed a cottage by the side of the road—noticed the gate of that cottage and a bicycle gleaming in the moonlight by the

side of the gate. He stopped, his head buzzing and thumping from the unaccustomed exercise. Here was a bicycle—he'd go quicker on a bicycle, not that he was much of a dab at it; but still—he seized the machine and, dragging it into the middle of the road, essayed to mount. Suddenly a large man came running to the gate, flung it open, and rushed towards Richard. With a last frantic effort the burglar sprang into the saddle, wobbled wildly for three yards, and crashed into the ditch. He struggled to his feet, trampling the bicycle into spillikins as he did so, and started to run, but the large man was too quick for him.

"Stop, you scoundrel," he shouted, and seized him by the collar. Richard wrenched himself free, and the two men faced one another in the moonlight. No sound came from the cottage.

"What are you playing at?" said the large man, edging gradually nearer.

"Playin' at," said Richard; "playin' at? I'm fetchin' a doctor."

The large man stood still. "A doctor?" said he. "Who wants a doctor? Where do you come from?"

"The Cedars," said Richard, with a happy flash of memory.

"The Cedars? Mrs. Thorburn? Are you her man?"

"Yus," said Richard.

"Very good," said the large man; "and whom were you going to fetch?"

"Dr. Dean," was the answer.

"Do you know him?"

"Yus."

The large man moved another step nearer. "Now, my man," said he, cheerfully, "you will kindly come along with me. If you come quietly it will be all the better for you, but I'm afraid I must give you in charge. Don't move, now."

"What for?" said Richard, angrily. "I'm goin' for a doctor, I tell 'ee."

"Yes, you've told me quite enough. You say you're Mrs. Thorburn's man: Mrs Thorburn's man is lying ill in that cottage. You say you know Dr. Dean—well, I am Dr. Dean. And, now, will you come quietly?"

"You are Dr. Dean?" said Richard, thickly.

"Yes, I am Dr. Dean, very much at your service, and a magistrate as well as a doctor, my friend."

"Then, if you're Dr. Dean, you come along to The Cedars."

"No, no; you come along to Shelton."

"But I tell 'ee you're wanted."

"And I tell you, *you're* wanted. Now, no nonsense, my man; come along with me quietly."

Richard leaped back and drew his revolver. "Look 'ere," he said, fiercely; "you come back with me, or I'll blow your brains out. The boy's dyin', I tell 'ee."

The doctor had gathered himself together for a spring; but at these words he started. "The boy?" he said.

"RICHARD LEAPED BACK AND DREW HIS REVOLVER."

"Yus, the boy."

"Well," said Dr. Dean, after a pause, "you seem to know something of the family. I'll come with you; but give me that pistol—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

"Danged if I will," said Richard.

"Then I won't come," said the doctor.

"Then I'll blow your brains out," repeated Richard, weakly.

"Much good I should be then," said Dr. Dean.

This point of view was new to Richard: he pondered for a moment, then "'Ere's the bloomin' pistol," he said; "and now come along."

"By Jove, you're speaking the truth after all, or you're cleverer than you look," said the doctor, pocketing the weapon. "Come on, we'll have to run for it; you've smashed my bicycle, confound you. I think I've got everything in this bag that will be necessary. Come on," and they started to run side by side along the lonely road.

The doctor was in better training than Richard—he reached "The Cedars" fit and cool; the burglar, who it must be admitted had run the distance twice at full speed, was almost at the last gasp. Mrs. Thorburn was at the window over the porch.

"Is that you, Dr. Dean?" she cried.

"It is, madam," said the doctor; "you want me?"

"Yes, yes; come upstairs at once," and she disappeared. The doctor turned and looked at his companion critically. "You told the truth," he said. "I beg your pardon. You had better come in and sit down; you seem fatigued. I will leave the front door open, so that if you feel in need of a walk"—he paused, and then, with meaning, "you can take your hook."

Richard followed him blindly through the hall and sat heavily down at the foot of the stairs. The doctor ran lightly up to the front room and entered. Richard could hear the faint sound of their talk in spite of the buzzing in his weary head. He was not conscious of any consecutive train of thought, but he found himself at last repeating over and over again, "I wonder 'ow the little varmint is?" He rose and walked unsteadily upstairs; he went on tip-toe to the door and peered in. The boy was awake, but quiet, and evidently not in pain. Jane had gone. Mrs. Thorburn and the doctor were talking together at the foot of the bed, and there in the middle of the room lay his bag with the tell-tale tools partially exposed. He formed a plan: he would switch off the electric light, rush in, seize the bag, and be off through the open door to rest and plan another more successful burglary. Stealthily he stretched forth his hand; the boy sat up in the bed; he was detected. He hurriedly struck down one of the two knobs and dashed forward into the room. It was only another error. No darkness came; on the contrary, a second light sprang into being above the bed. Richard stood irresolute, hopeless, in the middle of the room, hanging his head, as the doctor and Mrs. Thorburn turned towards him. There was a pause; then the doctor stepped forward.

"Aha!" said he, "there is your messenger: come to see the patient, I suppose? Well, I can satisfy your anxiety—the patient is doing well. Do you know this worthy person, Mrs. Thorburn?"

The mother looked long at the man. "Yes," she said, at last; "I know him."

"He said he was working for you; is that so?"

"Yes."

The doctor paused, looking first at the woman, then at the miserable man. "Are those the tools he works with?" he said, carelessly, picking up the bag from the floor.

"I—I suppose so."

"You find him a faithful servant, I hope?"

"Yes."

The doctor laughed. "I thought so," he said; "so faithful that he threatened to shoot me if I wouldn't come to see your boy. Perhaps you'd like to speak to him. I'll just go and see how the housemaid is getting on. I'll be back directly," and he left the room.

Mrs. Thorburn advanced quickly to the unsuccessful burglar.

"I thank you from my heart," she said. "You have been a good friend to me and to my boy to-night," and she held out her hand.

Richard took it, blinking miserably. She looked at him for a moment, and then, "You heard what I said just now. I have a pony and trap, and there is the garden to look after—I'm sure you could learn to do that, and there are two rooms over the stable where the last man used to live. Will you take the place? I want a man badly: poor Cookson, who used to work for me, is too ill to do so any longer, the doctor tells me. Will you take the place?" Then as the man was still silent she went on, with a little laugh: "You know I told Dr. Dean you were working for me—you wouldn't make me a liar, would you?"

Richard blinked still more. "I arn't fit for it, lady," he said, at last, so gruffly that she could hardly hear the words.

"It is for me to judge of that," she said. "You have shown yourself a kind and honest man to-night."

He was fairly blubbering now. "God bless you, lady," wiping his eyes with the

back of his sleeve. "God bless you. I'd —I'd bloomin' well die for you."

There was a step upon the stairs and the doctor entered, shooting a questioning glance at the moist Richard. "Well, Mrs. Thorburn, I'm afraid you've lost a servant," he said, cheerily. "Oh, no, I don't mean this worthy fellow. I mean Jane. The hysteria has passed off, but a sense of injury remains. I left her packing her boxes. Perhaps," and again he glanced at the penitent one, "perhaps it is as well. And now, my dear madam, it is nearly day. If you will allow me, I have a suggestion to make. That is, that this worthy gentleman should leave your service and walk with me to Shelton."

"'I ARN'T FIT FOR IT, LADY,' HE SAID."

"No, no," said Mrs. Thorburn, hastily. "It is all right. He—he is to take Cookson's place."

The doctor looked at her. "Is this entirely wise?" he asked.

"Yes," was the decisive answer.

"You have decided to take this man into your service, then? Very good. Then I suppose I must forgive him for transforming my new free-wheel bicycle into an American wire-puzzle. But in these circumstances I have another proposal to make. Can you give me breakfast at eight o'clock? I can cook it myself."

"Certainly, doctor," said Mrs. Thorburn, in a tone of surprise; "and there is no need for you to show your skill. The cook is coming in the carrier's cart at seven o'clock."

"Very good, then. If I may, I want to have a chat with this man of yours."

Mrs. Thorburn hesitated. "Very well, doctor," she said, at last; "but remember, he *is* my man."

"Certainly, certainly," said Dr. Dean. "Come, my friend, we two champion runners will rest our weary limbs in the kitchen. I want to talk to you, to give you a few hints—about gardening. I want you to be more successful there than in your last profession. Come along."

The doctor had the bag in one hand, he thrust the other through the arm of the bewildered Richard, and both men went down together to the kitchen.

Curious Incidents at Cricket.

By W. J. Ford.

THERE can be no one who has played much cricket who has not a fund of strange stories about the curious incidents that he has seen or experienced: indeed, one has only to foregather with some fellow-cricketers and to listen to their yarns to wonder whether some cricket stories might not well be ranked with "fish stories," so hard is it to believe them. But any reader of The Strand who perseveres to the end of this article will, I trust, be less incredulous in the future, and will credit the toughest tales with at any rate a foundation of truth, for what I have to tell are either facts that have come under my own observation or are otherwise well authenticated, many of them being drawn from that great source of information on matters concerning cricket, "M.C.C. Scores and Biographies." The stories are intentionally given in no set order, as few things are so dull as a series of anecdotes scientifically grouped under definite headings; it is better to let them flow forth at random, just as they would be told in the pavilion or the smoking-room.

Cricket had been played, or at least records kept, for about fifty years before pads were invented in 1790; queer pads they were, too, consisting of thin boards set angle-wise to allow the ball to glance off, and the inventor was one "Three-fingered Jack," of the famous Hambledon Club, the original nursery of cricket. He had lost one or two fingers, and consequently had the handle of his bat grooved, so as to get a better grip of it. This arrangement was no doubt a necessity, considering Jack's affliction, but I have seen an arrangement that was almost more curious in actual use: the batsman, liking a heavy bat for slow bowling and a light one for faster deliveries, had a hole bored in the back of his bat about six inches from the bottom, into which he could screw a loaded disc of wood, thereby increasing the weight of his bat as required. He has never to my knowledge had any imitators. The bat, indeed, is often responsible for the fall of the batsman's wicket; but while bad manipulation is the main cause, yet this trusty friend often proves untrue, as happened a short time ago when, the batsman having made a good stroke, a splinter was broken off by the force of the hit and knocked the bail off; but Wells, the Sussex player, had a stranger experience in 1860, for the blade parted company with the handle (bats were often made in one piece then) and, leaving the handle in his hand, flew over his shoulder and dismantled the wicket. A third and

"THE BLADE FLEW OVER HIS SHOULDER AND DISMANTLED THE WICKET."

similar story is equally true: the string that bound a broken bat gave way unnoticed and dislodged a bail, the batsman being in the act of striking: hence, as in the other cases, he was out—hit wicket. But one wonders that the laws do not provide for so untoward an incident, which ought never to be fatal to the striker's innings.

Fast bowlers sometimes break a stump, but I have seen quite a slow bowler do so, hitting it presumably on the exact point of least resistance, while on the other hand I have seen a fast bowler palpably hit the wicket without knocking down a bail, and this happened twice in one innings! One hardly dares to tell the story and be believed, but Shacklock, of Nottingham was the bowler.

Here is another almost incredible story, but true. Last year my brother, F. G. J. Ford, hit a ball straight back so hard that it struck the opposite wicket and bounded back within his own popping-crease, while I myself once hit a ball which caught in the edge of the thatched roof of the pavilion and ran about a foot up the thatch, though no one could understand how a ball which was necessarily dropping could take such a course.

But balls are perverse things: one which was hit to the ring is recorded to have struck the pipe of a spectator and to have driven the stem into his throat, while another one actually impaled itself on the knife of an old woman who was dispensing ginger-beer and other commodities to the crowd. Spectators ought not to get hurt, for they are supposed to have their eye on the game; but an unfortunate lady at Eastbourne, who was skating on the covered roller-rink, was hit by a ball which descended through a window in the roof, and so startled her that she fell and broke her arm. Another lady, entering the ground and astonished to find her sunshade suddenly whisked out of her hand, turned round to remonstrate with the aggressor, which proved to be only a little globe of red leather, lately in rapid motion.

Bails often have unaccountable ways of

"ACTUALLY IMPALED ITSELF ON THE KNIFE OF AN OLD WOMAN."

their own; they have been knocked into the air, but have settled tranquilly in their groove again. One is said—I *don't* vouch for this—to have flown into the air, and turning in the air to have readjusted itself on the stumps, but with the long end where the short should have been; they have been nipped between the middle and the outer stump, and so prevented from falling. We lost one once, and found it at last in the wicket-keeper's pocket, while the ball has struck one something like seventy yards from the wicket. It is not everyone who

knows that a former Prince of Wales, the father of George III., died from the effects of a blow from a cricket ball, which struck him in the chest and caused a cancerous growth, the removal of which resulted in death.

The man who used to long-stop to a certain very fast bowler named Brown must have heard of this, for he used to arm himself with a pad of hay inside his shirt. He probably needed it, for Brown bowled with such speed that he is said to have sent a ball at practice *through* the coat with which the long-stop tried to stop it, and to have killed a dog on the other side! It must have been a very old coat and a very thin-skulled dog, unless the true version be that, the long-stop holding the coat to one side of him, the ball slipped, as it might do, along and under the coat, and then demolished the dog. Brown's bowling, however, was not always as deadly as this, for we read that in 1819 a player called Beldham—not, of course, the famous player who died comparatively recently—hit his bowling so hard that Brown was afraid to bowl to him! Yet Beldham was then fifty-three years old.

"A CRICKET BALL STRUCK HIM IN THE CHEST."

The laws of cricket suggest nine ways of getting out, to which Tom Emmett added a tenth, viz., "Given out wrong by the umpire," but this method does not often figure on the score-sheet, and usually exists only in the batsman's mind, for there are generally eleven good men and true—on the other side—to support the umpire's verdict; but in a match, played in 1829, between Sheffield Wednesday and Nottingham, Dawson, a Sheffield man, is, according to the Sheffield score-book, "cheated out," though the Nottingham book only says "run out." This match seems to have provoked a good deal of feeling in other years also, as witness the Sheffield Wednesday book again. "A most disgraceful match! The Nottingham umpire kept calling 'No-ball' whenever a straight ball was bowled, and Sheffield were foolish for continuing the game when they perceived that an unfair advantage was being taken." The Nottingham book still reflects that silence is golden, and ignores the incident. Betting was probably at the bottom of the occurrence, for matches for money, or on which money depended, were so frequent that "win, tie, or wrangle" has passed into a proverb.

This is certainly the only way in which to account for such entries as: "Unfinished owing to disputed decision on the question of l.b.w.," "Given out unfairly and refused to retire," "Side refuses to go out and abide by the decision of the umpire." But, after all, what is to be done if an umpire gives a decision contrary to the laws of the game, as, for instance, when a man was given out in a first-class match for handling the *ball?* He might just as well have been sent back for blowing his nose. Another curious entry (1843) is "G. Plank, walked out." Is this an obscure joke about "walking the plank?" or did Plank walk away in dudgeon? or does it mean that Plank inadvertently walked away from his wicket and was "run out"? What, again, is "nipt out"? This sad fate befell Mr. Gandy in a match between Eton and Oldfield in 1793; and collateral evidence shows that "nipt" is not the same as caught, bowled, stumped, hit wicket, or run out. Remembering that to "nip" a ball meant

the same thing as to "snick" one, I think the expression signifies "Caught at the wicket," a fate which must have been rare in those days of all-along-the-ground bowling.

By the way, there is a charmingly *naïve* record about a match between England and Twenty-two of Nottingham in 1818, for the game is said to have been sold on both sides; an umpire changed for "cheating" (this was illegal, the changing as well as the cheating), and Lord F. Beauclerc's finger was broken by an angry and desperate fielder. Reading between the lines, one gathers that his lordship was bowling too well to please one of the fieldsmen, who, having backed the other side, did not like to see them bowled out, and tried to incapacitate the bowler. The name of "Lord" is so great a name to cricketers that one does not like to associate it with anything shabby, but it is nevertheless true that though Lord had promised twenty guineas to anyone who could hit out of his ground (the original site of Dorset Square, and now absorbed, I fancy, by the Great Central Railway), yet he refused to pay up to E. H. Budd, who had earned the money by performing the feat. A similar sum was offered, it is said, by a member of the Melbourne C.C. to anyone who succeeded in hitting the clock over the pavilion, and he duly handed over the money to that colossal hitter, G. F. Bonnor, who hit the clock face and broke it This same Mr. Budd once played a single-wicket match, probably for a stake, with a man named Brand. Budd scored 70 and purposely knocked down his wicket; he then got Brand out for 0, and there being no follow-on at single wicket went in again, and again knocked his wicket down after making 31. Brand again scored 0, so that he probably had as much of Budd's cricket as he wanted.

Another single-wicket match was played out in twelve balls, off the last of which the solitary and winning run was made. This must be the shortest match on record, but it is only fair to Diver, the Rugby coach, who lost, to say that he was only allowed to play with a broomstick. Here is a nice little bit of bowling, date 1861. The United Master Butchers played twenty of Metropolitan clubs, and got them out for 4 runs; C. Absolon, the well-known veteran, had eighteen out of the nineteen wickets that fell. With my own eyes I have seen the ball run up the bat, cut the striker's eyebrow and bound into a fieldsman's hand, so that he was caught out, and bad luck we thought it; but E. Dowson had worse luck at the Oval in 1862, for one of the opposing bowlers sent down a ball that rose and hit him in the mouth, knocking him on to his wicket, so that he was out for hitting wicket. Worse offenders have escaped unharmed; one for instance—Winter was his name—hit his wicket so hard that "all three stumps were almost horizontal, but the bails were jammed," and consequently did not fall off, so that

"A BALL ROSE AND HIT HIM IN THE MOUTH, KNOCKING HIM ON TO HIS WICKET."

Winter continued his innings. In 1860 something similar occurred, but how it happened passes my understanding, for we are told that in a match played at Cambridge, between the University and the Town, the bowler, Reynolds, forced a bail one inch into the stumps, but did not dislodge it! This sounds incredible, but as the occurrence is comparatively recent let us hope that someone who was playing in the match will see these lines and explain matters.

The following score is curious: Chalcot was playing Bow; Bow scored 99, Chalcot 27 and 11; so far all is simple, but one Chalcot batsman, H. Payne, scored 24 and 10, being not out in each innings; wides totalled 3 and 1, so that the other ten batsmen were got out twice each and scored never a run between them—ten "pairs of spectacles in one match!" "Pro-digious!" as Dominie Sampson would have said. Another single-wicket match must not escape us: it was played in 1853 between Messrs. Barrett and Swain. Swain scored 5, and Barrett 3 and 1; yet neither made a run, for they were all wides!

I believe 37 is the largest number of runs ever scored for a single hit, the wickets being pitched at the top of a hill, down which the ball was hit, and over which it was thrown when originally retrieved; but F. P. Miller hit a "thirteener" at single wicket, which must be a record; the ball, of course, was not returned within the boundary stumps, so that the unhappy fieldsman had to chase his own throw what time the batsman was sprinting between the stumps. The mention of hills recalls a famous bowler of old time, Lumpy by name, who always contrived to pitch the wickets, or to get the wickets pitched, in such a way that there should be a little declivity on which to drop the ball; for as the local poet sang—I quote from memory:—

> Honest Lumpy did allow
> He ne'er could pitch but o'er a brow.

I wonder what the ground man at Lord's or the Oval would say if Jack Hearne or Lockwood insisted on selecting a pitch to suit them! Where the word "honest" comes in, few cricketers could see. A tussock of grass once killed a cricketer, who, presumably when fielding, tripped over it, ruptured himself, and died in consequence; luckily cricket is a game of few fatal accidents.

A friend of mine, an old Cambridge man, used to tell a good story illustrative of obstinacy and contempt for rules. A stalwart miner was bowled out first ball, which apparently he regarded as "trial," and made no move, till the wicket-keeper suggested that he was out and had to go. "I ain't out," he replied; "I ain't out till I'm purred out: happen not then." "Purring," the uninitiated should be informed, is good Lancashire for "kicking." A match was played last year between one-armed men and one-legged men, and was freely commented on as a curiosity, whereas it was only a revival. Such a match took place as early as 1796, and was certainly played, annually I think, in the fifties and early sixties, the one-armed men generally winning as being the better runners and bowlers.

A violin is a charming instrument, but it has not often saved a man's life; it is credited with such a performance in a good old day, when one Small just interposed it in time to save his head from the ball. Possibly the ball was of his own make, for Small was not only a violinist and a good cricketer, but a manufacturer of cricket balls as well, being originally a cobbler by trade. He lapsed into the poetical when he devised him a signboard, for the legend on it ran:—

> John Small
> Make Bat and Ball
> Pitch a Wicket
> Play at Cricket
> With any Man
> In England.

Let us hope his bowling was not so erratic as his final rhyme.

"SMALL INTERPOSED IT IN TIME TO SAVE HIS HEAD."

All cricketers can dilate on the extraordinary catches they have seen made, they themselves being generally the victims; but putting those aside which concern them personally, they would, I believe, combine in giving their second votes, as the Athenians gave theirs to Aristides, to a Captain Adams who was playing in Phœnix Park, Dublin, in 1751. The ball was hit to him in the long field, and he not only jumped a fence 3ft. 10in. high, but actually caught the ball in the course of his jump. The story is a hard one to believe,

"HE ACTUALLY CAUGHT THE BALL IN THE COURSE OF HIS JUMP."

but there it is, duly recorded in print, with dates and measurements all in apple-pie order.

There are plenty of curious incidents that depend on statistics alone, as for instance in a match of very low scoring, played between South Sussex and North Sussex, when in an aggregate of 89 runs for thirty-two wickets there was only one hit, a three-er, above a single; again in one innings no fewer than seven men were run out; in a single match of three innings there were twenty duck's-eggs; and in an innings of 120 there was no hit for 2, though there were plenty of 3's and 4's. Again, in an innings of 38, no fewer than seven men scored 4 each; while in another match, Gentlemen *v.* Players, Burbidge, the Surrey amateur, caught five men in one innings, "all of them fine catches."

The ball occasionally gets played into a man's shirt. This has, indeed, occurred to W. G. Grace himself; but it has played more curious pranks than this, having lodged in a man's pads and once in the wicket-keeper's arm-pit; in this case short slip extracted it and claimed the catch; but the following note does not explain itself very lucidly. Playing for Yorkshire against Surrey, Anderson "played the ball on to the heel of his shoe, and was there (*sic*) caught by Lockyer," the wicket-keeper. A cricketer's costume was regarded as important even in 1828, for *Bell's Life* has a remark to the effect that "it would be much better if H. Davis would appear in a cricketing dress, instead of in that of a sailor"; but it is hardly probable that it has ever happened before 1899 that only two men turned out to field in a county match properly apparelled; yet so it happened at Dewsbury, where the Derbyshire professionals found that the water had not been turned off at night in their dressing-room, and that all their clothes were soaked through and through. Luckily only about a quarter of an hour was required to finish off the match.

Most of us cricketers recall a match in which H. J. Scott, the Australian, wound up with six, six, six, four; but a certain G. Hall, playing for the Gentlemen of Sussex against the Players of the County, hit the first three balls of the match out of the ground. I myself once received the first and the last ball of a match, each of which went out of the ground, and each of which was bowled by the same bowler.

The dog which Brown killed, as already told, is not the only dumb spectator that has met with an unnatural death at the hands—if I may be allowed the "bull"—of a cricket ball, for is it not on record that Tom Hearne, the great Middlesex cricketer of early years, was just about to deliver the ball when a

pigeon flew across the wicket? Tom stopped, aimed at the bird instead of the stumps, and brought it down dead. F. Cæsar did the same thing in 1847, the victim this time being, however, a swallow; while a good story is told about S. E. Gregory, the Australian cricketer. He was fielding at cover-point, but his attention was astray, when a sudden shout of "Look out, Sid!" recalled his wandering wits. He made a sudden grab at what he thought was the ball—and fielded a swallow! *Apropos des bottes*, my brother-in-law not long ago decapitated a lark with a golf-ball.

"HE MADE A SUDDEN GRAB AND FIELDED A SWALLOW!"

Wenman, a great cricketer early in the century, once experienced a curious piece of good luck, the ball passing clean through the stumps without removing a bail; yet experiment proved afterwards that the ball could not go through without touching them. The explanation must be that the stumps "spread" just enough to permit the passage of the ball without unseating the bail, and then closed up again, as is quite possible if the ground was hard. But even if possible, it was curious, and scarcely cheering to the other side, as Wenman eventually scored 139, and was not got out. It was not uncommon in early days for a side whose chances were hopeless to give up the game; did not Dingley Dell surrender to All Muggleton? But in so late a year as 1858 the Old Etonians gave up a match to the Old Harrovians, "because they did not want to come up on the second day." The Old Harrovians, however, were winning hands down. It is also in the history of the Middlesex Club that the "secretary courteously gave up the match," rain preventing the opposing side from getting the two or three runs required to win. Of course, this was a "club" match, and not a county match, the opponents being The Butterflies; still, one would be surprised to find such a thing done in the present day, even in the "tenthest" of tenth-rate matches.

An interesting match, which certainly has claims to be called "curious," was played in 1858 between eighteen veterans and England, the veterans scoring 82 and 164, England 96 and 51. The veterans ranged from thirty-nine to fifty-four years of age, though Chester, aged thirty-four, was specially allowed to play for them; yet seventeen years later only three of the older men were dead, two of whom were accidentally killed. In the same year five amateurs played in a game between Kent and England; the scoring was not heavy, only 380 runs for thirty-five wickets, but the ten innings of the amateurs only produced 11 of the runs.

One would think that no stupendous effort, mental or physical, is needed to measure twenty-two yards with perfect accuracy, yet the ground man has failed at least twice in this simple task. In 1861 it was not discovered till four men were out that the pitch was 4ft. short, so the match was continued, not recommenced, on another and a proper pitch, while a similar thing occurred on the Cambridge University ground in a first-class match about 1880, two or three wickets having fallen before the error was discovered: the game, however, was begun afresh, and one of the Studds who had got but few runs in his first try now made 60 or 70. Recommencement was clearly the proper course, but the moral is, "Trust to a chain and not to a tape, as the latter may easily meet with an accident unobserved or unnoted."

Here are a few more oddities from my

note-book. In an innings of 202 a man made 32 threes and 32 twos; another man struck the ball on to the ground, but managed to hit it a second time as it bounded up, and into point's hands, the umpire actually deciding "Out." The same thing exactly has happened to myself, the ball going to short-slip, but the umpire knew his business better, and I went on with my innings.

I have just recalled what "Narrow escape of two ladies," a memorandum in my book,

"THE BALL PASSED BETWEEN THE HEADS OF TWO LADIES."

means. We were playing a scratch game at Eastbourne to fill up an afternoon, and I was fielding in the region of the tea-tent, the spectators standing about rather in my way. Suddenly I saw a hard hit coming that way, and, shouting "Look out!" went for the ball, which passed between the heads of two ladies busily engaged in chatting, and fell into my hands: their faces must have been within a couple of feet of each other.

I remember, too, nearly robbing our college club of secretary and captain at one fell blow, the ball whizzing between their heads as they were talking: the funny thing was that the net was apparently between them and me, as they stood near where mid-off would be posted in a match, but the ball curled, as a hard-hit ball often does curl on the off-side, and showed them that their security was more ideal than real.

The laws limit the bowler's privilege of changing ends; but as "nice customs curtsey to great kings," the M.C.C. once allowed a match to be played at Lord's between the Club and the Gentlemen of England, in which R. Holden, with "ten picked fields," bowled all through, changing ends at the close of each over. He must have been a good stayer to stand so much work without an "easy."

How is this for a case of unfair play? Lord F. Beauclerc, in a single-wicket match between three of Surrey and three of England in 1806, "unseen took a lump of wet dirt and sawdust and stuck it on the ball, which, pitching favourably, made an extraordinary twist and took the batsman's wicket." Umpires had to be as "slim" as the players in the days when matches were played for money.

One could cover pages with such incidents as I have jotted down, but, unfortunately, though the fund of stories is almost inexhaustible, there is a limit to what is generally regarded as illimitable—space; but the reader who, like Oliver Twist, asks for more need only apply to the first cricketing friend he meets, who will, temporarily at least, be able to appease his appetite for curiosities.

The Brass Bottle.

By F. Anstey.

Author of "Vice-Versâ," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

"SINCE THERE'S NO HELP, COME, LET US KISS AND PART!"

AS soon as the Professor seemed to have regained his faculties Horace opened the door and called in Sylvia and her mother, who were, as was only to be expected, overcome with joy on seeing the head of the family released from his ignoble condition of a singularly ill-favoured quadruped.

"There, there," said the Professor, as he submitted to their embraces and incoherent congratulations, "it's nothing to make a fuss about. I'm quite myself again, as you can see. And," he added, with an unreasonable outburst of ill-temper, "if one of you had only had the common sense to think of such a simple remedy as sprinkling a little cold water over me when I was first taken like that, I should have been spared a great deal of unnecessary inconvenience. But that's always the way with women—lose their heads the moment anything goes wrong! If I had not kept perfectly cool myself——"

"It was very, very stupid of us not to think of it, papa," said Sylvia, tactfully ignoring the fact that there was scarcely an undamaged article in the room; "still, you know, if *we* had thrown the water it mightn't have had the same effect."

"I'm not in a condition to argue now," said her father; "you didn't trouble to try it, and there's no more to be said."

"'THERE, THERE,' SAID THE PROFESSOR, 'IT'S NOTHING TO MAKE A FUSS ABOUT.'"

"No more to be said!" exclaimed Fakrash. "O thou monster of ingratitude, hast thou no thanks for him who hath delivered thee from thy predicament?"

"As I am already indebted to you, sir," said the Professor, "for about twenty-four hours of the most poignant and humiliating mental and bodily anguish a human being can endure, inflicted for no valid reason that I can discover except the wanton indulgence of your unholy powers, I can only say that any gratitude of which I am conscious is of a very qualified description. As for you, Ventimore," he added, turning to Horace, "I don't know—I can only guess at—the part you have played in this wretched business; but in any case, you will understand, once for all, that all relations between us must cease."

"Papa," said Sylvia, tremulously, "Horace and I have already agreed that—that we must separate."

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"At my bidding," explained Fakrash, suavely; "for such an alliance would be totally unworthy of his merits and condition."

This frankness was rather too much for the Professor, whose temper had not been improved by his recent trials.

"Nobody asked for your opinion, sir!" he snapped. "A person who has only recently been released from a term of long and, from all I have been able to ascertain, well-deserved imprisonment, is scarcely entitled to pose as an authority on social rank. Have the decency not to interfere again with my domestic affairs."

"Excellent is the saying," remarked the imperturbable Jinnee, "'Let the rat that is between the paws of the leopard observe rigidly all the rules of politeness and refrain from words of provocation.' For to return thee to the form of a mule once more would be no difficult undertaking."

"I think I failed to make myself clear," the Professor hastened to observe—"failed to make myself clear. I—I merely meant to congratulate you on your fortunate escape from the consequences of what I—I don't doubt was a judicial error. I—I am sure that, in the future, you will employ your—your very remarkable abilities to better purpose, and I would suggest that the greatest service you can do this unfortunate young man here is to abstain from any further attempts to promote his interests."

"Hear, hear!" Horace could not help throwing in, though in so discreet an undertone that it was inaudible.

"Far be this from me," replied Fakrash. "For he has become unto me even as a favourite son, whom I design to place upon the golden pinnacle of felicity. Therefore, I have chosen for him a wife, who is unto this damsel of thine as the full moon to the glow-worm, and as the bird of Paradise to an unfledged sparrow. And the nuptials shall be celebrated before many hours."

"Horace!" cried Sylvia, justly incensed, "why—*why* didn't you tell me this before?"

"Because," said the unhappy Horace, "this is the very first I've heard of it. He's always springing some fresh surprise on me," he added, in a whisper—"but they never come to anything much. And he can't marry me against my will, you know."

"No," said Sylvia, biting her lip. "I never supposed he could do that, Horace."

"I'll settle this at once," he replied. "Now, look here, Mr. Jinnee," he added, "I don't know what new scheme you have got in your head—but if you are proposing to marry me to anybody in particular——"

"Have I not informed thee that I have it in contemplation to obtain for thee the hand of a King's daughter of marvellous beauty and accomplishments?"

"You know perfectly well you never mentioned it before," said Horace, while Sylvia gave a little low cry.

"Repine not, O damsel," counselled the Jinnee, "since it is for his welfare. For, though as yet he believeth it not, when he beholds the resplendent beauty of her countenance he will swoon away with delight and forget thy very existence."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Horace, savagely. "Just understand that I don't intend to marry any Princess. You may prevent me—in fact you *have*—from marrying this lady, but you can't force me to marry anybody else. I defy you."

"When thou hast seen thy bride's perfections thou wilt need no compulsion," said Fakrash. "And if thou should'st refuse, know this: that thou wilt be exposing those who are dear to thee in this household to calamities of the most unfortunate description."

The awful vagueness of this threat completely crushed Horace; he could not think, he did not even dare to imagine, what consequences he might bring upon his beloved Sylvia and her helpless parents by persisting in his refusal.

"Give me time," he said, heavily; "I want to talk this over with you."

"Pardon me, Ventimore," said the Professor, with acidulous politeness; "but, interesting as the discussion of your matrimonial arrangements is to you and your—a—protector, I should greatly prefer that you chose some more fitting place for arriving at a decision which is in the circumstances a foregone conclusion. I am rather tired and upset, and I should be obliged if you and this gentleman could bring this most trying interview to a close as soon as you conveniently can."

"You hear, Mr. Fakrash?" said Horace, between his teeth, "it is quite time we left. If you go at once, I will follow you very shortly."

"Thou wilt find me awaiting thee," answered the Jinnee, and, to Mrs. Futvoye's and Sylvia's alarm, disappeared through one of the bookcases.

"Well," said Horace, gloomily, "you see how I'm situated. That obstinate old brute has cornered me. I'm done for!"

"THE JINNEE DISAPPEARED THROUGH ONE OF THE BOOKCASES."

"Don't say that," said the Professor; "you appear to be on the eve of a most brilliant alliance, in which I am sure you have our best wishes—the best wishes of us all," he added, pointedly.

"Sylvia," said Horace, still lingering, "before I go, tell me that, whatever I may have to do, you will understand that—that it will be for your sake!"

"Please don't talk like that," she said. "We may never see one another again. Don't let my last recollection of you be of—of a hypocrite, Horace!"

"A hypocrite!" he cried. "Sylvia, this is too much! What have I said or done to make you think me that?"

"Oh, I am not so simple as you suppose, Horace," she replied. "I see now why all this has happened: why poor dad was tormented; why you insisted on my setting you free. But I would have released you without *that!* Indeed, all this elaborate artifice wasn't in the least necessary!"

"You believe I was an accomplice in that old fool's plot?" he said. "You believe me such a cur as that?"

"I don't blame you," she said. "I don't believe you could help yourself. He can make you do whatever he chooses. And, then, you are so rich now, it is natural that you should want to marry someone—someone more suited to you—like this lovely Princess of yours."

"Of mine!" groaned the exasperated Horace. "When I tell you I've never even seen her! As if any Princess in the world would marry me to please a Jinnee out of a brass bottle! And if she did, Sylvia, you can't believe that any Princess would make me forget you!"

"It depends so very much on the Princess," was all Sylvia could be induced to say.

"Well," said Horace, "if that's all the faith you have in me, I suppose it's useless to say any more. Good-bye, Mrs. Futvoye; good-bye, Professor. I wish I could tell you how deeply I regret all the trouble I have brought on you by my own folly. All I can say is that I will bear anything in future rather than expose you or any of you to the smallest risk."

"I trust, indeed," said the Professor, stiffly, "that you will use all the influence at your command to secure me from any repetition of an experience that might well have unmanned a less equable temperament than my own."

"Good-bye, Horace," said Mrs. Futvoye, more kindly. "I believe you are more to be pitied than blamed, whatever others may think. And *I* don't forget—if Anthony does—that, but for you, he might, instead of sitting there comfortably in his arm-chair, be lashing out with his hind legs and kicking everything to pieces at this very moment!"

"I deny that I lashed out!" said the Professor. "My—ah—hind-quarters may have been under imperfect control—but I never

lost my reasoning powers or my good humour for a single instant. I can say that truthfully."

If the Professor could say that truthfully amidst the general wreck in which he sat, like another Marius, he had little to learn in the gentle art of self-deception; but there was nothing to gain by contradicting him then.

"Good-bye, Sylvia," said Horace, and held out his hand.

"Good-bye," she said, without offering to take it or look at him—and, after a miserable pause, he left the study. But before he had reached the front door he heard a swish and swirl of drapery behind him, and felt her light hand on his arm. "Ah, no!" she said, clinging to him, "I can't let you go like this.

"I CAN'T LET YOU GO LIKE THIS."

I didn't mean all the things I said just now. I *do* believe in you, Horace—at least, I'll try hard to . . . And I shall always, *always* love you, Horace . . . I sha'n't care—very much—even if you forget me, so long as you are happy. . . Only don't be *too* happy. Think of me sometimes!"

"I shall *not* be too happy," he said, as he held her close to his heart and kissed her pathetically drawn mouth and flushed cheeks. "And I shall think of you always."

"And you won't fall in love with your Princess?" entreated Sylvia, at the end of her altruism. "Promise!"

"If I am ever provided with one," he replied, "I shall loathe her—for not being you. But don't let us lose heart, darling. There must be some way of talking that old idiot out of this nonsense and bringing him round to common sense. I'm not going to give in just yet!"

These were brave words—but, as they both felt, the situation had little enough to warrant them, and, after one last long embrace, they parted, and he was no sooner on the steps than he felt himself caught up as before and borne through the air with breathless speed, till he was set down, he could not have well said how, in a chair in his own sitting-room at Vincent Square.

"Well," he said, looking at the Jinnee, who was standing opposite, with a smile of intolerable complacency, "I suppose you feel satisfied with yourself over this business?"

"It hath indeed been brought to a favourable conclusion," said Fakrash. "Well hath the poet written——"

"I don't think I can stand any more 'Elegant Extracts' this afternoon," interrupted Horace. "Let us come to business. You seem," he went on, with a strong effort to keep himself in hand, "to have formed some plan for marrying me to a King's daughter. May I ask you for full particulars?"

"No honour and advancement can be in excess of thy deserts," answered the Jinnee.

"Very kind of you to say so—but you are probably unaware that, as society is constituted at the present time, the objections to such an alliance would be quite insuperable."

"For me," said the Jinnee, "few obstacles are insuperable. But speak thy mind freely."

"I will," said Horace. "To begin with, no European Princess of the Blood Royal would entertain the idea for a moment. And if she did, she would forfeit her rank and cease to be a Princess, and I should

probably be imprisoned in a fortress for *lèse majesté* or something."

"Dismiss thy fears, for I do not propose to unite thee to any Princess that is born of mortals. The bride I intend for thee is a Jinneeyeh; the peerless Bedeea-el-Jemal, daughter of my kinsman Shahyal, the Ruler of the Blue Jann."

"Oh, is she, though?" said Horace, blankly. "I'm exceedingly obliged, but, whatever may be the lady's attractions——"

"THE BRIDE I INTEND FOR THEE IS A JINNEEYEH.'

"Her nose," recited the Jinnee, with enthusiasm, "is like unto the keen edge of a polished sword; her hair resembleth jewels, and her cheeks are ruddy as wine. She hath heavy hips, and when she looketh aside she putteth to shame the wild cows."

"My good, excellent friend," said Horace, by no means impressed by this catalogue of charms, "one doesn't marry to mortify wild cows."

"When she walketh with a vacillating gait," continued Fakrash, as though he had not been interrupted, "the willow branch itself turneth green with envy."

"Personally," said Horace, "a waddle doesn't strike me as particularly fascinating—it's quite a matter of taste. Do you happen to have seen this enchantress lately?"

"My eyes have not been refreshed by her manifold beauties since I was inclosed by Suleyman—whose name be accursed—in the brass bottle of which thou knowest. Why dost thou ask?"

"Merely because it occurred to me that, after very nearly three thousand years, your charming kinswoman may—well, to put it as mildly as possible, not have altogether escaped the usual effects of Time. I mean, she must be getting on, you know!"

"O, silly-bearded one!" said the Jinnee, in half-scornful rebuke; "art thou, then, ignorant that we of the Jinn are not as mortals, that we should feel the ravages of age?"

"Forgive me if I'm personal," said Horace; "but surely your own hair and beard might be described as rather grey than any other colour."

"Not from age," said Fakrash. "This cometh from long confinement."

"I see," said Horace. "Like the Prisoner of Chillon. Well, assuming that the lady in question is still in the bloom of early youth, I see one fatal difficulty to becoming her suitor."

"Doubtless," said the Jinnee, "thou art referring to Jarjarees, the son of Rejmoos, the son of Iblees?"

"No, I wasn't," said Horace; "because, you see, I don't remember having ever heard of him. However, he's *another* fatal difficulty. That makes two of them."

"Surely I have spoken of him to thee as my deadliest foe? It is true that he is a powerful and vindictive Efreet, who hath long persecuted the beauteous Bedeea with hateful attentions. Yet it may be possible, by good fortune, to overthrow him."

"Then I gather that any suitor for Bedeea's hand would be looked upon as a rival by the amiable Jarjarees?"

"Far is he from being of an amiable disposition," answered the Jinnee, simply, "and he would be so transported by rage

and jealousy that he would certainly challenge thee to mortal combat."

"Then that settles it," said Horace. "I don't think anyone can fairly call me a coward, but I do draw the line at fighting an Efreet for the hand of a lady I've never seen. How do I know he'll fight fair?"

"He would probably appear unto thee first in the form of a lion, and if he could not thus prevail against thee, transform himself into a serpent, and then into a buffalo or some other wild beast."

"And I should have to tackle the entire menagerie?" said Horace. "Why, my dear sir, I should never get beyond the lion!"

"I would assist thee to assume similar transformations," said the Jinnee, "and thus thou may'st be enabled to defeat him. For I burn with desire to behold mine enemy reduced to cinders."

"It's much more likely that you would have to sweep *me* up!" said Horace, who had a strong conviction that anything in which the Jinnee was concerned would be bungled somehow. "And if you're so anxious to destroy this Jarjarees, why don't you challenge him to meet you in some quiet place in the desert and settle him yourself? It's much more in your line than it is in mine!"

He was not without hopes that Fakrash might act on this suggestion, and that so he would be relieved of him in the simplest and most satisfactory way; but any such hopes were, as usual, doomed to disappointment.

"It would be of no avail," said the Jinnee, "for it hath been written of old that Jarjarees shall not perish save by the hand of a mortal. And I am persuaded that thou wilt turn out to be that mortal, since thou art both strong and fearless, and, moreover, it is also predestined that Bedeea shall wed one of the sons of men."

"Then," said Horace, feeling that this line of defence must be abandoned, "I fall back on objection number one. Even if Jarjarees were obliging enough to retire in my favour, I should still decline to become the—a—consort of a Jinneeyeh whom I've never seen, and don't love."

"Thou hast heard of her incomparable charms, and verily the ear may love before the eye."

"It may," admitted Horace, "but neither of *my* ears is the least in love at present."

"These reasons are of no value," said Fakrash, "and if thou hast none better——"

"Well," said Ventimore, "I think I have. You profess to be anxious to—to requite the trifling service I rendered you, though hitherto, you'll admit yourself, you haven't made a very brilliant success of it. But, putting the past aside," he continued, with a sudden dryness in his throat; "putting the past aside, I ask you to consider what possible benefit or happiness such a match as this—I'm afraid I'm not so fortunate as to secure your attention?" he broke off, as he observed the Jinnee's eyes beginning to film over in the disagreeable manner characteristic of certain birds.

"Proceed," said Fakrash, unskinning his eyes for a second; "I am hearkening unto thee."

"It seems to me," stammered Horace, inconsequently enough, "that all that time inside a bottle—well, you can't call it *experience* exactly; and possibly in the interval you've forgotten all you knew about feminine nature. I think you *must* have."

"It is not possible that such knowledge should be forgotten," said the Jinnee, resenting this imputation in quite a human way. "Thy words appear to me to lack sense. Interpret them, I pray thee."

"Why," explained Horace, "you don't mean to tell me that this young and lovely relation of yours, a kind of immortal, and—and with the pride of Lucifer, would be gratified by your proposal to bestow her hand upon an insignificant and unsuccessful London architect? She'd turn up that sharp and polished nose of hers at the mere idea of so unequal a match!"

"An excellent rank is that conferred by wealth," remarked the Jinnee.

"But I'm *not* rich, and I've already declined any riches from you," said Horace. "And, what's more to the point, I'm perfectly and hopelessly obscure. If you had the slightest sense of humour—which I fear you have not—you would at once perceive the absurdity of proposing to unite a radiant, ethereal, superhuman being to a commonplace professional nonentity in a morning coat and a tall hat. It's really too ridiculous!"

"What thou hast just said is not altogether without wisdom," said Fakrash, to whom this was evidently a new point of view. "Art thou, indeed, so utterly unknown?"

"Unknown?" repeated Horace; "I should rather think I was! I'm simply an inconsiderable unit in the population of the vastest city in the world; or, rather, not a unit—a cipher. And, don't you see, a man to be worthy of your exalted kinswoman ought to be a celebrity. There are plenty of them about."

"What meanest thou by a celebrity?" inquired Fakrash, falling into the trap more readily than Horace had ventured to hope.

"Oh, well, a distinguished person, whose name is on everybody's lips, who is honoured and praised by all his fellow-citizens. Now, *that* kind of man no Jinneeyeh could look down upon."

"I perceive," said Fakrash, thoughtfully. "Yes, I was in danger of committing a rash action. How do men honour such distinguished individuals in these days?"

"They generally overfeed them," said Horace. "In London the highest honour a hero can be paid is to receive the freedom of the City, which is only conferred in very exceptional cases, and for some notable service. But, of course, there are other sorts of celebrities, as you could see if you glanced through the society papers."

"I cannot believe that thou, who seemest a gracious and talented young man, can be indeed so obscure as thou hast represented."

"My good sir, any of the flowers that blush unseen in the desert air, or the gems concealed in ocean caves, so excellently described by one of our poets, could give me points and a beating in the matter of notoriety. I'll make you a sporting offer. There are over five million inhabitants in this London of ours. If you go out into the streets and ask the first five hundred you meet whether they know me, I don't mind betting you—what shall I say? a new hat—that you won't find half-a-dozen who've ever even heard of my existence. Why not go out and see for yourself?"

To his surprise and gratification the Jinnee took this suggestion seriously. "I will go forth and make inquiry," he said, "for I desire further enlightenment concerning thy statements. But, remember," he added: "should I still require thee to wed the matchless Bedeea-el-Jemal, and thou should'st disobey me, thou wilt bring disaster, not on thine own head, but on those thou art most desirous of protecting."

"Yes, so you told me before," said Horace, brusquely. "Good evening." But Fakrash was already gone. In spite of all he had gone through and the unknown difficulties before him, Ventimore was seized with what Uncle Remus calls "a spell of the dry grins" at the thought of the probable replies that the Jinnee would meet with in the course of his inquiries. "I'm afraid he won't be particularly impressed by the politeness of a London crowd," he thought; "but at least they'll convince him that I am not exactly a prominent citizen. Then he'll give up this idiotic match of his—I don't know, though. He's such a pig-headed old fool that he may stick to it all the same. I may find myself encumbered with a Jinneeyeh bride several centuries my senior before I know where I am. No, I forgot; there's the jealous Jarjarees to be polished off first. I seem to remember something about a quick change combat with an Efreet in the 'Arabian Nights.' I may as well look it up, and see what may be in store for me."

"HE TOOK DOWN LANE'S 'ARABIAN NIGHTS.'"

And after dinner he went to his shelves and took down Lane's three-volume edition of "The Arabian Nights," which he set himself to study with a new interest. It was long since he had looked into these wondrous tales, old beyond all human calculation, and fresher, even now, than the most modern of successful romances. After all, he was tempted to think, they might possess quite as much historical value as many works with graver pretensions to accuracy.

He found a full account of the combat with the Efreet in the "Story of the Second Royal Mendicant" in the first volume, and was unpleasantly surprised to discover that the Efreet's name was actually *given* as "Jarjarees, the son of

Rejmoos, the son of Iblees" — evidently the same person to whom Fakrash had referred as his bitterest foe. He was described as "of hideous aspect," and had, it seemed, not only carried off the daughter of the Lord of the Ebony Island on her wedding night, but, on discovering her in the society of the Royal Mendicant, had revenged himself by striking off her hands, her feet, and her head, and transforming his human rival into an ape. "Between this fellow and old Fakrash," he reflected, ruefully, at this point, "I seem likely to have a fairly lively time of it!"

He read on till he reached the memorable encounter between the King's daughter and Jarjarees, who presented himself "in a most hideous shape, with hands like winnowing forks, and legs like masts, and eyes like burning torches"—which was calculated to unnerve the stoutest novice. The Efreet began by transforming himself from a lion to a scorpion, upon which the Princess became a serpent; then he changed to an eagle, and she to a vulture; he to a black cat, and she to a wolf; he to a burst pomegranate, and she to a cock; he to a fish, and she to a larger fish still.

"If Fakrash can shove me through all that without a fatal hitch somewhere," Ventimore told himself, "I shall be agreeably disappointed in him." But, after reading a few more lines, he cheered up. For the Efreet finished as a flame, and the Princess as a "body of fire." "And when we looked towards him," continued the narrator, "we perceived that he had become a heap of ashes."

"Come," said Horace to himself, "that puts Jarjarees out of action, any way! The odd thing is that Fakrash should never have heard of it."

But, as he saw on reflection, it was not so very odd after all, as the incident had probably happened after the Jinnee had been consigned to his brass bottle, where intelligence of any kind would be most unlikely to reach him.

He worked steadily through the whole of the second volume and part of the third, but, although he picked up a certain amount of information upon Oriental habits and modes of thought and speech which might come in usefully later, it was not until he arrived at the 24th Chapter of the third volume that his interest really revived.

For the 24th Chapter contained "The Story of Seyf-el-Mulook and Bedeea-el-Jemal," and it was only natural that he should be anxious to know all that there was to know concerning the antecedents of one who might be his *fiancée* before long. He read eagerly.

Bedeea, it appeared, was the lovely daughter of Shahyal, one of the Kings of the Believing Jann; her father (not Fakrash, as the Jinnee had incorrectly represented) had offered her in marriage to no less a personage than King Solomon himself, who, however, had preferred the Queen of Sheba. Seyf, the son of the King of Egypt, afterwards fell desperately in love with Bedeea, but she and her grandmother both declared that between mankind and the Jann there could be no agreement.

"And Seyf was a King's son!" commented Horace. "I needn't alarm myself. She wouldn't be likely to have anything to say to *me*. It's just as I told Fakrash."

His heart grew lighter still as he came to the end, for he learnt that, after many adventures which need not be mentioned here, the devoted Seyf did actually succeed in gaining the proud Bedeea as his wife. "Even Fakrash could not propose to marry me to someone who has a husband already," he thought. "Still, she *may* be a widow!"

To his relief, however, the conclusion ran thus: "Seyf-el-Mulook lived with Bedeea-el-Jemal a most pleasant and agreeable life . . . until they were visited by the terminator of delights and the separator of companions."

"If that means anything at all," he reasoned, "it means that Seyf and Bedeea are both deceased. Even a Jinneeyeh seems to be mortal. As perhaps she became so by marrying a mortal, I daresay that Fakrash himself wouldn't have lasted all this time if he hadn't been bottled, like a tinned tomato. But I'm glad I found this out, because Fakrash is evidently unaware of it, and, if he *should* persist in any more of this nonsense, I think I see my way now to getting the better of him."

So, with renewed hope and in vastly improved spirits, he went to bed and was soon sound asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

BLUSHING HONOURS.

It was rather late the next morning when Ventimore opened his eyes, to discover the Jinnee standing by the foot of his bed. "Oh, it's *you*, is it?" he said, sleepily. "How did you—a—get on last night?"

"I gained such information as I desired," said Fakrash, guardedly; "and now, for the last time, I am come to ask thee whether

thou wilt still persist in refusing to wed the illustrious Bedeea-el-Jemal? And have a care how thou answerest."

"So you haven't given up the idea?" said Horace. "Well, since you make such a point of it, I'll meet you as far as this. If you produce the lady, and she consents to marry me, I won't decline the honour. But there's one condition I really *must* insist on."

"It is not for thee to make stipulations. Still, yet this once I will hear thee."

"I'm sure you'll see that it's only fair. Supposing, for any reason, you can't persuade the Princess to meet me within a reasonable time—shall we say a week?"

"Thou shalt be admitted to her presence within twenty-four hours," said the Jinnee.

"That's better still. Then, if I don't see her within twenty-four hours, I am to be at liberty to infer that the negotiations are off, and I may marry anybody else I please, without any opposition from you? Is that understood?"

"It is agreed," said Fakrash, "for I am confident that Bedeea will accept thee joyfully."

"We shall see," said Horace. "But it might be as well if you went and prepared her a little. I suppose you know where to find her—and you've only twenty-four hours, you know."

"More than is needed," answered the Jinnee, with such child-like confidence that Horace felt almost ashamed of so easy a victory. "But the sun is already high. Arise, my son, put on these robes"—and with this he flung on the bed the magnificent raiment which Ventimore had last worn on the night of his disastrous entertainment—"and when thou hast broken thy fast, prepare to accompany me."

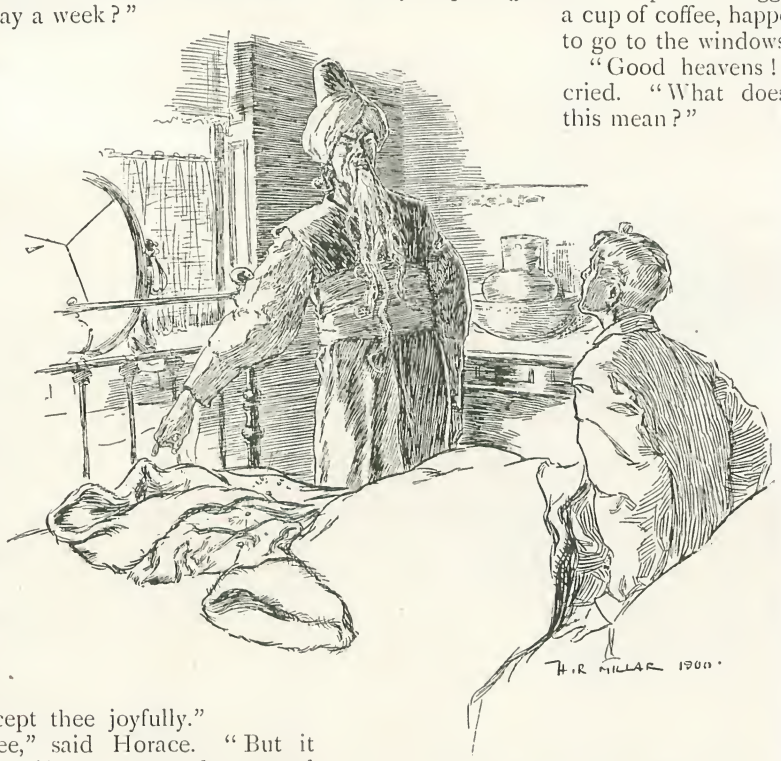
"Before I agree to that," said Horace, sitting up in bed, "I should like to know where you're taking me to."

"Obey me without demur," said Fakrash, "or thou knowest the consequences."

It seemed to Horace that it was as well to humour him, and he got up accordingly, washed and shaved, and, putting on his dazzling robe of cloth-of-gold thickly sewn with gems, he joined Fakrash—who, by the way, was similarly, if less gorgeously, arrayed—in the sitting-room, in a state of some mystification.

"Eat quickly," commanded the Jinnee, "for the time is short." And Horace, after hastily disposing of a cold poached egg and a cup of coffee, happened to go to the windows.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "What does all this mean?"



"ARISE, MY SON, PUT ON THESE ROBES."

He might well ask. On the opposite side of the road, by the railings of the square, a large crowd had collected, all staring at the house in eager expectation. As they caught sight of him they raised a cheer, which caused him to retreat in confusion, but not before he had seen a great golden chariot with six magnificent coal-black horses, and a suite of swarthy attendants in barbaric liveries, standing by the pavement below. "Whose carriage is that?" he asked.

"It belongs to thee," said the Jinnee;

"descend then, and make thy progress in it through the City."

"I will not," said Horace. "Even to oblige you I simply can't drive along the streets in a thing like the band-chariot of a travelling circus."

"It is necessary," declared Fakrash. "Must I again recall to thee the penalty of disobedience?"

"Oh, very well," said Horace, irritably. "If you insist on my making a fool of myself, I suppose I must. But where am I to drive, and why?"

"That," replied Fakrash, "thou shalt discover at the fitting moment." And so, amidst the shouts of the spectators, Ventimore climbed up into the strange-looking vehicle, while the Jinnee took his seat by his side. Horace had a parting glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Rapkin's respective noses flattened against the basement window, and then two dusky slaves mounted to a seat at the back of the chariot, and the horses started off at a stately trot in the direction of Rochester Row.

"VENTIMORE CLIMBED UP INTO THE STRANGE-LOOKING VEHICLE."

"I think you might tell me what all this means," he said. "You've no conception what an ass I feel, stuck up here like this!"

"Dismiss bashfulness from thee, since all this is designed to render thee more acceptable in the eyes of the Princess Bedeea," said the Jinnee.

Horace said no more, though he could not but think that this parade would be thrown away.

But as they turned into Victoria Street and seemed to be heading straight for the Abbey, a horrible thought occurred to him. After all, his only authority for the marriage and decease of Bedeea was the "Arabian Nights," which was not unimpeachable evidence. What if she were alive and waiting for the arrival of the bridegroom? No one but Fakrash would have conceived such an idea as marrying him to a Jinneeyeh in Westminster Abbey; but he was capable of any extravagance, and there were apparently no limits to his power.

"Mr. Fakrash," he said, hoarsely, "surely

this isn't my—my wedding day? You're not going to have the ceremony *there?*"

"Nay," said the Jinnee, "be not impatient. For this edifice would be totally unfitted for the celebration of such nuptials as thine."

As he spoke, the chariot left the Abbey on the right and turned down the Embankment. The relief was so intense that Horace's spirits rose irrepressibly. It was absurd to suppose that even Fakrash could have arranged the ceremony in so short a time. He was merely being taken for a drive, and fortunately his best friends could not recognise him in his Oriental disguise. And it was a glorious morning, with a touch of frost in the air and a sky of streaky turquoise and pale golden clouds; the broad river glittered in the sunshine; the pavements were lined with admiring crowds, and the carriage rolled on amidst frantic enthusiasm, like some triumphal car.

"How they're cheering us!" said Horace. "Why, they couldn't make more row for the Lord Mayor himself."

"What is this Lord Mayor of whom thou speakest?" inquired Fakrash.

"The Lord Mayor?" said Horace. "Oh, he's unique. There's nobody in the world quite like him. He administers the law, and if there's any distress in any part of the earth he relieves it. He entertains monarchs and Princes and all kinds of potentates at his banquets, and altogether he's a tremendous swell."

"Hath he dominion over the earth and the air and all that is therein?"

"Within his own precincts, I believe he has," said Horace, rather hazily, "but I really don't know precisely how wide his powers are." He was vainly trying to recollect whether such matters as sky-signs, telephones, and telegraphs in the City were within the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction or the County Council's.

Fakrash remained silent just as they were driving underneath Charing Cross Railway Bridge, when he started perceptibly at the thunder of the trains overhead and the piercing whistles of the engines.

"Tell me," he said, clutching Horace by the arm, "what meaneth this?"

"You don't mean to say," said Horace, "that you have been about London all these days, and never noticed things like these before?"

"Till now," said the Jinnee, "I have had no leisure to observe them and discover their nature."

"Well," said Horace, anxious to let the

"'TELL ME,' HE SAID, 'WHAT MEANETH THIS?'"

Jinnee see that he had not the monopoly of miracles, "since your day we have discovered how to tame or chain the great forces of Nature and compel them to do our will. We control the Spirits of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, and make them give us light and heat, carry our messages, fight our quarrels for us, transport us wherever we wish to go, with a certainty and precision that throw even your performances, my dear sir, entirely into the shade."

Considering what a very large majority of civilized persons would be as powerless to construct the most elementary machine as to create the humblest kind of horse, it is not a

little odd how complacently we credit ourselves with all the latest achievements of our generation. Most of us accept the amazement of the simple-minded barbarian on his first introduction to modern inventions as a gratifying personal tribute: we feel a certain superiority, even if we magnanimously refrain from boastfulness. And yet our own particular share in these discoveries is limited to making use of them, under expert guidance, which any barbarian, after overcoming his first terror, is quite as competent to do as we are.

It is a harmless vanity enough, and especially pardonable in Ventimore's case, when it was so desirable to correct any tendency to "uppishness" on the part of the Jinnee.

"And doth the Lord Mayor dispose of these forces at his will?" inquired Fakrash, on whom Ventimore's explanation had evidently produced some impression.

"Certainly," said Horace; "whenever he has occasion."

The Jinnee seemed engrossed in his own thoughts, for he said no more just then.

They were now nearing St. Paul's Cathedral, and Horace's first suspicion returned with double force.

"Mr. Fakrash, answer me," he said. "Is this my wedding day or not? If it is, it's time I was told!"

"Not yet," said the Jinnee, enigmatically, and indeed it proved to be another false alarm, for they turned down Cannon Street and towards the Mansion House.

"Perhaps you can tell me why we're going through Victoria Street, and what all this crowd has come out for?" asked Ventimore. For the throng was denser than ever; the people surged and swayed in serried ranks behind the City police, and gazed with a wonder and awe that for once seemed to have entirely silenced the Cockney instinct of *persiflage*.

"For what else but to do thee honour?" answered Fakrash.

"What bosh!" said Horace. "They mistake me for the Shah or somebody—and no wonder, in this get-up."

"Not so," said the Jinnee. "Thy names are familiar to them."

Horace glanced up at the hastily improvised decorations; on one large strip of bunting which spanned the street he read: "Welcome to the City's most distinguished guest!" "They can't mean me," he thought; and then another legend caught his eye: "Well done, Ventimore!" And an enthusiastic householder next door had burst into poetry and displayed the couplet:—

Would we had twenty more
Like Horace Ventimore!

"They *do* mean me," he exclaimed. "Now, Mr. Fakrash, *will* you kindly explain what tomfoolery you've been up to now? I know you're at the bottom of this business."

It struck him that the Jinnee was slightly embarrassed. "Didst thou not say," he replied, "that he who should receive the freedom of the City from his fellow-men would be worthy of Bedeea-el-Jemal?"

"I may have said something of the sort. But, good heavens, you don't mean that you have contrived that *I* should receive the freedom of the City?"

"It was the easiest affair possible," said the Jinnee, but he did not attempt to meet Horace's eye.

"Was it, though?" said Horace, in a white rage. "I don't want to be inquisitive, but I should like to know what I've done to deserve it?"

"Why trouble thyself with the reason? Let it suffice thee that such honour is bestowed upon thee."

By this time the chariot had crossed Cheapside and was entering King Street.

"This really won't do!" urged Horace. "It's not fair to me. Either I've done something, or you must have made the Corporation *believe* I've done something, to be received like this. And, as we shall be in the Guildhall in a very few seconds, you may as well tell me what it is!"

"Regarding that matter," replied the Jinnee, in some confusion, "I am truly as ignorant as thyself."

As he spoke they drove through some temporary wooden gates into the courtyard, where the Honourable Artillery Company presented arms to them, and the carriage drew up before a large marquee decorated with shields and clustered banners.

"Well, Mr. Fakrash," said Horace, with suppressed fury, as he alighted, "you have surpassed yourself this time. You've got me into a nice scrape, and you'll have to pull me through it as well as you can."

"Have no uneasiness," said the Jinnee, as he accompanied his *protégé* into the marquee, which was brilliant with pretty women in smart frocks, officers in scarlet tunics and plumed hats, and servants in State liveries. Their entrance was greeted by a politely-subdued buzz of applause and

admiration, and an official, who introduced himself as the Prime Warden of the Candlestick-makers' Company, advanced to meet them. "The Lord Mayor will receive you in the library," he said. "If you will have the kindness to follow me——"

Horace followed him mechanically. "I'm in for it now," he thought, "whatever it is. If I can only trust Fakrash to back me up—but I'm hanged if I don't believe he's more nervous than I am!"

As they came into the noble library of the Guildhall a fine string band struck up, and Horace, with the Jinnee in his rear, made his way through a lane of distinguished spectators towards a dais, on the steps of which, in his gold-trimmed robes and black-feathered hat, stood the Lord Mayor, with his sword and mace bearers on either hand, and behind him a row of beaming sheriffs.

A truly stately and imposing figure did the Chief Magistrate for that particular year present: tall, dignified, with a lofty forehead whose polished temples reflected the light, an aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes under heavy white eyebrows, a frosty pink in his wrinkled cheeks, and a flowing silver beard with a touch of gold still lingering under the lower lip: he seemed as he stood there a worthy representative of the greatest and richest city in the world.

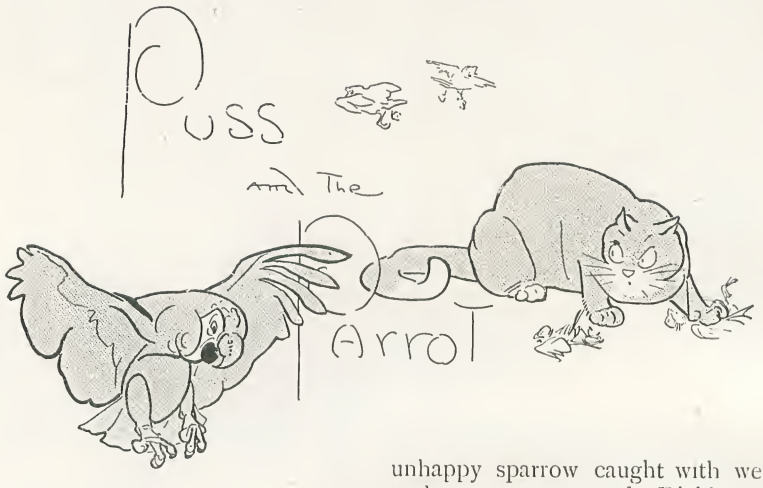
Horace approached the steps with an unpleasant sensation of weakness at the knees, and no sort of idea what he was expected to do or say when he arrived.

"THE JINNEE HAD MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED."

And, in his perplexity, he turned for support and guidance to his self-constituted mentor—only to discover that the Jinnee, whose short-sightedness and ignorance had planted him in his present false position, had mysteriously and perfidiously disappeared, and left him to grapple with the situation single-handed.

(*To be continued.*)

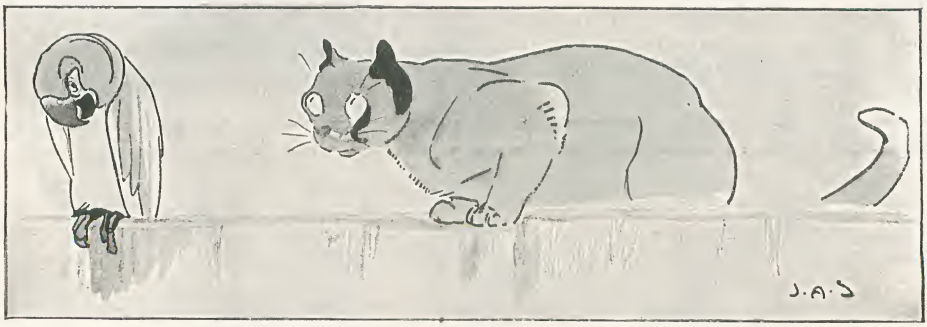
Animal Actualities.



THIS is a tale of the mysterious power of articulate speech and its effect in calming the more or less savage breast. Mr. F. W. Millard, of Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, possesses a very fine tom cat. This Tom, whose name is Dick, is lord of a fine tract of surrounding gardens and partial to poultry. His master's cocks and hens he spares, having a proper fear of his master, but any unhappy sparrow caught with wet wings in a shower goes towards Dick's maintenance. And there is no positive reason to suppose him altogether averse from pigeon.

But lately Dick sustained a sad shock; a shock that has altogether shattered his confidence in dealing with birds. A neighbour keeps a parrot, which is sufficiently tame to be let loose occasionally, and sufficiently well-educated to proclaim its freedom by voluble and extremely distinct talk. Dick was start-

BEAUTIFUL.



ADVANCE.

AMAZEMENT.

ing on an ornithological expedition, when suddenly the parrot alighted on a fence before his eyes. Here was a gorgeous prize, almost within Dick's mouth. Red beak, green wings

He retreated. Polly showered shrill abuse after him, and he retreated farther still. Could he believe his ears? What terrible creature was this, that talked like a man?

RETREAT.

—beautiful, and no doubt as toothsome as handsome. Dick crouched and crept. But Polly was watching from the corner of her eye, and, just as Dick stiffened for the spring, bawled aloud in his face, "That's right! Come along!"

Poor Dick was struck as by an electric shock.

REVERENCE.

Never again did Dick make an attempt on Polly; but, now that he has gained sufficient confidence, sits reverently below the parrot, quiet and awe-struck, listening. After each performance Dick repairs to a corner, and thinks. It is conjectured that he is taking lessons.

Boiler Explosions.

By Joseph Horner.

Illustrated by Photos. kindly lent by Mr. C. E. Stromeyer, Chief Engineer the Manchester Steam Users' Association.

THE explosions of steam boilers are, happily, now more rare in proportion to the number in use than they were a generation since. The reason is that such explosions may now involve the owners of the boilers in a heavy pecuniary loss, over and above that due to the damage to their property. A Board of Trade Commissioner—Mr. Howard Smith—is invested with the power to hold an inquiry into the causes of boiler explosions. He has plenary authority to assess damages towards the costs of the Court, and woe be to any boiler-owner to whom culpable neglect is brought home. These inquiries are of a most searching character, and much expert evidence is often called. It may also be mentioned, by the way, that there are comparatively few cases of boiler explosions in which some degree of wilful negligence is not proved. But it is not always possible to fix the responsibility on the right person or persons. Not infrequently, too, the culpable man is killed.

The insurance companies cannot compel proprietors to carry out the suggestions made by their inspectors, but it goes hard with the proprietors when evidence of neglect to adopt such suggestions is proved before the Commissioner. In one case a boiler insurance company was fined £50 for neglecting to use sufficiently strong and explicit condemnatory language to the proprietors in reference to a boiler of theirs which exploded while insured with the company.

The Manchester Steam Users' Association was the pioneer in boiler insurance, and it was due to the persistent efforts of the late Mr. Lavington Fletcher, the chief engineer of the association, that the Boiler Explosions Act was carried. Now, with proper inspection, there is, practically, no risk of a serious explosion occurring.

There is now, therefore, no mystery at all about boiler explosions. Previous to the formation of the various insurance societies, and the passing of the Boiler Explosions Act in 1882, all kinds of mysterious agencies were invoked to account for these disasters. It is now well known, however, that any explosion is traceable to some very matter-of-fact cause or causes. There is a specific reason for each. But all, however numerous and varied in character, may be included under one or more of three heads, namely: bad design, bad construction, or bad working. Into the technical details of these we shall not enter. But they are all preventible, all inexcusable. If proof were asked, it is sufficient to instance the fact that while about 20,000 locomotive boilers, which are the hardest worked of any, are in use daily through the kingdom, explosions of such are now practically unknown. The explanation is that they are well designed, well made, well tended, and are withdrawn from service before they become unsafe.

Steam boilers offer in some respects analogies to human organisms. They have their lives to live; are subject to weakness, diseases, and certain death; which death may come either in the course of natural decay, by the ravages of chronic or acute disease, or by accident. Their lives are insured in many cases, but the policy, unlike those on human lives, will in most cases never have to be paid, since it is an accident policy only.

In short, steam boilers are subjected to so many ills that there is a class of men—the boiler inspectors—whose lives are spent in diagnosing their complaints: testing, sounding, peering and prying within and without, visiting their patients two or three times in the course of a year, and reporting on their condition. Another class of men is occupied in analyzing the waters with which boilers are supplied, and in preparing antidotes to counteract the evil effects of incessant drinking of bad water.

In among sooty flues and furnaces, through water spaces, with lamp, candle, and hammer; with good eyes, sharpened by experience, and which can detect hidden faults that no ordinary observer would note, the boiler inspector pursues his diagnosis. It is a hard and thankless task at best, and, strangely enough, the greatest obstacles of all are not found in the hard work of inspecting the boilers, nor in having to satisfy and please his superintendent, but too often in the owners of boilers, who frequently grudge the outlay which is the price of safety. These, instead of aiding the work of the inspector, sometimes put obstacles in his way.

When a boiler does burst the effects are terrific, as disastrous as the damage inflicted by a park of artillery. Plates of iron or steel

from three-eighths to five-eighths of an inch thick are rent and twisted like paper, and sent flying scores or hundreds of yards away, dealing mutilation and death in their course, and wrecking adjacent buildings. Volumes of steam and water, hotter by many degrees than that which boils in an open vessel on the fire, doom those who escape the flying fragments to torture and a death even more awful. The harrowing scene which meets the eyes of the rescuers immediately after such a catastrophe, and before the dead and injured are removed, is one over which a veil must be drawn.

Yet inspectors test steam-boilers at a pressure which is very high—always higher than that at which they are intended to be worked—generally from 30 to 50 per cent. more. Boilers have sometimes exploded at a lower pressure than that at which they had been previously tested. When boilers yield under test, as they sometimes do, they do not explode with violence, and no damage is inflicted to those standing by. The difference is due to this—that the inspector's test is made under water pressure, but a boiler explosion occurs under steam pressure.

The following paragraphs relate to some of the most remarkable and disastrous explosions which are on record, briefly noting the reasons of their occurrence.

The most terrible boiler explosion which has ever occurred in England was that at the Redcar Iron Works, in Yorkshire, on the evening of the 14th June, 1895, a photograph of which is here reproduced. Out of a range of fifteen boilers which were used to supply steam to the blast and other engines, twelve burst, killing three men, and injuring seventeen others, of whom eight died subsequently. Showers of bricks and dirt rained over the place; the men who were at the furnaces were enveloped in a deluge of boiling water and steam; while, to add to the horror, some who fled had to run over pig beds of red-hot iron. Some too were nearly bereft of their clothes.

Of the boilers, some parts weighing several tons—one being 10ft. long—were carried two hundred and fifty yards away. Portions 50ft. long were hurled into a field, in which they dug deep trenches. A tank locomotive close by was embedded in *débris* up to the footplate, and stripped of the fittings in the cab.

THE REDCAR BOILER EXPLOSION, JUNE 14, 1895. THE MOST DISASTROUS EXPLOSION ON RECORD.
From a Photo. by J. E. Hoggard, Coatham, Redcar.

A large crane capable of lifting six tons was smashed to pieces. Shops a hundred and fifty yards away from the boilers had their windows broken and roofs riddled.

These terrible explosions were due to the overheating of the first boiler, which, bursting, then started the series. The boilers were of a class which has long been distrusted—the egg-ended type—externally fired; which is peculiarly liable because of its great length to unequal expansion at top and bottom, if the latter part becomes overheated.

EXPLOSION OF A LOCOMOTIVE AT SIMPASTURE JUNCTION, MAY 10, 1867.

When two or more boilers thus burst simultaneously, the term "compound explosion" is applied. It does not mean that the explosions occur at the same instant, but that one boiler bursting inflicts injuries upon one adjacent, dislodging it from its seat, and starting a rent which results in its explosion, similar effects being communicated to other boilers. On one occasion five boilers burst thus simultaneously. This was in April, 1863, at Moss End Iron Works, near Glasgow.

The two ends of the locomotive in the illustration above was a sight presented at Simpasture Junction, Darlington, on May 10th, 1867. The engine belonged to the North-Eastern Railway Company, and at the time of the explosion was attached to a mineral train standing on a siding near the junction. The driver was underneath oiling the eccentrics when the boiler barrel (*i.e.*, the long cylindrical portion that connects the furnace at the rear with the smoke-box under the chimney) burst, being ripped into many fragments, which crumpled like paper. The driver was blown to pieces and the fireman badly scalded.

On June 9th, 1869, a particularly shocking explosion occurred at Bingley, Yorkshire, at the works of Messrs. J. Town and Sons' bobbin turnery. The works were situated at the rear of the National School, and eight little children who were at play at the time were killed, besides several work-people. Mr. Fletcher, of the Manchester Steam Users' Association, stated before the coroner that he had found the bottom plates no thicker than paper! The accompanying picture shows the scene of the disaster. The proprietors were "censured" only!

The fearful wreck seen on the next page occurred at Ashley Lane, Manchester, on December 23rd, 1867, at the dye-works of Messrs. Chapman and Hollands. Portions of the boiler—a Cornish one, 18ft. long by 6ft. in diameter—are seen amidst the ruins of the works, which it utterly demolished. Six poor fellows were killed, not by scalding, but by the fall of the buildings. The coroner's verdict was "Accidental death," but the jury found that great neglect was attributable to the employers. Something more severe

THE BINGLEY EXPLOSION, JUNE 9, 1869.

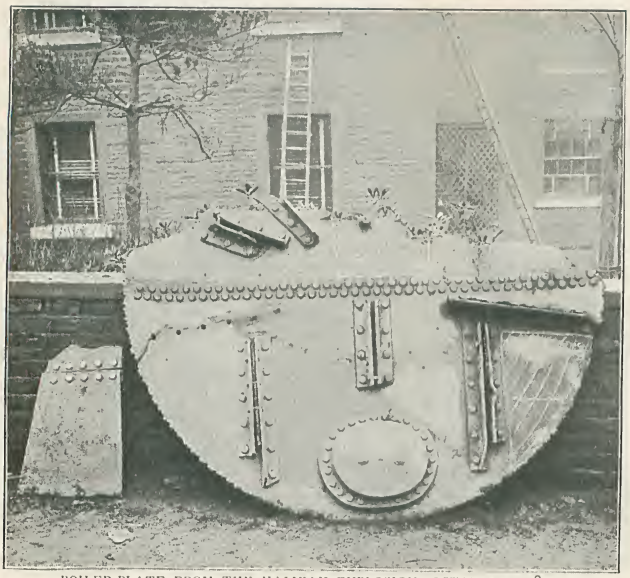
THE EXPLOSION AT ASHLEY LANE, MANCHESTER, DECEMBER 23, 1867.

would have been meted out had such a thing happened in these days of Board of Trade inquiries. For the boiler had been shamefully neglected, and the bottom plates which had rested on the brickwork were found no thicker than brown paper throughout nearly their entire length. Such gross cases of neglect as these helped to hasten legislation for dealing with boiler explosions.

The utter wreck here seen occurred at Messrs. Strong and Sons' Iron Foundry, Hammond Lane, Dublin, on April 27th, 1878. Fourteen lives were sacrificed, including those of several persons who were not in the employ of the firm, and fourteen were injured. The first portion of the boiler was shot right across Hammond Lane, and lodged against the doorway of a house opposite. The rupture started from a plate at the bottom, which had been corroded to less than a thirty-second of an inch in thickness. The boiler, a Cornish one, measured more than 20ft. in length and over 6ft. in diameter, but only a piece of bent plate is seen remaining amid the wreck. Want of inspection was responsible for this heavily fatal catastrophe.

THE DUBLIN EXPLOSION, APRIL 27, 1878.

The ragged-looking half of a boiler-plate seen on the following page has a tragic history. It formed a portion of one end of a boiler that killed six persons, including the senior partner of the firm to whom it belonged. This happened on October 9th,

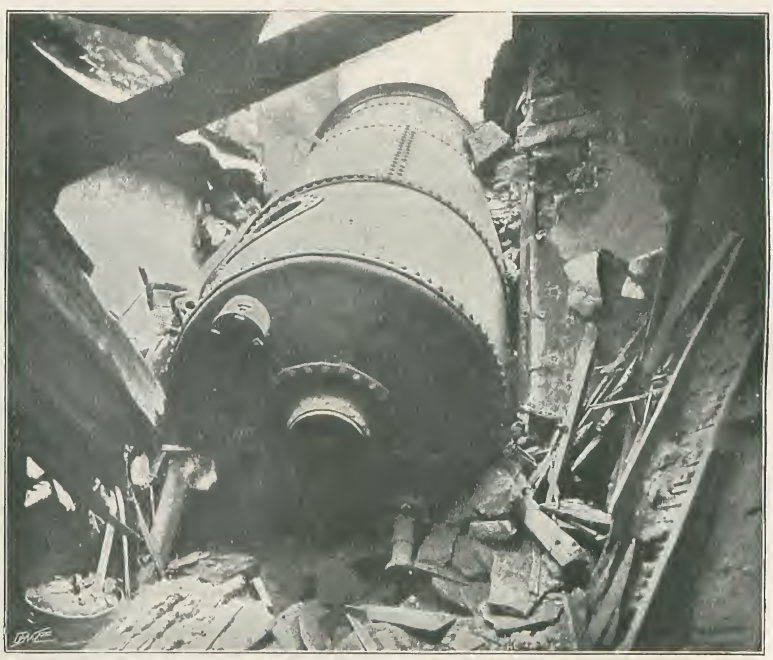


BOILER-PLATE FROM THE HALIFAX EXPLOSION, OCTOBER 9, 1879.
From a Photo. by E. Greaves, Halifax.

1879, at the works of Messrs. Balme and Pritchard, of Halifax. The steam pressure was only 45lb. to the square inch, yet the boiler was carried bodily to a distance of 102ft. through a workshop, spreading ruin in its course, and was only stopped by striking the angle of a house. The plate was not properly stayed, the owners had put difficulties in the way of inspection, and, as a matter of fact, nearly four and a half years had elapsed since the interior had been inspected!

The boiler seen in the illustration on this page found that resting-place—a room on the upper-floor of a public-house into which it crashed through the roof—after a journey of fifty yards. The injury to the boiler itself is invisible, being internal, and consisting of a rupture of the crown of the fire-box. Fortunately no one was killed. But the owner had to pay £50 into court, for this happened so recently as March 4th, 1892, and the Commissioners of the Board of Trade adjudicated upon it. The boiler had a chequered history typical of many others, having changed owners several times, including those of second-hand brokers. A boiler insurance company had warned the owner in present possession that it was unsafe, but no notice was taken, with the result that it went through the roof of its house. It was a serious case, and the fine inflicted was properly made heavy.

On the morning of the 8th of May, 1886, the boiler of a tug, *The Rifleman*, blew up in Cardiff Harbour. The crew, comprising four men and a boy, were all killed. It is supposed they were standing round the boiler, warming themselves. The bodies of the four men were carried into the air, and alighted on the head of the pier, one at a distance of fifty yards. The violence of the explosion wrecked the vessel, so that she sank immediately; and a pilot, who was in the fore



THE BURNLEY EXPLOSION, MARCH 4, 1892. THE BOILER LYING IN AN UPPER ROOM OF "THE CROSS KEYS INN," HAVING ENTERED THROUGH THE ROOF.

Photo. by] EXPLOSION ON BOARD "THE RIFLEMAN," CARDIFF, MAY 8, 1886. *[Collins.*

cabin at the time, was picked up from the water unconscious. The shell of the boiler was shot to a great length, and dropped at a distance of three hundred yards on the stern of an Italian ship, killing a man who was standing at the wheel. The captain of a tug was also struck by the *débris*, and had, in consequence, several ribs broken. It came out at the inquest that the safety-valve had been held down with a pin! Had the engineman survived he would have been indicted for manslaughter.

An explosion of this kind suggests one possible explanation of the record of steam vessels the loss of which has never been accounted for. It is reasonable to suppose, in the absence of direct evidence, that a very violent explosion of one or more boilers —and there are several on board large steamers — may produce a rent in the hull sufficiently large to sink a steamer before boats could be got out.

On the afternoon of Saturday, February 16th, 1895, a terrible explosion of the boiler of an agricultural engine occurred at Manor Farm, Yeovilton, in Somersetshire. The engine had been working — doing thrashing all day. About four in the afternoon, some of the farm hands having gone home, others were sitting round the engine to eat, the weather being cold, when the boiler exploded. The driver, Hann, was blown into a rick close by, which immediately caught fire, and the man was charred to death, his skeleton only being recovered later. Another man, Perry, was mutilated so terribly as to be scarcely recognisable. Other men suffered from scalds and broken limbs.

The force of the explosion was such that the engine, which weighed about three tons,

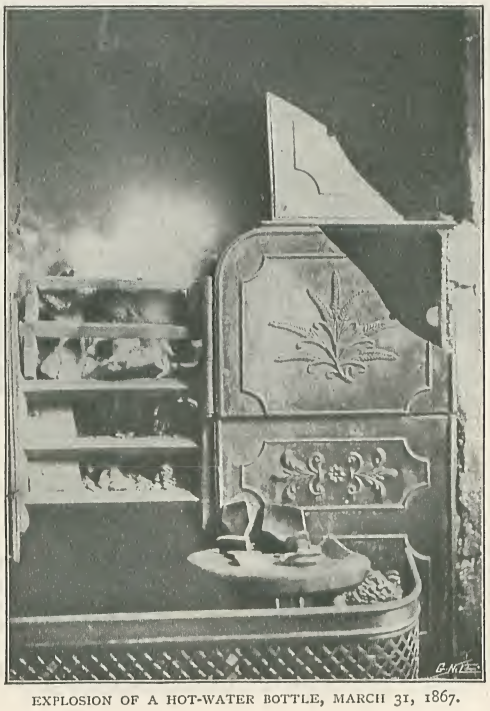
Photo. by] EXPLOSION OF A TRACTION ENGINE AT YEOVILTON, FEBRUARY 16, 1895. *[J. Chaffin.*

was lifted in the air, and carried to a distance of twenty-six yards. Perry's hat was picked up a hundred yards away; fragments of the engine were thrown about; the fire was scattered—setting fire to ricks in the vicinity; and the local fire brigade only extinguished the flames after much damage had been done. In this case the engine was about thirty years old. It had no gauge to register pressure, the fire-box was badly corroded, and it appeared as if the safety-valve had been screwed down, to increase pressure.

One of the principal methods by which boilers have been tested is by working them to destruction, and observing their behaviour. This is almost invariably done under water pressure. But in one series of experiments in America boilers were tested under steam pressure, and the actual explosion of one of these was witnessed by a large number of persons. The boilers were set in a ravine, and the pressure gauges were brought behind a bomb-proof structure only 3ft. away. In one of these experiments the steam pressure mounted up in eleven minutes from 30lb. to 50lb., and two minutes afterwards the explosion occurred. One portion, weighing about three tons, was hurled to a great height in the air, and fell at 450ft. away from the original position of the boiler.

The explosions of kitchen boilers are responsible for the loss of several lives and the destruction of much property, whenever a hard winter occurs. In the hard weather of February, 1895, there were four such explosions in one day, the 7th; on the next day nine boilers burst; on the next, four more. By the middle of that month six people had lost their lives and thirty-four had been injured. In the winter previous, during two short frosts, nineteen persons were killed and fifty-four injured. Explosions of this character are due to stupidity or carelessness. The simple and sufficient remedy is, never to let the water become quite cold in hard weather, and this can be insured by banking the fire at night.

The broken kitchen range seen on this page has a tragic history of one life lost and two persons seriously injured, and caused by a simple hot-water bottle of earthenware. It occurred on the 31st of March, 1867, at the house of Mr. Thomas Manton, Leicester. The bottle, of about a quart capacity, was used as a bed-warmer. Instead of filling it in the proper way with hot water, it was filled with cold, and corked, and the cork tied securely with a wax-end, such as shoemakers use, and so put into the oven of the kitchen range! Of course, an explosion occurred, as steam was generated, and with the cork tied in. The bursting bottle broke off the corner of the oven door, and the fragments were shot into the room with the results named, the life lost being that of a child.



EXPLOSION OF A HOT-WATER BOTTLE, MARCH 31, 1867.

As many of the readers of THE STRAND are owners of boilers, we may remark that the Board of Trade Commissioners never accept ignorance as an excuse for neglecting to take proper measures to insure that a boiler is being worked under safe conditions. Their decision is: "That if a person, for the purpose of his business, chooses to use steam appliances which, if neglected, become a source of very grave danger, not only to himself, but to others, he must, in the event of an explosion, be taken to have known that it was his duty to ascertain that they were kept in good condition; and, further, that if he was not able to ascertain this himself, it was his duty to have called in a competent person from time to time to examine the boiler, to ascertain if it was fit to be worked at the pressure required."

The Derelict "Neptune."

By Morgan Robertson.

ACROSS the Atlantic Ocean from the Gulf of Guinea to Cape St. Roque moves a great body of water — the Main Equatorial Current — which can be considered the motive power, or mainspring, of the whole Atlantic current system, as it obtains its motion directly from the ever-acting push of the trade-winds. At Cape St. Roque this broad current splits into two parts, one turning north, the other south. The northern part contracts, increases its speed, and, passing up the northern coast of South America as the Guiana Current, enters through the Caribbean Sea into the Gulf of Mexico, where it circles around to the northward; then, coloured a deep blue from the fine river silt of the Mississippi, and heated from its long surface exposure under a tropical sun to an average temperature of 80deg., it emerges into the Florida Channel as the Gulf Stream.

From here it travels north-east, following the trend of the coast-line, until, off Cape Hatteras, it splits into three divisions, one of which, the westernmost, keeps on to lose its warmth and life in Baffin's Bay. Another impinges on the Hebrides, and is no more recognisable as a current; and the third, the eastern and largest part of the divided stream, makes a wide sweep to the east and south, inclosing the Azores and the dead-water called the Sargasso Sea, then, as the African Current, runs down the coast until, just below the Canary Isles, it merges into the Lesser Equatorial Current, which, parallel to the parent stream, and separated from it by a narrow band of back-water, travels west and filters through the West Indies, making puzzling combinations with the tides, and finally bearing so heavily on the young Gulf Stream as to give to it the sharp turn to the northward through the Florida Channel.

In the South Atlantic the portion of the Main Equatorial Current split off by Cape St. Roque and directed south leaves the coast at Cape Frio, and at the latitude of the River Plate assumes a due easterly direction, and crosses the ocean as the Southern Connecting Current. At the Cape of Good Hope it meets the cold, north-easterly Cape Horn Current, and with it passes up the coast of Africa to join the Equatorial Current at the starting-point in the Gulf of Guinea, the whole constituting a circulatory system of ocean rivers, of speed value varying from eighteen to ninety miles a day.

On a bright morning in November, 1894, a curious-looking craft floated into the branch current which, skirting Cuba, flows westward through the Bahama Channel. A man standing on the highest of two points, inclosing a small bay near Cape Maisi, after a critical examination through a telescope, disappeared from the rocks, and in a few moments a light boat, of the model used by whalers, emerged from the mouth of the bay, containing this man and another. In the boat besides was a coil of rope.

The one who had inspected the craft from the rocks was a tall young fellow, dressed in flannel shirt and trousers, the latter held in place by a cartridge-belt, such as is used by the American cowboy. To this was hung a heavy revolver. On his head was a broad-brimmed cork helmet, much soiled, and resembling in shape the Mexican sombrero. Beneath this head-gear was a mass of brown hair, which showed a non-acquaintance with barbers for, perhaps, months, and under this hair a sun-tanned face, lighted by serious grey eyes. The most noticeable feature of this face was the extreme arching of the eyebrows—a never-failing index of the highest form of moral courage. It was a face that would please. The face of the other was equally pleasing in its way. It was red, round, and jolly, with twinkling eyes, the whole borrowing a certain dignity from closely-cut white hair and moustaches. The man was about fifty, and armed like the other.

"What do you want of pistols, Boston?" he said to the younger man. "One might think this an old-fashioned, piratical cutting-out."

"Oh, I don't know, Doc. It's best to have them. That hulk may be full of Spaniards, and the whole thing nothing but a trick to draw us out. But she looks like a derelict. I don't see how she got into this channel unless she drifted up past Cape Maisi from the southward, having come in with the Guiana Current. It's all rocks and shoals to the eastward."

The boat, under the impulse of their oars, soon passed the fringing reef and came in sight of the strange craft, which lay about a mile east and half a mile off shore. "You see," resumed the younger man, called Boston, "there's a back-water inside Point

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Mulas, and if she gets into it she may come ashore right here."

"Where we can loot her. Nice business for a respectable practitioner like me to be engaged in! Doctor Bryce, of Havana, consorting with Fenians from Canada, exiled German Socialists, Cuban horse thieves who would be hung in a week if they went to Texas, and a long-legged sailor man who calls himself a retired naval officer, but who looks like a pirate; and all shouting for *Cuba Libre! Cuba Libre!* It's plunder you want."

"But none of us ever manufactured dynamite," answered Boston, with a grin. "How long did they have you in Moro Castle, Doc?"

"Eight months," snapped the doctor, his face clouding. "Eight months in that rat-hole, with the loss of my property and practice all for devotion to science. I was on the brink of the most important and beneficent discovery in explosives the world ever dreamt of. Yes, sir, 'twould have made me famous and stopped all warfare."

"The captain told me this morning that he'd heard from Marti," said Boston, after an interval. "Good news, he said; but that's all I learned. Maybe it's from Gomez. If he'll only take hold again we can chase the Spanish off the island now. Then we'll put some of your stuff under Moro and lift it off the earth."

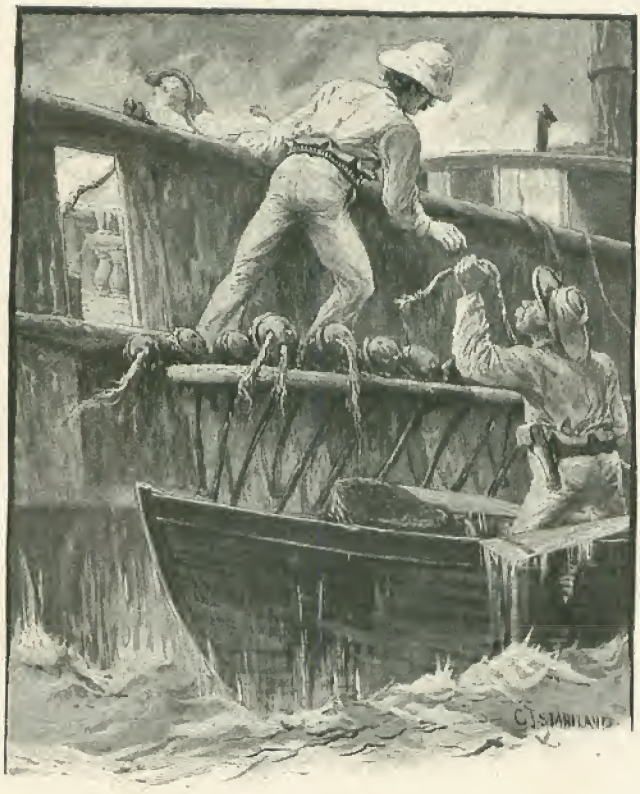
In a short time details of the craft ahead, hitherto hidden by distance, began to show. There was no sign of life aboard; her spars were gone, with the exception of the foremast, broken at the hounds, and she seemed to be of about a thousand tons burden; coloured a mixed brown and dingy grey, which, as they drew near, was shown as the action of iron rust on black and lead-coloured paint. Here and there were outlines of painted ports. Under the stump of a shattered bowsprit projected from between bluff bows a weather-worn figure-head, representing the god of the sea. Above, on the bows, were wooden-stocked anchors stowed inboard, and aft on the quarters were iron davits with blocks intact—but no falls. In a few of the dead-eyes in the channels could be seen frayed

"THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE ABOARD; HER SPARS WERE GONE, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE FOREMAST."

rope-yarns, rotten with age, and, with the stump of the foremast, the wooden stocks of the anchors, and the teak-wood rail, of a bleached grey colour. On the round stern, as they pulled under it, they spelled, in raised letters, flecked here and there with discoloured gilt, the name "*Neptune*, of London." Unkempt and forsaken, she had come in from the mysterious sea to tell her story.

They climbed the channels, fastened the painter, and peered over the rail. There was no one in sight, and they sprang down, finding themselves on a deck that was soft and spongy with time and weather.

"She's an old tub," said Boston, scanning



"THEY CLIMBED THE CHANNELS AND FASTENED THE PAINTER."

the grey fabric fore and aft; "one of the first iron ships built, I should think. They housed the crew under the t'gallant forecastle. See the doors forward, there? And she has a full-decked cabin—that's old style. Hatches are all battened down, but I doubt if this tarpaulin holds water." He stepped on the main hatch, brought his weight on the ball of one foot, and turned around. The canvas crumbled to threads, showing the wood beneath. "Let's go below. If there were any Spaniards here they'd have shown themselves before this." The cabin doors were latched but not locked, and they opened them.

"Hold on," said the doctor; "this cabin may have been closed for years, and generated poisonous gases. Open that upper door, Boston."

Boston ran up the shaky poop-ladder and opened the companion-way above, which let a stream of the fresh morning air and sunshine into the cabin; then, after a moment or two, descended and joined the other, who entered from the main deck. They were in an ordinary ship's cabin, surrounded by state-rooms, and with the usual swinging lamp and tray; but the table, chairs, and floor were covered with fine dust.

"Where the deuce do you get so much dust at sea?" coughed the doctor.

"Nobody knows, Doc. Let's hunt for the manifest and the articles. This must have been the skipper's room." They entered the largest state-room, and Boston opened an old-fashioned desk. Among the discoloured documents it contained he took out one and handed it to the doctor. "Articles," he said; "look at it." Soon he took out another. "I've got it. Now we'll find what she has in her hold, and if it's worth bothering about."

"Great Scot!" exclaimed the doctor; "this paper is dated 1844, fifty years ago." Boston looked over his shoulder.

"That's so; she signed her crew at Boston, too. Where has she been all this time? Let's see this one."

The manifest was short, and stated that her cargo was 3,000 barrels of lime, 8,000 kids of tallow, and 2,500 carboys of acid, 1,700 of which were sulphuric, the rest of nitric acid. "That cargo won't be much good to us, Doc. I'd hoped to find something we could use. Let's find the log-book, and see what happened to her." Boston rummaged what seemed to be the first mate's room. "Plenty of duds here," he said; "but they're ready to fall to pieces. Here's the log."

He returned with the book, and, seated at the dusty table, they turned the yellow leaves. "First departure, Highland Light, March 10th, 1844," read Boston. "We'll look in the remarks column."

Nothing but the ordinary incidents of a voyage were found until they reached the date June 1st, when entry was made of the ship being "caught aback" and dismasted off the Cape of Good Hope in a sudden gale. Then followed daily "remarks" of the south-easterly drift of the ship, the extreme cold (which, with the continuance of the bad weather, prevented them from saving the wreck with jury-masts), and the fact that no sails were sighted.

June 6th told of her being locked in soft, slushy ice, and still being pressed southward by the never-ending gale; June 10th said that the ice was hard, and on June 15th was the terrible entry: "Fire in the hold."

On June 16th was entered this: "Kept hatches battened down and stopped all air-holes, but the deck is too hot to stand on, and getting hotter. Crew insist on lowering the boats and pulling them northward over the ice to open water in hopes of being picked up. Good-bye." In the position columns of this date the latitude was given as 62–44 S. and the longitude as 30–50 E. There were no more entries.

"What tragedy does this tell of?" said the doctor. "They left this ship in the ice fifty years ago. Who can tell if they were saved?"

"Who, indeed?" said Boston. "The mate hadn't much hope. He said 'Good-bye.' But one thing is certain: we are the first to board her since. I take it she stayed down there in the ice until she drifted around the Pole, and thawed out where she could catch the Cape Horn Current, which took her up to the Hope. Then she came up with the South African Current till she got into the Equatorial drift; then west, and up with the Guiana Current into the Caribbean Sea to the southward of us, and this morning the flood tide brought her through. It isn't a question of winds; they're too variable. It's currents, though it may have taken her years to get here. But the surprising part of it is that she hasn't been boarded. Let's look in the hold and see what the fire has done."

When they boarded the hulk the sky, with the exception of a filmy haze overhanging the eastern end of the island, was clear. Now, as they emerged from the cabin, this haze had solidified and was coming—one of the black and vicious squalls of the West India seas.

"No man can tell what wind there is in them," remarked Boston, as he viewed it. "But it's pretty close to the water, and dropping rain. Hold on, there, Doc! Stay aboard. We couldn't pull ashore in the teeth of it." The doctor had made a spasmodic leap to the rail. "If the anchor chains were shackled on, we might drop one of the hooks and hold her, but it's two hours' work for a full crew."

"But we're likely to be blown away, aren't we?" asked the doctor.

"Not far. I don't think it'll last long. We'll make the boat fast astern and get out of the wet." They did so, and entered the cabin. Soon the squall, coming with a shock like a solid blow, struck the hulk broadside to and careened her. From the cabin-door they watched the nearly horizontal rain as

"SOON THE SQUALL, COMING WITH A SHOCK LIKE A SOLID BLOW, STRUCK THE HULK BROADSIDE TO AND CAREENED HER."

it swished across the deck, and listened to the screaming of the wind, which prevented all conversation. Silently they waited—one hour—two hours—then Boston said: "This is getting serious. It's no squall. If it wasn't so late in the season I'd call it a hurricane. I'm going on deck."

He climbed the companion-way stairs to the poop, and shut the scuttle behind him, for the rain was flooding the cabin; then looked around. The shore and horizon were hidden by a dense wall of grey, which seemed not a hundred feet away. From to windward this wall was detaching great waves or sheets of almost solid water, which bombarded the ship in successive blows, to be then lost in the grey whirl to leeward. Overhead was the same dismal hue, marked by hurrying masses of darker cloud, and below was a sea of froth, white and flat; for no waves could raise their heads in that wind. Drenched to the skin, he tried the wheel and found it free in its movements. In front of it was a substantial binnacle, and within a compass, which, though sluggish, as from a well-worn pivot, was practically in good condition. "Blowing us about nor'-west by west," he muttered, as he looked at it, "straight up the coast. It's better than the beach in this weather, but may land us in Havana." He examined the boat. It was full of water, and tailing to windward, held by its painter. Making sure that this was fast, he went down.

"Doc," he said, as he squeezed the water from his limp cork helmet and flattened it on the table, "have you any objections to being rescued by some craft going into Havana?"

"I have—decided objections."

"So have I; but this wind is blowing us there—sideways. Now, such a blow as this, at this time of year, will last three days at least, and I've an idea that it'll haul gradually to the south toward the end of it. Where'll we be then? Either piled up on one of the Bahama cays or interviewed by the Spaniards. Now, I've been thinking of a scheme on deck. We can't get back to camp for a while — that's settled. This iron hull is worth something, and if we can take her into an American port we can claim salvage. Key West is the nearest, but Fernandina is the surest. We've got a stump of a foremast and a rudder and a compass. If we can get some kind of sail up forward and bring her 'fore the wind, we can steer any course within thirty degrees of the wind line."

"But I can't steer. And how long will this voyage take? What will we eat?"

"Yes, you can steer; good enough. And, of course, it depends on food, and water, too. We'd better catch some of this that's going to waste."

In what had been the steward's store-room they found a harness-cask with bones and a dry dust in the bottom. "It's salt meat, I suppose," said the doctor, "reduced to its elements." With the handles of their pistols they carefully hammered down the rusty hoops over the shrunken staves, which were well preserved by the brine they had once held, and, taking it out on deck, cleaned it thoroughly under the scuppers—or drain-holes—of the poop, and let it stand under the stream of water to swell and sweeten itself.

"If we find more casks we'll catch some more," said Boston; "but that will last us two weeks. Now we'll hunt for her stores. I've eaten salt horse twenty years old, but I can't vouch for what we may find here." They examined all the rooms adjacent to the cabin, but found nothing.

"Where's the lazarette in this kind of a ship?" asked Boston. "The cabin runs right aft to the stern. It must be below us." He found that the carpet was not tacked to the floor, and, raising the after-end, discovered a hatch, or trap-door, which he lifted. Below, when their eyes were accustomed to the darkness, they saw boxes and barrels—all covered with the same fine dust which filled the cabin.

"Don't go down there yet, Boston," said the doctor. "It may be full of carbonic acid gas. She's been afire, you know. Wait." He tore a strip from some bedding in one of the rooms, and, lighting one end by means of a flint and steel which he carried, lowered the smouldering rag until it rested on the pile below. It did not go out.

"Safe enough, Boston," he remarked. "But you go down; you're younger."

Boston smiled and sprang down on the pile, from which he passed up a box. "Looks like tinned stuff, Doc. Open it, and I'll look over here."

The doctor smashed the box with his foot, and found, as the other had thought, that it contained cylindrical cans; but the labels were faded with age. Opening one with his jack-knife, he tasted the contents. It was a mixture of meat and a fluid, called by sailors "soup and bully," and as fresh and sweet as though canned the day before.

"We're all right, Boston," he called down

"BOSTON SOON APPEARED."

the hatch. "Here's as good a dish as I've tasted for months. Ready cooked, too."

Boston soon appeared. "There's some beef or pork barrels over in the wing," he said, "and plenty of this canned stuff. I don't know what good the salt meat is. The barrels seem tight, but we won't need to broach one for a while. There's a bag of coffee—gone to dust, and some hard bread that isn't fit to eat; but this'll do." He picked up the open can.

"Boston," said the doctor, "if those barrels contain meat, we'll find it cooked—boiled in its own brine, like this."

"Isn't it strange," said Boston, as he tasted the contents of the can, "that this stuff should keep so long?"

"Not at all. It was cooked thoroughly by the heat, and then frozen. If your barrels haven't burst from the expansion of the brine under the heat or cold, you'll find the meat just as good."

"But rather salty, if I'm a judge of salt horse. Now, where's the sail-locker? We want a sail on that foremast. It must be forward."

In the forecastle they found sailors' chests and clothing in all stages of ruin, but none of the spare sails that ships carry. In the boatswain's locker, in one corner of the forecastle, however, they found some iron-strapped blocks in fairly good condition, which Boston noted. Then they opened the main hatch, and discovered a mixed pile of boxes, some showing protruding necks of large bottles, or carboys, others nothing but the circular opening. Here and there in the tangled heap were sections of canvas sails—rolled and unrolled, but all yellow and worthless. They closed the hatch and returned to the cabin.

"They stowed their spare canvas in the 'tween-deck on top of the cargo," said Boston; "and the carboys——"

"And the carboys burst from the heat and ruined the sails," broke in the doctor. "But another question is, what became of that acid?"

"If it's not in the 'tween-deck yet, it must be in the hold—leaked through the hatches."

"I hope it hasn't reached the iron in the hull, Boston, my boy. It takes a long time for cold acids to act on iron after the first oxidation, but in fifty years mixed nitric and sulphuric will do lots of work."

"No fear, Doc; it had done its work when you were in your cradle. What'll we do for canvas? We must get this craft before the wind. How'll the carpet do?" Boston sprang to the edge, and tried the fabric in his fingers. "It'll go," he said; "we'll double it. I'll hunt for a palm and needle and some twine." These articles he found in the mate's room. "The twine's no better than yarn," said he, "but we'll use four parts."

Together they doubled the carpet diagonally, and with long stitches joined the edges. Then Boston sewed into each corner a thimble—an iron ring—and they had a triangular sail of about twelve feet hoist. "It hasn't been exposed to the action of

the air like the ropes in the locker forward," said Boston, as he arose and took off the palm; "and perhaps it'll last till she pays off. Then we can steer. You get the big pulley-blocks from the locker, Doc, and I'll get the rope from the boat—it's lucky I thought to bring it; I expected to lift things out of the hold with it."

At the risk of his life Boston obtained the coil from the boat, while the doctor brought the blocks. Then, together, they rove off a tackle. With the handles of their pistols they knocked bunk-boards to pieces and saved the nails; then Boston climbed the foremast, as a painter climbs a steeple — by nailing successive billets of wood above his head for steps. Next he hauled up and secured the tackle to the forward side of the mast, with which they pulled up the upper corner of their sail, after lashing the lower corners to the windlass and fife-rail.

It stood the pressure, and the hulk paid slowly off and gathered headway. Boston took the wheel and steadied her at north-west by west—dead before the wind; while the doctor, at his request, brought the open can of soup and lubricated the wheel-screw with the only substitute for oil at their command; for the screw worked hard with the rust of fifty years.

Their improvised sail, pressed steadily on but one side, had held together, but now, with the first flap as the gale caught it from another direction, appeared a rent; with the next flap the rag went to pieces.

"Let her go," sang out Boston, gleefully; "we can steer now. Come here, Doc, and learn to steer."

The doctor came; and when he left that wheel, three days later, he had learned. For the wind had blown a continuous gale the whole of this time, which, with the ugly sea raised as the ship left the lee of the land, necessitated the presence of both men at the helm. Only occasionally was there a lull during which one of them could rush below and return with a can of the soup. During one of these lulls Boston had examined the boat, towing half out of water, and concluding that a short painter was best with a waterlogged boat, had reinforced it with a few turns of his rope from forward. In the three days they had sighted no craft except such as their own—helpless, hove-to, or scudding.

Boston had judged rightly in regard to the wind. It had hauled slowly to the southward, allowing him to make the course he wished—through the Bahama and up the Florida Channel with the wind over the stern. During the day he could guide himself by landmarks, but at night, with a darkened binnacle, he could only steer blindly on with the wind on his back. The storm centre, at first to the south of Cuba, had made a wide circle, concentric with the curving course of the ship, and when the latter had reached the upper end of the Florida Channel, had spurted ahead and whirled out to sea across her bows. It was then that the undiminished gale, blowing nearly west, had caused Boston, in despair, to throw the wheel down and bring the ship into the trough of the sea—to drift. The two wet, exhausted, hollow-eyed men slept the sleep that none but sailors and soldiers know; and when they wakened, twelve hours later, stiff and sore, it was to look out on a calm, starlit evening, with an eastern moon silvering the surface of the long, north-bound rollers, and showing in sharp relief a dark horizon, on which there was no sign of land or sail.

They satisfied their hunger; then Boston, with a rusty iron pot from the galley, to which he fastened the end of his rope, dipped up some of the water from over the side. It was warm to the touch, and, aware that they were in the Gulf Stream, they crawled under the musty bedding in the cabin berths and slept through the night. In the morning there was no promise of the easterly wind that Boston hoped would come to blow them to port, and they secured their boat—reeving off davit tackles, and with the plug out, pulling it up, one end at a time, while the water drained out through the hole in the bottom.

"Now, Boston," said the doctor, "here we are, as you say, on the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, drifting out into the broad Atlantic at the rate of four miles an hour. We've got to make the best of it until something comes along; so you hunt through that store-room and see what else there is to eat, and I'll examine the cargo. I want to know where that acid went."

They opened all the hatches, and while Boston descended to the lazarette, the doctor, with his trousers rolled up, climbed down the notched steps in a stanchion. In a short time he came up with a yellow substance in his hand, which he washed thoroughly with fresh water in Boston's improvised draw-bucket, and placed in the sun to dry. Then he returned to the 'tween-deck. After a while Boston, rummaging the lazarette, heard him calling through the bulkhead, and joined him.

"Look here, Boston," said the doctor; "I've cleared away the muck over this hatch. It's caulked, as you sailormen call it. Help me get it up."

They dug the compacted oakum from the seams with their knives, and by iron rings in each corner, now eaten with rust to the thinness of wire, they lifted the hatch. Below was a filthy-looking layer of whitish substance, protruding from which were charred, half-burned staves. First they repeated the experiment with the smouldering rag, and finding that it burned, as before, they descended. The whitish substance was hard enough to bear their weight, and they looked around. Overhead, hung to the under-side of the deck and extending the length of the hold, were wooden tanks, charred, and in some places burned through.

"She must have been built for a passenger or troop ship," said Boston. "Those tanks would water a regiment."

"Boston," answered the doctor, irrelevantly, "will you climb up and bring down an oar from the boat? Carry it down—don't throw it, my boy." Boston obliged him, and the doctor, picking his way forward, then aft, struck each tank with the oar. "Empty—all of them," he said.

He dug out with his knife a piece of the whitish substance under foot, and examined it closely in the light of the hatch.

"Boston," he said, impressively, "this ship was loaded with lime, tallow, and acids—acids above, lime and tallow down here. This stuff is neither; it is lime soap. And, moreover, it has not been touched by acids." The doctor's ruddy face was ashen.

"Well?" asked Boston.

"Lime soap is formed by the causticizing action of lime on tallow in the presence of water and heat. It is easy to understand this fire. One of those tanks leaked and dribbled down on the cargo, attacking the lime, which was stowed underneath, as all these staves we see on top are from tallow-kids. The heat, generated by the slacking lime, set fire to the barrels in contact, which in turn set fire to others, and they burned until the air was exhausted, and then went out. See, they are but partly consumed. There was intense heat in this hold, and expansion of the water in all the tanks. Are tanks at sea filled to the top?"

"Chock-full, and a cap screwed down on the upper end of the pipes."

"As I thought. The expanding water burst every tank in the hold, and the cargo was deluged with water, which attacked every lime-barrel in the bottom layer, at least. Result—the bursting of those barrels from the ebullition of slacking lime, the melting of the tallow—which could not burn long in the closed-up space—and the mixing of it in the interstices of the lime-barrels with water and lime—a boiling hot mess. What happens under such conditions?"

"Give it up," said Boston, laconically.

"Lime soap is formed, which rises, and the water beneath is in time all taken up by the lime."

"But what of it?" interrupted the other.

"'EMPTY—ALL OF THEM,' HE SAID."

"Wait. I see that this hold and the 'tween-deck are lined with wood. Is that customary in iron ships?"

"Not now. It used to be a notion that an iron skin damaged the cargo; so the first iron ships were ceiled with wood."

"Are there any drains in the 'tween-deck to let water out, in case it gets into that deck from above—a sea, for instance?"

"Yes, always; three or four scupper-holes each side amidships. They lead the water into the bilges, where the pumps can reach it."

"I found up there," continued the doctor, "a large piece of wood, badly charred by acid for half its length, charred to a lesser degree for the rest. It was oval in cross section, and the largest end was charred most."

"Scupper plug. I suppose they plugged the 'tween-deck scuppers to keep any water they might ship out of the bilges and away from the lime."

"Yes, and those plugs remained in place for days, if not weeks or months, after the carboys burst, as indicated by the greater charring of the larger end of the plug. I burrowed under the *débris*, and found the hole which that plug fitted. It was worked loose, or knocked out of the hole by some internal movement of the broken carboys, perhaps. At any rate, it came out, after remaining in place long enough for the acids to become thoroughly mixed and for the hull to cool down. She was in the ice, remember. Boston, the mixed acid went down that hole, or others like it. Where is it now?"

"I suppose," said Boston, thoughtfully, "that it soaked up into the hold, through the skin."

"Exactly. The skin is caulked with oakum, is it not?" Boston nodded.

"That oakum would contract with the charring action, as did the oakum in the hatch, and every drop of that acid—10,000 gallons, as I have figured—has filtered up into the hold, with the exception of what remained between the frames under the skin. Have you ever studied chemistry?"

"Slightly."

"Then you can follow me. When tallow is saponified there is formed, from the palmitin, stearin, and olein contained, with the causticizing agent—in this case, lime—a soap. But there are two ends to every equation, and at the bottom of this immense soap vat, held in solution by the water, which would afterwards be taken up by the surplus lime, was the other end of this equation; and as the yield from tallow of this other product is about 30 per cent., and as we start with 8,000 50lb. kids—400,000lb.—all of which has disappeared, we can be sure that, sticking to the skin and sides of the barrels down here, is—or was once—120,000lb., or sixty tons, of the other end of the equation—glycerine!"

"Do you mean, Doc," asked Boston, with a startled look, "that——"

"I mean," said the doctor, emphatically, "that the first thing the acids—mixed in the 'tween-deck to the right proportions, mind you—would attack, on oozing through the skin, would be this glycerine; and the certain product of this union under intense cold—this hull was frozen in the ice, remember—would be nitro-glycerine; and as the yield of the explosive mixture is 220 per cent. of the glycerine, we can be morally sure that in the bottom of this hold, held firmly in a hard matrix of sulphate or nitrate of calcium—which would be formed next when the acids met the hydrates and carbonates of lime—is over 130 tons of nitro-glycerine, all the more explosive from not being washed of free acids. Come up on deck. I'll show you something else."

Limp and nerveless, Boston followed the doctor. This question was beyond his seamanship.

The doctor brought the yellow substance—now well dried. "I found plenty of this in the 'tween-deck," he said; "and I should judge they used it to pack between the carboy boxes. It was once cotton-batting. It is now, since I have washed it, a very good sample of gun-cotton. Get me a hammer—crowbar—something hard."

Boston brought a marline-spike from the locker, and the doctor, tearing off a small piece of the substance and placing it on the iron barrel of a gipsy-winch, gave it a hard blow with the marline-spike, which was nearly torn from his hand by the explosion that followed.

"We have in the 'tween-deck," said the doctor, as he turned, "about twice as many pounds of this stuff as they used to pack the carboys with; and, like the nitro-glycerine, it is the more easily exploded from the impurities and free acids. I washed this for safe handling. Boston, we are adrift on a floating bomb that would pulverize the Rock of Gibraltar!"

"But, doctor," asked Boston, as he leaned against the rail for support, "wouldn't there be evolution of heat from the action of the

acids on the lime—enough to explode the nitro-glycerine just formed?"

"The best proof that it did not explode is the fact that this hull still floats. The action was too slow, and it was very cold down there. But I can't yet account for the acids left in the bilges. What have they been doing all these fifty years?"

Boston found a sounding-rod in the locker, which he scraped bright with his knife; then, unlaying a strand of the rope for a line, sounded the pump-well. The rod came up dry, but with a slight discoloration on the lower end, which Boston showed to the doctor.

"The acids have expended themselves on the iron frames and plates. How thick are they?"

"Plates, about five-eighths of an inch; frames, like railroad iron."

"This hull is a shell! We won't get much salvage. Get up some kind of distress signal, Boston." Somehow the doctor was now the master spirit.

A flag was nailed to the mast, union down, to be blown to pieces with the first breeze; then another, and another, until the flag locker was exhausted. Then they hung out, piece after piece, all they could spare of the rotten bedding, until that too was exhausted. Then they found, in a locker of their boat, a flag of Free Cuba, which they decided not to waste, but to hang out only when a sail appeared.

But no sail appeared, and the craft, buffeted by gales and seas, drifted eastward, while the days became weeks, and the weeks became months. Twice she entered the Sargasso Sea—the graveyard of derelicts—to be blown out by friendly gales and resume her travels. Occasional rains replenished the stock of fresh water, but the food they found at first, with the exception of some cans of fruit, was all that came to light. The salt meat was leathery, and crumbled to a salty dust on exposure to the air. After a while their stomachs revolted at the diet of cold soup, and they ate only when hunger compelled them.

At first they had stood watch-and-watch, but the lonely horror of the long night vigils in the constant apprehension of instant death had affected them alike, and they gave it up, sleeping and watching together. They had taken care of their boat and provisioned it, ready to lower and pull into the track of any craft that might approach. But it was four months from the beginning of this strange voyage when the two men, gaunt and hungry—with ruined digestions and shattered nerves—saw, with joy which may be imagined, the first land and the first sail that gladdened their eyes after the gale in the Florida Channel.

A fierce gale from the south-west had been driving them, broadside on, in the trough of the sea, for the whole of the preceding day and night; and the land they now saw appeared to them a dark, ragged line of blue, early in the morning. Boston could only surmise that it was the coast of Portugal or Spain. The sail which lay between them and the land, about three miles to leeward, proved to be the try-sail of a white craft, hove-to, with bows nearly toward them.

Boston climbed the foremast with their only flag and secured it; then, from the high poop-deck, they watched the other craft,

"BOSTON CLIMBED THE FOREMAST WITH THEIR ONLY FLAG AND SECURED IT."

plunging and wallowing in the immense Atlantic combers, often raising her forefoot into plain view, again descending with a dive that hid the whole forward half of the craft in a white cloud of spume.

"If she was a steamer I'd call her a cruiser," said Boston; "one of Uncle Sam's white ones, with a storm-sail on her military mainmast. She has a ram bow, and—yes, sponsons and guns. That's what she is, with her funnels and bridge carried away."

"Isn't she right in our track, Boston?" asked the doctor, excitedly. "Hadn't she better get out of our way?"

"She's got steam up—a full head: see the escape-jet. She isn't helpless. If she don't launch a boat we'll take to ours and board her."

The distance lessened rapidly—the cruiser plunging up and down in the same spot, the derelict heaving to leeward in great swinging leaps, as the successive seas caught her, each one leaving her half a length further on. Soon they could make out the figures of men.

"Take us off," screamed the doctor, waving his arms, "and get out of our way!"

"We'll clear her," said Boston; "see, she's started her engine."

As they drifted down on the weather side of the cruiser they shouted repeatedly words of supplication and warning. They were answered by a solid shot from a secondary gun, which flew over their heads. At the same time the ensign of Spain was run up to the masthead.

"They're Spanish, Boston. They're firing on us. Into that boat with you! If a shot hits our cargo we won't know what struck us."

They sprang into the boat, which luckily hung on the lee side, and cleared the falls—fastened and coiled in the bow and stern. Often during their long voyage they had rehearsed the launching of the boat in a seaway—an operation requiring quick and concerted action.

"Ready, Doc?" sang out Boston. "One, two, three—let go!" The falls overhauled with a whir, and the falling boat, striking an uprising sea with a smack, sank with it. When it raised they unhooked the tackle-blocks, and pushed off with the oars just as a second shot hummed over their heads.

"Pull, Boston; pull hard—straight to windward!" cried the doctor.

The tight whaleboat shipped no water, and though they were pulling in the teeth of a furious gale, the hulk was drifting away from them, and in a short time they were separated from their late home by a full quarter-mile of angry sea. The cruiser had forged ahead in plain view, and, as they looked, took in the try-sail.

"She's going to wear," said Boston. "See, she's paying off."

"I don't know what 'wearing' means, Boston," panted the doctor, "but I know the Spanish nature. She's going to ram that hundred and thirty tons of nitro. Don't stop. Pull away. Hold on, there; hold on, you fools!" he shouted. "That's a torpedo; keep away from her!"

Forgetting his own injunction to pull away, the doctor stood up, waving his oar frantically, and Boston assisted. But if their shouts and gestures were understood aboard the cruiser they were ignored. She slowly turned in a wide curve and headed straight for the *Neptune*, which had drifted to leeward of her.

What was in the minds of the officers on that cruiser's deck will never be known. Cruisers of all nations hold roving commissions in regard to derelicts, and it is fitting and proper for one of them to gently prod a "vagrant of the sea" with the steel prow and send her below to trouble no more. But it may be that the sight of the Cuban flag, floating defiantly in the gale, had something to do with the speed at which the cruiser approached. When but half a length separated the two crafts a heavy sea lifted the bow of the cruiser high in air; then it sank, and the sharp steel ram came down like a butcher's cleaver on the side of the derelict.

A great semi-circular wall of red shut out the grey of the sea and sky to leeward, and for an instant the horrified men in the boat saw—as people see by a lightning flash—dark lines radiating from the centre of this red wall, and near this centre, poised on end in mid-air, with deck and sponsons still intact, a bowless, bottomless remnant of the cruiser. Then the spectacle went out in the darkness of unconsciousness; for a report, as of concentrated thunder, struck them down. A great wave left the hollow vortex in the sea, which threw the boat on end, and with the inward rush of surrounding water arose a mighty grey cone, which subsided to a hollow, while another wave followed the first. Again and again this grey pillar rose and fell, each subsidence marked by the sending forth of a wave. And long before these concentric waves had lost themselves

"POISED ON END IN MID-AIR, WITH DECK AND SPONSONS STILL INTACT, A BOWLESS, BOTTOMLESS REMNANT OF THE CRUISER."

in the battle with the storm-driven combers from the ocean, the half-filled boat, with her unconscious passengers, had drifted over the spot where lay the shattered remnant, which, with the splintered fragments of wood and iron strewn on the surface and bottom of the sea for a mile around, and the lessening cloud of dust in the air, was all that was left of the derelict *Neptune* and one of the finest cruisers in the Spanish navy.

A few days later two exhausted, half-starved men pulled a whaleboat up to the steps of the wharf at Cadiz, where they told some lies and sold their boat. Six months later these two men, sitting at a camp-fire of the Cuban army, read from a discoloured newspaper, brought ashore with the last supplies, the following:—

By cable to the *Herald*.

CADIZ, March 13, 1895.—Anxiety for the safety of the *Reina Regente* has grown rapidly to-day, and this evening it is feared, generally, that she went down with her four hundred and twenty souls in the storm which swept the southern coast on Sunday night and Monday morning. Despatches from Gibraltar say that pieces of a boat and several semaphore flags belonging to the cruiser came ashore at Ceuta and Tarifa this afternoon.

Pruning the Great Hedge of Meikleour.

By Allan Blair.

Illustrations from Photographs by the Author.

AMERICA boasts of its big trees, but "puir auld Scotland" is the locale of *the* Beech Hedge, the highest hedge known, one of the arboreal wonders of the world. The hedge is situated about four miles from the popular summer resort of Blairgowrie, and near by Meikleour, one of the prettiest little villages in Scotland. Bordering the grounds of Meikleour House, the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and presently tenanted by the Duke of Bedford, the hedge extends along the side of the Perth Road for nearly half a mile, and attains a height of 100ft. It is believed to have been planted in 1745, and it is stated that men working at the wall, or dyke, in front of it hurried off to take their part in the last struggle of Prince Charlie at Culloden, in 1746. The hedge is situated in a most lovely locality, and approaching it from Blairgowrie the visitor traverses a roadway bordered by magnificent trees, a fit preparation for the sylvan triumph waiting at his journey's end.

THE HEDGE IN ITS GLORY.

Our first photograph shows the hedge in its midsummer glory. Standing at the top of the Craw Law, as the hill beside the hedge is called, one sees before him a beautiful wall of greenery, solid in texture, and varied in the delicate colourings of the beech. The first feeling is one of astonishment at the size of the hedge, and this is succeeded by an admiration for the proprietors of the estate who, through all these years, by judicious and systematic pruning, have retained the characteristics of a hedge in the massive specimen now before us.

The hedge is pruned to a height of 80ft., and, as can easily be imagined, this is a work of no mean magnitude, and not to be undertaken lightly. It is ten years since it was last done, and the writer was fortunate in securing several photographs at the pruning operations in April of this year. The pruning, which lasts about three weeks, is performed by the men on the estate, under the superintendence of Mr. D. Matheson, the land steward. Three men are usually employed on the work—two at the actual work of pruning, while the third remains on the road to see that no damage is caused by the falling branches; but on the occasion of our visit only two were engaged on the work. Naturally, the foresters' clothes do not receive the tenderest treatment, and they are each presented with a pair of new trousers on the completion of the work.

CUTTING THE UNDERGROWTH.

Arriving at the hedge in the early morning we were in time to get a snap-shot of the foresters' advent on the scene of their labours. The photograph at the end of this article shows clearly the height to which the hedge is pruned from the special ladder, seen in the distance; above that the pruning is carried on by the foresters climbing the main trunks and cutting the branches with pruning-hooks. The first part of the trimming is the cutting of the undergrowth as high as the men can reach. The photograph above showing the men at this stage of the work also gives a good representation of the old, moss-grown dyke, built by the heroes of Culloden before they left for that closing scene of "the '45"—we dare hardly call it the rebellion of '45.

The next photograph shows the men at work on the ladder specially constructed for this operation. The ladder is made after the manner of the portable "steps" used in warehouses, but, of course, on a much larger scale. It is a little over 30ft. high, and as a ladder of this size is rather unwieldy, it is mounted on four wheels, by means of which it is possible for the men to shift it as they advance with their labours.

The roadway slopes down towards the hedge; this gives the ladder an inclination to the hedge, so that it is not easily overturned; still, during a heavy wind the men find it impossible to continue at their work, owing to the oscillation of the ladder and the danger involved.

After the men have pruned to the full extent of the ladder there is still about 50ft. to be pruned. To accomplish this the men climb the trees forming the hedge, and from this dizzy height lop off the extending branches. The next photograph depicts them at this hazardous task. High

USING THE LADDER.

up, silhouetted against the sky, is "Dougal" wielding his pruning-hook; while lower down, in the neighbouring tree, is his companion, poised on an outstanding branch, contributing his quota to the work of preserving the symmetry of this monument of Nature's handiwork. A small saw at the end of a pole is used to lop off the branches that cannot otherwise be reached. This is found preferable to the averruncator, as the worker can use it with one hand, while with the other he steadies himself on his elevated perch; both hands are necessary to work the averruncator, and, as might be supposed, both hands cannot be spared for this purpose. In climbing, the men are not roped to the hedge in any way; and, dangerous though the work may appear to the casual observer, the men take it as part of the "day's darg," and no accident has ever happened. Each man carries in his pocket a piece of string, so that should he chance to drop his pruning-hook, he lowers the string, his companion on the road ties it to the pruning-hook, and the workman, pulling in the string, recovers his tool without the necessity of leaving his position. Both men shown in the photograph were employed on this same job ten years ago, a fact that speaks well for employer and employed.

THE PRUNERS ALOFT.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ONE of the characteristics of the House of Commons that endear it to the student of manners is its absolute freedom from snobbishness. It is no respecter of persons. Trojan and Tyrean are one to it. What it likes above all things is a man of capacity, of simple manner, with the gift of conveying information and argument in lucid speech. Whether he be born heir to a peerage or whether he passed some years of early life in a coal mine affects its judgment only in the direction of securing more indulgent attention to one of the latter class.

It is human and English to the extent that, at the bottom of its heart, it loves a lord. But if strained imagination may go the length of conjuring a stupid man bearing a lordly title, his attempts at engaging its favourable attention would not meet with greater success than if his father had been a tailor. The case of Lord Randolph Churchill illustrates the situation. Undoubtedly the fact that his father was a duke gave him a favourable opening. Had he failed to seize and make the most of it, an armful of dukes would not have helped him. Had he come of a line of tradesmen he would, perhaps a little more slowly but inevitably, have reached the position he eventually won in the House of Commons.

A WELSH ORATOR, MR. WILLIAM JONES, M.P.

One of the most successful speeches of the present Session was delivered by a Welsh member who, according to his own modest record, set forth in the pages of "Dod," served as a schoolmaster in Wales, and, coming to London, became assistant master in a Board School, finally advancing to a tutorship at Oxford. Yet Mr. William Jones, unexpectedly interposing in debate on the question of the establishment of a Catholic University in Dublin, instantly commanded the attention of the House, which, filling as he went on, sat in the attitude of entranced attention familiar in moments when it was addressed by John Bright or Mr. Gladstone.

The secret of this rare triumph is that Mr. Jones very rarely interposes in debate: that he knows what he is talking about; that his lips are touched with the fire of that eloquence possible only to the Celt; and that his manner is modest almost to the verge of timidity. There are men who would barter coronets or great wealth for the reception spontaneously accorded to the unassuming Welsh schoolmaster. In the House of Commons neither rank nor money could purchase it.

AN EARLY PORTRAIT AND A FORECAST.

Many people are familiar with a description of the personal appearance of Mr. Gladstone in his earliest days in the House of Commons without knowing the source of its origin. "Mr. Gladstone's appearance and manners," it was written in the Session of 1838, "are much in his favour. He is a fine-looking man. He is about the usual height and of good figure. His countenance is mild and pleasant, and has a highly intellectual expression. His eyes are clear and quick, his eyebrows are dark and rather prominent. There is not a dandy in the House but envies what Truefitt would call his fine head of jet-black hair. It is always carefully parted from the crown downwards to his brow, where it is tastefully shaded. His features are small and regular, and his complexion must be a very unworthy witness if he does not possess an abundant stock of health."

The quotation is from a work entitled "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons." It was published in 1838 anonymously, a fortunate arrangement, since it permitted the author that freer scope of description and criticism that makes his work precious to succeeding generations. I have the good fortune to possess a copy of the first edition in its old-fashioned, paper-boarded covers. Looking up the familiar quotation, the only passage of the book that survives in current literature, it is amusing to find this shrewd observer's estimate of the possibilities of the young member for Newark.

"He is," wrote Mr. James Grant—there is no secret now about the authorship of the work—"a man of very considerable talent, but has nothing approaching to genius. His abilities are much more the result of an excellent education and of mature study than of any prodigality on the part of Nature in the distribution of her mental gifts. I have no idea that he will ever acquire the reputation of a great statesman. His views are not sufficiently profound or enlarged for that. . . . He is plausible even when most in error. When it suits himself or his party he can apply himself with the strictest closeness to the real point at issue; when to evade that point is deemed most politic no man can wander from it more widely."

That last passage is excellent. Written more than sixty years ago, it exactly describes Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary practice up to the date of his final appearance at the table.

PITT'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

Mr. Grant, I believe, lived long enough to see his early judgment of Mr. Gladstone's capabilities falsified. Prophesying before he knew, he had, however, the satisfaction of erring in distinguished company. George Selwyn heard Pitt's first speech in the House of Commons, and, writing to Lord Carlisle, under date 13th June, 1781, he says, "I heard yesterday young Pitt; I came down into the House to judge for myself. He is a young man who will undoubtedly make his way in the world by his abilities. But to give him credit for being very extraordinary upon what I heard yesterday would be absurd. If the oration had been pronounced equally well by a young man whose name was not of the same renown, and if the matter and expression had come without that prejudice, all which could have been said was that he was a sensible and promising young man."

LORD ROSEBERY.

"The Earl of Rosebery has an aversion which nothing but some powerful consideration can overcome to take any active part in great national questions. He acquits himself in his addresses to the House in a very respectable manner. He speaks with great emphasis, as if every sentence he uttered were the result of deep conviction. The earnestness of his manner always insures him an attentive hearing, and adds much to the effect of what he says. His speeches usually indicate an acquaintance with their subject. His elocution would be considered good were it not that its effect is impaired by his very peculiar voice—so peculiar that I know not how to describe it. All I can say respecting it is that a person who has once heard it will never forget it.

"He always speaks with sufficient loudness to be audible in all parts of the House. He seldom falters, and still more rarely hesitates for want of suitable phraseology. His language is in good taste, without being polished. His addresses never extend to any length, but they are comprehensive. There is generally as much matter-of-fact or argument in them as a more wordy speaker would swell out to double the extent.

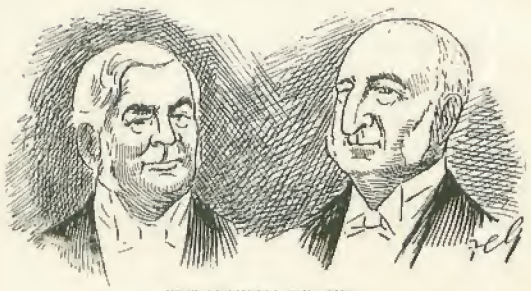
"His action requires but little notice. He is a quiet speaker. His body stands nearly as still as if he were transfixed. He now and then moves both hands at once just as if he were waving them to some friend he recognised at a distance.

"The noble Earl is slightly below the middle height, with a moderate inclination to corpulency. His complexion partakes more of sallowness than of any other quality I could name. His hair has something of a greyish colour. In the features of his face there is nothing peculiar. He looks a good-natured man, and I believe he is so in reality. He is in his fifty-fifth year."

If he were alive now he would be in his 117th. As the reader, misled by the opening sentence, would begin to suspect, this pen-and-ink sketch does not refer to the Earl of Rosebery who fills so large and luminous a space in the closing years of the Victorian era. It was his grandfather, the fourth Earl, who sat in the first Parliament of the Queen, and in succeeding ones up to the year 1868. The sketch, penned in 1838, is taken from the same lively volume that enshrines the more familiar portrait of young William Ewart Gladstone.

AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

Lord Ashbourne is not only a charming after-dinner speaker himself, but was at least on one evening the cause of a *tour de*

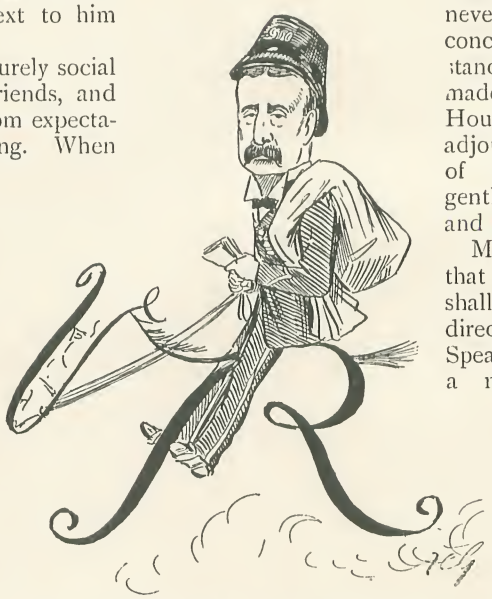


POST-PRANDIAL HUMOUR.
LORD ASHBOURNE AND MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

force in after-dinner speaking by another. On the occasion alluded to Lord Ashbourne was, as he often is, a host in himself. The dinner was given at the United Service Club, to welcome Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, on one of those not infrequent visits to London with which he tempers his exile as Her Majesty's Minister at Madrid. The Marquis of Londonderry sat on Lord Ashbourne's right, and next to him Mr. Chauncey Depew.

It was a small and purely social dinner amongst old friends, and nothing was remoter from expectation than speech-making. When the servants had left the room, to everyone's surprise the host rose to propose a toast to the health of the Marquis of Londonderry and Her Majesty's Minister at Madrid.

I never saw a man so annoyed as was Lord Londonderry. He had come out for a pleasant evening, and here was thrust upon him the burden of after-dinner speech-making. If coals had suddenly gone down half a crown in price his countenance could not have more nearly resembled their colour. Drummond Wolff, on the contrary, was quite elate. A charming after-dinner speaker, he welcomed this unexpected opportunity of displaying his talent.



LORD LONDONDERRY (THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL).

Lord Ashbourne went on for some time, expatiating on the high qualities of Lord Londonderry, and extolling the diplomatic talent of Drummond Wolff. "With your permission," he added, in an abruptly concluding sentence, "I will call upon Mr. Chauncey Depew to respond to the toast."

The surprise was complete, not least for Chauncey Depew. But in a moment he was on his legs, and made response which for wit and appropriateness could not have been exceeded by an ordinary man with the advantage of a week's preparation.

PUTTING THE HOUSE IN ORDER.

Mr. Duncombe, with the courage and the authority of a still young member, has drafted a somewhat elaborate scheme for the further reform of procedure in the House of Commons. He has sat for Egremont long enough to have been present when the House was brought to the verge of a curious crisis. The Speaker being indisposed, the Chairman of Ways and Means took the chair. One day it was whispered that the Chairman had been attacked by the prevailing scourge. If he were laid up, the Speaker meanwhile confined to his room, chaos would come. Parliament, in its wisdom, never contemplated such concatenation of circumstance. No provision was made to meet it, and the House must needs stand adjourned till one or other of the right honourable gentlemen recovered health and strength.

Mr. Duncombe proposes that the Standing Order shall be amended in the direction of giving the Speaker power to nominate a member who, in the absence of the Chairman of Ways and Means, shall be authorized to perform his duties and exercise his full powers. Such action is to be taken by the Speaker upon receiving a written request from the Leader of the House.

Whilst the adaption of this new rule would avert what might possibly be a grave inconvenience to public business consequent on the simultaneous illness of the Speaker and his Deputy, Mr. Duncombe probably has in view another and more familiar hitch. At the commencement of every Session the Speaker nominates three members to serve upon occasion as Chairman of Ways and Means. The appointment does not carry with it authority to submit the closure. The consequence is that, when the Chairman of Ways and Means is temporarily absent, whether through illness or after an exceptionally long spell in the chair, the work of Committee must be carried on without the inestimable advantage of the once-contemned closure.

Such state of things frequently befalls in the effort to wind up a Session. The Chairman of Committees having sat through a dozen or sixteen hours at a stretch must take a rest. If the Prorogation is to be accomplished at a desired date, the Committee

of Supply must be kept pegging away at the Votes. There are temporary Chairmen at hand, but they may not put the question involving the closure. Obstruction is consequently for the time master of the situation.

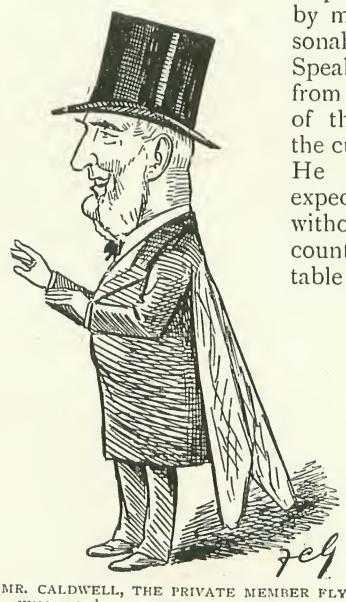
REARRANGING THE WEEK'S WORK.

Another reform suggested by Mr. Duncombe affects the established order of business through the week. At present, Government business has absolute precedence on Mondays and Thursdays, whilst Friday is set apart for Committee of Supply. Tuesday nights, at least up to Easter, are the property of private members, who use the occasion to bring forward notices of motion on miscellaneous topics. Wednesdays also belong to the private member for the purpose of furthering Bills.

Mr. Duncombe has a really ingenious and, from some points of view, an attractive plan of rearranging business. He would have Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday allotted for Government business. Instead of meeting on Wednesday at noon and sitting till six he would have the arrangement transferred to Friday. Wednesday being transformed into an ordinary night sitting should take the place of Friday, inasmuch as it would be devoted to Supply.

This is an innocent-looking plan, but the private member is not so simple as in individual cases he looks. Greedy Governments have long poached on his domain with morning sittings and the like, leading up to the flat burglary of appropriating all his time after Whitsuntide. The adoption of Mr. Duncombe's plan would make a final end of the private member and his efforts at legislation. It would mean the practical adjournment of the House after Wednesday night's sitting. Members not personally interested in the motion set down for Thursday night, or the Bill having first place on the Orders for Friday, would compensate themselves for close attendance on the first three days of the week by making holiday from Thursday to Monday afternoon.

Whether the country would be materially the worse for this hamstringing of amateur legislation is a delicate question that need not be here discussed. I believe Mr. Balfour is disposed to view the scheme with favour. It is quite certain that the private member, representing the fly, will not walk into the parlour the door of which is so invitingly opened by the ingenuous inheritor of a familiar Parliamentary name.



MR. CALDWELL, THE PRIVATE MEMBER FLY WHO WON'T WALK INTO THE PARLOUR.

THE SPEAKER'S DINNERS.

Nothing has been heard in the present Parliament of a movement which was a source of some embarrassment to Mr. Gully's predecessor in the Chair. In accordance with immemorial usages members of the House of Commons invited to dine with the Speaker in the Session are required to wear Court dress. To some members this is, whether from inadequate means or conscientious objections, a bar to acceptance of the prized privilege. In the Parliament chosen at the General Election of 1880 there was a considerable accession of what are known as working-men members. These were invited in due turn, the Speaker judiciously handicapping personal preference by invoking alphabetical order.

In view of the essential condition of Court dress the Labour members were obliged to absent themselves from the hospitable board. A petition was got up, signed by many more than those personally concerned, begging the Speaker to permit variations from the rule. But the Speaker of the House of Commons is the custodian of great traditions. He might as reasonably be expected to appear in the Chair without wig and gown as to countenance at his official table guests who wore not the wedding garment.

FREE AND EASY.

Mr. Peel's kindly instincts and hospitable intent on one occasion got over the difficulty. In supplement to his Wednesday evening banquets, when members cluster round him in Court dress, he gave a non-official dinner at which—as in quite other circumstances at Lord Onslow's charming dinners in Richmond Terrace — it was optional for guests to present themselves either in morning or evening dress. There were thirty-six present, twelve representing in the House of Commons Labour constituencies. Each of these was sandwiched between

two other members of the House, and a most delightful evening was spent.

Among the Welsh members was the gentleman known in the Principality as "Mabon." Someone suggested that the honourable member could sing. "Mabon" blushed assent. The Speaker's pleasure being taken, "Mabon" rose to his feet and trolled forth a lightsome Welsh ditty.

In the dining-room at Speaker's House three centuries of Speakers look down from the walls on the more or less festive dinner-scene. What they thought of this particular occasion is, for obvious reasons, not recorded.

"MABON."

TAKING THE OATH.

Members of the present House of Commons observing the not infrequent occurrence of new members, unchallenged, electing to make declaration instead of taking the oath, find it difficult to realize the storm that raged round the question in the days of Mr. Bradlaugh. That devout men like the late Lord Randolph Churchill, the happily still living Sir Henry Wolff, and Sir John Gorst should have fought Mr. Bradlaugh's claim tooth and nail is not a matter of marvel, more especially as Mr. Gladstone was committed to its support. What is more significant of deeply-stirred feeling at the time is the fact that scores of Liberals, just returned at the General Election in the train of Mr. Gladstone, revolted, dealing the Government a blow on the very threshold of its career, from which it never recovered.

The question, in a different form, was earlier fought, with equal bitterness, in respect of the admission to Parliament of Jews and Roman Catholics. Now it is quite a common thing to see a newly-elected member standing at the Table wearing his hat as he takes the oath, in sign of his Jewish faith.

PROTESTANTS AND CATHOLICS.

I wonder how many members of the present House know that within the last half century there were two forms of oath, one for the Protestant, one for the Roman Catholic? Mr. Gladstone remembered the scene in the House of Commons on a November day in 1837, when the newly-elected Parliament was sworn in. Then, as now, the performance was hastened by carrying it on in batches. As many members as could manage clustering together to touch the Bible repeated the oath in chorus.

I gathered from Mr. Gladstone's story that in those days members repeated the oath aloud. When opposition to Roman Catholics enjoying full civil rights was overcome—and Pitt, it will be remembered, was, after strenuous effort, beaten on the point by that eminent statesman George III. — Protestants insisted upon retention of the privilege of denouncing Roman Catholics in the oath of allegiance taken at the Table of the House of Commons. It was, Mr. Gladstone said, a most uncompromising performance, Roman Catholics being described as idolaters destined to everlasting perdition.

What engraved the circumstance on the tablets of his memory, legible after an interval of sixty years, was that at a table adjoining that at which the young member for Newark and a dozen other stalwart Protestants were vigorously cursing their Catholic colleagues stood Daniel O'Connell, quietly taking the form of oath prepared for members of his faith.

"He could not fail," said Mr. Gladstone, "to have heard the chorus of our charitable performance."

SUB-EDITING QUESTIONS.

There are few things in a small way more irritating to members of the House of Commons than the censorship their questions undergo at the hands of the clerks at the Table. It is a wholesome restriction that the manuscript of all questions addressed to Ministers shall be handed in at the Table. They are read, usually by the second clerk, and sent on to the printer, sometimes with serious emendations. It is a common occurrence for members, especially gentlemen from Ireland, to make public complaint on submitting their question that its text has been so manipulated as to have lost its point. That is to say, in inquiring about delay in delivery of letters at Clonakilty or Ballyma-

hooly, the Clerk at the Table has struck out a broad hint that the Minister to whom the question is addressed was guiltily cognizant of the secret of the sudden death of a connexion on his wife's side.

So deeply rooted is the feeling of resentment at tampering with literary work to whose composition a full hour may have been devoted, that this Session a member so little given to revolt as Mr. Kimber came in contact with the authority of the Chair by insistence on the reinstatement of the original text of his question. In this case there was no wanton and groundless insinuation of foul play suffered by a mother-in-law. The Clerk at the Table thought some passages were irrelevant and struck them out. Mr. Kimber complained that the first intimation of the matter he received was when he opened his copy of the Orders and found his prize prose-poem of a question reduced to baldest limits. He attempted to graft upon the stem of his remarks the suppressed cutting, so that the House might judge between him and the Clerk at the Table. The Speaker was down on him like a thunderbolt, frustrating a familiar device.

In this particular case the Speaker admitted that he had not been made aware of drastic dealing with the manuscript. But, according to his constant ruling, he peremptorily declined to permit discussion of the procedure at the Table or repetition of the words struck out of the question. Mr. Kimber was compelled to accept the changeling which bore his name in the list of questions, though, as he dolefully said, he was not able to recognise it.

PREPARING FOR A SITTING.

Mr. Gully is equal to all occasions, and met this unexpected outburst with his accustomed firmness and urbanity. As a rule he is warned beforehand of anything in the wind by the simple process of a conference which precedes each sitting of the House. On every day the House meets the clerks at the Table have an audience of the Speaker. They draw his attention to any point of order likely to be raised in the course of the forthcoming sitting. The situation is discussed, precedents are looked up, and when the whirlwind rises the Speaker is prepared to ride upon it.

THE SPEAKER RIDING ON THE WHIRLWIND.

DOUBLE HONOURS.

The Earl of Onslow holds exceptional position in Parliament by reason of the fact that two of his ancestors became Speakers of the House of Commons. That is a matter of public record. There is another, less familiar, fact which establishes the unique position of the Under Secretary for the India Office. Twice has he moved the Address in the House of Lords.

The first occasion was the 5th of February, 1880, the principal topics of the Queen's Speech having reference to the capture and deposition of Cetewayo and the Afghan invasion after the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari. The second time was on the 19th of August, 1886, Parliament having met immediately after the General Election that smashed Home Rule and sent the Liberal Party into the wilderness. On that occasion the noble Earl was able to approve the decision announced in the Queen's Speech, that in view of the date Her Majesty abstained from recommending for the consideration of Parliament any measures save those essential to the conduct of the public service during the remainder of the year.

Invitation to move or second the Address in either House is a compliment highly prized. How it came about that it should be thus lavished upon an individual is not explained. Lord Onslow modestly surmises that Lord Salisbury forgot the honour had already been bestowed upon him. It is equally reasonable to suppose that the Premier cherished such pleased recollections of the glowing eloquence of the speech on the 5th February, 1880, that, like a person who shall here be nameless, he in August, 1886, "asked for more."

Melisande; or, The Long-Haired Princess.

A Story for Children.

By E. Nesbit.

WHEN the Princess Melisande was born, her mother, the Queen, wished to have a christening party, but the King put his foot down and said he would not have it.

"I've seen too much trouble come of christening parties," said he. "However carefully you keep your visiting-book, some fairy or other is sure to get left out, and you know what *that* leads to. Why, even in my own family, the most shocking things have occurred. The Fairy Malevola was not asked to my great-grandmother's christening—and you know all about the spindle and the hundred years' sleep."

"Perhaps you're right," said the Queen. "My own cousin by marriage forgot some stuffy old fairy or other when she was sending out the cards for her daughter's christening, and the old wretch turned up at the last moment, and the girl drops toads out of her mouth to this day."

"Just so, said the King; "we'll have no nonsense about it. I'll be her godfather and you shall be her godmother, and we won't ask a single fairy, then none of them can be offended."

"Unless they all are," said the Queen.

And that was exactly what happened. When the King and the Queen and the baby got back from the christening the parlourmaid met them at the door, and said:—

"Please, your Majesty, several ladies have called. I told them you were not at home, but they all said they'd wait."

"Are they in the parlour?" asked the Queen.

"I've shown them into the Throne Room, your Majesty," said the parlourmaid. "You see, there are several of them."

There were about seven hundred. The great Throne Room was crammed with fairies, of all ages and of all degrees of beauty and ugliness—good fairies and bad fairies, flower fairies and moon fairies, fairies like spiders and fairies like butterflies—and as the Queen opened the door and began to say how sorry she was to have kept them waiting, they all cried, with one voice, "Why didn't you ask *me* to your christening party?"

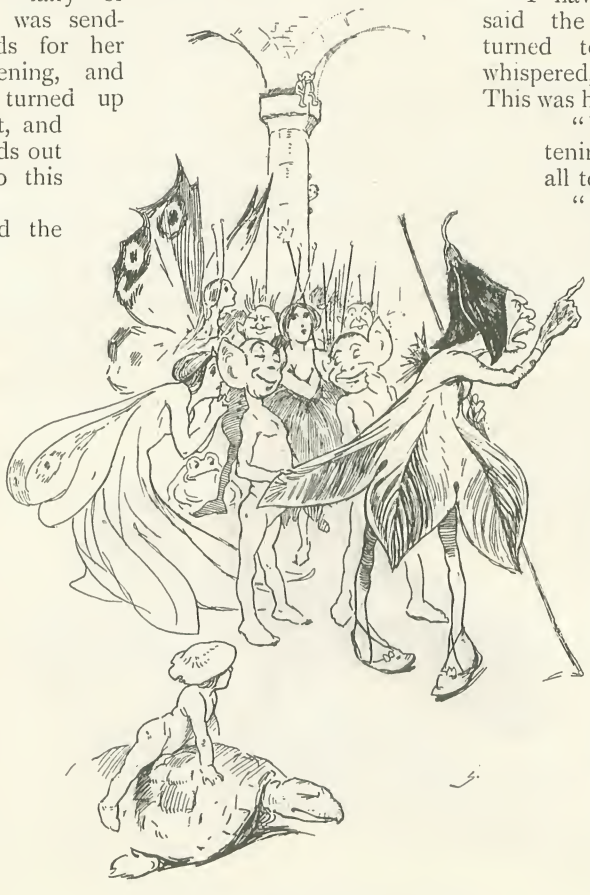
"I haven't had a party," said the Queen, and she turned to the King and whispered, "I told you so." This was her only consolation.

"You've had a christening," said the fairies, all together.

"I'm very sorry," said the poor Queen, but Malevola pushed forward and said, "Hold your tongue," most rudely.

Malevola is the oldest, as well as the most wicked, of the fairies. She is deservedly unpopular, and has been left out of more christening parties than all the rest of the fairies put together.

"Don't begin to make excuses," she said, shaking her finger at the Queen. "That only makes your conduct worse. You know well enough what happens if a fairy is



"'DON'T BEGIN TO MAKE EXCUSES,' SHE SAID."

left out of a christening party. We are all going to give our christening presents now. As the fairy of highest social position, I shall begin. The Princess shall be bald."

The Queen nearly fainted as Malevola drew back, and another fairy, in a smart bonnet with snakes in it, stepped forward with a rustle of bats' wings. But the King stepped forward too.

"No you don't!" said he. "I wonder at you, ladies, I do indeed. How can you be so unfairylike? Have none of you been to school—have none of you studied the history of your own race? Surely you don't need a poor, ignorant King like me to tell you that this is *no go?*"

"How dare you?" cried the fairy in the bonnet, and the snakes in it quivered as she tossed her head. "It is my turn, and I say the Princess shall be——"

The King put his hand over her mouth.

"Look here," he said; "I won't have it. Listen to reason—or you'll be sorry afterwards. A fairy who breaks the traditions of fairy history goes out—you know she does—like the flame of a candle. And all tradition shows that only *one* bad fairy is ever forgotten at a christening party and the good ones are always invited; so either this is not a christening party, or else you were all invited except one, and, by her own showing, that was Malevola. It nearly always is. Do I make myself clear?"

Several of the better-class fairies who had been led away by Malevola's influence murmured that there was something in what His Majesty said.

"Try it, if you don't believe me," said the King; "give your nasty gifts to my innocent child—but as sure as you do, out you go, like a candle-flame. Now, then, will you risk it?"

No one answered, and presently several fairies came up to the Queen and said what a pleasant party it had been, but they really must be going. This example decided the rest. One by one all the fairies said good-bye and thanked the Queen for the delightful afternoon they had spent with her.

"It's been quite too lovely," said the lady with the bonnet; "*do* ask us again soon, dear Queen. I shall be so *longing* to see you again, and the *dear* baby," and off she went, with the snake-trimming quivering more than ever.

When the very last fairy was gone the Queen ran to look at the baby—she tore off its Honiton lace cap and burst into tears. For all the baby's downy golden hair came off with the cap, and the Princess Melisande was as bald as an egg.

"Don't cry, my love," said the King. "I have a wish lying by, which I've never had occasion to use. My fairy godmother gave it me for a wedding present, but since then I've had nothing to wish for!"

"Thank you, dear," said the Queen, smiling through her tears.

"I'll keep the wish till baby grows up," the King went on. "And then I'll give it to her, and if she likes to wish for hair she can."

"Oh, won't you wish for it *now?*" said the Queen, dropping mixed tears and kisses on the baby's round head.

"No, dearest. She may want something else more when she grows up. And besides, her hair may grow by itself."

But it never did. Princess Melisande grew up as beautiful as the sun and as good as gold, but never a hair grew on that little head of hers. The Queen sewed her a little cap of green silk, and the Princess's pink and white face looked out of this like a flower peeping out of its bud. And every day as she grew older she grew dearer, and as she grew dearer she grew better, and as she grew more good she grew more beautiful.

Now, when she was grown up the Queen said to the King:—

"My love, our dear daughter is old enough to know what she wants. Let her have the wish."

So the King wrote to his fairy godmother and sent the letter by a butterfly. He asked if he might hand on to his daughter the wish the fairy had given him for a wedding present.

"I have never had occasion to use it," said he, "though it has always made me happy to remember that I had such a thing in the house. The wish is as good as new, and my daughter is now of an age to appreciate so valuable a present."

To which the fairy replied by return of butterfly:—

"DEAR KING,—Pray do whatever you like with my poor little present. I had quite forgotten it, but I am pleased to think that you have treasured my humble keepsake all these years.

"Your affectionate godmother,

"FORTUNA F."

So the King unlocked his gold safe with the seven diamond-handled keys that hung at his girdle, and took out the wish and gave it to his daughter.

And Melisande said: "Father, I will wish that all your subjects should be quite happy."

But they were that already, because the King and Queen were so good. So the wish did not go off.

So then she said: "Then I wish them all to be good."

But they were that already, because they were happy. So again the wish hung fire.

Then the Queen said: "Dearest, for my sake wish what I tell you."

"Why, of course I will," said Melisande. The Queen whispered in her ear, and Melisande nodded. Then she said, aloud:—

"I wish I had golden hair a yard long, and that it would grow an inch every day, and grow twice as fast every time it was cut, and——"

"Stop," cried the King. And the wish went off, and the next moment the Princess stood smiling at him through a shower of golden hair.

"Oh, how lovely," said the Queen. "What a pity you interrupted her, dear; she hadn't finished."

"What was the end?" asked the King.

"Oh," said Melisande, "I was only going to say, 'and twice as thick.'"

"It's a very good thing you didn't," said her father. "You've done about enough." For he had a mathematical mind, and could do the sums about the grains of wheat on the chess-board, and the nails in the horse's shoes, in his Royal head without any trouble at all.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the Queen.

"You'll know soon enough," said the King. "Come, let's be happy while we may. Give me a kiss, little Melisande, and then go to nurse and ask her to teach you how to comb your hair."

"I know," said Melisande; "I've often combed mother's."

"Your mother has beautiful hair," said the King; "but I fancy you will find your own less easy to manage."

And, indeed, it was so. The Princess's hair began by being a yard long, and it grew an inch every night. If you know anything at all about the simplest sums you will see that in about five weeks her hair was about two yards long. This is a very inconvenient length. It trails on the floor and sweeps up all the dust, and though in palaces, of course, it is all gold-dust, still it is not nice to have it in your hair. And the Princess's hair was growing an inch every night. When it was three yards long the Princess could not bear it any longer—it was so heavy and so hot—so she borrowed nurse's cutting-out scissors and cut it all off, and then for a few hours she was comfortable. But the hair went on growing, and now it grew twice as fast as before; so that in thirty-six days it was as long as ever. The poor Princess cried with tiredness, and when she couldn't bear it any more she cut it off, and was comfortable for a very little time. For the hair now grew four times as fast as at first, and in eighteen days it was as long as before, and she had to have it cut. Then it grew eight inches a day, and the next time it was cut it grew sixteen inches a day, and then thirty-two inches and sixty-four inches and a hundred and twenty-eight inches a day, and so on, growing twice as fast after each cutting, till the Princess would go to bed at night with her hair clipped short, and wake up in the morning with yards and yards and yards of golden hair flowing all about the room, so that she could not move without pulling her own hair, and nurse had to come in and cut her hair off before she could get out of bed.

"I wish I was bald again," sighed poor Melisande, looking at the little green cap she used to wear, and she cried herself to sleep o' nights between the growing billows of the golden hair. But she never let her mother see her cry, because it was the Queen's fault, and Melisande did not want to seem to reproach her.

When first the Princess's hair grew her mother sent locks of it to all her Royal relations, who had them set in rings and brooches. Later, the Queen was able to send enough for bracelets and girdles. But presently so much hair was cut off that they had to burn it. Then when autumn came all the crops failed; it seemed as though all the gold of harvest had gone into the Princess's hair. And there was a famine. Then Melisande said:—

"It seems a pity to waste all my hair; it grows so very fast. Couldn't we stuff things with it, or something, and sell them, to feed the people?"

So the King called a council of merchants, and they sent out samples of the Princess's hair, and soon orders came pouring in; and the Princess's hair became the staple export of that country. They stuffed pillows with it, and they stuffed beds with it. They made ropes of it for sailors to use, and curtains for hanging in Kings' palaces. They made haircloth of it, for hermits and people who wished to be uncomfy. But it was so soft and silky that it only made them happy

and warm, which they did not wish to be. So the hermits gave up wearing it, and, instead, mothers bought it for their little babies, and all well-born infants wore little shirts of Princess-haircloth.

And still the hair grew and grew. And the people were fed and the famine came to an end.

Then the King said: "It was all very well while the famine lasted—but now I shall write to my fairy godmother and see if something cannot be done."

So he wrote and sent the letter by a skylark, and by return of bird came this answer:—

"Why not advertise for a competent Prince? Offer the usual reward."

So the King sent out his heralds all over the world to proclaim that any respectable Prince with proper references should marry the Princess Melisande if he could stop her hair growing.

Then from far and near came trains of Princes anxious to try their luck, and they brought all sorts of nasty things with them in bottles and round wooden boxes. The Princess tried all the remedies, but she did not like any of them, and she did not like any of the Princes, so in her heart she was rather glad that none of the nasty things in bottles and boxes made the least difference to her hair.

The Princess had to sleep in the great Throne Room now, because no other room was big enough to hold her and her hair. When she woke in the morning the long high room would be quite full of her golden hair, packed tight and thick like wool in a barn. And every night when she had had the hair cut close to her head she would sit in her green silk gown by the window and cry, and kiss the little green cap she used to wear, and wish herself bald again.

It was as she sat crying there on Midsummer Eve that she first saw Prince Florizel.

He had come to the palace that evening, but he would not appear in her presence with the dust of travel on him, and she had retired with her hair borne by twenty pages before he had bathed and changed his garments and entered the reception-room.

Now he was walking in the garden in the moonlight, and he looked up and she looked down, and for the first time Melisande, looking on a Prince, wished that he might have the power to stop her hair from growing. As for the Prince, he wished many things, and the first was granted him. For he said:—

"FROM FAR AND NEAR CAME TRAINS OF PRINCES."

"You are Melisande?"

"And you are Florizel?"

"There are many roses round your window," said he to her, "and none down here."

She threw him one of three white roses she held in her hand. Then he said:—

"White rose trees are strong. May I climb up to you?"

"Surely," said the Princess.

So he climbed up to the window.

"Now," said he, "if I can do what your father asks, will you marry me?"

"My father has promised that I shall," said Melisande, playing with the white roses in her hand.

"Dear Princess," said he, "your father's promise is nothing to me. I want yours. Will you give it to me?"

"Yes," said she, and gave him the second rose.

"I want your hand."

"Yes," she said.

"And your heart with it."

"Yes," said the Princess, and she gave him the third rose.

"And a kiss to seal the promise."

"Yes," said she.

"And a kiss to go with the hand."

"Yes," she said.

"And a kiss to bring the heart."

"Yes," said the Princess, and she gave him the three kisses.

"Now," said he, when he had given them back to her, "to-night do not go to bed. Remain by your window, and I will stay down here in the garden and watch. And when your hair has grown to the filling of your room call to me, and then do as I tell you."

"I will," said the Princess.

So at dewy sunrise the Prince, lying on the turf beside the sun-dial, heard her voice:—

"Florizel! Florizel! My hair has grown so long that it is pushing me out of the window."

"Get out on to the window-sill," said he, "and twist your hair three times round the great iron hook that is there."

And she did.

Then the Prince climbed up the rose bush with his naked sword in his teeth, and he took the Princess's hair in his hand about a yard from her head and said:—

"Jump!"

The Princess jumped, and screamed, for there she was hanging from the hook by a yard and a half of her bright hair; the Prince tightened his grasp of the hair and drew his sword across it.

Then he let her down gently by her hair till her feet were on the grass, and jumped down after her.

They stayed talking in the garden till all the shadows had crept under their proper trees and the sun-dial said it was breakfast time.

Then they went in to breakfast, and all the Court crowded round to wonder and admire. For the Princess's hair had not grown.

"How did you do it?" asked the King, shaking Florizel warmly by the hand.

"The simplest thing in the world," said Florizel, modestly. "You have always cut the hair off the Princess. *I* just cut the Princess off the hair."

"Humph!" said the King, who had a logical mind. And during breakfast he more than once looked anxiously at his daughter. When they got up from breakfast the Princess rose with the rest, but she rose and rose and rose, till it seemed as though there would never be an end of it. The Princess was 9ft. high.

"THEY STAYED TALKING IN THE GARDEN."

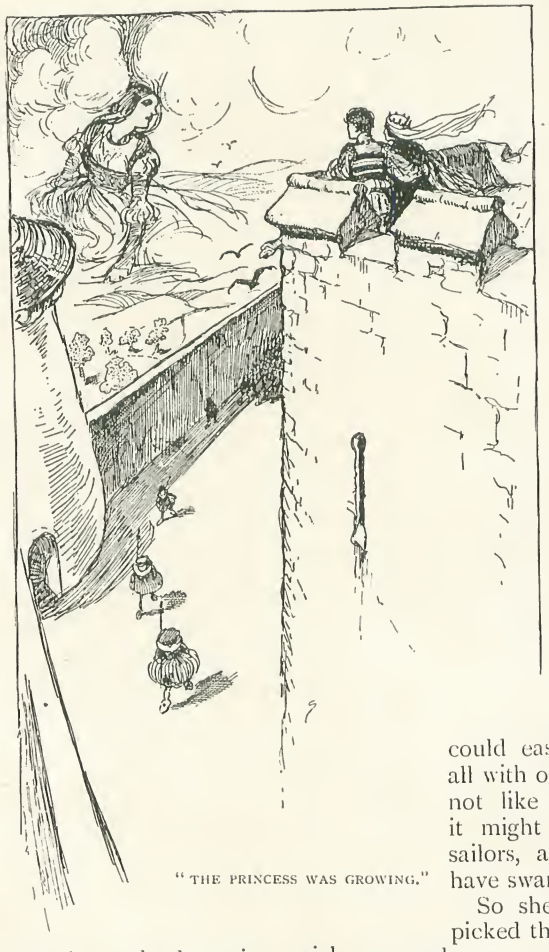
"I feared as much," said the King, sadly. "I wonder what will be the rate of progression. You see," he said to poor Florizel, "when we cut the hair off *it* grows—when we cut the Princess off *she* grows. I wish you had happened to think of that!"

The Princess went on growing. By dinner-time she was so large that she had to have her dinner brought out into the garden because she was too large to get indoors. But she was too unhappy to be able to eat anything. And she cried so much that there was quite a pool in the garden, and several pages were nearly drowned. So she remembered her "Alice in Wonderland," and stopped crying at once. But she did not

stop growing. She grew bigger and bigger and bigger, till she had to go outside the palace gardens and sit on the common, and even that was too small to hold her comfortably, for every hour she grew twice as much as she had done the hour before. And nobody knew what to do, nor where the Princess was to sleep. Fortunately, her clothes had grown with her, or she would have been very cold indeed, and now she sat on the common in her green gown, embroidered with gold, looking like a great hill covered with gorse in flower.

You cannot possibly imagine how large the Princess was growing, and her mother stood wringing her hands on the castle tower, and the Prince Florizel looked on broken-hearted to see his Princess snatched from his arms and turned into a lady as big as a mountain.

The King did not weep or look on. He sat down at once and wrote to his fairy god-mother, asking her advice. He sent a weasel with the letter, and by return of weasel he got his own letter back again, marked "Gone away. Left no address."



"THE PRINCESS WAS GROWING."

It was now, when the kingdom was plunged into gloom, that a neighbouring King took it into his head to send an invading army against the island where Melisande lived. They came in ships and landed in great numbers, and Melisande looking down from her height saw alien soldiers marching on the sacred soil of her country.

"I don't mind so much now," said she, "if I can really be of some use this size."

And she picked up the army of the enemy in handfuls and double-handfuls, and put them back into their ships, and gave a little flip to each transport ship with her finger and thumb, which sent the ships off so fast that they never stopped till they reached their own country, and when they arrived there the whole army to a man said it would rather be court-martialled a hundred times over than go near the place again.

Meantime Melisande, sitting on the highest hill on the island, felt the land trembling and shivering under her giant feet.

"I do believe I'm getting too heavy," she said, and jumped off the island into the sea, which was just up to her ankles. Just then a great fleet of warships and gunboats and torpedo boats came in sight, on their way to attack the island.

Melisande could easily have sunk them all with one kick, but she did not like to do this because it might have drowned the sailors, and besides, it might have swamped the island.

So she simply stooped and picked the island as you would pick a mushroom — for, of course, all islands are supported by a stalk underneath — and carried it away to another part of the world. So that when the warships got to where the island was marked on the map they found nothing but sea, and a very rough sea it was, because the Princess had churned it all up with her ankles as she walked away through it with the island.

When Melisande reached a suitable place, very sunny and warm, and with no sharks in

the water, she set down the island; and the people made it fast with anchors, and then everyone went to bed, thanking the kind fate which had sent them so great a Princess to help them in their need, and calling her the saviour of her country and the bulwark of the nation.

But it is poor work being the nation's bulwark and your country's saviour when you are miles high, and have no one to talk to, and when all you want is to be your humble right size again and to marry your sweetheart. And when it was dark the Princess came close to the island, and looked down, from far up, at her palace and her tower and cried, and cried, and cried. It does not matter how much you cry into the sea, it hardly makes any difference, however large you may be. Then when everything was quite dark the Princess looked up at the stars.

"I wonder how soon I shall be big enough to knock my head against them," said she.

And as she stood star-gazing she heard a whisper right in her ear. A very little whisper, but quite plain.

"Cut off your hair!" it said.

Now, everything the Princess was wearing had grown big along with her, so that now there dangled from her golden girdle a pair of scissors as big as the Malay Peninsula, together with a pin-cushion the size of the Isle of Wight, and a yard measure that would have gone round Australia.

And when she heard the little, little voice, she knew it, small as it was, for the dear voice of Prince Florizel, and she whipped out the scissors from their gold case and snip, snip, snipped all her hair off, and it fell into the sea. The coral insects got hold of it at once and set to work on it, and now they have made it into the biggest coral reef in the world; but that has nothing to do with the story.

Then the voice said, "Get close to the island," and the Princess did, but she could not get very close because she was so large, and she looked up again at the stars and they seemed to be much farther off.

Then the voice said, "Be ready to swim," and she felt something climb out of her ear and clamber down her arm. The stars got farther and farther away, and next moment the Princess found herself swimming in the sea, and Prince Florizel swimming beside her.

"I crept on to your hand when you were carrying the island," he explained, when their feet touched the sand and they walked in through the shallow water, "and I got into your ear with an ear-trumpet. You never noticed me because you were so great then."

"Oh, my dear Prince," cried Melisande, falling into his arms, "you have saved me. I am my proper size again."

So they went home and told the King and Queen. Both were very, very happy, but the King rubbed his chin with his hand, and said:—

"You've certainly had some fun for your money, young man, but don't you see that we're just where we were before? Why, the child's hair is growing already."

And indeed it was.

Then once more the King sent a letter to his godmother. He sent it by a flying-fish, and by return of fish came the answer:—

"Just back from my holidays. Sorry for your troubles. Why not try scales?"

And on this message the whole Court pondered for weeks.

But the Prince caused a pair of gold scales to be made, and hung them up in the palace gardens under a big oak tree. And one morning he said to the Princess:—

"My darling Melisande, I must really speak seriously to you. We are getting on in life. I am nearly twenty: it is time that we thought of being settled. Will you trust me entirely and get into one of those gold scales?"

So he took her down into the garden, and helped her into the scale, and she curled up in it in her green and gold gown, like a little grass mound with buttercups on it.

"And what is going into the other scale?" asked Melisande.

"Your hair," said Florizel. "You see, when your hair is cut off you it grows, and when you are cut off your hair you grow—oh, my heart's delight, I can never forget how you grew, never! But if, when your hair is no more than you, and you are no more than your hair, I snip the scissors between you and it, then neither you nor your hair can possibly decide which ought to go on growing.

"Suppose *both* did," said the poor Princess, humbly.

"Impossible," said the Prince, with a shudder; "there are limits even to Malevola's malevolence. And, besides, Fortuna said 'Scales.' Will you try it?"

"I will do whatever you wish," said the poor Princess, "but let me kiss my father

and mother once, and Nurse, and you, too, my dear, in case I grow large again and can kiss nobody any more."

So they came one by one and kissed the Princess.

Then the nurse cut off the Princess's hair, and at once it began to grow at a frightful rate.

The King and Queen and nurse busily packed it, as it grew, into the other scale, and gradually the scale went down a little. The Prince stood waiting between the scales

ment," said the King, embracing him, while the Queen and the nurse ran to help the Princess out of the gold scale.

The scale full of golden hair bumped down on to the ground as the Princess stepped out of the other one, and stood there before those who loved her, laughing and crying with happiness, because she remained her proper size, and her hair was not growing any more.

She kissed her Prince a hundred times, and the very next day they were married.

"THE PRINCE STOOD WAITING BETWEEN THE SCALES WITH HIS DRAWN SWORD."

with his drawn sword, and just before the two were equal he struck. But during the time his sword took to flash through the air the Princess's hair grew a yard or two, so that at the instant when he struck the balance was true.

"You are a young man of sound judg-

Everyone remarked on the beauty of the bride, and it was noticed that her hair was quite short — only 5ft. 5¼in. long — just down to her pretty ankles. Because the scales had been 10ft. 10½in. apart, and the Prince having a straight eye had cut the golden hair exactly in the middle!

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

WHERE IS THE DONKEY?

The accompanying photograph illustrates the manner in which the natives of Upper Egypt transport their bersine, or clover. They do not run to the expense of a cart, but load the clover on to the back of a donkey. This method, no doubt, saves space, but judging from the size of the load we cannot help pitying the donkey. We are indebted to Mr. H. M. E. Batchelor, of Earlswood Common, Surrey, for this interesting photo., which was taken by him whilst at Luxor.

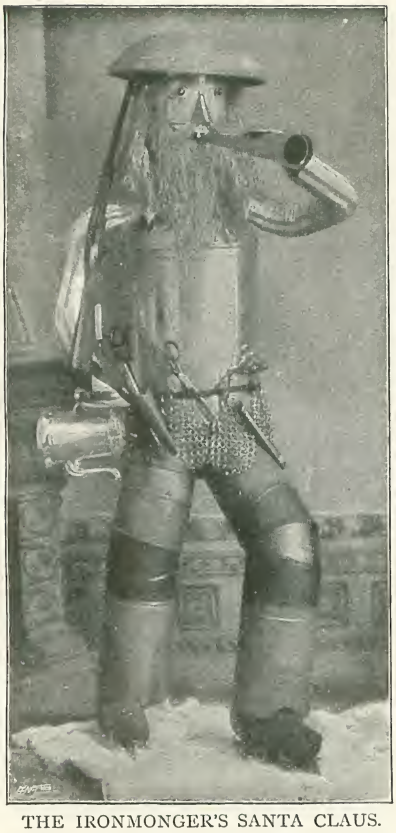
THE DOWNFALL OF LIBERTY.

The building shown in the next photograph was erected by the United States Government International Exposition, held at the Trans-Mississippi and at Omaha, Nebraska. Upon the dome was an immense statue of Liberty, standing 30ft. high and weighing several tons, and when the building was pulled down in February last this was almost the first portion to be attacked. Ropes were placed in position, and two hundred men hauled might and main until it gradually heeled over and fell with a tremendous crash. This clever snap-shot was sent us by Mr. Wilfred R. Tilton, Prairie Depôt, Ohio, and shows the statue actually in mid-air. The ropes are also plainly discernible.

"GEE WHOOP! THE TURNCOCK'S COMING!"

Mr. E. Wayer Smith, of 1107, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., sends an interesting photograph depicting a curious phase in the life of children of the lower classes. He describes the picture in the following words: "Men appointed by the city go around every day in summer time, turning on the water at the different plugs, thereby flushing all the smaller streets and incidentally giving the little gamins a chance to bathe. That they take advantage of this opportunity is quite clearly shown in my picture. Moreover, as the same man goes over the same portion of the city day after day, the children soon get to know him, and begin to partially undress when they see him in the distance."

* Copyright, 1900, by George Newnes, Limited.



THE IRONMONGER'S SANTA CLAUS.

Mr. Santa Claus, the hardware window display here shown, was constructed by Mr. C. M. Dopsee, of Algona, Iowa. The body of the grotesque figure consists of a coal-scuttle, to which the arms of galvanized iron are attached. The legs are constructed from stove-pipes, and the head from saucepans, with frayed rope for the hair and beard, surmounted by a tin bowl for a hat. His hunting knives are represented by scissors, his water-bottle by a teapot, and his trumpet by a rolled strip of tin. Altogether this miscellaneous collection of kitchen utensils, etc., forms a most interesting and unique model of Old Father Christmas.

AN ICE HEDGE.

Mr. Howard R. Glutzbeck sends this interesting photo. from Bay Shore, Long Island, N.Y. It is certainly remarkable both for its beauty and its weirdness. The fantastic shapes, all seemingly masses of solid ice, are only bushes and vines covered by frozen spray blown upon them by a strong wind from a lake close by.

"FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOTHING TO DO."

Mr. E. B. Jeune, of Lynmouth, in sending this curious instance of snail emancipation, says: "When the convex side of a respectable garden snail is towards you, he turns to the right, as in the right-hand figure above; some do not do so, however, and anyone who has nothing to do for a month or two may occupy their time in finding one of the latter sort."

TAKEN FROM ABOVE.

The gentleman whose straw hat forms the most conspicuous part of his whole self was passing on horseback beneath the window of a certain house not a hundred miles from Torquay, and this novel portrait of him is an amusing instance of the freaks that may be obtained with a kodak—and some ingenuity. We are indebted to Mr. E. B. Jeune, of the Manor House, Lynmouth, Barnstaple, for this curiosity.

FOLLOWING LORD SALISBURY'S ADVICE.

Everyone will remember the stirring speech which Lord Salisbury delivered at the demonstration of the Primrose League on May 10th. Among other things he strongly impressed his hearers with the fact that it was necessary for every grown-up Englishman to learn how to handle a rifle and hit straight. We have here two illustrations showing Mr. P. J. Gane, of Cosham, Wilts, hard at work perfecting himself in the art so strongly recommended by the Prime

Minister. But the skill of the photographer is the most remarkable, as he has succeeded in showing the bottles and jars at the very instant when the shot has struck them. It will be noticed that in the one breaking the bottles there is a curious circle of finely shattered glass, caused by the bullet cutting its way through the bottles. The other photograph shows two earthenware jars whilst being shattered by a bullet.

A REVOLVING ICE-TABLE.

Miss Agnes Irwin, of Lynehow, Carlisle, sends a refreshing curiosity. In a letter which accompanies the photograph Miss Irwin says: "I took this snap-shot on the River Esk, at Broomholm, Langholm, N.B., at the break-up of the last frost. I happened to notice a solid disc of ice, about 15ft. in diameter, revolving continuously in a deep pool known as Glen Firra; it presented so unusual and beautiful a spectacle that I immediately took a picture of it for THE STRAND."

BULLDOG OR MEPHISTOPHELES?

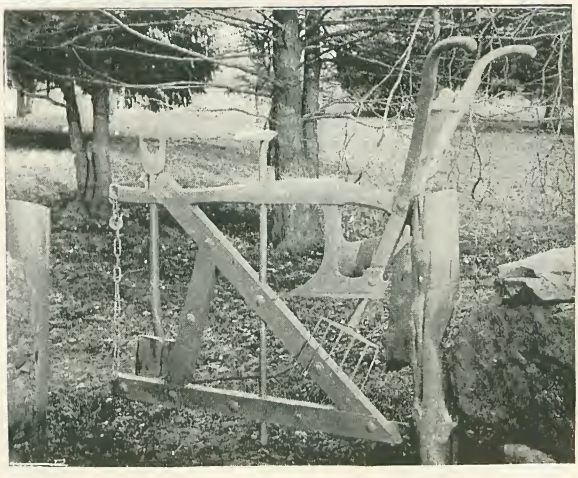
This splendid specimen of our British bulldog is the property of Mr. Geo. H. Hallam, of "Thorny-croft," 39, Alexandra Road, Finsbury Park, N., who has kindly sent us the photograph. Like most of the members of this particular breed, he does not look very amiable, but when placed before the camera "Old Peter" has disclosed hitherto unknown advantages over his brethren. Turn this page upside-down, and you will observe that the marks on his head present the features of a face quite the opposite in expression to his own.

A BOTTLE WITH A HISTORY.

The peculiar object shown in the next photo. is a quart beer-bottle which has passed through a severe fire, the intense heat and pressure causing the bottle to assume the strange shape shown. Strangely enough it did not crack, and still holds liquid as well as formerly. This photo. is kindly sent by Mr. W. R. Tilton, Prairie Depôt, O.

DAME NATURE'S FREAK.

This photograph is one of a lignum-vitæ tree about 7in. or 8in. in diameter, growing through the wheel of a gun-carriage at Fort Nugent, a fortification with eleven guns which was one of the defences to the east of Kingston, Jamaica, about 100 years ago. The fort has since then been abandoned, and is now quite a picturesque ruin. The seed from which the tree grew was evidently conveyed purely by mischance to the strange spot it occupies. The photograph includes a view of the breech-end of one of the guns, which is, however, partly hidden by the tree. Mr. Geoffrey C. Gunter took the photograph, and Mr. Dugald MacD. Campbell, 8, Duke Street, Kingston, Jamaica, very kindly sends it to us for reproduction.



A FITTING FARM GATE.

This extraordinary specimen of a gate is owned, very appropriately, by a farmer, and leads into the farm-yard itself. Mr. C. W. Ashley, of 42, Rutland Square, Boston, Mass., discovered this curiosity, and promptly snapped it for the benefit of our readers. *Inter alia*, the gate is made of a plough, a harrow, a spade, a hoe, and a hay-fork; the plough-chain, let it be noted, is used to fasten this extraordinary doorway.

THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT.

Mr. J. T. Ashbrook, of Hebron, Neb., in sending this curious-looking picture, says: "This photo. was unintentionally obtained by accidentally striking the shutter of my camera, which I was holding on my lap, while out for a drive in my buggy." Note especially the feet of our willy-nilly photographer.

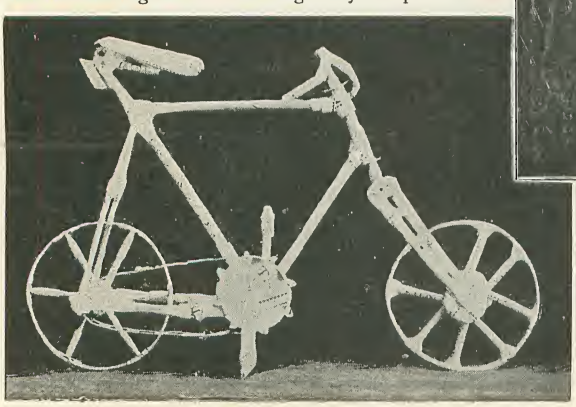
RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES!

Tree-felling is an occupation accompanied by much danger to life and limb, yet the small number of accidents that one hears of bears eloquent testimony to the skill and courage displayed by the men who undertake this perilous work. Mr. P. J. Gane, of Corsham, Wilts, in sending this photo.,

writes: "This is not a Boer retreat or a war-dance, but workmen in the act of clearing out from under a falling tree. Owing to limited space, the pulling on the rope had to be proceeded with very carefully, and the men had instructions to bolt on the tree commencing to fall, which order they did not fail to obey."

A NOVEL USE FOR LABELS.

Our next photograph, kindly sent us by Miss Margaret H. Knight, of Langport, Somerset, is of a bicycle model constructed of ordinary gum labels and held together by a pin and a needle only. It is complete in almost every detail. The wheels, pedals, chain, and steering-gear work quite smoothly. It was made by the lady's brother, Mr. Ashton Knight, and is a striking tribute to his ingenuity and patience.

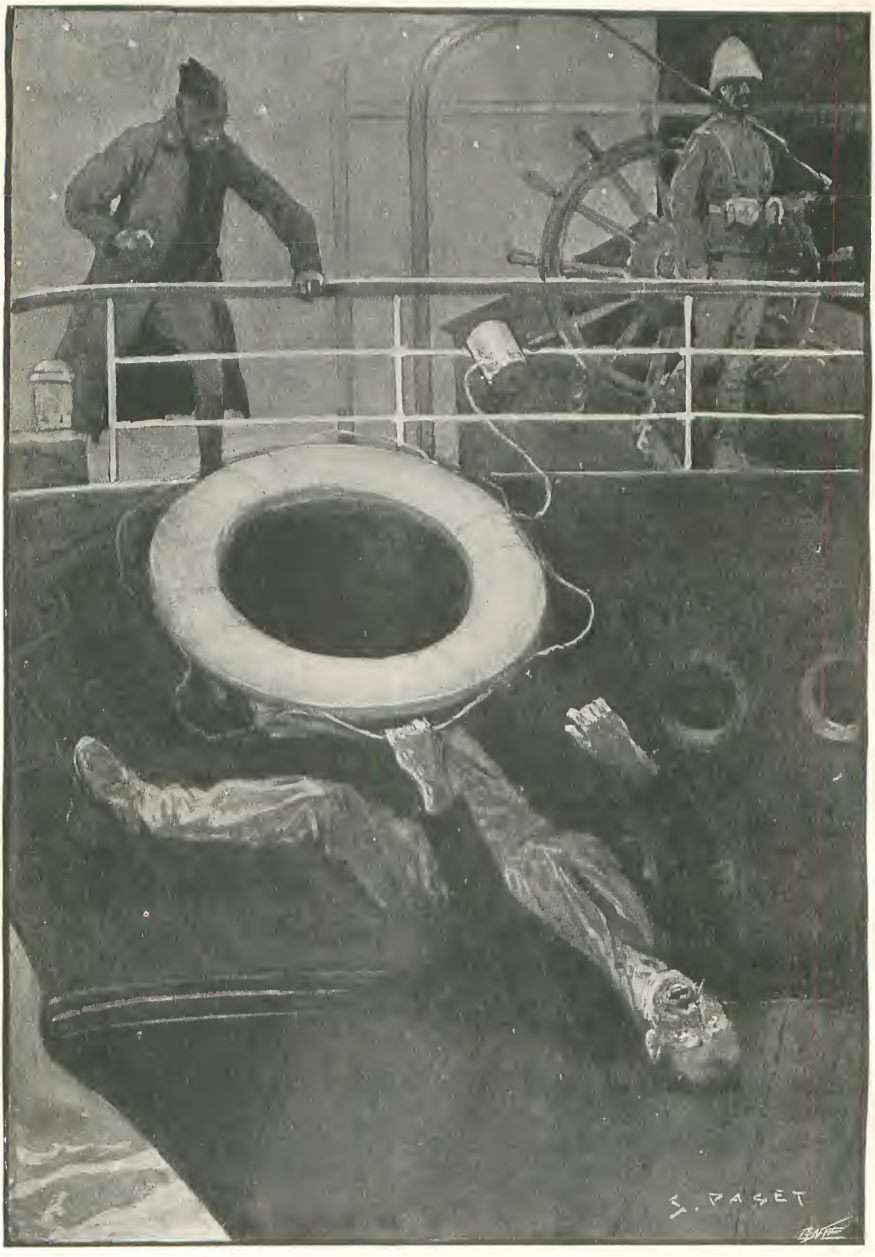


PRESSED PAPER PUPPIES.

These ingenious little models of dogs are made of odd bits of paper, pressed between the fingers, not cut in any way, and represent various breeds of dogs, as well as the single figure of a stag with antlers; this latter animal may be seen, perched on a lofty crag in the background, in the act of making friends with a French poodle nearly twice its own size. The interesting little curiosities were photographed by Mr. Gerald Skipwith, of 34, Moore Street, Cadogan Square, a nephew of the originator of the figures.

"EGGS LAID WHILE YOU WAIT!"

Here is an instance of remarkable acumen in advertising. The advertisement, which reads: "Hillside Poultry Ranch, Fresh Eggs, Poultry for Family Use. Eggs laid while you wait," is the sign-board of a chicken ranch near Fruitvale, California. Mr. A. E. Acktom, of 2205, Fillmore Street, San Francisco, Cal., is responsible for this interesting contribution.



"THERE WAS A WILD CRY ON THE STILL NIGHT."

(*See page* 129.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xx. AUGUST, 1900. No. 116.

The Sentry on the Lifebuoy.

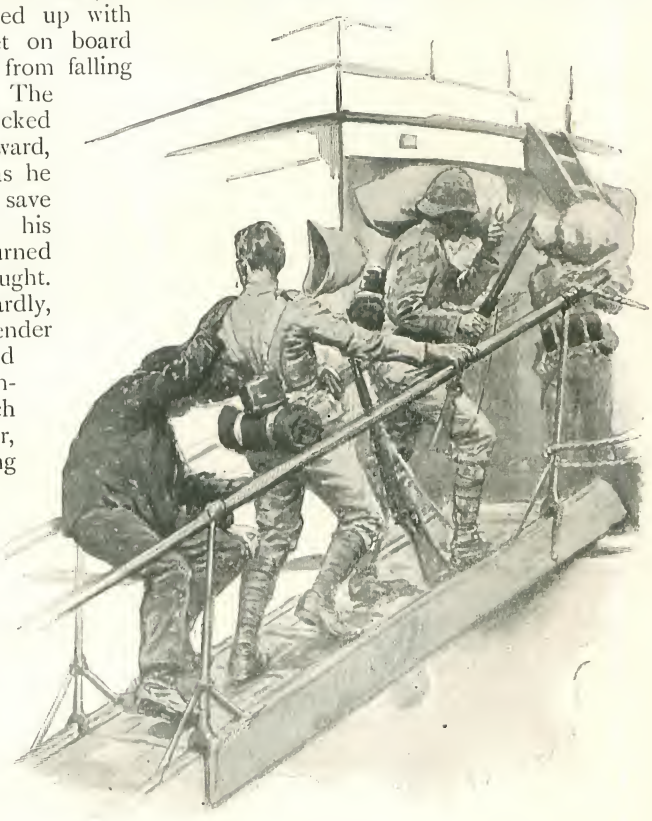
By Walter Wood.

THE last troop-train drew up at the little platform, and the men got out of the bare compartments. It was a mere detail of a train—a small tank-engine with a couple of carriages, for it was only running alongside with a draft of infantry. In front of the troops was a great shed, and through the doorways some of them could see the transport, ready for getting into the river. The men were marched into the shed, and fell ravenously upon their breakfast, although it was now noon. The meal over, they seized their kits and rifles and filed up the steep gangway. As the last section marched out of the shed a wild-eyed man pushed in between two of the privates and hurried up with them. In his eagerness to get on board he stumbled, and saved himself from falling by snatching at the man in front. The soldier's khaki helmet was knocked off, he himself was dragged backward, and his rifle fell from his hand as he clutched the gangway's side to save himself. The soldier rescued his helmet and rifle, and then turned savagely round to say what he thought. He was a ferocious fellow outwardly, and would have crushed the offender with a look. He expected to find that the wrong-doer was a comrade, and had prepared his speech accordingly; when he saw a poor, mean, ill-clad, hungry-looking civilian his heart melted, and he kept silence.

"Sorry, matey," said the stranger; "but I'm a fireman on this steamer, and I'm in a split to get below, or they'll sack me. That's why I tumbled over you. A fellow has to rush to make a livin' nowadays."

"It's all right," said the soldier, appeased; "but you'll jerk your neck out of joint if you run upstairs like that. Clutch me an' clutch my body, but let my rifle an' 'elmet alone in future; an' don't you shove in between us like that—it isn't military. As for you bein' a fireman—well, you may be, but I thought they wore blue uniforms an' brass 'elmets." The soldier was a recruit from the country, and his knowledge of steamers and of those that go down to the sea in them was slight. He stepped on the deck as he finished speaking, and the wild-eyed man stepped also. The soldier's boots made a heavy sound, but the fireman's thin shoes were noiseless, and as he ran along the deck he made only a soft patter.

The soldier stared after him for an instant. "I shall know that face again," he muttered. "It'll haunt me. He may be honest, but



"IN HIS EAGERNESS TO GET ON BOARD HE STUMBLED."

he looks as if he'd done murder, an' had the hangman at his heels. Poor devil! I suppose that mean little bundle's all the property he has in the world. My kit's fat, compared to that."

For the present he forgot the fireman in attending to his own duties. There was his helmet to put in the helmet-room, his rifle to place in the armoury, his kit to stow away for the voyage, and a dozen odd things to do before he could hurry on deck to take a last look at the people on the quays. He cast a curious eye round the troop-deck, with its guard-room and its cell, the last of which he liked so little that he there and then resolved that he would never be its occupant; sauntered along the horse-deck, peeped into the troop-galley, and wondered how, in so small a place, cooking was done for so many men; patted the noses of a few of the horses, and assured them that he would feel worse than they did when the open sea was reached; marvelled where the water came from for all the drinking-taps, and generally how a ship built of steel and having floors of concrete like this could by any possibility float.

When the soldier, by surname Crook, got on deck again, wearing three shades of khaki on his body and a deep blue Tam-o'-shanter on his head, the transport had moved from the quay and the men were shouting farewell to the people ashore, some of whom were waving handkerchiefs, and some holding babies up to let their fathers see them. He thanked God that no one was saying farewell to him, and that it could not matter to any relative whether he came back from the war or stayed, because he had no relatives alive that he knew about or cared for in the least.

He smoked his pipe placidly, and watched with interest as, stern first, the transport got out of the dock into the Thames, and held his place until the bows were pointing down the river and the ship was sailing for the Cape, her own siren bellowing, and the tune being taken up by every neighbouring steamer, large and small.

The transport, No. 128, single-funnelled, two-masted, twin-screw, churned her way down the Thames, dropped her pilot, and forged along the open sea.

On the night of the sixth day out Crook was on sentry over one of the stern lifebuoys. He came from an inland town, and was still too curious about the steamer and her build and fittings to let the time drag wearily. So far the run had been perfectly smooth; there had been no sea, and Crook was privately of opinion that the waves did not exist which could disturb a great bulk like the transport's. To him the lifebuoy, with its devices for lighting, refreshing, and keeping afloat any man or woman in the sea who could get hold of it, was a fearsome invention, and he brought all his intelligence to bear to understand it. The bright stars, the clear night air, the rush of the air past him, sharpened his perception, but the puzzle was beyond his solving, and with a baffled sigh he turned away, looked astern at the long, broad, white wake which showed dimly in the darkness, and fell to wondering how the ship was pushed along like that.

"It's a queer thing altogether," he muttered. "But after all, this lifebuoy is the queerest. I wonder what sort of drink it is that's in the bottle. By George—what a thing it 'ud be if some dark night the sentry uncorked it on the sly an' drank the stuff. Halloa! Who's that?"

Instinctively he swung round and ported arms.

"It's all right, matey," said a hoarse voice. "It's only me."

"An' who are you?" demanded Crook.

"The fireman that came up the gangway when you did. I'm sweltered below, an' I've just come up for a breath of air."

"You'll have to go somewhere else to breathe," answered Crook. "You can't come here, an' you ought to know it. You're a member of the crew, aren't you?"

"Yes; but I might as well be a dog. You don't know what bein' a fireman is on board ship."

"Come, get out o' this—you can't stay here. The officers 'll be up directly from their dinner, and I wouldn't be myself for something if I'm caught talking to you."

"But I'm chokin'," said the fireman. "I can't breathe anywhere, but 'ere. When you've got five hundred horses an' five hundred men on board a ship like this you've got to do things that aren't quite accordin' to orders. Besides, they're not so strict as they were at first, an' a hired transport like this isn't to be compared with one o' the crack mail-boats out o' Southampton. I tell you I know, for I've run this trip two or three times since the war began. I've chummed with a lot o' your chaps who'll never see England again."

The fireman became a fascinating person to the sentry. For the present Crook allowed his orders to remain in abeyance. He wanted to talk with the fireman and learn things from him, so he looked sharply along the

deck, and, seeing no one about, he said, "Look here, I'll chat a bit with you, because we're alone, but as soon as a soul appears, off you go, or I'll stick you."

"It isn't as if I didn't belong to the ship," whined the fireman. "You see, I'm a member of the crew, signed on, an' all that sort of thing. I think I'll 'list when I land this time."

"They may take you in the Muck Train," said Crook, "but not anywhere else. You aren't built for a soldier, from what I've seen o' you. But what the deuce are you shiverin' so for?"

"It's the bitter cold," said the fireman.

"Cold! Why, it's as warm as a' oven. 'Ere, come away from that lifebuoy—what are you crawlin' round it that way for? Get in front o' me, so's I can keep a' eye on you. There—that's right. Now, then, tell me what you've seen o' the Boers. What's old Kroojer like? But stop a minute—as soon as I whisper ''Sh!' like that, you'll know there's someb'dy coming, an' you must 'op it as if you'd been baynitted. Now, then, have you ever seen Kroojer?"

"Yes," replied the fireman, "I saw him up-country once, when I worked in the diamond mines."

"Oh! Is that why you're shiverin' so much? Have you got the aig?"

"No; I tell you it's the change from hot to cold. I've come straight up from the stokehole."

"Then I think you'd better go straight down again," said Crook. "You aren't as interestin' as I thought you would be, an' I'm sure I shall never learn anything useful from you. Besides, you'll die on my hands if I'm not careful, an' I don't want to be mixed up in a mess like that. I can just make you out, an' you look as if you'd sink on the floor. Be off, or you'll get clapped in clink."

He turned towards the taff-rail and began pacing about to show that, so far as he was concerned, the interview was completely ended. As he did so the fireman rushed at the lifebuoy, and with feverish hands began to unlash it. For the moment Crook was too much amazed to act; then he darted forward and struck at the figure with the butt-end of his rifle. There was a dull sound, a curse, and a wild spring at the alert sentry. The thin figure of the fireman fell upon and twined about the sentry, but only for a second or two. Letting his rifle go, Crook flung himself against the stranger and rolled with him on the deck, his fingers gripping his throat.

"What devil's mischief are you up to?" demanded Crook. "Tell me, or I'll throttle you."

His prisoner tried to speak, but the grip was too hard, and he only gurgled.

The noise of the struggle brought up some of the soldiers who were loitering about the decks; and Crook's company officer, who had just lighted a cigar, sauntered up, puzzled and interested.

Crook jerked his prisoner to his feet, and held him fast while he took up his rifle.

"What's the matter?" asked the officer.

"Let me go! Let me go!" screamed the prisoner. "Let me go, or it'll be too late!"

"HE STRUCK AT THE FIGURE WITH THE BUTT-END OF HIS RIFLE."

"Quietly," said the officer; "no one's going to eat you. Now, what's all this bother about? What were you doing here?"

"He'll wriggle away," cried Crook, pantingly. "I can't hold him, sir. Can I hand him over to somebody else?"

"You needn't hold him, need you?" said the officer, in surprise.

"Needn't I just, sir?" answered Crook. "You should ha' seen him try to steal the lifebuoy an' spring overboard with it. I saw his game; an' he nearly did it, too."

"Get hold of the man, Wilkin," said the officer to a soldier near him. "Who are you?"

He addressed the fireman, but the fireman only struggled fiercely, and screamed, "Let me go! Let me go!"

"Come, come," said the captain. "Don't be a baby. What's the matter? What do you want to steal a lifebuoy for?"

"He's off his chump, sir," explained Crook. "Must be. I thought so when I saw him rush on to the ship at the dock. I sized him up then as a wrong 'un, an' I'm right."

"Come," said the captain, sternly, "give an account of yourself."

He might as well have appealed to the ship herself. The fireman struggled and foamed; he fought so hard that the captain had to order more men to help Wilkin to control him. Even then the captive managed to drag himself and the soldiers to the vessel's side, and almost to escape from them and throw himself into the sea. All the time he shrieked to them to let him go, saying that it would be too late.

"Take him into the guard-room," said the captain.

The men fell upon the furious form, pinning it by the arms and legs, crippling its power of movement, and dragged it along the deck, down the hatchway to the horse-deck, then down to the troop-deck, and between the mess-tables to the guard-room in the bows.

"Put him in the cell; he's mad drunk," ordered the captain. "It'll be time to reason when he's sober."

They thrust the frail figure through the guard-room door, then into the little room on the right, above which an electric lamp was burning, and between which and the guard-room at the top there was a row of short strong iron bars. The door was locked upon him, and the fireman was left hurling himself against it, trying to tear the bars away, and then attempting to thrust himself through one of the portholes, which he had managed to open. But he could not get even his head in, and he returned to the door and screamed to them to let him out, for God's sake.

There was a general officer on board the transport, going out to take over the command of a division. He heard the noise and the screams and walked down to see what the confusion meant.

"Is he one of our own men?" he asked, mindful of military jurisdiction.

"No, sir—he belongs to the ship—one of the firemen, they say," answered the captain. "But he was so violent that I thought I'd better have him brought down here, especially as he was interfering with one of the sentries."

"What's he howling like that for?" asked the general, irritably, as another fearful cry came from the cell, followed by the thuds of the body of the fireman as he hurled himself impotently against the door. "Let him be brought out and taken somewhere else—I suppose the ship's people have a place to put him in. Anyway, it's no business of ours."

The guard opened the door and let the prisoner come out. He knocked two or three of them down as he rushed from the cell, and was dashing down the troop-deck when he was seized almost at the general's side.

"Let me go!" he screamed. "Ah! you, sir—you'll listen. I'll tell you everything—but be quick—there isn't a second to be lost!"

"What is it?" asked the general, placidly. "Don't grip him so hard, men—he wants to tell me something privately. Yes, you may come and whisper it, if that's what you want."

The fireman stretched himself on his toes, the soldiers holding his wrists still, and in one sentence told the general what he had to say.

The general's face blanched, but in the light of the troop-deck no one saw the change. "And that is true?" he said, in a low voice, to the fireman.

"God's truth, as I stand here, sir," said the fireman. "I was paid to do it, and I brought it on board in a bundle. There's time to save you all, even yet. I'll show you where it is. There's time—just time." He almost grovelled before the officer as he spoke. The men looked on in silence, marvelling, but not understanding what was meant.

"Come," said the general. "Everybody else stay here. "Make way, there," he cried, and the crowding troops and crew fell

"THERE'S TIME—JUST TIME!"

back instinctively, wondering what the awful looks upon the faces of the general and the fireman meant.

The fireman, with starting eyes, led the way to the deck below, then deeper still, until the general found himself, as he supposed, at the very bottom of the vessel. They went into the starboard engine-room; then the fireman forced himself past an expostulating engineer, and into one of the stokeholes. He went straight to a bunker, and began burrowing at the coal in the semi-darkness.

"Let him alone," said the general, sternly, seeing that one or two trimmers were about to seize him and push him away. "He's looking for something. Ah! he's got it! Now, then, out of the way there, out of the way!" he cried, in a loud, excited voice.

The fireman, carrying in his arms what looked like a small clock in a case, stumbled along, with the sweat pouring from his face, his eyes bulging, his teeth showing through his parted lips, and his breath coming and going so quickly that it almost kept pace with the throbbing of the engines.

Up through the troop-deck, through the horse-deck they went, the fireman and the general, and with a groan the carrier of the burden stepped into the cool air and staggered to the steamer's side.

"Give it to me," said the general.

He took the case from the trembling hands, raised it above his head, and with all the force of his strong arms hurled it over the sea. There was the sound of a splash in the water, then a deep roar, and a luminous column of water rose ghost-like out of the darkness.

"Thank God!" murmured the general, as he saw it. "We were just in time."

Crook saw it and was amazed. "I suppose it's one of the wonders of the deep," he said to himself. "I wish they wouldn't come so thick—they give me the blues."

A crowd of officers and men saw the explosion too; but although one or two of them, being of a scientific turn of mind, suspected vaguely, no one as yet knew what the real truth was. Even the general had to learn the details. He turned round and saw that the fireman was lying prostrate on the deck, overcome by terror and exhaustion.

"Get up," he said, "and follow me to my cabin."

The fireman rose and obeyed.

"Send for the sentry on the lifebuoy astern; let him be relieved till I've done with him," said the general to his orderly; and Private Crook appeared, wonderingly.

"Tell me what happened between you and this man, sentry," said the general, indicating the fireman.

Crook told his story up to the time of the coming of his captain.

"That'll do—you can wait outside. Keep within call, and have your rifle ready," said the general, and Crook readily persuaded himself that there was special significance in the allusion to the rifle.

"Yes, sir," said Crook. He slapped the

"TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN YOU AND THIS MAN, SENTRY."

barrel of his Lee-Metford smartly by way of salute, turned, and left the cabin. He planted himself rigidly at the door, and waited with sharp ears for a summons.

"If you're going to shoot me, sir," said the fireman, his eyes wide and his voice weak with terror, "I won't tell you a single thing, so help me God—an' I can tell you a lot."

"If you were hanged without a hearing it would be no more than you deserve," said the general, sternly. "Shooting is too clean a death for you."

"But I saved the ship an' all your lives," pleaded the prisoner, miserably. "Promise that you'll let me go, sir, an' I'll tell you all."

The general was curious, and, as the danger was past, he thought he might hold out hope of easy treatment. But he temporized. "I can't give you any undertaking," he said. "You have put yourself into the hands of the law, and you must be prepared for the consequences."

"It isn't as if the worst had come to the worst, sir, nor as if I wasn't sorry for it an' hadn't tried to show my grief."

"You were terrified into it," retorted the general.

"Well, sir," said the prisoner, feeling that his life was certain to be spared, "seein' that no one knows but you, an' that there isn't a bit of danger now, wouldn't it be best to hear my story?"

"Tell it, then," said the general, curtly.

"But I have your word of honour that I shall be let go, sir?" said the fireman.

The general hesitated. An offence like this would be lightly punished by penal servitude for life; and yet it might be better to hear the man's explanation and let him go.

"If I think that what you tell me justifies me in setting you free," he said, "you may leave the ship at the first port; if not, you must abide by the result. Are you willing to do that and leave the matter to me?"

"Yes, sir, I am," said the fireman, "because I reckon you'll think the information cheap. Anyway, I'll risk it. The story's short. I was at Kimberley just before the war broke out, seeing if I could make anything out of the mines, as I'd got sick o' stokin' ocean tramps. Just before I left a Boer from Pretoria sounded me to see whether I'd join in the plan that they'd drawn up to stagger humanity, as they called it. He named his price and explained his scheme. It made me pretty sick, but I couldn't help myself. He gave me a hundred down, and I came right away to London and spent it in a week. Another man took me in charge as soon as I landed, and didn't leave me till I was safely on board. I had all my instructions plainly put to me in a little den in Bromley, and knew just what I had to do. The London man gave me a little machine that was choked with dynamite, and would explode with a bit of clockwork. All I had to do was to get on board as a stoker, stow myself away, and plant the machine. When we were near Las Palmas I was to start the works and escape. Being used to the sea, I knew the lifebuoy arrangement, and trusted to that, but I hadn't reckoned on the sentry. When I'd started the clockwork—it was supposed to run

for at least two hours before exploding the dynamite—I rushed on deck and got to the stern. But there was the sentry as sharp as a needle. If it hadn't been for him I should have got into the sea, and should have cruised round in the lifebuoy till a boat—arranged for in Pretoria—picked me up. On landing I was to receive a thousand pounds."

"And all this is true?" asked the general.

"Gospel," the fireman assured him. "You see, the machine worked all right. You saw it go off. I suppose they didn't mean in Pretoria—the skunks!—to give me a chance of getting my money, because the clockwork hadn't gone for more than half an hour."

"You knew there were five hundred men and five hundred horses on board?" There was a terrible look on the face of the general as he put this question.

"Yes, sir."

"And that not a soul could have lived?"

"It's pretty awful, sir, I know; but they had me in their clutches. But what are you goin' to do, sir?" The fireman spoke in terror, for the general had risen and was walking, with a hard face, towards him. "Remember your promise."

"I have made up my mind," said the general. "Sentry, lead this man to the lifebuoy. I want him to show me how he was handling it when you stopped him."

Crook took the fireman by the arm, gripping his loaded rifle as he led him aft.

"You can go back to the guard-room," said the general to the soldier who had relieved Crook, and the man went, but unwillingly. He was burning to know what was happening.

"Keep this part of the ship clear of everybody for a minute or two," cried the general, and a little crowd of men who had assembled vanished.

"Now I want you," said the general, in a quiet voice, "just to show me how you were acting when the sentry here tried to stop you. How were you going to get the buoy overboard? Sentry, you're not supposed to hear this."

"No, sir," said Crook; "I'm deaf."

The fireman jumped lightly to the outside of the rail, and began to unlash the buoy. His confidence was restored, and he felt some sort of pride in himself.

"And how would you have got overboard?" asked the officer, after the way of a student who was taking an intelligent interest in a demonstration.

"Leaned out like this, grabbing the buoy, just let go the lashin', an' plunged into the water. I should just have missed the screws."

"Just pulled this rope—like this?" asked the general.

"Yes; but, for God's sake, sir, don't pull it like that, or——"

There was a wild cry on the still night, and the fireman and the buoy fell from the transport's side.

Crook, true to his order not to hear, made no movement; he left it to the general to raise the alarm of a man overboard. They stopped the way of the steamer and got a boat into the water; but, although they got the buoy back again—it was floating far astern, and the light upon it burned placidly—they returned without the man. They had never seen him.

"I expect the screws caught him," said the transport's captain, as he signalled to the engineers, "and in that case he positively wouldn't have a chance. It's a very extraordinary affair, sir."

"Very," replied the general, but he volunteered no explanations. Nor, for many reasons, did he tell the story. He was a modest man, and brave, and did not want flattering for his own nerve. He had saved the ship, but that was only his duty, and there was no necessity to talk about it.

But he considered it advisable to keep a friendly eye on Crook, who might have been disposed to talk. He assured him that he was a smart and alert soldier, and that he would not forget him. Nor did he, for when Crook went up-country in the general's division he found himself a sergeant very soon; and if the enemy had not lopped off an arm he would no doubt have become a second-lieutenant before the war was over. But Crook is philosophical, and says it might have been a good deal worse. True, he has lost his promotion, as well as a limb, but then, as he says, he might have been killed.

Crook, under no pledge of secrecy—he is invalided home now—has told me the story. "The point I'm most dubious about," he said, "is this—Did that fireman chap fall over, or did the general give that rope a' accidental pull?"

The Cleverest Child in the World.

By Professor H. Olerich.

THE writer has been asked to tell the readers of The Strand Magazine of the wonderful educational attainments of Viola Rosalia Olerich, who is conceded to be by far the most advanced juvenile scholar that ever lived—at least, so far as records on this subject are preserved. I shall endeavour to tell the story of her wonderful life in the simplest way in which my words and pictures can do so.

VIOLA AS A CRY-BABY TWO DAYS AFTER HER ADOPTION.
From a Photo.

TIME AND PLACE OF VIOLA'S BIRTH AND ADOPTION.

Viola Rosalia Olerich was born in the City of Des Moines, Iowa (U.S.A.), February 10th, 1897. I and my wife adopted her when she was eight months and four days old. At the time of adoption we resided in Lake City, Iowa, where the writer was superintendent of the public schools. On the 25th of July, 1899, we moved to Council Bluffs, Iowa, where Viola has resided with us ever since, and has received all her instruction from us at home.

VIOLA A FEW DAYS LATER, QUITE HAPPY.
From a Photo.

PRINCIPAL OBJECT OF ADOPTION.

Our chief object for adopting a child was to test, in a practical way, a new theory of education, which we believe to be much superior to any educational system which has heretofore been used. The wonderful success with which we have so far met must, we think, stand as evidence of its merit. It is briefly outlined in this article.

HOW THE BABY WAS SELECTED.

No attempt was made to select a particular child; on the contrary, we desired to get an average child. Hence, physical health was the only point of pedigree which we regarded as of vital importance, and even of this we knew little or nothing.

VIOLA'S FIRST LIBRARY, CONTAINING ONE BOOK.
From a Photo.

VIOLA'S DIARY.

We keep, perhaps, a more complete daily record of Viola's progress than was ever before kept of a child. The data used in this article are taken from this diary. This affords the reader an assurance that the facts given in this sketch were not jotted down at random from memory, as they too often are in such cases, but are as accurate as cautious clerical work can reasonably make them.

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Viola's physical conditions at the time of adoption were not very flattering. She was a pale, an almost sickly-looking, baby, with a mouth that was a little crooked, and the right side of her face considerably fuller than the left. These defects soon began to diminish and disappear. Her cheeks assumed a healthy colour, and her face grew symmetrical. Viola's size and weight are about an average. At the time of adoption she weighed 14lb. 10z., and was 2ft. 1·11in. high. Now she weighs 30lb. 8oz., and is a little over 3ft. in height. Baby is now regarded as a "beautiful blonde, with brilliant eyes, soft golden hair, and a charming personality."

EARLY CONDUCT.

At the time Viola came to live with us she was a cry-baby, as may be seen from the first picture, which was taken two days after her adoption. We immediately began to teach her to amuse herself by playing on the floor with her simple toys. She soon learned to like this so well that she did not want to be held much. She thus learned early to amuse herself, a knowledge which is of inestimable value, and which every person, young and old, should possess in the

fullest measure. By being thus kindly treated and busily employed her habit of crying rapidly diminished, and her disposition became continually more jovial and amiable.

EATING AND DRINKING. Viola has always been permitted to eat as much of everything as she desired. Between meals she has always eaten whenever her appetite prompted her to do so. At the age of one year and six months she received her little lunch-counter, in which we always keep a supply of bread, crackers, etc., for her; and whenever she wants to eat between meals she goes to her lunch-counter, opens the lid, and eats as much as she wants, as she may be seen doing on page 135. When she has finished eating she almost invariably closes the lid and goes on playing. This practice is not only a useful lesson in establishing a healthy appetite, but is also a valuable lesson in order.

SLEEPING. Ever since Viola was with us she has slept alone and retired alone. The first few months she slept twice during the day. She has never been rocked, carried, or put to sleep. A child should have plenty of free, pleasant sleep, and a helpless child should always be taken up immediately after it wakes. It should never be first compelled to cry for assistance. To compel it thus to cry soon converts it into a cry-baby.

STATE OF HEALTH. Apart from incidental colds and the measles, baby has always enjoyed the best of health. She has been growing continually more vigorous from the first day she came to live with us.

HOW TREATED. I have always treated Viola with the utmost kindness and courtesy; have never even spoken a loud or harsh word to her. It is my opinion that every "bad boy" and every "bad girl" has been made bad by meddlesome interference. It has been said: "Spare the rod and spoil the child," but modern science, as well as common sense, is beginning to say: "Destroy the rod and refine the child." Intelligence, kindness, and freedom are, no doubt, the only factors that can really reform and refine the world.

METHOD USED. Viola has acquired all her knowledge in the form of play. She has never "studied" a lesson in her life; has never been asked to take a book. Her whole life has been a continuous game of delightful play. The writer invented and constructed much of the attractive educational apparatus with which the keen interest for learning was awakened, and after surrounding her with this apparatus she has enjoyed complete freedom as to what and when to learn. She has always been the judge in this choice, and not we. All we do is to create an interest in learning and activity in whatever direction we desire her to develop.

HOW VIOLA LEARNED TO READ. Partly for the purpose of amusing herself, partly for creating an interest for books, and partly for the purpose of learning to handle books, Viola received her first book when she was thirteen months old. Soon after this we began to direct her attention to objects in the pictures and told her some interesting facts about them. In a few days she became intensely interested in these simple exercises. She soon brought her book to us for a lesson very frequently. At the time we gave her this book we also put up an artistic little shelf in a convenient place in the sitting-room, and told her that this little shelf would make a nice library for her new book, when she was not using it. She learned the lesson of keeping her book on it very readily. This was an important lesson in order.

With her first book she played for two months, after which it was put away and another kind of First Reader given her, which she also used for two months in a similar manner. She played with these books very much—perhaps from two to three hours a day. The forepart of the first book is considerably torn; the second is slightly torn in only two places. These simple exercises awakened an early interest for pictures and books, cultivated a taste for observation, strengthened attention, developed caution and memory, greatly enlarged her vocabulary, and created an appreciation of order and beauty; in fact, they started the development of most of the mental faculties.

She could give one sound of every letter when she was seventeen months old; then she learned to read short sentences which she had learned to speak readily. We printed these sentences on cards, and she learned to read them by the sentence-method. We then began to use the word-method also. In this way we used all the methods in an attractive way; sometimes one and sometimes another.

When Viola was two years and eleven months old she could read at sight, with force and expression, almost any reading-matter in the English language. She could also read German nicely before she was three years

old. At the age of three years and two months she read English, German, and French. There is, perhaps, not a word in the Baldwin series of school-readers, from the first, including the sixth, which she cannot readily read at sight.

German and French she learned to read almost exclusively by the sentence-method. The sentence is the unit of thought. We think in terms of sentences, and not in terms of words or elementary sounds. For this reason is the sentence-method the easiest and most attractive for little children, and produces by far the best readers. A young child should learn to read such sentences as it readily uses in its daily conversation, rather than learn new sentences by reading. This course makes the reading easy, delightful, and intelligible.

NUMBERS AND COLOURS.

At the age of twenty months Viola could read all the digits, and recognise nine colours: white, black, and the seven prismatic colours. We taught the digits by printing large figures on pretty blocks which were hung on the wall. Each block had also a number of bright tacks in it corresponding to the numerical value of the digits. The colours were taught by fastening coloured ribbons to blocks, hung up in the same manner as the number blocks. These blocks were called for by number or colour whenever the baby and we felt disposed to play with them. Baby would then go and get the one she thought we had called for. We began with two blocks and gradually increased the number of them. At twenty-two months she could read all numbers not over 100. Now she reads numbers as large as octillions. She is also familiar with quite a number of shades and tints.

DRAWING.

When she was one year and nine months she could draw the following on the black-board, or with pencil, when requested: A vertical line, a horizontal line, a slanting line, a cross, a ladder, and a circle. Since that time she has learned to draw many other things. Upon request she will now draw any kind of a line used in plane geometry, all the various kinds of triangles and quadrilaterals, a sphere, a square and a triangular prism, a pyramid and cone and their frustums, leaves of trees, and many other things of that nature. We began drawing with straight lines on the black-board, and explained their position; then we took up the triangle, curved line, etc., gradually proceeding from the simple to the more complex.

GEOMETRICAL FORMS.

Viola learned form very readily. Before she had attained the age of one year and nine months she

THE GEOMETRICAL FORMS.
From a Photo. by Tucker, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

could name and fetch any of the thirty-four geometrical forms shown in this picture. We first set up only three pieces—the square, the circle, and the triangle. Then others were added as fast as she learned the former.

NATIONAL FLAGS.

When Viola was one year and nine months old she knew the flags of twenty-five nations. When all the flags were set up in a line she could get any one called for. In all these exercises we began with a few and then increased the number. In our teaching we never had any particular time set for certain lessons, but always followed our inclinations. The reader should firmly keep in mind that all Viola's learning was only play, and that she always enjoyed complete freedom on all these educational subjects.

GEOGRAPHY.

In geography she first learned to locate and then to name the States and territories of the United States. The map we used for this purpose had no names on it. She could point to any State and territory and their

capitals when she was one year and nine months old. In this way she could soon name, locate, and read the names of all the countries and their capitals in the world. Then she learned to read and locate the names of oceans, lakes, mountains, rivers, capes, etc. She can now read almost any geographical name given in Frye's Geographies, and upon request she can find almost any prominent geographical name and place in a few seconds, when the closed geography is given to her for that purpose.

PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS PERSONS.

At the age of one year and ten months Viola knew the portraits of more than a hundred famous men and women, representing nearly all schools of thought, both good and bad. She soon became fond of playing with these pictures, and learned to recognise them in a short time.

THE PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS PERSONS.
From a Photo. by Tucker, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The portraits were set in a card-holder, all in plain view, as shown in the picture; then baby was requested to get a certain one. In the first lesson only two were used, then the number was increased as fast as she learned to recognise them.

SEEDS AND LEAVES.

Before Viola was one year and eleven months old she knew and could name thirty-two different kinds of seeds and twenty-five kinds of leaves of trees. The seeds were put in little bottles and set in a neat case, so that all the bottles were in plain view at the same time. The leaves were pressed in a large book.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

At the age of one year and eleven months she could point to almost all the bones of the human skeleton, and to many organs of the body. She first learned to name and locate the femur, then the humerus, and so on. Now she can name and read the names of all the bones of the human skeleton, and locate nearly all of them. She can also read, name, and locate the external parts of the body.

LINES AND ANGLES.

Viola knew at sight and could name the twenty-two kinds of lines and angles used in geometry when she was one year and eleven months old. These lines and angles were drawn on cards about the size of a common envelope, and she learned to recognise and name them in the same way as she learned the portraits, etc.

UNITED STATES MONEY.

At twenty-three months she named and recognised all the denominations of United States money which is now coined and printed by the United States Government, except bills over 100dols. We taught her the money by placing it in a shallow dish, beginning with the penny and the nickel, increasing the denominations as fast as she learned them. Sometimes we asked her to pick out a certain denomination for us; at other times we would pick out a piece and ask her to name it. In this way she learned to discriminate and to name, to observe and to talk, all of which are very useful in the practical affairs of life.

EXAMINATION.

When Viola was one year eleven months and twenty-five days old she passed an examination before a disinterested committee of examiners (Miss Verna Lumpkin and Miss Martha Campbell, both competent and successful teachers of the public schools of Lake City, Iowa, the city in which we then resided), who found that she knew 2,500 nouns by having either the pictures or the

Age 1 yr. 11 mo. 25 da.. Feb. 4, 1899.
It was found by examination that Viola knows over 2500 nouns, by having either the objects themselves, or the pictures of them placed before her. Examiners.
Miss Verna Lumpkin.
Miss Matty Campbell, of Lake City, Iowa.
Weekly picture No. 69.
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VIOLA'S EXAMINATION CERTIFICATE.
From a Photo. by Tucker, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

objects themselves brought before her. The committee estimated that she knew at least 500 more nouns which they could not present as objects or pictures, making a total of 3,000 nouns which she knew at this age—perhaps more nouns than the words of all parts of speech used by the average adult.

This examination was conducted by two distinctly different methods. By the first a large number of objects, or the pictures of them, were placed before Viola, and then she was requested to bring them one by one, after having heard each called for by its appropriate name. By the second an object, or a picture of it, was held up for inspection, and she named it. The latter method was used about half the time, although she could pronounce fairly well almost all the words in the list. The committee compiled a written "record" containing all the words of this list.

PUNCTUATION MARKS.

At two years she knew twenty-two punctuation marks. They were drawn on cards, and learned in the same way as the portraits, etc. The reader will notice that all Viola's learning is in the line of practical knowledge—knowledge which must be learned before we can read intelligently and write correctly.

SPELLING.

Shortly after Viola began to read she also began to learn the names of the letters and to spell easy words, which were printed in large letters on cards, and these cards could be slipped into a groove on one face of attractive blocks, which were hung up against the wall, and which had pieces of pea-nut in them. Whenever she wanted a pea-nut we would ask her to get a block (we called these blocks pea-nut bottles) having a certain word on it. If she brought the block containing the right word she would first spell the word by sight, then from memory, and also often by sound. In this way she learned to spell readily and pleasantly, so that at the age of three she could spell a long list of words, many of them quite difficult, such as vinegar, sugar, insect, Viola, busy, mamma, Rosalia, February, biscuit, Olerich, American, Nebraska, Council Bluffs, Pompeii, Mediterranean, etc.

ANALYZING A FLOWER.

Here is a picture of Viola sitting at her little table examining and naming the different parts of a

ANALYZING A FLOWER.
From a Photo. by Tucker, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

VIOLA'S LUNCH TABLE.
From a Photo. by Tucker, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

flower. She is very fond of flowers, and likes to separate them into their different parts. She can read at sight all the botanical names given in Youman's Botany. We have on numerous occasions passed this Botany and Steele's Zoology to the audience and offered a handsome book as a prize to anyone who would succeed in finding a word in either of these books that Viola could not readily pronounce at sight. So far no one has succeeded in finding such a word.

WRITING.

Viola could readily read manuscript before she began to practise writing. Her first writing, and also her first drawing, exercises were on the black-board. She never learned to print much, but began with manuscript. The small *i* was the first letter she learned to make, then *e*, *u*, *t*, *j*, *n*, *b*, etc. *O* was the first capital letter she made. She now writes both words and numbers quite readily. In order to make the writing exercises pleasant we often interspersed them with attractive drawings.

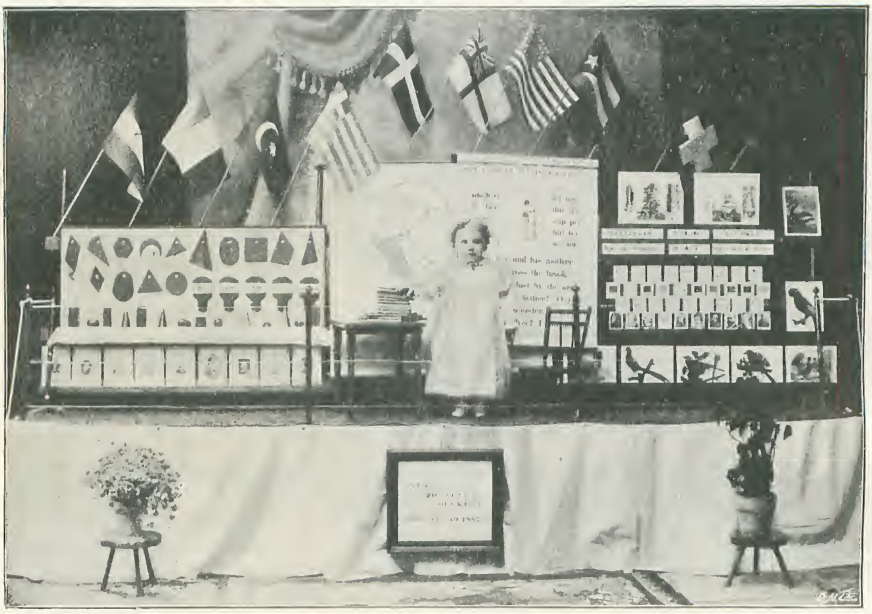
TYPE-WRITING.

February 22, 1900, she received a Smith Premier typewriter, and took her first lesson in typewriting two days after this. In a few days she learned to put the paper in, run the carriage, feed the paper, and finger the whole of the keyboard with both hands. She strikes the keys so firmly and evenly that the letters are all full and distinct. She now not only copies manuscript and print, but writes very nicely without a copy.

MANY OTHER ACCOM-PLISH-MENTS.

Viola now (May, 1900) knows the name and function of all of Webster's Diacritical Marks. She can correctly give out any lesson in McGuffey's latest spelling-book, where she closely observes the silent letters, the diacritical marks, the accent, and the syllabication of words. She can give all the elementary sounds of the English language, and can find words in a small dictionary. She recognises and reads the abbreviations of all the States and territories of the United States, of the days of the week, of the months of the year, and many others. She can quite well classify sentences according to use and form, and punctuate accordingly. She is quite proficient in translating French and German into English, and is familiar with a large number of scientific terms used in astronomy, geology, grammar, physical geography, history, etc. Her attention, her memory, her observation, her power of discrimination, her reasoning, and her ability as a critic are as marvellous as her other attainments.

VIOLA AS A TYPEWRITER.
From a Photo. by Heyn, Omaha.



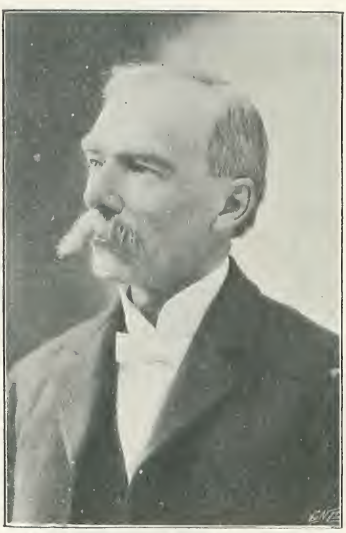
From a Photo. by] VIOLA ON HER PLATFORM. *[Tucker, Council Bluffs, Iowa.*

HER ABILITY TESTED IN PUBLIC.

Viola's educational ability has been thoroughly tested in public on numerous occasions. She performs her work on her little elevated stage. Some specimens of her educational apparatus may be seen as shown in the picture. She is very fond of giving these exhibitions, and greatly admires the applause of her audience and the bouquets which she frequently receives.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

"What do you intend to prove with your educational experiment?" is a question very frequently asked. In reply to this I will say that there are many important principles which I desire to prove as far as an individual case can furnish proof of them. I desire to show that a child, at a very young age, can be a good reader, a skilful writer, an excellent speller, and an erudite scholar; that freedom and kindness produce far better educational results than coercion and cruelty; that interest, and not force, should be made the incentive for learning; that all learning should be in the form of play; that no injury can result to the child, no matter how much it learns, so long as it is left completely free; that a comparatively young child can readily acquire a liberal knowledge of such important sciences as physiology, economics, psychology, etc.; that intellectuality and character depend almost entirely on *post-natal* education and only very little, if any, on *heredity*, or *pre-natal* influences, and that every healthy child, which is properly educated under the system of interest, kindness, and freedom, will have an extensive vocabulary and a wonderful memory, as well as many other unusual accomplishments with which we now scarcely ever meet. The writer is confident that with the proper system of education, children, before they arrive at the age of eight, will have a larger store of useful knowledge than is now possessed by the average graduate, and they will acquire all this practically without any strain or effort. The truth of this statement may, we think, be easily demonstrated in a practical way by living examples. So far, Viola's rate of education is much in advance of the one mentioned above.



PROFESSOR HENRY OLERICH, WHO ADOPTED AND EDUCATED VIOLA.
From a Photo. by Schmidt, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

A Modern Gelert.

By Walter Ragge.

IF I refrain from giving particulars of names and places, forgive me. I have a haunting fear, a fear that may not be well founded, that I might be sent to prison; so I want every zealous and efficient officer who reads this narrative to know that he has wasted his time: this is fiction, foolish, improbable fiction, nothing more.

Two years ago, in August, I was walking peacefully along the esplanade of a certain town on the southern coast of England. It was evening, and the band was playing on the esplanade, which was consequently crowded, while the little pier, at other times the chief attraction of the place, was almost deserted. Suddenly, high above the strains of "Tommy Atkins," there smote on our startled ears a woman's scream; then another, and another, and then the deep cry of a strong man in mortal agony—"Help, help, help!" This sound came from the seaward end of the pier, and the crowd, heaving, swaying, the men swearing, the women screaming out their sympathy, made with one accord for the turnstiles. Luckily for me, I had been standing at that end of the esplanade, and I reached and cleared the stiles before the crush began. I heard the mob struggling and smashing the ironwork as I ran up the pier. The gate-keeper had left his post, and was hurrying as fast as his bulk permitted in the direction of the cries.

"Who is it?" I shouted, as I overtook him.

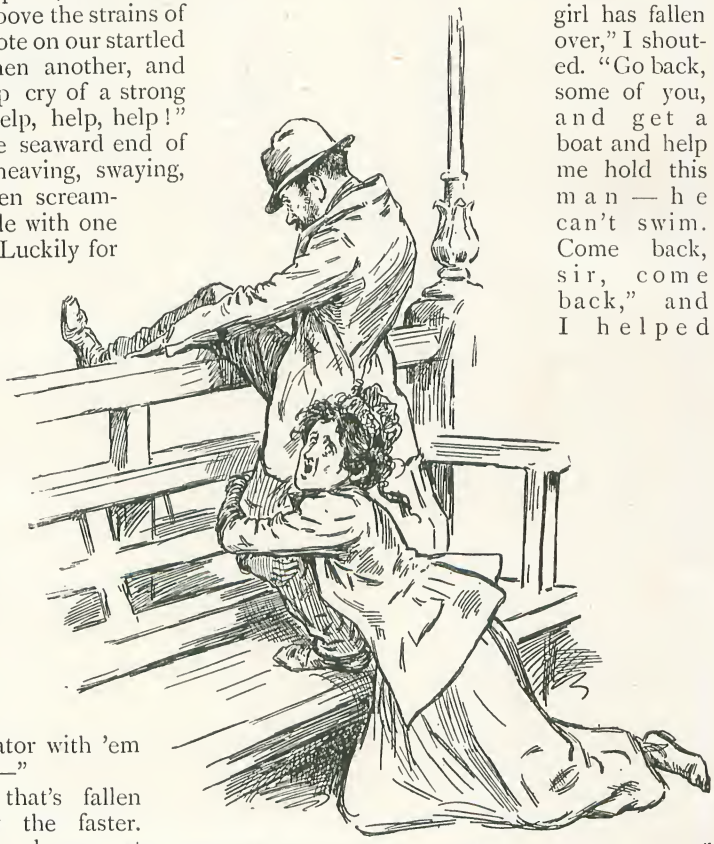
"Man and woman, sir," he gasped; "only two on the pier to-night—got a covered perambulator with 'em—I 'ad to open the gate——"

"Then it's the child that's fallen over," I cried, and flew the faster. Rushing round the little house at the end of the pier I came upon the hapless pair. The man was standing on the seat and had thrown one leg over the rail; the woman was clinging wildly to his other limb and screaming in a manner horrible to hear. However, she was not hysterical, for as I came up she turned to me: "Hold him back, sir," she cried, "he can't swim. Oh, John, the dog'll save her if she can be saved."

"Is it the child?" I panted.

"Oh, yes, sir," wailed the mother, still clinging to her husband's leg; "our little girl has fallen over into the sea." The crowd was seething all round us now, and twenty voices yelled, "What is it?"

"A little girl has fallen over," I shouted. "Go back, some of you, and get a boat and help me hold this man—he can't swim. Come back, sir, come back," and I helped



"THE WOMAN WAS SCREAMING IN A MANNER HORRIBLE TO HEAR."

the woman to pull the poor, frantic wretch over the rail again.

"The dog's gone after her, John," the woman cried once more. "You know that Nero will save her if she can be saved. And you can't swim—you know you can't swim."

"No more can I," I hastened to observe, for the woman looked at me; "but perhaps someone——" I had no need to say more. A young fellow behind me shouted, "Let me through!" and forced his way to the front bearing a life-belt in his hands. Without even fastening on the belt he jumped on to the seat and threw himself headlong over the rail. Now, if I had seen that belt I should have done as he did, though I cannot swim, and though I owe a duty to my partner to preserve my life, and after all we older fellows must be content to take the second place: youth will be served. There were many younger than I among that crowd, and they did not jump. Besides, I had the frantic father to protect from his own rashness. The electric lights at the end of the pier had been switched on; the cold, unsympathetic beams shone down upon the troubled water, and we could clearly see, for the pier was not a high one, the life-belt floating on the waves, and close beside it the dark, wet head of the foolhardy young man. Then the boat that was always moored to the steps of the landing-stage swung round the corner of the pier, and remember that it was I and I alone that had recalled the existence of that boat to the memory of the thoughtless crowd. A hundred eager voices hailed her crew, "Do you see anything?—where is she?—help, help, help!" Then there was a splash and, clearly seen by our straining eyes, a dark head rose up some twenty yards from where the life-belt floated. A breathless pause and then, "It's a dog!" cried the pier-keeper, who was standing in the bows of the boat. "Give way, lads, there's something in his mouth."

"HE THREW HIMSELF HEADLONG OVER THE RAIL."

The woman gave a rapturous cry: "Oh, John, what did I tell you? Nero has saved her—Nero has saved her!"

"Three cheers for Nero, then," I shouted, and they were given with a will. The boat, the man with the belt, and the brave dog were together now. We saw the men stop rowing and haul man and beast into safety, and we cheered again and went on cheering. But suddenly there came a shock of doubt. Why were they still rowing round and round? Good heavens, the man had jumped back into the water, and the dog had followed him. What did it mean? "Is she safe?" we shouted, and then the father's voice, "Let me go. Let me go, I must—I will!"

But we held him back by force, and cried again, "Is she safe? For God's sake, tell us —have you found her?"

The pier-keeper called back; "It was her frock that the dog brought up; but never fear, he's dived again—he'll fetch her up." Another dreadful pause, and then again the dog came up, close to the boat this time, and again we saw that there was something in his mouth. But we did not cheer; we waited breathless, and all the time the woman's voice went on, "He'll save her, John; Nero will save her. Oh, kind gentleman, he'll save her, won't he?"

The young man had been hauled into the boat, exhausted, but the dog had dived once more; then the girl was still in the water. "He's found her cap," called the pier-keeper. Men had run off in all directions for ropes and drags, and still the boat rowed slowly round and round, and still the dog dived and rose and dived again, and still the people waited on the pier. But all hope had left us now. The poor child must be drowned; search as they might, they could only find a corpse. The woman was sobbing bitterly; the man, seated by her side, was plunged in the apathy of despair, and paid no heed to our attempts at consolation. A tall, stout man, with a beard, came hurrying up and forced his way through the crowd to where the wretched parents sat: he had a note-book in his hand. He stepped up to the father and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"This is a bad business, my poor fellow," he said, in a rough but not unkindly voice. "Tell us all about it." The woman had raised her head and was staring at him.

"Are you a policeman?" she asked, quickly.

"Policeman? No, no, my good soul, I'm a newspaper man. Come, my man; tell us how it happened." His bluff manner seemed to have a good effect: the poor man raised his head, and in broken accents told his pitiful story. He was a basket-seller, it appeared, travelling with a van from place to place. He had come to the outskirts of the town at dusk, and, leaving his van by the roadside, had come with his wife and child to the little pier. The little girl was delicate and could not walk far, though she was some five years old; hence the covered perambulator.

"I've seen better days, sir," the poor fellow said, with a piteous smile. "And that perambulator's about all I've got to remind me of them."

Indeed, it was obvious both from his speech and manner that this was no common basket-seller. The little girl had been lifted from the perambulator and was sitting on the seat, and while he and his wife had turned their eyes away towards the esplanade, the accident had happened.

"But the dog will save her, sir," broke in the woman; "Nero will save her." The reporter looked at me inquiringly.

"The dog has jumped after the poor little girl," I explained; "he has found her frock and cap, but——"

"Yes, sir," cried the woman; "Nero will save her."

"What sort of dog?" asked the big man, writing busily in his note-book.

"Newfoundland dog, sir; he can swim like a fish and do 'most anything."

"Bravo, dog!" cried the reporter, and at that moment the boat's crew, the young man who had dived, and the animal in question came up the steps from the landing-stage. We rushed towards them, but the pier-keeper, who was the foremost of them, shook his head sadly.

"They've got the drag-ropes out," he said, and indeed the water was alive with boats. The reporter seized him by the arm. "Is that the dog?" he cried. The pier-keeper looked surprised. "Yes," he answered, slowly; "that's the dog, and a good dog too."

The woman came running forward. "Where is she, oh, where is she?" she wailed.

"Now, bear up, bear up," said the reporter, and then she saw the dog.

"Oh, Nero, where is she?" she cried, "Why haven't you brought her back, why haven't you brought her back?"

"He done his best," said the pier-keeper, gruffly. "See here," and he held up two dripping little garments.

The poor mother seized them with an eagerness that was terribly pathetic, and her husband came staggering forward to her side. "She's dead," he cried; "dead and drowned. Nero, how dare you come back and leave her there?"

I interfered at this. "You mustn't blame the dog," I said; "he has done nobly. Bear your affliction like a man; be brave; all that can be done has been done."

The dog, a huge, shaggy black-and-white Newfoundland, seemed to know that I was speaking for him, for he lifted a dripping paw and laid it on my spotless flannels. The owner turned to me.

"You're right, sir," he said, the tears standing in his eyes. "He has done his best, and I should not have blamed him."

"He's a noble dog," I said, and there was a murmur of approval from the crowd. "He's a noble dog, and for the sake of his courage, and to show my sympathy, I'll give you £15 for him."

The man seemed to waver for a moment, but his wife, laying her hand on the huge wet head of the faithful beast, cried out, "No, John, no; don't part with Nero, he's —he's all we've got left now."

There came another murmur from the crowd of sympathy with her, and, most unjustly, of anger with myself. "Don't go for to rob the pore man of his dog," said one indignant female, and other voices echoed her remark.

"My friends," said I, hastily, "I have no wish to do so."

"Well, don't you do it," repeated my assailant.

"I don't intend to do it. On the contrary, I will hand over the £15 to this poor fellow to help him to keep this noble dog."

"Bravo, sir," cried the reporter. "We'll make a jack-pot of it, and I'll put a quid in myself." And, taking off his hat, he threw a sovereign into it, and passed it round among the crowd.

The poor woman turned to me and caught my hand in hers. "Oh, bless you, sir," she sobbed. "Bless you, and you, kind gentlemen."

We stayed on that pier for hours, and when at last we left it, all hopes of recovering the body being abandoned, the woman was still tearfully expressing her gratitude, for which I must say I think she had some cause. The collection, inclusive of my donation, amounted to over £30.

The papers were full of the dog's courage and devotion for days to come (there was no mention, by the way, of the young man with the life-belt); and I think that the basket-maker and his wife had reason to be thankful to the Press. I know of my own knowledge that three aunts of mine from London, Liverpool, and Exeter sent large donations to "the brave Nero and his master," and, as I afterwards ascertained, many other people did the same. The body of the child was not recovered, in spite of the diligent efforts of the authorities, and when I had my last interview with the parents before I left the place they were still broken-hearted at their loss.

None the less, they were very grateful to me for what I had done, and Nero, the popular idol, shared their gratitude, and greeted me with the most embarrassing warmth whenever I crossed his path. I twice offered to buy the beast, but nothing would induce the man to part with it. The wife, who had been the most vehement at first in rejecting my offer, had altered her opinion, and even added her entreaties to my own, but it was of no avail. I went away, regretfully thinking of the dog: he was not a particularly fine specimen, but there was an indescribable air of humorous intelligence that attracted me. Most Newfoundlands are stolid, almost sullen, in appearance; but not Nero. He would put his head on one side when we met and look at me with a "pawkiness" that was irresistible. Had he been human I feel sure he would have winked.

"'HOW SAD,' SAID I, FEELING SOMEWHAT BORED."

I would have given £20 for him; but it was no use, and I bade him and his owners a sad farewell.

In April of this year I went down to stay with a cousin of mine who lives in Dorsetshire, about twenty miles from the sea-coast. He is a landowner and a magistrate, and a busy man generally, but he was not at home when I arrived. His wife apologized for his absence: "Charlie is so sorry that he couldn't meet you, but there's been such a sad accident in the village, and he's seeing about that. He'll be home to dinner."

"What kind of accident?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a most pathetic story. Charlie will be very angry with me, I know, for he's sure to want to tell you himself, but I really cannot wait. A poor man with a travelling cart came here yesterday. He left the cart in his wife's charge, outside the village, and came in to sell baskets and things. While he was away the van caught fire—I believe a lamp exploded. The woman was gathering sticks."

"How sad," said I, feeling somewhat bored.

"Oh, but wait—that's not the dreadful part of it," cried the daughter, excitedly.

"I know, my dear, I know," said her mother. "Please let me tell the story my own way. The woman was outside—but the poor little child was in the van. The fire was so terrible that the poor mother couldn't face the flames, so she sent their dog to fetch out the child. The dog tried several times without success, and at last—isn't it awful?—brought out the skeleton of the poor little thing. I suppose the burning oil had run over her—there was nothing but the skeleton—at least, even that was broken up by the flames. It's too terrible to think of—but here's Charlie at last."

My cousin came bustling in. "Well, George," he cried, "sorry to miss you—had a busy day—we've been having a terrible business here; a poor basket-maker——"

"I've told George all about it, dear," said his wife, benignly.

My cousin's healthy face grew redder, but he nobly crushed his disappointment down. "Well," he said, "I've been looking after the poor people. The man's almost off his head—he was abusing his wife in the most frightful language when I came up; not for leaving the child, but—what do you think?—for sending the dog into the fire."

"Poor man," said my cousin's wife.

"What sort of a dog is it?" I asked.

"A Newfoundland—big black-and-white dog. It's not very badly burnt."

A Newfoundland! The tide of memory carried me away to that dreadful scene on the pier two years ago. Were all Newfoundland dogs heroic, I wondered, or could this be my long-lost, much-regretted Nero? His master was a basket-maker, I remembered; yes, it must be he.

"What is the man like?" I cried, eagerly.

"Most respectable-looking man: I was most surprised to hear him use such language: he's a smallish fellow with a black beard: speaks almost like a gentleman."

"Do you remember my telling you of the dog that dived from the pier?" I said. "I am almost certain this must be the same."

"What a darling dog," cried my cousin's daughter. "The dog that tried to save the poor, drowning girl! Oh, yes, I'm sure it must be; there can't be two such dogs."

"I must go and see the man to-morrow," said I. "Where is he to be found?"

"I was sending John round to him to-night," said my cousin. "We've made a little collection for him, and the sooner he has the money the better."

"Tell John to say that I am here, then," I said. "He will remember me, if it really is the man. It's a most extraordinary coincidence—though, after all, Bowling, where the girl was drowned, is not far from here, is it?"

"About twenty miles, I should say," replied my cousin. "It is rather funny, though. I'll tell John—and now we ought to go and dress."

As we were knocking the balls about after dinner my cousin returned to the subject.

"Most extraordinary how fierce the fire must have been," he said, chalking his cue. "There wasn't a bit of flesh on the bones—they were all charred, of course; even the ligaments were gone."

"Then how did the skeleton hold together?" said I.

"It didn't; the dog must have brought it out almost bone by bone. I can't think why he isn't more severely burnt. And, by the way, don't mention it to my wife, but I asked the man if he'd mind my taking a photo. of the skeleton; he didn't object, and I'll come with you to-morrow and bring my camera."

On the following morning we started off to the village, my cousin discreetly concealing his camera until we had turned the corner of the drive. We found the unhappy couple in the cottage of an old servant of my cousin's. They were sitting together in the kitchen, and the old woman who owned the

place was vigorously driving off the curious villagers who tried to peep in at her windows.

I was right. I recognised the man and the woman immediately, and my old friend Nero was lying by the fire with bandages round his neck. All three greeted me cordially, and I sat down to converse with them, while my cousin assisted his old servant in dispersing the idle crowd outside.

"This is a dreadful business," I began. "How terribly unfortunate you are! And poor Nero couldn't save this child?"

"No, sir," said the man, shooting an angry glance at his wife. "It's a wonder he wasn't killed."

"He doesn't fear death," said I, "that I am sure of. I didn't know you had another child, my poor fellow. I thought the one that was drowned——"

"Yes, sir," said the woman, wiping her eyes. "This was our last, sir."

"Poor things, poor things," said I, and silently slipped a coin into the woman's hand. My cousin entered briskly.

"Well, how's the dog?" said he.

"Going on well, sir," said the man. "He's come off well, considering all things," and again he looked angrily at the woman.

"Well, let's go upstairs," said my cousin. "No, don't you come, my man: it will only distress you."

The remains of the poor child were laid out in a little room upstairs. The skeleton was, as far as my unpractised eye could judge, almost perfect; yet every bone was separate from its neighbour, and there was, as my cousin had said, no trace of any ligament.

"Who arranged these bones?" I asked.

"Dr. Ripton," said my cousin; "there's going to be an inquest."

"It's marvellous that the dog should have found them," said I.

"Yes, isn't it? I believe he brought them all out. They're very little charred, when one considers the violence of the fire, and they can none of them have been left in the fire long, because it wasn't put out for more than an hour, and there wouldn't have been anything left of them. Just pull up that blind, will you? I want more light."

"HOW TERRIBLY UNFORTUNATE YOU ARE."

My cousin took several photographs, and we went home. The inquest was held, and the jury refrained from blaming the poor woman, I believe, though I didn't see the report. The public was very much interested in the sad case, and a good deal of practical sympathy resulted from the publication of the story in the Press.

About a week later my cousin said to me, after breakfast, "Those poor people are leaving to day. I must really print those

photographs. Very possibly the man would be glad to have them."

The dark room adjoined my cousin's study, and I sat and smoked my after-breakfast cigar while my cousin arranged the fixing, or whatever it is called, of the photographs. Finally he produced them for my inspection.

They had come out very well, especially one that had been taken of the skull. I was examining this when I noticed a mark on the top of the head that I did not remember seeing when we "viewed the body."

"What's this?" I said, and pointed out the mark to my cousin.

"Maybe a flaw in the plate," said he. "Here's a magnifying-glass; look at it through this."

I looked, and, to my utter astonishment, saw clearly marked upon the skull the figures "189." I handed the glass to my cousin in silence. He looked, started, and then turned to me, his face absolutely purple.

"It's a number," he said, hoarsely.

"It is," said I. "How on earth did it get there?"

"How?" he yelled. "Why, we've been done. This isn't the skull of a child at all; there never *was* a child in that infernal van. This is some confounded old skeleton that's been faked up by that smooth-spoken villain."

"Steady, steady," said I; "you can't be sure."

"Sure! Of course I'm sure. How could the number get there on a living child? Answer me that. The rascal, the infernal rascal! I'll see that he gets his deserts; I'll——"

"Stop a bit," said I. "Don't be so hasty. You may be right——"

"I am right."

"Very good. But it will be an unpleasant business. You wrote to the paper, you know——"

My cousin's jaw dropped. "I know I did," said he, after a pause. "I know I've made an ass of myself. They'll guy the very soul out of me for this. But, hang it, man, you wouldn't have me hush it up?"

"No, no," said I, hastily. "It's not a question of hushing up—I only wish you not to act upon suspicion."

The door opened and John appeared. "A man to see you, sir," he said.

"'IT'S A NUMBER,' HE SAID, HOARSELY."

"Who is it?" said my cousin, angrily.

"It's the man whose child was killed, sir," said John.

"What's he want?"

"He wants to see Sir George, sir."

"Very good," said I; "show him in here"; and John departed.

"Now, look here," said I, hastily, "I must see this man alone. You must not mix yourself up in this business. Don't try to be wiser than a coroner's jury, my dear fellow. I'll settle with the man alone; if

you were here, he knows you're a magistrate —he'd say nothing—or if he did, you'd have to take it up, and I don't think that's desirable—I don't think that's desirable."

My cousin looked at me doubtfully; then silently nodded his head and went out. In another minute John reappeared.

"The man wants to bring his dog in, sir," he said. "Do you wish 'im to do so?"

"Certainly," said I, and John withdrew and presently ushered Nero and his master into the study.

"Good morning," said I, coldly. "You wish to see me, I understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the man. "I'm going away to-day, sir, and remembering how fond you were of Nero, sir, I thought that you might like, sir, to renew your offer, sir. Twenty pounds, sir, I think."

"Certainly not," I said, gently but firmly, repulsing the dog, who laid a friendly paw upon my knee. "I am not prepared to pay that sum."

"Well, sir, say ten."

"Nor ten pounds, nor five, nor one."

"Well, sir," said the man, after a pause, "will you take him as a gift?"

I was simply astounded. "What do you mean?" I said.

"You were always fond of the dog, sir, and he was fond of you, and I think he'd be safer with you, sir—safer and happier."

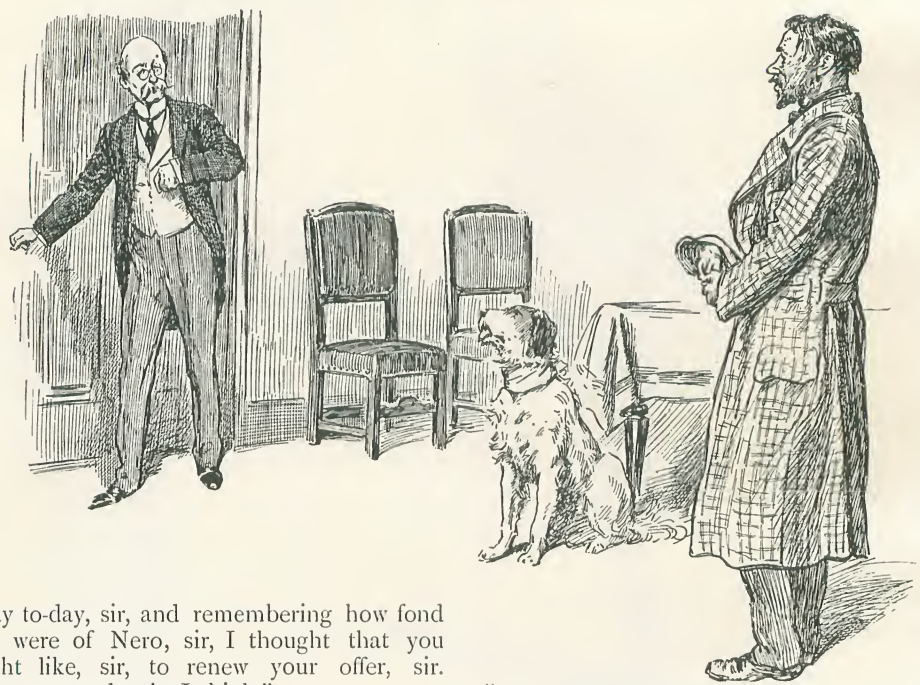
I looked at him—obviously something was on his mind; he was shuffling his feet about, and never once did he look me in the face. Could it be possible that he was trying to confess? I determined to help him.

"So you're giving up business, then?" I said.

He gave me one quick, suspicious glance, and then dropped his eyes. "Yes, sir," he said. "We're thinking of going to London."

I rose and, walking quickly to the door, locked it and put the key in my pocket. "Now," said I, "this house belongs to a magistrate. I have discovered your scheme, my man, and I tell you candidly, because I do not wish to be harsh with you, that your only chance is to confess at once."

"Confess!" he cried, with an admirable assumption of injured innocence. "Confess what? What do you mean, sir?"



"I ROSE AND, WALKING QUICKLY TO THE DOOR, LOCKED IT."

"I have here," I went on, quietly, "a photograph of the skull that you pretended to be that of your dead child. That photograph clearly shows that it is not so. Now, I give you one minute to make up your mind. Either you will tell me without reserve all about it, when I will be as lenient as I can, or I ring the bell and give you into custody."

The man hesitated for a moment, then—

"Sit down, sir," he said, with a smile, "and make yourself comfortable. I guess the best way will be to make a clean breast of it. D'you want the whole story, sir?"

"I do," said I, and then, as a fresh wave of suspicion flooded my hitherto unsuspecting mind, "and don't forget the incident on the pier."

He had the grace to look somewhat abashed, but, as I sat down quietly, he recovered his assurance and began his story.

"That was the first time we tried the job, sir," said he. "I knew that Nero could swim like a fish, sir; seen him in the water often and often. Well, sir, I don't know if you read the papers much, but if so you must have noticed that the public never care much what a man does in the way of saving life, but when there's an animal in it, my word, what a fuss they make! And it's just the same in other things, too: if a man's starved, bless your heart, they don't care; but if he keeps a dog and feeds it, while he's starving—Lord, don't they just come down with the ready! I'd been reading something like that in one of the papers, and says I to my old woman, 'Why shouldn't we starve, and fatten Nero up, and let the papers hear of it?' says I.

"'They wouldn't hear of it,' says she; 'and I don't want to starve.'

"'Then it must be life-saving,' says I.

"'Whose life?' says she.

"Well, that puzzled us for a bit: there's lots of lives saved by dogs, you know, and we wanted something special. I thought of getting our little girl down from London and letting Nero save her, but she's got a place in the theatre, and the wife wouldn't hear of her giving it up. You see, if I'd gone in to the water and been saved, I'd have had to go deep and be a long time in being saved, or the public wouldn't care about it a bit, and I thought I might make it a bit too long and not be saved after all, which would have been a pity, wouldn't it?"

I remained silent, and the hardened villain went on.

"At last I hit on the right plan. We'd got some of Jennie's clothes along with us, and that night, seeing the pier was empty, we went on with the perambulator closed. I'd bought the perambulator special. The fool at the gate spotted nothing. When we got to the end I gave Nero the cap and the frock, and he took them in his mouth."

I glanced at the dog, and he put his head on one side and looked back at me with his tongue out.

"Nero could dive as well as any duck, and I said to him, 'Deep, Nero, deep.'"

The dog heard the words and sprang up wildly, but his master calmed him with a wave of the hand.

"Nero jumps off into the water and dives, and we start yelling out and you came up—and that's all clear and satisfactory, isn't it, sir?"

"Why did he go on diving?" I said.

"He always did, sir, until I whistled."

"But you didn't whistle?"

"Oh, yes, I did, sir. You didn't notice it perhaps, but *he* did. That's all satisfactory, isn't it?"

I did not commit myself. "Tell me about this business," I said, sternly.

The man frowned. "This was none of my doing, sir," he said. "I've only just forgiven the missus for sending the poor dog into the fire like that."

"But the skeleton?" I said, incredulously. "You must have been preparing for this fraud, for you had the skeleton ready all the time."

The man laughed: "Not for this, sir," he said. "I got the skeleton right enough, and I'll tell you what I meant to do with it. We were going back to the old place, sir: I judged the people would have just about forgotten us, and I was going to drop the bones out of a boat near the pier-head, give one to Nero, say he'd found it, and let him have a try for the rest. The people would have remembered all about the sad accident then, sir, and I think we might have had a second edition of their kindness, even though you wouldn't have been there. It was a good lay, that first one, sir; £200 we cleared, all in all."

"Go on," said I, sternly. "Why did you burn the van?"

"Ah, that was an accident—a real accident, sir. We never meant to burn the van. A lamp burst, or something, and when my wife saw that it was all ablaze, she sent the dog in to bring out the bag, and angry I was with her for doing it."

"The bag," said I. "What bag?"

"A linen bag, sir, with the bones in it. I'd taken all the wire out of the skeleton, you see, sir, and the bones were loose. Nero brought the bag out all right and burned himself a bit in doing it. Then my wife thought she might as well make the best of a bad job, so she burnt the bag and kicked up a row, and when I came back from the village I found a crowd there, and learnt that I'd lost another child." And he laughed outright at this.

"I see," said I; "that accounts for all the bones being found?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "My wife thought it best to burn them a bit, but I suppose she didn't do it enough, and that's how you spotted us. I must say it was smart."

"No," said I; "there was a number on the skull."

He looked genuinely shocked. "A number, sir? You don't say so! And to think of my overlooking a thing like that."

"Don't blame yourself. It wasn't visible to the eye. It came out in the photograph for some reason. I cannot tell you why; I'm no photographer."

"Ah," said he, visibly relieved. "I thought I shouldn't have missed it. Wonderful process, photography. But I ought to have thought of that, too, for I read somewhere that that's how they discovered the writing on the monuments in Egypt."

"You seem to have read a good deal," said I.

"I have, sir," he replied. "I am a well-educated man, though I say it as shouldn't, perhaps. And now, sir, you know my history: what are you going to do?"

"You are going to London?" I said, after a pause.

"Yes, sir. Must get back to business, sir."

"Business? What business?"

"Cabinet-maker, sir. Oh, I see, sir: yes, we took our summer holiday with the van, sir. Comes cheaper."

"Why did you want me to take the dog?"

He looked embarrassed for a moment; then—

"Well, sir," said he, "I think you'll agree that it wouldn't have been safe to play the game again; we should have been caught for a certainty—well, we have been caught, in fact. Now, I can't trust my wife not to try it on: that's the worst of women, they never know when to stop; and she's no proper care for the dog, sir, as you can see, so I thought I'd leave him with you, knowing you to be fond of him."

"And you never intend to defraud your fellow-creatures like this again?" said I, in my most impressive tones.

"Never, sir. You can see for yourself that it wouldn't do."

"Tell me one thing," I said, as the thought struck me. "You've a respectable business of your own in London, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir—I see what you mean, sir. We travel incognito, sir, in the van; under another name, sir. Safer, sir, and more convenient."

"Quite so. What is your real name?"

No answer.

"Well, my man," I said, at last, "promise me you'll never do this any more, and I'll let you off easily."

"Yes, sir," said he, eagerly, "and you'll take the dog, sir?"

Nero looked at me with that irresistible grin—I can give it no other name. I was tempted — struggled for a moment — and fell.

"I'll take the dog," I said, weakly.

"Thank you, sir," said the scoundrel, cheerily. "And as my poor, burnt child is safely buried now, there's nothing to detain me here, is there?" He said it with meaning, and I understood.

"No," I said, "I shall not prosecute, but I should advise you to clear out quickly."

"Yes, sir," said he; "the wife has gone already. Now, Nero, here's your master; understand, here's your master. Call him, sir." I did so, and the man also called at the same moment; the dog walked up to me and held out a paw.

"That's all right, sir," said the man. "May I go, sir?"

I unlocked the door and saw him depart. He left the place that day, and I have never seen him again. I had some difficulty in explaining to my cousin how the dog came into my possession; however, he was glad to know that the man had gone, that no serious crime had been committed, and that his indiscretion in so zealously advocating the scoundrel's cause would never be discovered.

I'm not going to call the dog Nero any longer: *he* would never have fiddled at the burning of Rome, rather would he have dashed into the flames and hauled out the images of the gods.

I shall call him Gelert; for, in spite of his humorous expression, I do not think he realized the full extent of his late master's fraud. At least, I am sure that if a child had been drowning in that sea, or burning in that van, he would have rescued her. Is he less heroic because he recovered only rags in the one case and bones in the other? No, I shall certainly call him Gelert, after Llewellyn's Gelert. And have I, or have I not, compounded a felony by taking him?

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

JORKINS IN THE COMMONS.

IT is not generally known that an institution which from time to time has loomed large and ominously in Parliamentary debate has ceased to exist. Whenever Sir John Gorst wanted to make flesh creep in the House of Commons he was accustomed to allude to the Committee of Council on Education. The mere writing or printing of the phrase will to the unaccustomed ear convey no idea of its effect when uttered by the Vice-President. It was generally evoked when any awkward question arose in debate or conversation on educational matters. The House learned to know when Sir John was coming to it. He leaned his elbow a little more heavily on the brass-bound box. His countenance was softened by a reverential look. His voice sank to the sort of whisper you sometimes hear in church. Then came the slowly accentuated syllables—the Committee of the Council on Education.

SIR JOHN GORST: "I WANT TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CREEP."

Nobody except Sir John knew of whom the Committee was composed, what it did, or where it sat. That only made its influence the greater, the citation of its name the more thrilling. Its function in connection with National Education was to shut up persistent inquirers and ward off inconvenient criticism or demand. It is an old device, certainly going as far back as the days of David Copperfield. The Committee of Council on Education played the part of Jorkins to the Vice-President's Spenlow. He would be ready—nay, was anxious—to concede anything demanded. But there was the Committee of the Council on Education. That, he was afraid, would prove inexorable, though at the same time he would not neglect an opportunity of bringing the matter under its notice.

The Committee of Council on Education is dead and buried. It ceased to exist by an amendment of the Education Act which, frivolous-minded people will recognise, appropriately came into operation on the 1st of April. But, as in the case of the grave of the faithful lovers, "out of his bosom there grew a wild briar and out of her bosom a rose," so from the sepulchre of the Committee of Council on Education has grown another body with another name. I believe it is actually composed of the same persons, including the President of the Council, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the principal Secretaries of State. Diligently following the example of its predecessor it never meets, nor is it ever consulted on matters connected with education.

By the wanton change of name the spell woven about its predecessor is broken. A potent influence for good is withdrawn from the House of Commons. The blow personally dealt at Sir John Gorst is in the worst sense of the word stunning. Mercifully the Act recognises the impossibility of the situation. Having abolished the Committee of Council on Education, it also makes an end of the Vice-President. Sir John will retain his title and his office through what remains of the life of the present Parliament. With its close a page will be turned over, and the House of Commons will know no more the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education.

THE LAY OF THE LAST V.-P.

THE JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

This is another withdrawal of a prop of the Constitution following with alarming closeness on the ruling out of Ministerial ranks of the office of Judge-Advocate-General. Sir William Marriott was the last incumbent of the office who had a seat on the Treasury Bench. It was, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman put it at the time, "all owing to the exceeding devotion to his public duties" that extinction of the connection between the Judge-Advocate-General and the House of Commons was precipitated. When Mr. Gladstone's Government was formed in 1892 the office of Judge-Advocate-General was not filled up. After a while inquiries for reason of the abstention began to be made, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, then Secretary of State for War, was put up to reply. He explained how an arrangement had been made between the Treasury and the Judge-Advocate-General, whereby that official was to receive a sure and certain salary of £500 a year, with fees for business transacted up to the amount of another £500.

Early in the year 1892 the imminence of a General Election, with a prospect of rout of Ministers at the poll, overshadowed the House of Commons. No one knew what a day might bring forth in the shape of announcement of dissolution. Sir William Marriott resolved to make hay whilst the sun shone. Getting up early on the morning of the 1st of April, the opening day of the new financial year, he applied to the Treasury for his salary as Judge-Advocate-General, and received a cheque for £500. Pocketing this Sir William, according to the account of the Secretary of State for War, proceeded to attack the business of his office with such energy and public spirit that before August, when the Government were turned out, he had practically appropriated the £500 payable as fees for specific services. The consequence was that when the new Government came in they found that, for the rest of the financial year, closing on the 31st of March, 1893, there was no money at the Treasury available either as salary or fees for the Judge-Advocate-General. Sir William Marriott, lean kine among fat and slothful Ministers, had swallowed it all. Accordingly, no appointment to the office was made. Later Sir Francis Jeune undertook without additional salary to add the work to his duties as President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. This arrangement has been found to work so well that it has not been disturbed, and there has been a Minister the less on the Treasury Bench.

SIR WILLIAM MARRIOTT: "GUILELESSNESS."

AUDIENCE WITH THE QUEEN.

An earlier distinguished Judge-Advocate-General was the late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck. His qualifications were negative, seeing that he was neither a judge, an advocate, nor a general. But he had voted straight ever since he was first returned for Taunton in 1865; had distinguished himself during debates on Irish Land and Church questions by howling at Mr. Gladstone; was a Bentinck, and must be provided for.

Sir George Osborne Morgan, who later filled the post in a Liberal Administration, was much impressed with its importance. He would find it difficult to understand how things muddle along since there is no Judge-Advocate-General in the House of Commons. The post certainly has a unique distinction, the history of which it would be curious to trace. All other of Her Majesty's Ministers desiring to have an interview with the Sovereign make humble application for permission to attend. The Judge-Advocate-General has the right to claim an audience whenever the business of his office makes one necessary or desirable.

MR. GLADSTONE'S EYES.

Looking through Lewes's "Life of Goethe," I come upon a letter written by Thackeray forty-five years ago, in which he describes a visit to the Grand Old Man of Weimar. "His eyes," he writes, "were extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance, called 'Melnoth the Wanderer,' which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago—eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a certain person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour."

Not less a prominent feature in a striking countenance were Mr. Gladstone's eyes. They were the most deeply luminous, the

most fearfully flashing, I ever saw in a human face. Like everyone else who came in contact with him, Mr. Lecky was much struck by the phenomenon. In a notable passage written by way of preface to a new edition of his "Democracy and Liberty" he writes: "He had a wonderful eye—a bird-of-prey eye — fierce, luminous, and restless. 'When he differed from you,' a great friend and admirer of his once said to me, 'there were moments when he would give you a glance as if he would stab you to the heart.' There was something indeed in his eye in which more than one experienced judge saw dangerous symptoms of possible insanity. Its piercing glance added greatly to his eloquence, and was, no doubt, one of the chief elements of that strong personal magnetism which he undoubtedly possessed. Its power was, I believe, partly due to a rare physical peculiarity. Boehm, the sculptor, who was one of the best observers of the human face I have ever known, who saw much of Gladstone and carefully studied him for a bust, was convinced of this. He told me that he was once present when an altercation between him and a Scotch professor took place, and that the latter started up from the table to make an angry reply, when he suddenly stopped as if paralyzed or fascinated by the glance of Gladstone; and Boehm noticed that the pupil of Gladstone's eye was visibly dilating and the eyelid round the whole circle of the eye drawing back, as may be seen in a bird of prey."

A FLASHING EYE.

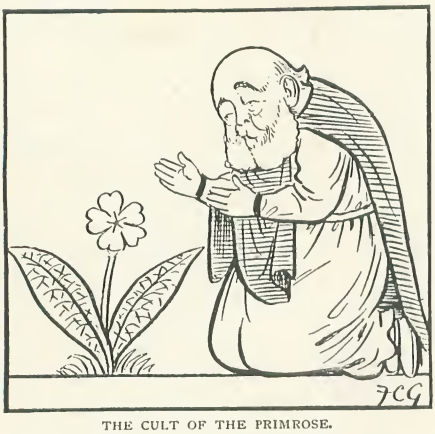
MR. LECKY STRUCK BY A PHENOMENON.

No one knowing Mr. Lecky, with his soft voice, his pathetic air of self-effacement, can imagine him saying these bitter things. He did not speak them, yet there they are, as he wrote them in the safe seclusion of his study. The picture is not drawn with effusively friendly hand. But no one familiar with Mr. Gladstone in his many moods can deny that there is much truth in the flaming picture.

I never but twice heard Mr. Gladstone speak with personal resentment of men opposed to him in the political arena. I forget the name of one of the subjects of his acrimony, though I have a clear impression that he was a person of no importance. The other is a noisy, frothy, self-seeking member of the present House of Commons. It was at Dalmeny, during one of the Midlothian campaigns, when the telegraph brought news of this gentleman's re-election, Mr. Gladstone offered an observation in those deep chest notes that marked his access of righteous indignation. Then I saw in his eye that flashing light which Mr. Boehm describes as having shrivelled up the Scotch professor. The expression was by no means uncommon whether he were on his legs in the House of Commons or seated at a dinner-table. But the awful lighting-up of his countenance invariably accompanied not reflections upon individuals but comment upon some outrage of the high principles, honour and obedience to which were infused in his blood.

THE PRIMROSE BUD.

In an extra-Parliamentary speech delivered in the course of the Session Lord Salisbury took the opportunity of extolling the Primrose League as an instrument of national good. In a gleam of hope he almost saw in it a means of amending and counteracting the inherent weaknesses of the British Constitution. This is interesting and amusing to those who remember the birth of the association. I recall a little dinner given at No. 2, Connaught Place, in the early eighties. The company numbered four, including the host, Sir Henry Wolff, and Sir John Gorst. Of the Fourth Party, Sir Henry Wolff was the only one who had associated himself in the promotion of the new Guild. To Lord Randolph Churchill it was an amusing enterprise. I well remember how he chaffed Sir Henry, being backed up by Sir John Gorst.



THE CULT OF THE PRIMROSE.

At that time neither Sir Henry Wolff nor Algernon Borthwick—now Lord Glenesk—had any idea to what proportions the grain of mustard seed they planted would grow. As for Lord Salisbury, who to-day almost drops into poetry in his adulation, it is more than probable that at this time he had never heard of it. If he had, "the image of the housemaid" would certainly have crossed his mind with an application disastrous to the new departure. At the dinner speaking Sir Henry Wolff laughingly defended himself from the attacks made by his colleagues deprecating serious intention in the matter. He and they lived long enough to see the Primrose League with all its — perhaps because of its—fantastic flummery grow into a political power, crystallizing the conservatism latent in the mind of woman, and cunningly directing her influence upon a certain order of male mind. If political services are to be crowned with meet reward, Lord Salisbury ought to make a duke of the man who invented the Primrose League.

MAIDEN SPEECHES.

There is a member of the Irish party in the present House of Commons who distinguished himself by delivering his maiden speech on the day he was sworn in and took his seat. It is a sound rule for the guidance of new members of commoner mould to sit silent through at least their first Session, profiting by opportunity of quietly studying the scene of future triumphs. It must be admitted that, in the case of three of the most illustrious commoners of the century, the rule was not observed. Pitt made his maiden speech within a month of taking his seat. Disraeli did not longer wait before he gave the House of Commons a taste of his quality. The first Parliament of Queen Victoria was opened on the 20th of November, 1837. On the 7th day of the following month the ringleted member for Maidstone, who came in at the General Election, delivered the historic speech with its angry, prophetic last words, "The time will come when you *shall* hear me."

By the way, Mr. Gladstone once told me—what I have never heard or seen stated on other authority—that he heard this speech. He distinctly remembered the bench on which Disraeli sat and the appearance of the new member. He did not say anything of the impression made upon him by the speech.

About Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech there long loomed misleading obscurity. It is generally believed, and Mr. Gladstone, supernaturally accurate on facts and figures, grew into acceptance of the belief, that he first addressed the House on the 3rd of June, 1833, on the subject of the emancipation of the West Indian slaves. The mistake doubtless arises from the circumstance that that particular speech involved a personal matter. Mr. Gladstone's father was a slave-owner in Demerara. His name was mentioned in debate, and his son defended him. In the compendious "Life of Gladstone," edited by Sir Wemyss Reid, Mr. Hurst conclusively shows, quoting passages from "The Mirror of Parliament," that Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech was delivered on the 21st of February, 1833, the subject-matter being a petition from Liverpool complaining of the bribery and corruption that marked the election of the previous year.

GLADSTONE'S AND PITT'S.

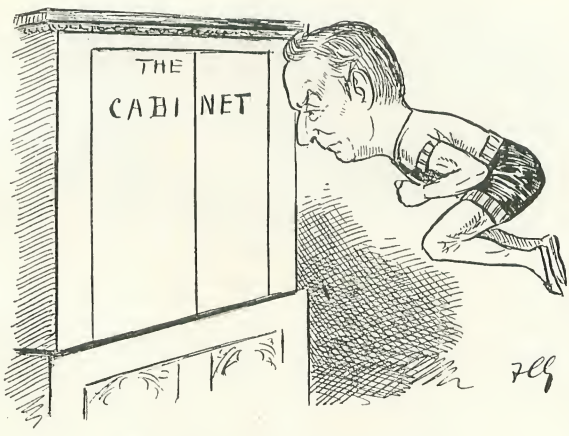
The circumstances attending Disraeli's first speech are matters of history. Mr. Gladstone's passed over apparently without exciting any attention. According to one of the reports, "the member for Newark spoke under the Gallery, and was almost entirely inaudible in the Press Gallery." The *Times*, whose columns were through more than sixty subsequent years to overflow with verbatim reports of his speeches, dismissed the young member with the line, "Mr. Gladstone made a few remarks, which were not audible in the Gallery."

Pitt, the youngest of the three, stands alone in the success that attended his maiden speech. Burke, who heard it, said, looking at young Pitt, "It is not a chip of the old block—it is the old block itself." Lord North protested it was the best maiden speech he had ever heard made by a young man. "Young Pitt will be one of the first men in Parliament," said a friend who met Fox immediately after the young member for

Appleby had resumed his seat. "He is so already," said Fox, possibly with prophetic instinct of the prolonged struggle with which he would presently be engaged with the newcomer.

FIRST RUNGS OF THE LADDER.

There is an accidental point of resemblance and a striking difference in the outset of the careers of Pitt and Gladstone. Both entered the House of Commons as representatives of pocket boroughs—Pitt as member for Appleby, on the nomination of Sir James Lowther; Gladstone as member for Newark by favour of the Duke of Newcastle. Very early in their career each was offered office. Mr. Gladstone promptly accepted the Junior Lordship of the Treasury, the customary bottom step of the ladder, when in 1834 it was offered him by Sir Robert Peel. Rockingham, forming a Ministry in succession to Lord North, tempted Pitt with something better than that. The young man coolly thrust the prize aside, with the intimation that he was "resolved not to take a subordinate office." The next offer made to him, he being in his twenty-third year, was the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, with the Leadership of the House of Commons.



MR. ASQUITH JUMPS INTO THE CABINET.

The nearest parallel in modern times to this leap of a private member into Ministerial office of Cabinet rank is Mr. Asquith's appointment to the Home Office. But Mr. Asquith was in his fortieth year, and had been six years in the House of Commons before he made this great stride.

THE FRENCH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A member of the French Chamber of Deputies who visited the House of Commons the other day tells me some interesting things about the Chamber. The British Constitution is, among other things, buttressed about by the engagement of a rat-catcher, who cares for Buckingham Palace. His salary is duly set forth in the Civil Service Estimates, is year after year solemnly voted by the House of Commons, and is included in the gigantic amounts set forth in the Appropriation Bill. In France there is also a rat-catcher in the employment and pay of the State. But he is directly engaged in the service of the Chamber of Deputies. His salary is a trifle over £25 a year, which compares with that drawn quarterly by the rat-catcher of Buckingham Palace.

Another of the resources of civilization the Chamber of Deputies benefits by which finds no parallel in the House of Commons is an umbrella-mender. French legislators finding their umbrellas worn out or damaged by accident may take them to a particular room in the Chamber and have them repaired gratuitously. This institution dates back to the time of Louis Philippe. That amiable and apprehensive monarch never, even in settled summer weather, went out without an umbrella. He set the fashion of discarding walking-sticks and holding fast to the umbrella. This naturally led to increased mortality in the umbrella-stand, and members of Parliament, properly thinking that observance of a loyal custom should not incur personal charges, brought in the umbrella-mender and paid him out of taxes.

In the administration of affairs he is now the last link left with the *ancien régime.* Kings have gone. Emperors and Empresses have been *chassés.* The Tuileries is a ruin; the umbrella-mender, a legacy of the time of Louis Philippe, remains.

THE COST OF THE CHAMBER.

The annual vote for the current expenses of the French Chamber is about £300,000. This compares with charges on the Civil Service Estimates on account of the House of Commons of £150,000. Probably on the principle which forbids a bird to foul its own nest the votes on account of the Chamber are usually passed without discussion. But my French friend remembers a variation from the rule. A keen-scented deputy noticed that not only was the charge for scented soap advancing by leaps and

bounds, but that the bill for eau-de-Cologne had in a particular Session beaten the record. The influence of temporizing friends induced this French Peter Rylands to refrain from opening the question of scented soap. But he was firm about eau-de-Cologne. He moved an amendment reducing the amount of the vote by thirty centimes. That was not much; but the moral rebuke was effective. The expenditure on eau-de-Cologne, a few years ago recklessly rising, forthwith stopped. It is now over £50 a year, but sturdy Republicans do not regard the amount as excessive.

Printing costs the French Chamber about £20,000 a year. The Library, a favourite lounge, spends nearly £1,000 a year on new books. It was upon a recent occasion stated in the Chamber, without contradiction, that the money was chiefly expended on works of fiction.

A ROMANCE OF THE VICEREGAL LODGE.

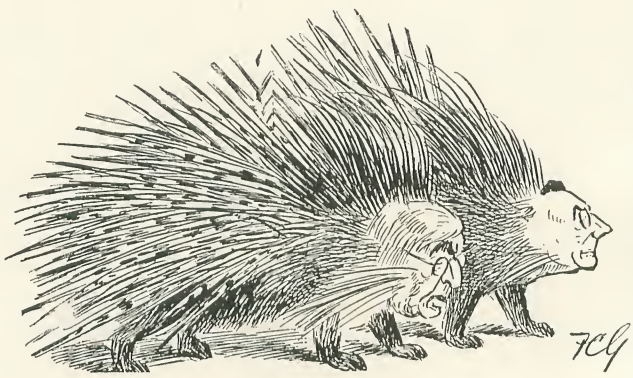
In his "Recollections," Sir Algernon West writes: "During Sir George Trevelyan's first visit to the Secretary's Lodge in Phœnix Park, he went to the window and pushed aside the curtain, and under its folds lay the blood-stained coat of poor Frederick Cavendish, which had never been removed from the room into which his body was first brought after the murder."

This is a story which with slight variations clings to the Viceregal Lodge, and will doubtless last as long as its walls stand. When I was there during the reign of Lord Houghton I heard it with a difference. The blood-stained coat had been found by Lady Trevelyan under the sofa on which the body of the newly-arrived Chief Secretary was laid when he was carried in from the slaughter-place immediately fronting the Viceregal Lodge. That is a detail that does not disturb the grimness of the story, which represents the wife of the successor to the murdered Chief Secretary suddenly coming upon a terrible reminder of the crime.

An opportunity offered itself shortly after my return from Ireland for asking Sir George Trevelyan whether there was any truth in the legend. He positively assured me there was none. All the same, it will never die.

"DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT?"

In debate in the House of Commons nothing is more effective than a happy retort made by a speaker who has been interrupted by what is designed as a harmful interjection. Mr. Goschen is a dangerous man to meddle with in that direction. Mr. Chamberlain is, at such crises, supremely ready. He, in fact, is not beyond suspicion of occasionally laying himself open to interruption, assured of the readiness of his own rapier not only to ward off the attack but to pink the assailant. One of the best, perhaps the best, known successes of this kind out of doors is credited to the present Duke of Leeds. When contesting Brixton, which constituency he represented in the House of Commons for some years, a man in the crowd, struck by his boyish face and bearing, called out, "Does your mother know you're out?"



APT TO RETORT.

"Yes," Lord Carmarthen quickly replied; "and soon after eight o'clock on Monday night (polling day) she'll know I'm in."

This retort was calculated to be worth hundreds of votes to the young lord.

FRANK LOCKWOOD.

A retort of graver humour by Sir Frank Lockwood is less well known. It flashed forth a year or two before his death, at a semi-private dinner of the Sheffield Press Club, whose hospitality I shared with the then Solicitor-General and Mr. Stuart Wortley. Responding to the toast of his health, Lockwood, referring to the period covering several years when he had presided over the local Criminal Court, said: "I hope that during the ten years I was connected with this city I gave satisfaction." Here the company broke into a loud cheer. "I was about to add," continued the ex-Recorder, in gravest tones, "satisfaction to those gentlemen who came before me in my judicial capacity. Till I heard that sudden spontaneous burst of applause I did not realize there were so many present here to-night."

Deeds of Daring and Devotion in the War.

By Alfred T. Story.

IT is, of course, a truism that there is nothing like difficulty and danger for bringing out men's true characters and for developing all the grit and go there is in them. It may be added that when the crisis is a national one the splendour of the heroism brought into prominence is all the more striking. We cannot go back to any campaign in British history without coming across, not only acts of the most signal daring, oftentimes of almost transcendent courage, but, what is still finer, deeds of devotion so unselfish that they touch the deepest chords of the human heart. Our military biography is full of such, and one can hardly read of them without being thrilled as by a line of heroic verse. And how many tingling heart-throbs of the kind have we not received during the present war? To read the daily papers is like being at a school of heroism; and no doubt the deeds of daring and doing performed on the battlefield for the Motherland did much to stimulate the splendid rush of volunteers to the Flag when the Queen called, that sent thousands of the best of Britain's sons to emulate the traditional hardihood and the traditional devotion.

Whilst the New South Wales Lancers were at Aldershot some of them practised picking up and carrying off a disabled comrade. It was a happy thought to do so, and one can only hope, if the chance should come in their way, that they will be able to turn their dexterity to good account, and so win the soldier's highest honour, the V.C.

The decoration of the Victoria Cross, as most people are aware, was instituted as a reward to members of the British naval and military services for the performance, in presence of the enemy, of some signal act of valour or devotion to their country. Non-military persons who are serving as volunteers against the enemy are also eligible. But there is one condition attached to the distinction which is not perhaps generally known: it is that the act for which the Cross is given must be a voluntary one.

There has probably never been a war since the institution of the V.C. when so many have gone to the front with the resolution to win the coveted distinction, if it by any means lay in their path, as in the present one. Nor can we wonder when both the leading commanders—that is, Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller, besides several of the generals of divisions—are V.C. heroes. Such examples fire men with a lofty spirit of emulation, and who can doubt but the many self-sacrificing deeds of which we read were in part stimulated by what their generals had done? Even where there has been no question of the Victoria Cross, the V.C. spirit has proved contagious; so much so that one could almost wish all those who have shown a spirit of sturdy devotion or brave self-forgetfulness might come in for some sort of recognition.

Take, for instance, the act of the post-mistress of Lady Grey, the chief town of the native reserve of the Free State border, who, when the Boers proclaimed the district Orange Free State territory, and sent rebels to post up President Steyn's proclamation at Lady Grey, which they did, quietly removed the objectionable document and put up in its place Sir Alfred Milner's proclamation, telling the rebels at the same time that *that* was the proclamation for them. It has been stated, in order to adorn the story, that the lady pulled down the Boer flag, which had been hoisted, and ran up the Union Jack in its place; but I have it on the best authority that there was no flag, either British or Boer, in the question. Even without the bravado of the flag, however, the deed was one of conspicuous courage.

Such deeds as this, as well as some that are still less, as it were, before the public eye, like that of Private Rogers, of the 1st Battalion Manchester Regiment, who wrapped his wounded captain in his great-coat and lay beside him all night to keep him warm, are a little liable to be forgotten, which is a pity. This act of the man Rogers I have heard doubts thrown upon. But permission has been given me to print an extract from a

letter of Captain D. R. Paton, the officer referred to, which puts the matter beyond dispute.

Writing to his father, the famous painter, Sir Noel Paton, from the temporary hospital at Ladysmith, October 24th, he says: "A private of mine and a sergeant of the Gordons dressed my wound roughly to stop the bleeding, and my Tommy and I lay down to wait for the ambulance. . . . I prefer to say no more of that night in the field — it is best forgotten; and you may be sure that I never welcomed the daylight as I did on Sunday morning. I knew that help would come with the light. . . . I am glad my Tommy — a private in my own company — stayed with me; for he wrapped me in his great-coat, and lay with his arms round me all night to try and keep me warm. If he hadn't, I am afraid I should have pegged out, for it was bitterly cold, and I couldn't move at all."

From a] CAPTAIN D. R. PATON. *[Photograph.*

CAPTAIN-SURGEON BUNTINE.
From a Photo. by Sherwood, Durban.

One would have liked to give the portrait of this hero, but it has not been possible to obtain a photograph of him.

Another deed which deserves to stand beside the above is that of Captain-Surgeon Buntine, of the Natal Carbineers. Dr. Buntine is an Australian, and was in practice at Pietermaritzburg when the war broke out. He at once set out for the front and joined the Carbineers. He was, however, almost immediately sent for to help the Royal Army Medical Corps at headquarters at Ladysmith. The Carbineers were given the honourable and onerous duty of patrolling the Free State border, and Dr. Buntine was out with them when they had a brush with the enemy at Bester's, just under the Drakensberg, towering 10,000ft. above them. The Carbineers were compelled to retire, and a trooper who was wounded had to be left where he fell. Dr. Buntine, however, rode back, accompanied by his trooper servant, Duke, placed the severely wounded man on his own horse, and then, holding the stirrup-leather of his servant's horse, ran all the way into camp. A non-commissioned officer of the same corps, Sergeant J. Todd, greatly distinguished himself by saving the life of a wounded officer at Chieveley, under a hot fire.

Many such plucky acts have been recorded during the war. At the Battle of Reitfontein, for instance, a Carbineer named Cleaver was shot through the body while the men were retiring from an exposed position, whereupon Lieutenant Compton ran back and offered to carry him under cover. Cleaver asked to be left where he was, as he was in great pain. Compton went away, but returned and again offered to take him to the ambulance. The man still declined, and the lieutenant retired under cover, being at the time much exposed. The wounded man was shortly afterwards taken up by the ambulance.

LIEUTENANT COMPTON.
From a Photograph.

Still more worthy of note is the act of Lieutenant the Hon. Ralph Legge Pomeroy, second son of Viscount Harberton, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, who, on the 5th of November, during a brush with the enemy near Ladysmith, went to the assistance of a

wounded trooper, regardless of the bullets that were viciously "spitting" through the air, and carried him out of the fire zone. A similar act of heroism was performed at Ladysmith by an officer of the same regiment, Lieutenant J. Norwood, who also at great peril to himself saved the life of a trooper.

LIEUTENANT THE HON. RALPH POMEROY.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

It speaks volumes for the "initiative" of the irregular troops to find so many acts of devotion and daring being performed by members of those contingents. Sir Redvers Buller, it will be remembered, looks upon initiative as the soul of the V.C. Perhaps the fact that the irregular troops are less drilled, less of the nature of machines, and possibly in consequence, like the Boers, more mobile, has its advantage in allowing their members to act more from personal volition. Certain it is that the various corps of irregular and volunteer troops have greatly excelled in acts where personal initiative has come in. Such acts have been so numerous that one cannot hope to give more than a brief selection of them.

The story of Trooper Clifford Turpin, of the Imperial Light Horse, at the Battle of Elandslaagte is an instance in point. His colonel was shot in the body, and Turpin caught him in his arms and was carrying him away to a place of safety when the poor officer received a bullet through the brain while in the trooper's arms. He put the body down and rushed on in the field, and he and one of the Gordon Highlanders were the first to get into the Boer laager and take it. For his gallantry Turpin was promoted to the rank of sergeant and his name was mentioned in despatches.

Another trooper of one of the irregular corps, namely, A. W. Evans, of the Natal Mounted Rifles, did an act for which he was recommended for the V.C. He fell into an ambush with a patrol. The patrol was

TROOPER CLIFFORD TURPIN.
From a Photo. by Hepburn & Jeanes, Grahamstown.

TROOPER A. W. EVANS.
From a Photo. by Bryne, Richmond.

retiring when the horse of a fellow-trooper, named Golding, who was on foot, broke away. Evans dashed after Golding's mount and brought it back in spite of a heavy fire from the enemy. Trooper Evans, who is nineteen years of age, had not long left St. George's School, Harpenden.

Not less worthy of note is the brave deed of Trooper Martin, of the Natal Mounted Police, who conducted Lieutenant Hooper, of the 5th Lancers, through the Boer lines to Ladysmith, and returned with a message from Sir George White for General Wolffe-Murray. Martin was recommended for promotion by General Murray, and was immediately afterwards raised to the rank of sergeant. Martin, who is a son of Captain Martin, of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich, only completed his twentieth year last July.

TROOPER MARTIN.
From a Photograph.

As the instances of bravery here given are more particularly concerned with those whose effort was rather to save life than to kill — to include the latter would necessitate a reproduction of nearly the whole list of those who have gone to South Africa — one need only mention the name of Bugler Shurlock, who, metaphorically, took the scalps of three Boers at Elandslaagte, in order to point out how, under the stress of the Empire's danger, the very boys and women became heroic. Hence it should not be forgotten that it was to a boy-bugler's presence of mind in blowing a resonant "Charge!" in reply to the sounds of "Cease fire!" given by the Boer trumpeters in order to mislead, that the victory of Elandslaagte was largely due. The incident was referred to by Mr. Pearse, of the *Daily News*. "The Devons" (he wrote) "had gained the crest on its steepest side, and the Gordons, with the Manchesters and the Light Horse, were sweeping over its nearer ridge, when, to our astonishment, we heard the 'Cease fire!' and 'Retire!' sounded by buglers. It was difficult to account for them, but not so now, when we know that the Boers had learned our bugle-calls. In obedience to that sound the Gordons were beginning to fall back, when their boy-bugler, saying, 'Retire be hanged!' rushed forward and blew a hasty charge. Whereupon ranks closed up and the victory of Elandslaagte was won."

And, speaking of boy-emulators of their commanders for the V.C., need one do more than refer to the splendid act of the little bugler, Dunne, of the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who so distinguished himself in the fighting line of the Battle of Tugela River; refusing, after having his right arm disabled by a shot, to go to the rear, but, taking his bugle in his left hand, continued to advance with his company, sounding the charge and heartening the men the while? His wound necessitated his being brought home; but he was from the first eager to be allowed to go again to the front. The bugle presented to him by the Queen in place of the one he lost will doubtless long remain in his family and be treasured almost as a patent of nobility. The bugle is made of copper, with silver mountings, and bears the inscription: "Presented to John Francis Dunne, First Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, by Queen Victoria, to replace the bugle lost by him on the field of battle at Colenso, 15th December, 1899, when he was wounded."

A good many other youngsters—yes, and women too—besides Bugler Dunne—whose photograph should be in all the schools—deserve memorials in commemoration of their courage and devotion. Take the little heroes of Mafeking—Mafeking which henceforth in British annals will stand as a synonym for all that is "game"—of whom it was written on the forty-eighth day of the siege that many of those helping in the defence were tender women and boys, some of the latter being mere children. "One boy named Chiddy," the account says, "at the summoning of the garrison to arms by church-bell on Sunday morning, arrived bringing a rifle and a bandolier. He occupies a man's loophole, and carefully records the number of shells passing over another fort." The writer goes on to say that in one house, while the breastwork was being built, three ladies remained during the Monday's shelling, with the utmost pluck. "One played the National Anthem while shells were whistling overhead. The men outside heard the music and cheered in response." Throughout the siege, too, the calm bravery of the nuns was excelled by none.

And while one is writing of Mafeking, can one omit to make reference to the first of its

heroes, who not only inspired and sustained all by his courage and resourcefulness, but when he saw any of the little ones who seemed to want comforting, would take it up in his arms, and show that he had something of the gentleness of a woman, in addition to his splendid soldierly qualities; reminding one of the lines in Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior":—

> who, though thus endued as with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence,
> Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
> To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes.

May such traits always adorn the British warrior, as they so supremely adorn the chiefest of them all, Lord Roberts. It is that character, and the kindly acts it leads him to do, that has so endeared him to all who have come under his command. Said a private, writing to his people the other day: "He" (Lord Roberts) "passed our picket lines to see Macdonald yesterday. I stood to attention as smart as I could. 'All right, my man,' said he; 'sit down and go on smoking.' That's the general for you. He is a soldier, every inch of him. I would die for such as he." Another man, describing General Lyttelton, writes: "There isn't a bit of regimental or staff starch about him. He is just like Bobs."

Admiration of this sort is soon developed into something akin to adoration by acts like that which distinguished the Battle of Driefontein. On that day Lord Roberts, when riding over the battlefield, came across a wounded soldier, and, dismounting, gave him a drink from his own water-bottle. It was remarked at the time, by one who described the act, that it was one of those numberless little deeds of kindness and consideration, so characteristic of the veteran commander, which "serve to bind the Commander-in-Chief still more closely to the rank and file, who literally worship him."

What will not men do for those in whom they have confidence and whom they have learned to love? Some striking instances of the kind have cropped up from time to time during the war. There was the instance of the two Lancashire men at Spion Kop, both of whom were wounded, but one not so badly but he was able to walk. Said the other to him: "Tha'd better get doon th' hill while th'art able, Jem." "Nay, awm not a-gooing ta leave thee," he answered, and whilst he spoke he received a shot which proved his death-warrant.

Another splendid instance of self-forgetfulness is recorded by Mr. Treves, the celebrated surgeon. After one of the Tugela battles a doctor offered a drink to a badly-wounded soldier. "Give a drink to my pal first," said he; "he is worse hit than me." Yet (adds Mr. Treves) while the pal did well and recovered, the self-denying hero died of his hurt.

But all the heroism of the war pales before the efforts first to "fight" and then to save the guns at the Battle of Colenso. The engagement, as will be remembered, took place on the 13th of December, 1899. Colonel Long was ordered to go into position with his guns, covered by the Sixth Brigade. General Buller's account of what took place is as follows:—

"I had personally explained to him where I wished him to come into action, and with the naval guns only, as the position was not within effective range for his field guns. Instead of this, he advanced with his batteries so fast that he left both his infantry escort and his oxen-drawn naval guns behind, and came into action under Fort Wylie, a commanding, trebly entrenched hill, at a range of 1,200yds., and I believe within 300yds. of the enemy's rifle-pits. The men fought their guns like heroes and silenced Fort Wylie, but the issue could never have been in doubt, and gradually they were all shot."

Mr. Bennet Burleigh, writing of the Battle of Colenso, thus describes this thrilling incident: "There were scarcely any men left, and next to no ammunition. After that an order was given to abandon the guns, which for over one hour had fought in the face of the fiercest fusillade a battery ever endured. Yet even then all was not over, for four men persisted in serving two guns and remaining beside their cannon. One of either party carried the shell; the others laid and fired their beloved 15-pounders. But two men were left. They continued the unequal battle. They exhausted the ordinary ammunition, and finally drew upon and fired the emergency rounds of case, their last shot. Then they stood to 'attention' beside the gun, and an instant later fell pierced through and through by Boer bullets. These, I say, by the light of all my experience of war—these gunners of ours are men who deserve monuments over their graves, and even Victoria Crosses in their coffins."

Then followed the fight to recover the lost guns—a fight which will long be remembered as one of the glory spots in British military annals. We are, perhaps, too near the event to-day, and too much distracted by the many

CAPTAIN CONGREVE.
From a Photo. by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

CAPTAIN H. L. REED.
From a Photo. by Werner & Son, Dublin.

incidents and anxieties of the war, to fully grasp and appreciate those acts of splendid heroism. Notwithstanding the numberless deeds of daring produced by the war, however, these stand out, as it were, and will ever so stand, like a piece of antique sculpture adorning the frieze of Time's temple of valour. The story of the heroism of poor Roberts and his comrades can never, perhaps, be told too often. It is thus described in the *London Gazette:* "The detachments serving the guns of the 14th and 66th Batteries, Royal Field Artillery, had all been either killed, wounded, or driven from their guns by infantry fire at close range, and the guns were deserted. About 500yds. behind the guns was a donga, in which some of the few horses and drivers left alive were sheltered. The intervening space was swept with shell and rifle fire. Captain Congreve, of the Rifle Brigade, who was in the donga, assisted to hook a team into a limber, went out, and assisted to limber up a gun. Being wounded, he took shelter; but seeing Lieutenant Roberts fall, badly wounded, he went out again and brought him in. Captain Congreve was shot through the leg, through the toe of his boot, grazed on the elbow and the shoulder, and his horse shot in three places."

CORPORAL NURSE.
From a Photo. by J. Hawke, Plymouth.

Corporal Nurse and six drivers of the 66th Battery also took part in this rush into the jaws of death. Nurse, along with Congreve and Roberts, was recommended for the V.C., and the drivers—some of whose portraits are given—for the medal for distinguished conduct in the field.

Captain H. L. Reed, of the 7th Battery

TRUMPETER AYLES.
From a Photo. by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Royal Field Artillery, with thirteen non-commissioned officers and men, then brought up three teams from his battery to see if he could save the guns. Captain Reed and five of his men were wounded, one man was killed, and thirteen out of the twenty-one horses were killed, so that the gallant little party was driven back. Captain Reed was recommended for the V.C., and all the others, including Trumpeter Ayles, for distinguished conduct medals.

CAPTAIN SCHOFIELD.
From a Photo. by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Captain Schofield also took a prominent part in these heroic attempts at rescue, but was not, like the other officers, recommended for the V.C. General Buller says he "differentiated in his recommendations, because he thought that a recommendation for the Victoria Cross required proof of initiative — something more, in fact, than mere obedience to orders; and for this reason he did not recommend Captain Schofield, who was acting under orders, though his conduct was most gallant."

One of these days a poet, feeling the full splendour of these deeds, will give us a poem on the "Fight for the Guns at Colenso."

Another plucky feat which the future historian of the war will need to take full account of was of an aquatic nature, and strangely reminds one of a similar act performed by Clive at the very outset of his military career. It occurred during General Buller's second attempt to relieve Ladysmith. When on that occasion Lord Dundonald reached Potgieter's Drift he found the Boer pont, or raft, moored at the farther bank of the swollen stream, and it was very desirable to get possession of it. In view of possible Boers on the north side, the attempt was likely to prove extremely dangerous; but Lieutenant Carlisle, of the South African Light Horse, volunteered to swim the river, and six others offered to do the same. These were Sergeant Turner, Corporals Barkley and Cox, and Troopers Collingwood, Howell, and Godden—all, like the lieutenant, of F Squadron. Five of the men stripped, Lieutenant Carlisle and another simply throwing off their boots. Unfortunately, in mid-stream Barkley was seized with cramp, and would have been drowned but for Howell pluckily going to his rescue and bringing him safely into the donga, where the remainder of the party had already arrived. Barkley was quickly restored and the return journey commenced. The hawsers of the pont jammed and the machine hung in mid-stream, while Boer bullets began to whistle about the naked figures. A party of the enemy had discovered what they were at and opened a hot fire upon them at a distance of about 450yds. It was necessary once more to plunge into the water, and the enterprise would have failed but for the pluck of Corporal Cox, who again mounted the pont and got the hawser free. All this time Lieutenant Carlisle continued to keep hold of the gunwale, declining to leave Barkley, who he feared might have another attack of cramp; and, although bullets never ceased to play about them, one grazing the lieutenant's arm and another splintering the gunwale between his hands, they marvellously escaped, and were safely drawn with the pont into the welcome shelter of the south bank.

CORPORAL (NOW SERGEANT) GOULD.
From a Photo. by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Of the many incidental acts of devotion worthy of note, one may mention that of Sergeant Sheridan, who, in the retiring movement on the last-named occasion, seeing Private Dowling wounded, carried him for half a mile, until they were both out of danger. At the same time Lance-Corporal Farrall went back under a murderous fire, and, making two successive trips, brought out two wounded men, whose wounds he dressed before moving them.

Similarly, in General French's advance to the relief of Kimberley, as well as later in

the wonderful sweeping advance first to Bloemfontein and then upon Pretoria, we read of numberless acts of individual devotion and daring. On the way from Riet River to the Modder a patrol skirmish took place, in which Corporal Fetting, of the New South Wales Lancers, was badly hurt. Corporal (now Sergeant) Gould at once went to his assistance, and succeeded in bringing him out of danger under a heavy fire. Trooper Firmin likewise distinguished himself in the same action, courageously carrying out a wounded officer of the 16th Lancers. Nor should we forget the act of Lieutenant De Crespigny, who in a reconnaissance from General French's column, on January 19th, rode back under a hot fire and rescued a dismounted trooper.

LIEUTENANT DE CRESPIGNY.
From a Photo. by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

One would like to mention other deeds of daring and devotion did space permit—deeds like that of Sergeant Parker, V.C., and Gunner Lodge, V.C., whose coolness and bravery in working the rescued guns at Koorn Spruit saved that disastrous affair from becoming a catastrophe. Deeds like that of Lieutenant Mathias, on the 6th of January, when he saved a Hotchkiss from falling into the hands of the Boers, or—finer still—like that of the sixteen Manchesters, who held an advanced post of Cæsar's Camp the whole of that critical day, and left, as "the price of Empire," fourteen of their number dead in their sangar. Nor should one forget Sergeant Boseley, who, fighting his gun on that eventful day, and having an arm and a leg taken off, bade his men "Roll me away and go on with the firing."

SERGEANT BOSELEY.
From a Photo. by Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.

The war has shown us every description of hero, from the man who, like Private Hinton, simply knew how to do his duty and die at his post as hospital attendant, or like Chaplain Robertson, who fearlessly exposed himself on the field of battle in giving such comfort as he could to wounded or dying men, to men like Baden-Powell, who seemed to be the captain of every resource, but always captain and commandant of himself, ready if need be to die in defence of the post and people under his charge, but knowing a deeper and safer wisdom in living and going "softly, softly," so as to "catchee the monkey," or—what was as good in this case—Eloff!

Many do and will continue to regret the war; but everyone must be pleased to think, not only how the nation rose to the emergency, but that it was the means of bringing to the front not only so many fine talents, but so many fine qualities to boot. It shows how secure so far the national feeling and the national tradition lie at the basis of the common life. The two things may be summed up in the words "home" and "supremacy" wherever the flag flies. The thought was well exemplified in the dream of a soldier in the hospital at Colesberg. He was feverish and restless, but towards midnight he fell into a gentle sleep; then—the story is told by a German doctor—he began to sing in a soft, low voice. And what think you he sang? "Home, Sweet Home," and "Rule Britannia." That dreaming soldier was a personification of England.

THE TYPEWRITER GIRL.

By Robert Barr.

THE swift elevator wafted Miss Edith Remy to the fifteenth floor of the Skylight Building in Chicago, as if she had been in reality the angel she looked, for she was an extremely pretty girl, with an air of innocence and sweetness. And she was exceedingly well-dressed too, which counts for much in this world.

Leaving the elevator, she walked along the corridor, remembering the injunction, "Fifth door to the left, miss," and paused before the big ground-glass panel on which were painted the words, "Law offices of Edward Dunton." Here she rapped, somewhat timidly, showing that she knew little of the entrance to business rooms in the heart of Chicago. However, the door was flung airily open by an impudent-looking, undersized urchin of twelve or thereabout, who stared at her open-mouthed. Apparently this sort of visitor was new to him.

"I wish to see Mr. Dunton," said the girl.

"Yes'm. This way'm. I'll ask him. He's awful busy."

"Very well, I'll call again."

"Oh, no'm. You jest set down. He's finishin' a big case, but he'll be ready'n a minute," and with that the lad hurriedly knocked at an inner door, disappeared, returned, and continued :—

"He'll see ye, mum, in about three shakes of . . . . in about three minutes'm."

"Thank you." The girl turned to the one window in the narrow room and looked out into a court—a deep, square well, the sides of which were studded with uncountable windows. The law offices of Edward Dunton were evidently not the most expensive in this huge building, despite his rush of work. The small boy was perched on a tall, three-legged stool, which was surmounted by a round revolving-seat. On this, with a deft, energetic movement of the foot that evidently came from long practice, the youth imparted to himself a swift circular motion, which he was in the habit of bringing to a sudden conclusion by grasping two legs of this Eiffel tower whose red-headed apex he formed. When performing his dizzy evolutions he thrust forward his legs and leaned back to balance himself, his brilliant head looking like a whirling brand of flame. These acrobatic feats not having the desired effect of attracting the young lady's attention, the lad came to an abrupt standstill and opened the conversation.

"My name's Billy'm."

"Oh, is it?" replied the girl, turning partially round.

"Yes'm. And some day I'm goin' t' be Mr. Dunton's partner. He's the best lawyer in Chicago'm."

"Yes?" The girl smiled so sweetly that Billy, unused to the blandishments of the fair, flushed almost the colour of his hair,

and whirled like a catherine-wheel to recover his equanimity. When he came to a teeth-chattering stop the girl said, anxiously :—

"Aren't you afraid you will hurt yourself?"

"Oh, no'm. Used t' fall off at first. Just like learning a bicycle. *You* try it!" And Billy sprang off on the floor, earnestly desirous of giving pleasure to his visitor.

"No, thank you," said the girl, with a charming little laugh that further captivated the susceptible Billy, filling him with emulation and a yearning to show off.

"Why, it's dead easy'm. Look a' this."

Billy, spread out like a swimming frog, gave himself terrific impetus, flopped over on his back in transit, and finally stood on his head, spreading his inverted, seemingly centipede, legs horizontally, until the effect resembled a gigantic dissipated umbrella; then, as the motion slowed, he flung himself recklessly into the air, described an arc, and came down on his feet, staggering, but with a proud flourish of the hand, a gesture palpably borrowed from the circus.

"Dear me!" said the amazed girl, "I never saw anything like that before."

"Mr. Dunton can't do that'm. He kin whirl, but he can't stand on his head an' it a-going." Billy hopped up on the stool to illustrate practically the limits of the lawyer's expertness. A stricken bell gave one sharp clang in the other room. Billy precipitated himself from his perch, reached the door by some blind instinct, went in, came out, secured a long, fat envelope from a pigeon-hole, delivered this breathlessly to his master, and came out again.

"Mr. Dunton says I ought t' go an' show at a dime museum; thinks I'd make more money than a lawyer, but I'm a-goin' to be his partner. He says *that's* all right. 'Tain't many boys gets such chances, mum."

"You are very lucky."

Again the bell sounded. Billy sprang to answer it like a competitor in a race. Emerging, he flung the door wide: "Mr. Dunton'll see you'm," closed it, and Edith Remy found herself in the lawyer's office.

Standing by a desk on which were heaped various documents, every pigeon-hole crammed, stood a young man with a black moustache and a firm, finely-moulded, clean-shaven chin. His face wore a care-begone look, the final expression of an overworked man at high pressure.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, madam," he said, politely; "will you be seated? What can I do for you, madam?"

The girl hesitated, but did not sit down.

"I—I was told you wanted a typewriter, and I came to apply for the situation."

The tired mask evaporated from the young man's face, his eyes twinkled, and the corners of his mouth twitched. He had some difficulty in controlling his voice as he said :—

"Who said I wanted a typewriter?"

"I called in at the offices of Brown and Ripley on the first floor, thinking I might get a situation there. They told me your typewriter had left, and that you would probably want another."

The young man began to laugh, but checked himself when he saw displeasure plainly visible in the girl's face.

"Please sit down," he urged; "and excuse me for laughing, but really this is very funny . . ."

"I see nothing funny in my asking for a situation. If there is none vacant, then there is no more to be said, and I will bid you good morning, apologizing for interrupting the work of one who is busy."

"No, no; don't go," cried Dunton, eagerly. "Do let me explain. Of course, your asking me for the position of typewriter—there is nothing funny about that, certainly, as you say. It is my own situation that is funny. I get some work now and then from Brown and Ripley, but that is really all I have to do, and that isn't much."

"Then I think it very unkind of Brown and Ripley to send me up here on a fool's errand." Tears of vexation came into the girl's fine eyes, melting them into a tender, pathetic beauty which appealed to all the chivalry in the young man's nature.

"No, no," he said, hastily, "they are not to blame; they didn't mean any unkindness, I assure you. No one is to blame but me, and I don't know that I am. Please take that chair for a few moments, and I will explain, for I don't want you to go away with a wrong impression against anyone."

Edith, seeing him very much in earnest, sat down, and Dunton took the chair by the cluttered desk.

"You see, we are both looking for work, so there should be no misapprehension between us—we should in a way have some sympathy for each other. My keeping you waiting, and all that, was what might be called pure bluff, the same with intent to deceive. The plan is as old as the hills, of course . . . Dickens had some of his young men do the same thing . . . and young men will keep on doing the same thing until human nature changes. I assure you that if a Chicago

business man happened to come in here with some law work for me to do, he would not have the least respect for me if I did not keep him waiting. If he thought that his job was the only one I had had that day he would go away and give it to someone too busy to attend to it. I don't growl. It's the rules of the game. Here am I fully equipped for my profession. I've got the statutes of the State of Illinois at my fingers' ends; I would bring knowledge and energy to bear on any piece of business intrusted to me, yet I don't get the business, except a little of the overflow of such firms as Brown and Ripley's and other successful people like them, who know I do the work well.

"I DON'T GROWL. IT'S THE RULES OF THE GAME."

"Now, about typewriting. I ought to have a typewriter. That's another curious thing: people in Chicago have no respect for a pen-written letter; they regard it merely as an indication that you can't afford a stenographer, and so they've no use for you. I'm tired of writing letters with my own hand and apologizing that my typewriter is away or ill, or something of that sort. I feel that no one believes it. I've bluffed Brown and Ripley on this matter for some time, but the fraud will be discovered sooner or later. That's why they sent you up here, and that's their first step in finding me out. They've ten typewriters down there, and they can't understand a man getting along without any."

"Then why don't you engage me? I have a type-writing machine of my own, so you wouldn't need to purchase one. I should be satisfied with a very small salary."

Edward Dunton looked at her for a few moments, with perplexity on his brow.

"I have really nothing much for you to do, except an occasional letter. Still, the very fact that the occasional letter was typewritten might bring in additional business. I've thought of buying a machine on the instalment plan, and doing the typewriting myself, but I've been afraid I'd lose it on the twenty-seventh payment, or something of that sort. What salary were you looking for?"

"Oh, I don't know. About half the usual rate, or less."

"Yes, but how much? Put it in dollars and cents."

"Well, thirty-five or forty dollars a week."

"*What!*"

"Is that too much?"

"Too much! Why, where have you been working? I don't suppose there is a stenographer in town gets anything like that. I see any amount of advertisements in the papers—liners—offering services at ten dollars a week, and even five. Sometimes they propose to work for nothing, merely to get into an office. How many words a minute can you do in shorthand?" The girl blushed and looked at the floor for a few moments without answering.

"I am afraid I am very impracticable. I know little of shorthand, but am trying to learn. I am not even very expert at the typewriter yet."

"Where was your last situation?"

"I never had a situation. That is why I knew so little of the salaries paid."

"Now, you won't mind my speaking

plainly, will you? There isn't the remotest chance of your getting anything to do in Chicago, in that line, until you have the business literally and figuratively at your fingers' ends. I suppose you have a father or mother to support, or both, and have doubtless been used to—to—easier times. It does you great credit this resolving to earn something, and by-and-by you will succeed, but you must be fully equipped first."

"I have no father or mother; I have no one to look after but myself, and I thought I might be able to earn what money I needed. I have a little money, so I should not want a salary for a while."

"You don't belong to Chicago, do you?"

"No."

"Where are you staying?"

"At the Grand Pacific."

"Good heavens! Paying four or five or six dollars a day!"

"My father used to stay there when he came to Chicago, and I was with him on several occasions. I didn't know where else to go."

"Well, you see, circumstances have changed, and you must change with them. It's hard, but inevitable, and I assure you not uncommon. Take myself, for instance. Up to the time I was twenty I thought I was going to succeed to a fortune, but I came into a bankruptcy instead. Have you any woman friend in town?"

"No. At least none that I should care to go to."

"I understand the feeling. Well, now, let me advise you. I see the line you ought to take just as straight as a string. You leave the Grand Pacific at once, and get some nice respectable place where they will ask you less for a week than the Grand Pacific will charge for a day. I'll send Billy with you. He'll know the sort of place. That boy knows everything; then he can bring your machine right up here. I won't pay you any salary, but then you won't need to pay any office rent. There is any amount of overflow typewriting to be done right in this building, and as soon as you get accustomed to the form of it, and all that, you will get a share of the work, and all you make you can keep. You will do letters and documents for me, and I will teach you something of the way they should be done. Then, by-and-by, when you have learned shorthand, you will be ready for a situation anywhere, and I will give you the highest recommendation that can be put forth. That is always the first question asked an applicant: 'Where have you been working?' How does that plan . . . . what do you think of that outline?"

"The only objection is that too much favour is shown to me. I am willing to pay my share of the office. I have more than a thousand dollars with me."

"A thousand dollars! Gracious! You're rich. Still, I suppose even that sum won't last for ever, but by the time it is gone you will be better able to earn your own living than you are now. So we will consider my scheme adopted, for you will really be favouring me if you typewrite my letters."

Billy proved an admirable chaperon, and as a guide to Chicago he was unequalled. He talked all the time, and made no attempt to conceal his admiration for the new typewriter girl. It was a case of love at first sight with Billy. In gratitude, Miss Remy took him to a ready-made clothing establishment and fitted him out with a new suit. She wished to have him measured, but Billy was too impatient. He wanted the suit at once. He guided her to an imposing emporium, as it was called, and there he saw a tailless coat, all glittering buttons down the front, which appealed to his youthful fancy.

"BILLY PROVED AN ADMIRABLE CHAPERON."

"But that's a page's uniform, Billy," expostulated the girl.

"What's a page'm?" asked Billy.

"A boy that opens doors and makes himself generally useful."

"Well, that's what I do'm." And Billy was so set on the scintillating

yellow buttons that they were purchased for him. A haircutting establishment sheared Billy's long red locks from the semblance of a mop to the likeness of a scrubbing-brush, and setting his new cap jauntily on one side of his head the youth owned the town, and his swagger up the street made no secret of his possession.

He strutted in on his master, and that amazed individual nearly fell off his chair.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Williyum, what's struck you? Couldn't you have got a few more buttons on if you had sewed them up the back? Turn round. Well, well, well, well! Have you joined the fire brigade, or merely the militia? Isn't there a drum or a bugle goes with that outfit?"

"No, sir. It's what a page uses to open doors with."

The advent of Edith Remy proved most propitious for Room 5, Floor 15, of the Skylight Building. Young Mr. Ripley, of the prosperous firm downstairs, happened in one day with some instructions for Dunton, and he stared very intently at the new typewriting girl. After that it seemed necessary for him to come often, each time bringing with him increasing business. The company below appeared to have awakened suddenly to the merits of the young lawyer on the fifteenth floor. Besides this, Mr. Ripley, jun., had a good deal of outside typewriting which could be done as well, if more slowly, in Room 5 as anywhere else. Often this work required minute instructions, which Mr. Ripley gave direct to the girl so that there might be no mistakes. The girl was eager to do her work as it should be done, and paid marked attention, whilst Edward Dunton looked uneasily across at the pair, but said nothing. He found himself wishing Brown and Ripley would send someone else up with their messages.

One morning Miss Remy approached his desk with radiant face, and placed an open letter before him. He read it in silence, the frown deepening on his brow as he did so. It was from Brown and Ripley, telling Miss Edith Remy that one of their typewriter girls was leaving, and they offered the position to Miss Remy, with a salary of ten dollars a week. He looked up at her, and his expression chilled the enthusiasm in the young girl's face.

"Are you going to accept the situation?" he asked, coldly.

"Why, no. I hadn't thought of doing that."

"I will give you ten dollars a week. I have been going to speak about it for some days, and I wish I had done so before you received this."

"I do not want any sum per week; I am perfectly satisfied as I am. I hope you don't think I showed you the letter for the purpose of getting a salary. I merely wanted you to know that I am improving. You see, I have done a good deal of work for Brown and Ripley, and it must have been satisfactory, or they would not have made this offer. Don't you think so? I thought you would be pleased, but, instead of that, you seem angry."

"I am not angry with you, Miss Remy; but now that you do not intend to accept the proposal, I may say that I consider this letter a breach of etiquette on the part of Brown and Ripley. It would never occur to me, no matter how prosperous I was, to lure away the . . . the assistant of another firm."

"Don't you think you are unjust to them? You remember how you stood up for them when I thought they had played a practical joke on me in sending me up here that first day. They don't look on me as your employée."

"I did not use the word 'employée.'"

"It's the right word, nevertheless. But what I was going to say was that I do outside work, and they very likely think I am merely renting part of the office here."

"Perhaps. Still, they might have written to me and found out."

"Would you have said I was your employée?"

Edward Dunton looked up at her, a faint smile hovering round his lips and a touch of appeal in his eyes. Then he deliberately placed his hand on hers, which rested on the desk.

"I would say anything that would keep you here."

She withdrew her hand abruptly, a flash of anger lighting her countenance, the first he had ever seen there.

"Sir, you make it impossible for me to stay. I shall accept the invitation."

"Why? Because I touched your hand?"

"That, and your tone and your words. You take advantage of my dependent position here."

"Your position is not and never has been dependent. If it were, you have just given me proof that it is so no longer. I am sorry I gave you offence, and I promise you will have no further cause of complaint if you will consent to stay here."

"Very well. I believe you to be a man of your word."

Edward Dunton busied himself at his desk for a while in silence, then rose, took his hat, and went out, telling Billy as he passed through the other room that he would not return till after lunch.

"All right, sir," said the genial Billy; "I'll put up the 'Back in Five Minutes' card." When this duty was performed Billy rapped at the inner door and entered, with a doleful expression on his chubby face.

"Say, Miss Remy, mum, y'aint a-goin' t'leave, are ye'm?"

"Ah, Mr. Billy, you've been listening at the key-hole. That's how little boys come to get their ears boxed."

"But you aint a-goin' t'go somewhere else, mum? You know, Mr. Dunton thinks a lot of you, pretty near's much's I do'm."

"You are very much mistaken, Billy."

"'Deed I ain't'm. And what makes you pretend'm? He sees ye home every night'm. He wouldn't take all that trouble if he——"

"Billy, what *are* you talking about? Mr. Dunton never saw me home in his life. What makes you say such things?"

Billy scratched his flaring head in visible perplexity. He was getting into deep water.

"Well, what the 'nation is he doin', then? Soon's you leave every night he cuts down by t'other elevator, just like's if the house's afire. I watched him from the hall window, and's soon's you're out the front door he's out, after ye. I thought he's tryin' t'ketch up'n see ye home."

"Billy, you are very much mistaken," said the girl, earnestly; "now let me give you some advice. You must not watch people: you must not listen at key-holes—that's very unmanly; and you mustn't speak to anyone of what you've just told me."

"All right, mum."

"Because if you do I cannot stay here any longer. I think I ought to leave now, but I'll stay for your sake, Billy."

Billy was somewhat overcome. He begged her not to tell Mr. Dunton what he had said, and when she promised he went back to his room and had to whirl many times on the tall stool before he recovered his customary serenity.

It was two days after this that young Mr. Ripley came up. "I say, Dunton, we've got a bit of work that's entirely out of our line, but it's from a client we do a great deal of business for, and we don't want to offend him by refusing. His name is Deidrich Van Ness, and he lives in Peoria. He is rich as a pork-dealer, and although penurious, there's evidently money in this if you can carry it off. He is guardian of his niece, Norma Van Ness, a girl of eighteen, who will come into half a million when she's twenty-one. Well, a while ago she bolted, and the old man has been fussing round quietly trying to find her. He hasn't succeeded, and now he comes to us. My father has written him that it is a case for the detectives, but the old man won't listen to that. He says the detectives are more fond of giving away their cleverness to the newspapers, and getting long notices of their cuteness, with a two-column cut of themselves, than of finding anything that is lost, and I guess he's about right. He wants this done quietly, and above all things he fears it's getting into the papers. For this he's willing to shell out handsomely."

"Has he any clue?" asked Dunton.

"No. You see, she was going off to visit a friend in the southern part of the State. She never put in an appearance there, and three weeks were passed before her Peoria folks knew she had skipped."

"How much money had she with her?"

"He thinks she can't have very much, but she had a lot of jewellery that she might have turned into money."

"That ought to be a good clue. She, of course, made for Chicago, and sold her trinkets here. We must have a description of them. Then we ought to have her photograph."

"Yes, my father wrote about that, but it seems the young woman was clever enough to destroy them. They can't find a picture of her in the house."

"There ought not to be much difficulty about that. Some Peoria photographer is sure to have a negative."

The girl at the typewriter gasped, then went nervously on with her work, spoiling white paper.

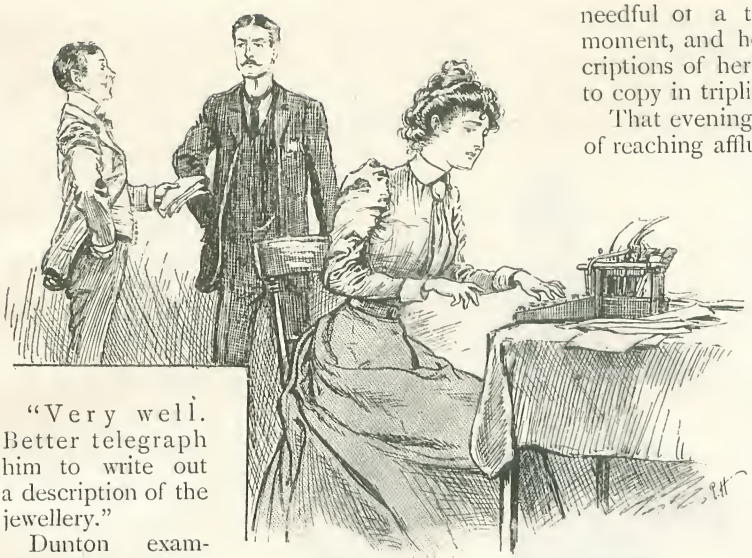
"Inquiries about the negative would have to be conducted very circumspectly. The old man is in terror lest the scandal becomes public. That is a great handicap."

"Yes, and the lapse of time is another. She may be in Paris by now."

"Quite so. Well, here are all the documents we have. Will you look them over?"

"Yes. I suppose the preliminary step would be for me to go to Peoria, and get any further particulars there."

"Perhaps; still, the old man is coming to town to-morrow or next day, and I'll bring him up here to have a talk with you."



"THE GIRL AT THE TYPEWRITER GASPED."

"Very well. Better telegraph him to write out a description of the jewellery."

Dunton examined the papers one by one, made some notes, then went down to the offices of Brown and Ripley. As soon as he was gone Miss Remy tore up the typewritten sheets at which she had been working, put on her hat, and left the room.

"My," cried Billy, hopping down from his stool, "you look scared to death'm. What's the matter? You're white as white."

"I am not feeling well. Tell Mr. Dunton, when he comes back, that I've gone home. I may not be here to-morrow or next day. Tell him I expect to go out into the country for a week perhaps." And before Billy could express his sorrow adequately the girl was gone.

Four days later, when she returned to the office, Billy had such news to tell her that he forgot to inquire after her health, but perhaps that might have been accounted for by the fact that she was looking extremely well.

"Oh, say! Miss Remy, we're going to find a girl what's run'd away. Gee, isn't that fine? There was an old gent here the day after you left'm, and he's a-goin' t' give Mr. Dunton five thousand dollars if he finds that ere girl."

"You've been listening at the key-hole again, Billy."

"No, I didn't'm, honour bright. They spoke so loud I didn't have to."

Edward Dunton was either more solicitous about her health or more polite than Billy. She told him she had been staying at a quiet place on the lake shore, and he advised her to go back there for another week at least. But finally he admitted that he was most needful of a typewriter girl at that moment, and he gave her some descriptions of herself and her jewellery to copy in triplicate.

That evening Mr. Dunton's chances of reaching affluence in his profession through the patronage of Brown and Ripley were extinguished. As Miss Remy was turning up an unfrequented street to reach her temporary home she was surprised to find young Mr. Ripley by her side. She was disquieted by the thought that he had evidently followed her through the more crowded thoroughfares, and had accosted her only when they were alone. "Good evening, Miss Remy. A fellow gets no sort of chance of speaking with you in that office, so I thought I'd just happen along and escort you home. Where have you been these last few days? I tell you I was just heartbroken when I went up to No. 5 and found you weren't there."

"You mustn't talk to me like that, Mr. Ripley," said the girl, coming to a standstill and refusing his proffered arm.

"Why not? When a fellow's clean gone on a girl isn't he to be allowed to say so? This is a free country, you know."

"Because it is a free country, I ask you to stand aside and let me pass."

"Oh, if it comes to that, the side-walk is as much mine as yours, you know."

Both started when a new voice broke into the discussion.

"If it comes to what, Mr. Ripley?" Edward Dunton stepped quietly into the space between the girl and the man who had just disputed her right of way. This action had the instantaneous effect of making young Mr. Ripley extremely angry.

"Who asked you to interfere, you miserable whelp of a half-starved lawyer?"

"My interference seems to have been necessary, when a young lady cannot go unmolested to her home."

"Young lady! Oh, I see how it is. This is your meeting-place, and I——"

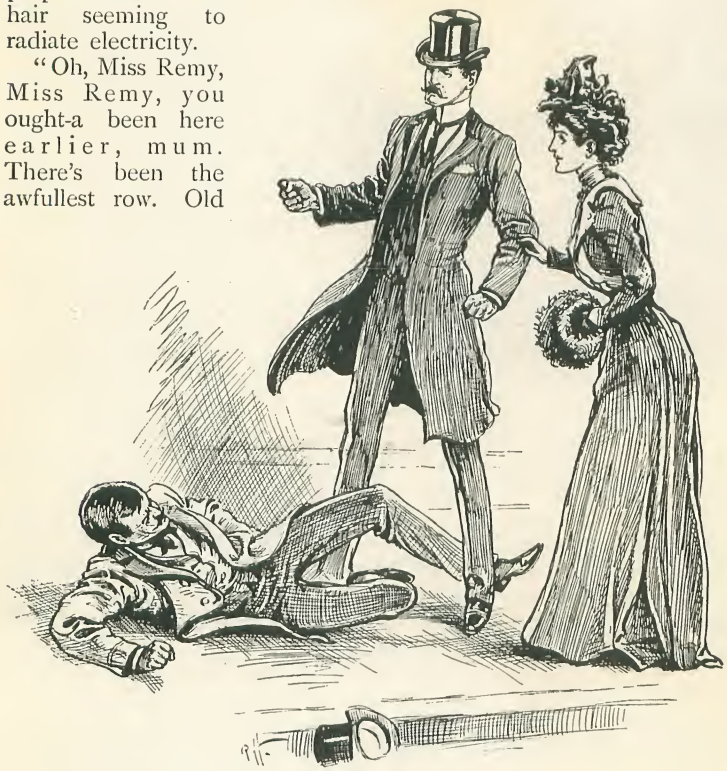
Dunton's fist broke the sentence, and Ripley went down at full length, and remained there.

"May I accompany you, Miss Remy?"

"I shall be pleased if you do."

Next morning Miss Remy found the office in the sole possession of Billy, who was quivering with excitement, each particular perpendicular red hair seeming to radiate electricity.

"Oh, Miss Remy, Miss Remy, you ought-a been here earlier, mum. There's been the awfullest row. Old Ripley was up here, and's gonno put Mr. Dunton in gaol, 'cause he knocked his son down last night. Mr. Dunton's gone out t'get bail. Ripley says he's a-goin' t'ruin him, an' if we don't find that girl I guess he will."



"RIPLEY WENT DOWN AT FULL LENGTH."

To Billy's disappointment the girl went through to the other room and sat down at her typewriter without making any comment on his startling intelligence. When Edward Dunton came in he made no allusion to the exciting visit of the elder Mr. Ripley, and went on with his work as if nothing in particular had happened. Therefore Miss Remy found herself compelled to open conversation on the subject. She took with her the two letters she had typewritten, and stood by his desk in the same position she had occupied on the day he placed his hand on hers.

"Mr. Dunton," she began, "I understand that your championship of me has resulted in the loss of favour of Brown and Ripley."

"Oh, Billy has been telling you? That young man is like the other parrot — he talks too much."

"Nevertheless, this will make a serious difference to you in your business."

"Oh, my business was never much to brag about. I shall devote myself entirely to this Van Ness case. I am guaranteed my expenses at least."

"But Mr. Van Ness is Brown and Ripley's client. They won't allow him to leave his affairs in your hands."

"Miss Remy," said the young man, with a smile, "you would make a good lawyer. What you suggest is very probable; still, it won't much matter. If I find the girl I can claim the reward, and that will set me on my feet."

"But you cannot pursue your investigations if your expenses are not guaranteed."

"That's quite true. You seem resolved I shall see the worst side of the complication."

"I don't want you to delude yourself. Here is my resignation, neatly typewritten and correctly worded."

"Ah, now, that is unkind, Miss Remy. I can stand the loss of Brown and Ripley without a regret, but if you desert me, well . . . I promised not to give expression . . . you know you were kind enough to say I was a man of my word, and . . . I have tried to be."

"That proviso held only while I was in your employ. When I have resigned you may say what you like."

The young man looked quickly up at her, but her face was very demure and her eyes were on the desk. She went on without glancing at him, handing him the second letter.

"This you must sign, and send to Mr. Van Ness. If you use a reasonable amount

of wisdom in the negotiations you will be on your feet, as you remarked a few moments ago."

Dunton read the letter :—

"Dear Sir,—I beg to inform you that I have discovered the whereabouts of your niece, and am in a position to produce her any time at any place that is convenient for you. She did not sell or pawn her jewels, as I supposed, but had been saving money for more than a year before she left home, and is now in possession of nearly a thousand dollars.

"I may add that you are to deal entirely with me in this matter. I cannot act with Messrs. Brown and Ripley. If they claim to have anything to do with the case, then let them produce the girl.

"Yours very truly."

"Of course you are Miss Norma Van Ness?" he said, at last.

"Yes."

"Why on earth did you run away and come into such a turmoil as Chicago?"

"Because my uncle wished me to marry my cousin, and I have an objection to being coerced. I have been very unhappy for nearly two years."

"But you could have come to any reputable firm of lawyers, and they would have advanced you what money you needed, and would have looked after your interests . . . . glad to do it"

"I did not know that."

"How absurdly under the mark was that futile description of you which you typed so industriously."

"I thought it extremely flattering. I shall take your advice regarding a Chicago lawyer, and I offer you five thousand dollars a year to look after my interests, although I warn you that you may have to wait for the money at first."

The young man shook his head. "I shall do it for nothing, or not at all," he said.

It was a blessing that Billy had been cured of his propensity for listening at the key-hole, for thus the proceedings of these two young people will be for ever unknown to the world, unless either of themselves cares to tell.

When Miss Van Ness came into the outer room and closed the door, having previously begged her lover not to accompany her, she was perceptibly flushed and flurried, so the acute Billy knew at once something important had happened.

"Has he found the girl?" asked Billy, all agog.

"Yes, Billy, he has."

"And will he get the five thousand dollars?"

"Oh, you mercenary little wretch—he will get a great deal more."

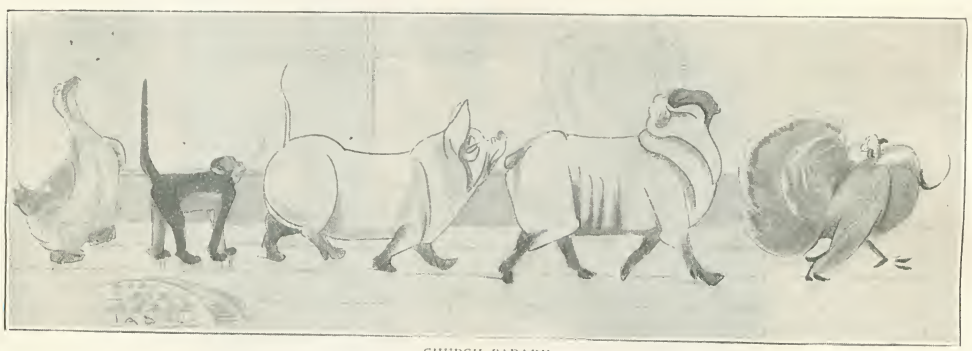
Then happened an event which the bristly, red-haired Billy had feared for a long time. To his horror and dismay, she impetuously kissed him.

"OF COURSE YOU ARE MISS NORMA VAN NESS?"

Animal Actualities.

THIS is a tale of friendly attachment among five animals of divers species, with no common bond between them beyond isolation among human creatures and confinement on shipboard.

In the year 1880, when the Rev. F. H. Powell was no clergyman, but a midshipman aboard at St. Helena; a turkey, and a goose—survivors also, orphans, waifs, or what you will; and a monkey, Jacko. Jacko was no dependent waif, but a passenger of note, on his way home at the instance of Mr. Powell himself. To these four entered a pig, taken on board when the coolies had left; for Hindu coolies and pigs agree ill, and never



CHURCH PARADE.

on the ship *Bann*, that vessel took voyage from the East to the West Indies, carrying 800 coolie emigrants. The journey accomplished and the coolies landed, the *Bann* took in sugar for Greenock, and at this time the lower animals on board comprised a sheep—the last survivor of a family taken travel in the same ship together. And now, to the astonishment of the whole ship's company, a quaint companionship sprang up between these five of such widely differing sorts. They were allowed to wander about decks in daytime. The turkey, the sheep, the pig, and the goose associated readily—possibly

JACKO UP.

because of a certain farmyard affinity between them; the monkey was longer in gaining admittance to the club. He was an exotic creature, and there was something near to human about him that seemed to mark him as not of the pig and turkey "set." But for that day they would give themselves an extra clean up—all except the pig—and parade the decks in procession. But invariably ere long the monkey would perceive the advantages of riding, and with a sudden spring he would mount the pig, seize him by the ears, and go

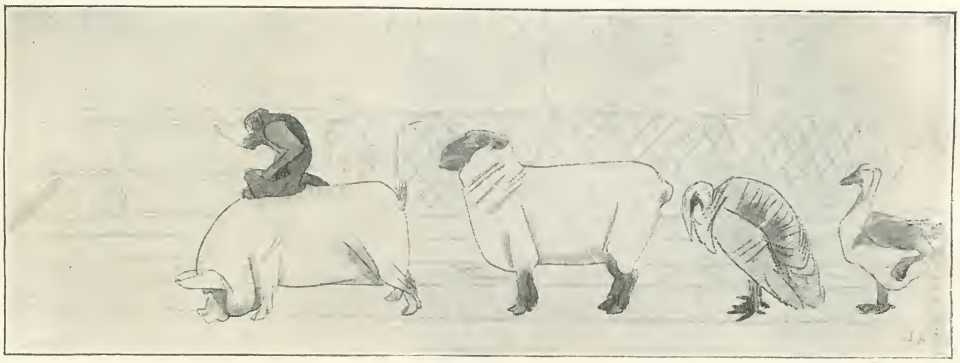
IN THE STRAIGHT.

his own part he took a most extreme fancy for the goose; and before long all were happy together, and the club of five "passengers" made great merriment for the officers and crew of the *Bann*.

Sunday was the great day for the club. On

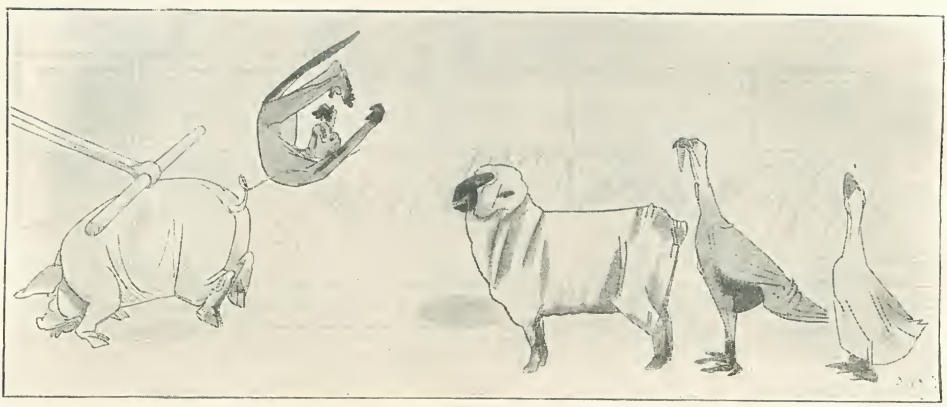
off at a gallop, sitting astride the pig's neck. The pig, for his part, would tear off at his hardest, grunting and protesting, rushing and bucking, with the rest of the club toiling excitedly in the rear. But none of his antics availed to rid him of his jockey,

A CHECK.



CONSIDERATION.

who stuck in his place, chattering and grinning with joy, and dragging merrily at the pig's ears. But the pig had a last resource. After a few frantic rounds of the deck he would stop and consider the matter thoughtfully. Rushing was of no use, bucking and with his small and thoughtful eye. Then, with a sudden rush, he would dash under that crank—barely the height of his back—and with a terrific shock Jacko would go flying and tumbling into space, an outwitted and a sorely bruised monkey. And on the instant



DISASTER.

shying were wholly ineffectual. There still remained scraping. Sagely revolving his project in his mind, the pig would walk slowly in the direction of the main pump. He would measure the space between crank and deck the whole club would gather round to enjoy the discomfiture of the cleverest member. And so the pig's triumph endured till Jacko, after two or three tumbles, learned to jump for the crank and sit there.

DONE!

The Brass Bottle.

By F. Anstey.

Author of "Vice-Versâ," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

A KILLING FROST.

FORTUNATELY for Ventimore, the momentary dismay he had felt on finding himself deserted by his unfathomable Jinnee at the very outset of the ceremony passed unnoticed, as the Prime Warden of the Candlestickmakers' Company immediately came to his rescue by briefly introducing him to the Lord Mayor, who, with dignified courtesy, had descended to the lowest step of the daïs to receive him.

"Mr. Ventimore," said the Chief Magistrate, cordially, as he pressed Horace's hand, "you must allow me to say that I consider this one of the greatest privileges—if not *the* greatest privilege—that have fallen to my lot during a term of office in which I have had the honour of welcoming more than the usual number of illustrious visitors."

"My Lord Mayor," said Horace, with absolute sincerity, "you really overwhelm me. I—I only wish I could feel that I had done anything to deserve this—this magnificent compliment!"

"Ah!" replied the Lord Mayor, in a paternally rallying tone. "Modest, my dear sir, I perceive. Like all truly great men! A most admirable trait! Permit me to present you to the Sheriffs."

The Sheriffs appeared highly delighted. Horace shook hands with both of them; indeed, in the flurry of the moment he very nearly offered to do so with the Sword and Mace bearers as well, but their hands were, as it happened, otherwise engaged.

"The actual presentation," said the Lord Mayor, "takes place in the Great Hall, as you are doubtless aware."

"I—I have been given to understand so," said Horace, with a sinking heart—for he had begun to hope that the worst was over.

"But before we adjourn," said his host, "you will let me tempt you to partake of some slight refreshment—just a snack?"

Horace was not hungry, but it occurred to him that he might get through the ceremony with more credit after a glass of champagne, so he accepted the invitation, and was conducted to an extemporized buffet at one end of the Library, where he fortified himself for the impending ordeal with a *caviare* sandwich and a bumper of the driest champagne in the Corporation cellars.

"They talk of abolishing us," said the Lord Mayor, as he took an anchovy on toast; "but I maintain, Mr. Ventimore—I maintain that we, with our ancient customs, our time-honoured traditions, form a link with the past, which a wise statesman will preserve, if

"'THEY TALK OF ABOLISHING US,' SAID THE LORD MAYOR."

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I may employ a somewhat vulgar term, untinkered with."

Horace agreed, remembering a link with a far more ancient past with which he devoutly wished he had refrained from tinkering.

"Talking of ancient customs," the Lord Mayor continued, with an odd blend of pride and apology, "you will shortly have an illustration of our antiquated procedure, which may impress you as quaint."

Horace, feeling absolutely idiotic, murmured that he felt sure it would do that.

"Before presenting you for the freedom the Prime Warden and five officials of the Candlestickmakers' Company will give their testimony as compurgators in your favour, making oath that you are 'a man of good name and fame,' and that (you will be amused at this, Mr. Ventimore)—that you 'do not desire the freedom of this City whereby to defraud the Queen or the City.' Ha, ha! Curious way of putting it, is it not?"

"Very," said Horace, guiltily, and not a little concerned on the officials' account.

"A mere form!" said the Lord Mayor; "but I for one, Mr. Ventimore—I for one should be sorry to see these picturesque old practices die out. To my mind," he added, as he finished a *pâté de foie gras* sandwich, "the modern impatience to sweep away all the ancient landmarks (whether they be superannuated or not) is one of the most disquieting symptoms of the age. You won't have any more champagne? Then I think we had better be making our way to the Great Hall for the Event of the Day."

"I'm afraid," said Horace, with a sudden consciousness of his incongruously Oriental attire, "I'm afraid this is not quite the sort of dress for such a ceremony. If I had known——"

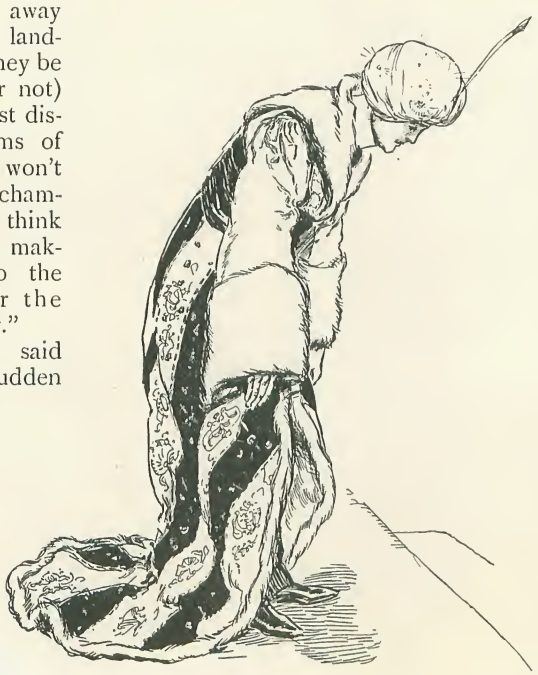
"Now, don't say another word!" said the Lord Mayor. "Your costume is very nice—very nice, indeed, and—and most appropriate, I am sure. But I see the City Marshal is waiting for us to head the procession. Shall we lead the way?"

The band struck up the March of the Priests from "Athalie," and Horace, his head in a whirl, walked with his host, followed by the City Lands Committee, the Sheriffs, and other dignitaries, through the Art Gallery and into the Great Hall, where their entrance was heralded by a flourish of trumpets.

The Hall was crowded, and Ventimore found himself the object of a popular demonstration which would have filled him with joy and pride if he could only have felt that he had done anything whatever to justify it, for it was ridiculous to suppose that he had rendered himself a public benefactor by restoring a convicted Jinnee to freedom and society generally.

His only consolation was that the English are a race not given to effusiveness without very good reason, and that before the ceremony was over he would be enabled to gather what were the particular services which had excited such unbounded enthusiasm.

Meanwhile he stood there on the crimson-draped and flower-bedecked daïs, bowing repeatedly and trusting that he did not look so forlornly foolish as he felt. A long shaft of sunlight struck down between the Gothic rafters and dappled the brown stone walls with patches of gold; the electric lights in the big hooped chandeliers showed pale and feeble against the subdued glow of the stained glass; the air was heavy with the scent of flowers and essences; then there was a rustle of expectation in the audience, and a pause, in which it seemed to Horace that everybody on the daïs was almost as nervous and at a loss what to do next as he was himself. He wished with all his soul that they would hurry the ceremony through, anyhow, and let him go.



H. R. MILLAR · 1900

"HE STOOD THERE, BOWING REPEATEDLY."

At length the proceedings began by a sort of solemn affectation of having merely met there for the ordinary business of the day, which, to Horace just then, seemed childish in the extreme; it was resolved that "items 1 to 4 on the agenda need not be discussed," which brought them to item 5.

Item 5 was a resolution, read by the Town Clerk, that "the freedom of the City should be presented to Horace Ventimore, Esq., Citizen and Candlestickmaker" (which last Horace was not aware of being, but supposed vaguely that it had been somehow managed while he was at the buffet in the Library), "in recognition of his services"—the resolution ran, and Horace listened with all his ears—"especially in connection with. . . ." It was most unfortunate—but at this precise point the official was seized with an attack of coughing, in which all was lost but the conclusion of the sentence, ". . . that have justly entitled him to the gratitude and admiration of his fellow-countrymen."

Then the six compurgators came forward and vouched for Ventimore's fitness to receive the freedom. He had painful doubts whether they altogether understood what a responsibility they were undertaking—but it was too late to warn them, and he could only trust that they knew more of their business than he did.

After this the City Chamberlain read him an address, to which Horace listened in resigned bewilderment. The Chamberlain referred to the unanimity and enthusiasm with which the resolution had been carried, and said that it was his pleasing and honourable duty, as the mouthpiece of that ancient City, to address what he described with some inadequacy as "a few words" to one by adding whose name to their roll of freemen the Corporation honoured rather themselves than the recipient of their homage.

It was flattering, but to Horace's ear the phrases sounded excessive — almost fulsome, though, of course, that depended very much on what he had done, which he had still to ascertain The orator proceeded to read him the "Illustrious List of London's Roll of Fame," a recital which made Horace shiver with apprehension. For what names they were! What glorious deeds they had performed! How was it possible that he—plain Horace Ventimore, a struggling architect who had missed his one great chance—could have achieved (especially without even being aware of it) anything that would not seem ludicrously insignificant by comparison?

He had a morbid fancy that the marble goddesses, or whoever they were, at the base of Nelson's monument opposite were regarding him with stony disdain and indignation; that the statue of Wellington knew him for an arrant impostor and averted his head with cold contempt; and that the effigy of Lord Mayor Beckford on the right of the daïs would come to life and denounce him in another moment.

"Turning now to your own distinguished services," he suddenly heard the City Chamberlain resuming, "you are probably aware, sir, that it is customary on these occasions to mention specifically the particular merit which has been deemed worthy of civic recognition."

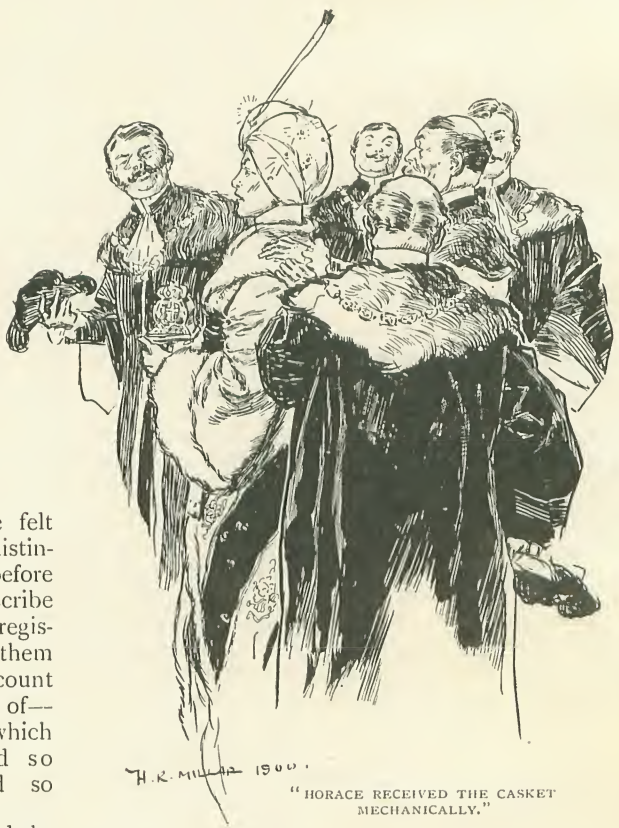
Horace was greatly relieved to hear it, for it struck him as a most sensible and, in his own particular case, essential formality.

"But, on the present occasion, sir," proceeded the speaker, "I feel, as all present must feel, that it would be unnecessary—nay, almost impertinent—were I to weary the public ear by a halting recapitulation of deeds with which it is already so appreciatively familiar." At this he was interrupted by deafening and long-continued applause, at the end of which he continued: "I have only, therefore, to greet you in the name of the Corporation, and to offer you the right hand of fellowship as a Freeman, and Citizen, and Candlestickmaker of London."

As he shook hands he presented Horace with a copy of the Oath of Allegiance, intimating that he was to read it aloud. Naturally Ventimore had not the least objection to swear to be good and true to our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, or to be obedient to the Lord Mayor, and warn him of any conspiracies against the Queen's peace which might chance to come under his observation; so he took the oath cheerfully enough, and hoped that this was really the end of the ceremony.

However, to his great chagrin and apprehension, the Lord Mayor rose with the evident intention of making a speech. He said that the conclusion of the City to bestow the highest honour in their gift upon Mr. Horace Ventimore had been—here he hesitated—somewhat hastily arrived at. Personally, he would have liked a longer time to prepare, to make the display less inadequate to, and worthier of, this exceptional occasion. He thought that was the general feeling. (It evidently was, judging from the loud and unanimous cheering.) However, for reasons which—for reasons with which they were as well acquainted as himself, the

notice had been short. The Corporation had yielded (as they always did, as it would always be their pride and pleasure *to* yield) to popular pressure which was practically irresistible, and had done the best they could in the limited—he might almost say the unprecedentedly limited—period allowed them. The proudest leaf in Mr. Ventimore's chaplet of laurels to-day was, he would venture to assert, the sight of the extraordinary enthusiasm and assemblage, not only in that noble hall, but in the thoroughfares of this mighty Metropolis. Under the circumstances this was a marvellous tribute to the admiration and affection which Mr. Ventimore had succeeded in inspiring in the great heart of the people, rich and poor, high and low. He would not detain his hearers any longer; all that remained for him to do was to ask Mr. Ventimore's acceptance of a golden casket containing the roll of freedom, and he felt sure that their distinguished guest, before proceeding to inscribe his name on the register, would oblige them all by some account from his own lips of—of the events in which he had figured so prominently and so creditably.



"HORACE RECEIVED THE CASKET MECHANICALLY."

Horace received the casket mechanically; there was a universal cry of "Speech!" from the audience, to which he replied by shaking his head in helpless deprecation—but in vain; he found himself irresistibly pressed towards the rail in front of the daïs, and the roar of applause which greeted him saved him from all necessity of attempting to speak for nearly two minutes.

During that interval he had time to clear his brain and think what he had better do or say in his present unenviable dilemma. For some time past a suspicion had been growing in his mind, until it had now almost swollen into certainty. He felt that, before he compromised himself, or allowed his too generous entertainers to compromise themselves irretrievably, it was absolutely necessary to ascertain his real position, and, to do that, he must make some sort of speech. With this resolve all his nervousness and embarrassment and indecision melted away; he faced the assembly coolly and gallantly, convinced that his best alternative now lay in perfect candour.

"My Lord Mayor, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen," he began, in a clear voice which penetrated to the farthest gallery and commanded instant attention. "If you expect to hear from me any description of what I've done to be received like this, I'm afraid you will be disappointed. For my own belief is that I've done nothing whatever."

There was a general outcry of "No, no!" at this, and a fervid murmur of protest.

"It's all very well to say 'No, no,'" said Horace, "and I am extremely grateful to you all for the interruption. Still, I can only repeat that I am absolutely unaware of having ever rendered my country or this great City a single service deserving of the slightest acknowledgment. I wish I could feel I had—but the simple truth is that, if I have, the fact has entirely slipped from my memory."

Again there were murmurs; this time with a certain under-current of irritation, and he could hear the Lord Mayor behind him remarking to the City Chamberlain that this was not at all the kind of speech for the occasion.

"I know what you're all thinking," said Horace. "You're thinking this is mock modesty on my part. But it's nothing of the sort. *I* don't know what I've done—but I presume you are all better informed. Because the Corporation wouldn't have given me that very charming casket—you wouldn't all of you be here like this—unless you were under a strong impression that I'd done *something* to deserve it." At this there was a fresh outburst of applause. "Just so," said Horace, calmly. "Well, now, will any of you be kind enough to tell me, in a few words, *what* you suppose I've done?"

There was a dead silence, in which everyone looked at his or her neighbour and smiled feebly.

"My Lord Mayor," continued Horace, "I appeal to you to tell me and this distinguished assembly why on earth we're all here!"

The Lord Mayor rose. "I think it sufficient to say," he announced, with dignity, "that the Corporation and myself were unanimously of opinion that this distinction should be awarded—for reasons which it is unnecessary and—hum—ha—invidious to enter into here."

"I am sorry," persisted Horace, "but I must press your lordship for those reasons. I have an object .... Will the City Chamberlain oblige me then? .... No? Well, then, the Town Clerk?.... No?—it's just as I suspected: none of you can give me your reasons, and shall I tell you why? Because there *aren't* any .... Now, do bear with me for a moment. I'm quite aware this is very embarrassing for all of you—but remember that it's infinitely more awkward for *me!* I really cannot accept the freedom of the City under any suspicion of false pretences. It would be a poor reward for your hospitality, and base and unpatriotic into the bargain, to depreciate the value of so great a distinction by permitting it to be conferred unworthily. If, after you've heard what I am going to tell you, you still insist on my accepting such an honour, of course I will not be so ungracious as to refuse it. But I really don't feel that it would be right to inscribe my name on your Roll of Fame without some sort of explanation. If I did, I might, for anything I know, involuntarily be signing the death-warrant of the Corporation!"

There was a breathless hush upon this; the silence grew so intense that, to borrow a slightly involved metaphor from a distinguished friend of the writer's, "you might have picked up a pin in it!" Horace leaned sideways against the rail in an easy attitude, so as to face the Lord Mayor, as well as a portion of his audience.

"Before I go any farther," he said, "will your lordship pardon me if I suggest that it might be as well to direct that all reporters present should immediately withdraw?"

"THE REPORTERS' TABLE WAS INSTANTLY IN A STIR OF ANGER."

The reporters' table was instantly in a stir of anger, and many of the guests expressed some dissatisfaction. "We, at least," said the Lord Mayor, rising, flushed with annoyance, "have no reason to dread publicity. I decline to make a hole-and-corner affair of this. I shall give no such orders."

"Very well," said Horace, when the chorus of approval had subsided. "My suggestion

was made quite as much in the Corporation's interests as in mine. I merely thought that, when you all clearly understood how grossly you've been deluded, you might prefer to have the details kept out of the newspapers if possible. But if you particularly want them published over the whole world, why, of course——"

An uproar followed here, under cover of which the Lord Mayor contrived to give orders to have the doors fastened till further directions.

"Don't make this more difficult and disagreeable for me than it is already!" said Horace, as soon as he could obtain a hearing again. "You don't suppose that I should have come here in this Tom-fool's dress, imposing myself on the hospitality of this great City, if I could have helped it! If you've been brought here under false pretences, so have I. If you've been made to look rather foolish, what is *your* situation to *mine?* The fact is, I am the victim of a headstrong force which I am utterly unable to control . . . ."

Upon this a fresh uproar arose, and prevented him from continuing for some time. "I only ask for fair play and a patient hearing!" he pleaded. "Give me that, and I will undertake to restore you all to good humour before I have done."

They calmed down at this appeal, and he was able to proceed. "My case is simply this," he said. "A little time ago I happened to go to an auction and buy a large brass bottle. . . . ."

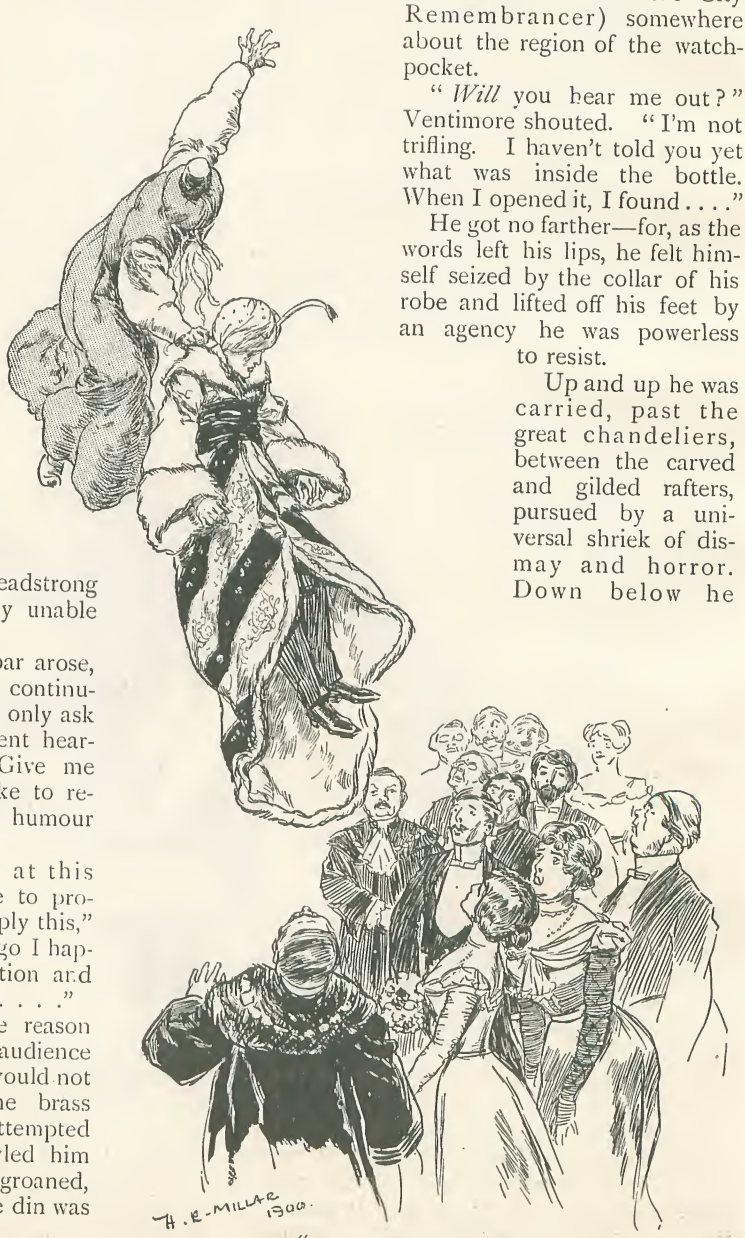
For some inexplicable reason his last words roused the audience to absolute frenzy; they would not hear anything about the brass bottle; every time he attempted to mention it they howled him down; they hissed, they groaned, they shook their fists; the din was positively deafening.

Nor was the demonstration confined to the male portion of the assembly. One lady, indeed, who is a prominent leader in society, but whose name shall not be divulged here, was so carried away by her feelings as to hurl a heavy cut-glass bottle of smelling salts at Horace's offending head. Fortunately for him, it missed him and only caught one of the officials (Horace was not in a mood to notice details very accurately, but he had a notion that it was the City Remembrancer) somewhere about the region of the watch-pocket.

"*Will* you hear me out?" Ventimore shouted. "I'm not trifling. I haven't told you yet what was inside the bottle. When I opened it, I found . . . ."

He got no farther—for, as the words left his lips, he felt himself seized by the collar of his robe and lifted off his feet by an agency he was powerless to resist.

Up and up he was carried, past the great chandeliers, between the carved and gilded rafters, pursued by a universal shriek of dismay and horror. Down below he



"UP AND UP HE WAS CARRIED."

could see the throng of pale, upturned faces, and hear the wild screams and laughter of several ladies of great distinction in violent hysterics. And the next moment he was in the glass lantern, and the latticed panes gave way like tissue paper as he broke through into the open air, causing the pigeons on the roof to whirr up in a flutter of alarm.

Of course, he knew that it was the Jinnee who was abducting him in this sensational manner, and he was rather relieved than alarmed by Fakrash's summary proceeding, for he seemed, for once, to have hit upon the best way out of a situation that was rapidly becoming impossible.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIGH WORDS.

ONCE outside in the open air the Jinnee "towered" like a pheasant shot through the head, and Horace closed his eyes with a combined swing-switchback-and-Channel-passage sensation during a flight which apparently continued for hours, although in reality it probably did not occupy more than a very few seconds. His uneasiness was still further increased by his inability to guess where he was being taken to—for he felt instinctively that they were not travelling in the direction of home.

At last he felt himself set down on some hard, firm surface, and ventured to open his eyes once more. When he realized where he actually was his knees gave way under him, and he was seized with a sudden giddiness that very nearly made him lose his balance. For he found himself standing on a sort of narrow ledge or cornice immediately under the ball at the top of St. Paul's.

Many feet beneath him spread the dull, leaden summit of the dome, its raised ridges stretching like huge serpents over the curve, beyond which was a glimpse of the green roof of the nave and the two west towers, with their grey columns and urn-topped buttresses and gilded pine-apples, which shone ruddily in the sun

He had an impression of Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street as a deep, winding ravine, steeped in partial shadow; of long sierras of roofs and chimney-pots, showing their sharp outlines above mouse-coloured smoke-wreaths; of the broad, pearl-tinted river, with oily ripples and a golden glitter where the sunlight touched it; of the gleaming slope of mud under the wharves and warehouses on the Surrey side; of the moored barges and steamers lying in black clusters; of a small tug fussing noisily down the river, leaving a broadening arrow-head in its wake.

Cautiously he moved round towards the east, where the houses formed a blurred mosaic of cream, slate, indigo, and dull reds and browns, above which slender rose-flushed spires and towers pierced the haze, stained in countless places by pillars of black, grey, and amber smoke, and lightened by plumes and jets of silvery steam, till all blended by imperceptible gradations into a sky of tenderest gold slashed with translucent blue.

It was a magnificent view, and none the less so because the indistinctness of all beyond a limited radius made the huge City seem not only mystical, but absolutely boundless in extent. But although Ventimore was distinctly conscious of all this, he was scarcely in a state to appreciate its grandeur just then. He was much too concerned with wondering why Fakrash had chosen to plant him up there in so insecure a position, and how he was ever to be rescued from it, since the Jinnee had apparently disappeared.

He was not far off, however, for presently Horace saw him stalk round the narrow cornice with an air of being perfectly at home on it.

"So there you are!" said Ventimore; "I thought you'd deserted me again. What have you brought me up here for?"

"Because I desired to have speech with thee in private," replied the Jinnee.

"We're not likely to be intruded on here, certainly," said Horace. "But isn't it rather exposed, rather public? If we're seen up here, you know, it will cause a decided sensation."

"I have laid a spell on all below that they should not raise their eyes. Be seated, therefore, and hear my words."

Horace lowered himself carefully to a sitting position, so that his legs dangled in space, and Fakrash took a seat by his side. "O, most indiscreet of mankind!" he began, in an aggrieved tone; "thou hast been near the committal of a great blunder, and doing ill to thee and to myself!"

"Well, I *do* like that!" retorted Horace; "when you let me in for all that freedom of the City business, and then sneaked off leaving me to get out of it the best way I could, and only came back just as I was about to explain matters, and carried me up through the roof by my coat-collar! Do you consider that tactful on your part?"

"Thou hadst drunk wine and permitted it to creep as far as the place of secrets."

"Only one glass," said Horace; "and I wanted it, I can assure you. I was obliged to make a speech to them, and, thanks to you, I was in such a hole that I saw nothing for it but to tell the truth."

"Veracity, as thou wilt learn," answered the Jinnee, "is not invariably the Ship of Safety. Thou wert about to betray the benefactor who procured for thee such glory and honour as might well cause the gall-bladder of lions to burst with envy!"

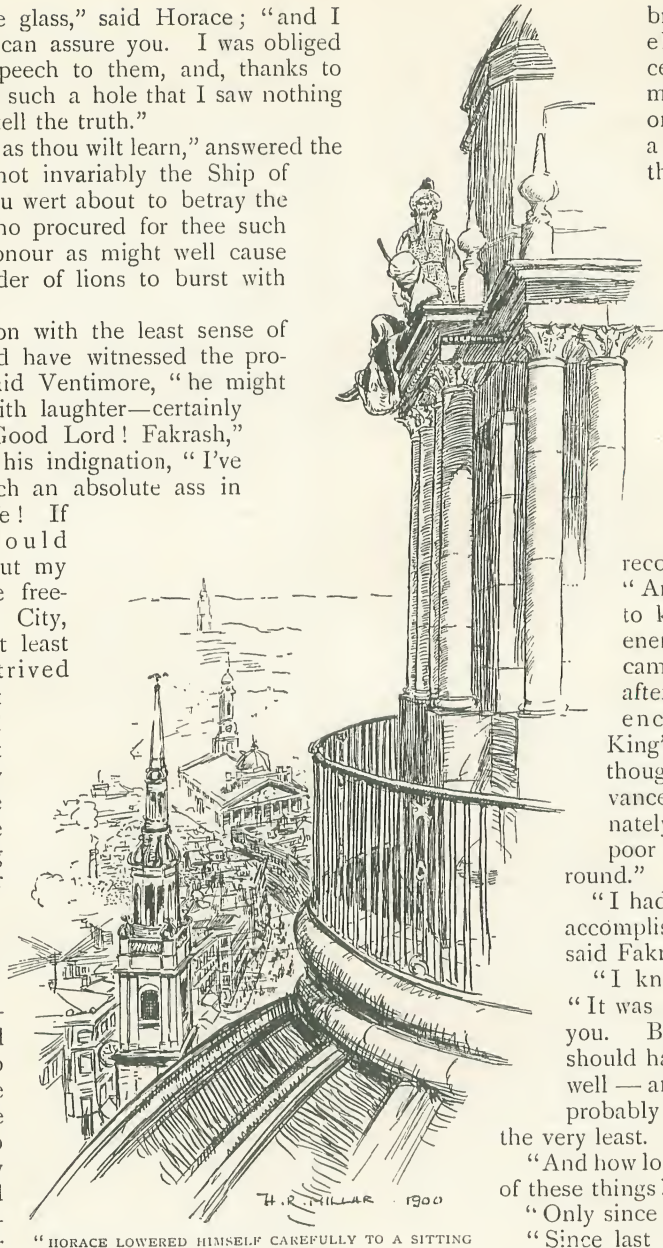
"If any lion with the least sense of humour could have witnessed the proceedings," said Ventimore, "he might have burst with laughter—certainly not envy. Good Lord! Fakrash," he cried, in his indignation, "I've never felt such an absolute ass in my whole life! If nothing would satisfy you but my receiving the freedom of the City, you might at least have contrived some decent excuse for it! But you left out the only point there was in the whole thing—and all for what?"

"What doth it signify why the whole populace should come forth to acclaim thee and do thee honour, so long as they did so?" said Fakrash, sullenly. "For the report of thy fame would reach Bedeea-el-Jemal."

"That's just where you're mistaken," said Horace. "If you had not been in too desperate a hurry to make a few inquiries, you would have found out that you were taking all this trouble for nothing."

"How sayest thou?"

"Well, you would have discovered that the Princess is spared all temptation to marry beneath her by the fact that she became the bride of somebody else about thirty centuries ago. She married a mortal, one Seyf-el-Mulook, a King's son, and they've both been dead a considerable time—another obstacle to your plans."



"HORACE LOWERED HIMSELF CAREFULLY TO A SITTING POSITION."

"It is a lie," declared Fakrash.

"If you will take me back to Vincent Square I shall be happy to show you the evidence in your national records," said Horace. "And you may be glad to know that your old enemy, Mr. Jarjarees, came to a violent end, after a very sporting encounter with a King's daughter, who though proficient in advanced magic, unfortunately perished herself, poor lady, in the final round."

"I had intended *thee* to accomplish his downfall," said Fakrash.

"I know," said Horace. "It was most thoughtful of you. But I doubt if I should have done it half as well—and it would have probably cost me an eye at the very least. It's better as it is."

"And how long hast thou known of these things?"

"Only since last night."

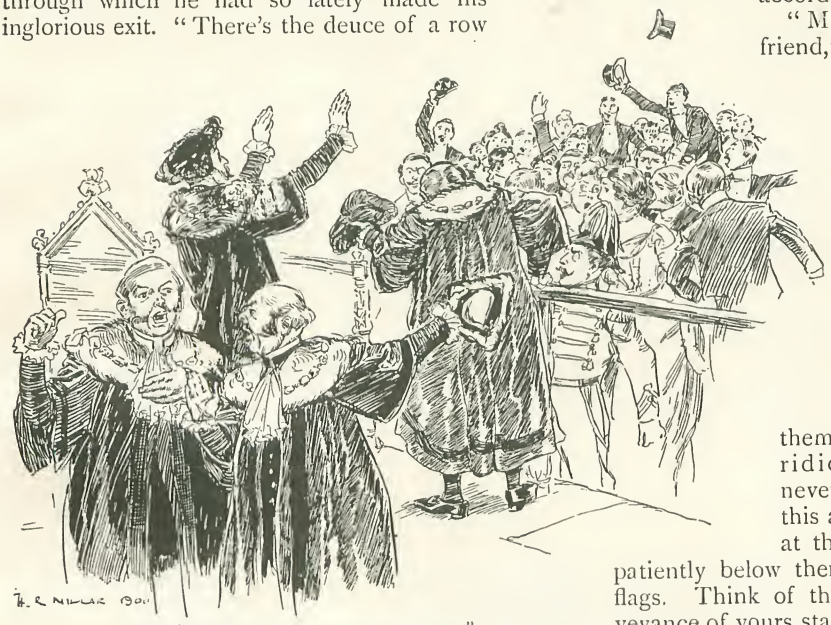
"Since last night? And thou didst not unfold them unto me till this instant?"

"I've had such a busy morning, you see," explained Horace. "There's been no time."

"Silly-bearded fool that I was to bring this misbegotten dog into the august presence of the great Lord Mayor himself (on whom be peace!)," cried the Jinnee.

"I object to being referred to as a misbegotten dog," said Horace, "but with the rest of your remark I entirely concur. I'm

afraid the Lord Mayor is very far from being at peace just now." He pointed to the steep roof of the Guildhall, with its dormers and fretted pinnacles, and the slender lantern through which he had so lately made his inglorious exit. "There's the deuce of a row



"THERE'S THE DEUCE OF A ROW GOING ON."

going on under that lantern just now, Mr. Fakrash, you may depend upon that. They've locked the doors till they can decide what to do next—which will take them some time. And it's all your fault!"

"It was thy doing. Why didst thou dare to inform the Lord Mayor that he was deceived?"

"Why? Because I thought he ought to know. Because I was bound, particularly after my oath of allegiance, to warn him of any conspiracy against him. Because I was in such a hat. He'll understand all that—he won't blame *me* for this business."

"It is fortunate," observed the Jinnee, "that I flew away with thee before thou couldst pronounce my name."

"You gave yourself away," said Horace. "They all saw you, you know. You weren't flying so particularly fast. They'll recognise you again. If you *will* carry off a man from under the Lord Mayor's very nose, and shoot up through the roof like a rocket with him, you can't expect to escape some notice. You see, you happen to be the only unbottled Jinnee in this City."

Fakrash shifted his seat on the cornice. "I have committed no act of disrespect unto the Lord Mayor," he said, "therefore he can have no just cause for anger against me."

Horace perceived that the Jinnee was not altogether at ease, and pushed his advantage accordingly.

"My dear, good old friend," he said, "you don't seem to realize yet what an awful thing you've done. For your own mistaken purposes you have compelled the Chief Magistrate and the Corporation of the greatest City in the world to make themselves hopelessly ridiculous. They'll never hear the last of this affair. Just look at the crowds waiting patiently below there. Look at the flags. Think of that gorgeous conveyance of yours standing outside the Guildhall. Think of the assembly inside—all the most aristocratic, noble, and distinguished personages in the land," continued Horace, piling it on as he proceeded; "all collected for what? To be made fools of by a Jinnee out of a brass bottle!"

"For their own sakes will they preserve silence," said Fakrash, with a gleam of unwonted shrewdness.

"Probably they would hush it up if they only could," conceded Horace. "But how *can* they? What are they to say? What plausible explanation can they give? Besides, there's the Press: you don't know what the Press is; but I assure you its power is tremendous—it's simply impossible to keep anything secret from it nowadays. It has eyes and ears everywhere and a thousand tongues. Five minutes after the doors in that hall are unlocked (and they can't keep them locked *much* longer) the reporters will be handing in their special descriptions of you and your latest vagaries to their respective journals. Within half an hour bills will be carried through every quarter of London—bills with enormous letters: 'Extraordinary Scene at the Guildhall.' 'Strange End to a Civic Function.' 'Startling Appearance of an Oriental Genie in the City.' 'Abduction of a Guest of the Lord Mayor.' 'Intense

Excitement.' 'Full Particulars!' And by that time the story will have flashed round the whole world. Keep silence, indeed! Do you imagine for a moment that the Lord Mayor or anybody else concerned, however remotely, will ever forget, or be allowed to forget, such an outrageous incident as this? If you do, believe me, you're mistaken."

"Truly, it would be a terrible thing to incur the wrath of the Lord Mayor," said the Jinnee, in troubled accents.

"Awful!" said Horace. "But you seem to have managed it."

"He weareth round his neck a magic jewel, which giveth him dominion over evil spirits—is it not so?"

"You know best," said Horace.

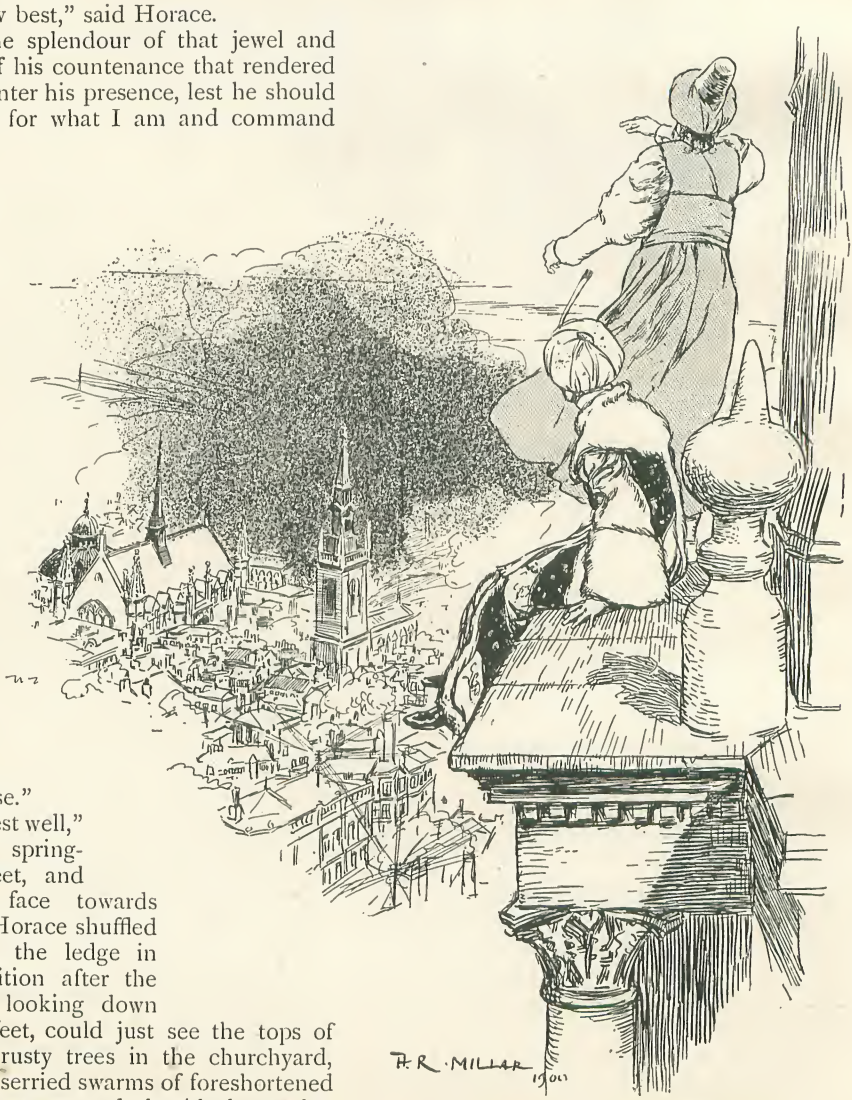
"It was the splendour of that jewel and the majesty of his countenance that rendered me afraid to enter his presence, lest he should recognise me for what I am and command me to obey him, for verily his might is greater even than Suleyman's, and his hand heavier upon such of the Jinn as fall into his power!"

"If that's so," said Horace, "I should strongly advise you to find some way of putting things straight before it's too late—you've no time to lose."

"Thou sayest well," said Fakrash, springing to his feet, and turning his face towards Cheapside. Horace shuffled himself along the ledge in a seated position after the Jinnee, and, looking down between his feet, could just see the tops of the thin and rusty trees in the churchyard, the black and serried swarms of foreshortened people in the street, and the black, scarlet-rimmed mouths of chimney-pots on the tiled roofs below.

"There is but one remedy I know," said the Jinnee, "and it may be that I have lost power to perform it. Yet will I make the endeavour." And, stretching forth his right hand toward the east, he muttered some kind of command or invocation.

Horace almost fell off the cornice with apprehension of what might follow. Would it be a thunderbolt, a plague, some frightful convulsion of Nature? He felt sure that Fakrash would hesitate at no means, however violent, of burying all traces of his blunder in oblivion, and had very little hope that, whatever



"A LURID BELT OF FOG CAME ROLLING UP."

he did, it would prove anything but some worse indiscretion than his previous performances.

Happily, none of these extreme measures seemed to have occurred to the Jinnee, though what followed was strange and striking enough. For presently, as if in obedience to the Jinnee's weird gesticulations, a lurid belt of fog came rolling up from the direction of the Royal Exchange, swallowing up building after building in its rapid course; one by one the Guildhall, Bow Church, Cheapside itself, and the churchyard disappeared, and Horace, turning his head to the left, saw the murky tide sweeping on westward, blotting out Ludgate Hill, the Strand, Charing Cross, and Westminster—till at last he and Fakrash were alone above a limitless plain of bituminous cloud, the only living beings left, as it seemed, in a blank and silent universe.

"Look again!" said Fakrash, and Horace, looking eastward, saw the spire of Bow Church rosy once more, and the Guildhall standing clear and intact, and the streets and house-tops gradually reappearing. Only the flags, with their unrestful shiver and play of colour, had disappeared, and, with them, the waiting crowds and the mounted constables. The ordinary traffic of vans, omnibuses, and cabs was proceeding as though it had never been interrupted—the clank and jingle of harness chains, the cries and whip-crackings of drivers, rose with curious distinctness above the incessant trampling roar which is the ground-swell of the human ocean.

"That cloud which thou sawest," said Fakrash, "hath swept away with it all memory of this affair from the minds of every mortal assembled to do thee honour. See, they go about their several businesses, and all the past incidents are to them as though they had never been."

It was not often that Horace could honestly commend any performance of the Jinnee's, but at this he could not restrain his admiration. "By Jove!" he said, "that certainly gets the Lord Mayor and everybody else out of the mess as neatly as possible. I must say, Mr. Fakrash, it's much the best thing I've seen you do yet."

"Wait," said the Jinnee, "for presently thou shalt see me perform a yet more excellent thing."

There was a most unpleasant green glow in his eyes and a bristle in his thin beard as he spoke, which suddenly made Horace feel uncomfortable. He did not like the look of the Jinnee at all.

"I really think you've done enough for to-day," he said. "And this wind up here is rather searching. I sha'n't be sorry to find myself on the ground again."

"That," replied the Jinnee, "thou shalt assuredly do before long, O impudent and deceitful wretch!" And he laid a long, lean hand on Horace's shoulder.

"He *is* put out about something!" thought Ventimore. "But what?" "My dear sir," he said, aloud, "I don't understand this tone of yours. What have I done to offend you?"

"Divinely gifted was he who said: 'Beware of losing hearts in consequence of injury, for the bringing them back after flight is difficult.'"

"Excellent!" said Horace. "But I don't quite see the application."

"The application," explained the Jinnee, "is that I am determined to cast thee down from here with my own hand!"

Horace turned faint and dizzy for a moment. Then, by a strong effort of will, he pulled himself together.

"Oh, come now," he said, "you don't really mean that, you know. After all your kindness! You're much too good-natured to be capable of anything so atrocious."

"All pity hath been eradicated from my heart," returned Fakrash. "Therefore prepare to die, for thou art presently about to perish in the most unfortunate manner."

Ventimore could not repress a shudder. Hitherto he had never been able to take Fakrash quite seriously, in spite of all his supernatural powers; he had treated him with a half-kindly, half-contemptuous tolerance, as a well-meaning, but hopelessly incompetent, old foozle. That the Jinnee should ever become malevolent towards him had never entered his head till now—and yet he undoubtedly had. How was he to cajole and disarm this formidable being? He must keep cool and act promptly, or he would never see Sylvia again.

As he sat there on the narrow ledge, with a faint and not unpleasant smell of hops saluting his nostrils from some distant brewery, he tried hard to collect his thoughts, but could not. He found himself instead idly watching the busy, jostling crowd below, who were all unconscious of the impending drama so high above them. Just over the rim of the dome he could see the opaque white top of a lamp on a shelter, where a pigmy constable stood, directing the traffic.

Would he look up if Horace called for help? Even if he could, what help could he render? All he could do would be to

"I AM POSITIVELY DETERMINED TO SLAY THEE."

keep the crowd back and send for a covered stretcher. No, he would *not* dwell on these horrors; he *must* fix his mind on some way of circumventing Fakrash.

How did the people in the Arabian Nights manage? The fisherman, for instance? He persuaded *his* Jinnee to return to the bottle by pretending to doubt whether he had ever really been inside it.

But Fakrash, though simple enough in some respects, was not quite such a fool as that. Sometimes the Jinn could be mollified and induced to grant a reprieve by being told stories, one inside the other, like a nest of Oriental boxes. Unfortunately Fakrash did not seem in the humour for listening to apologues, and, even if he were, Horace could not think of or improvise any just then. "Besides," he thought, "I can't sit up here telling him anecdotes for ever. I'd almost sooner die!" Still, he remembered that it was generally possible to draw an Arabian Efreet into discussion: they all loved argument, and had a rough conception of justice.

"I think, Mr. Fakrash," he said, "that, in common fairness, I have a right to know what offence I have committed."

"To recite thy misdeeds," replied the Jinnee, "would occupy much time."

"I don't mind that," said Horace, affably. "I can give you as long as you like. I'm in no sort of hurry."

"With me it is otherwise," retorted Fakrash, making a stride towards him. "Therefore court not life, for thy death hath become unavoidable."

"Before we part," said Horace, "you won't refuse to answer one or two questions?"

"Did'st thou not undertake never to ask any further favour of me? Moreover it will avail thee nought. For I am positively determined to slay thee."

"I demand it," said Horace, "in the most great name of the Lord Mayor (on whom be peace)!"

It was a desperate shot—but it took effect. The Jinnee quailed visibly.

"Ask, then," he said; "but briefly, for the time groweth short."

Horace determined to make one last appeal to Fakrash's sense of gratitude, since it had always seemed the dominant trait in his character.

"Well," he said, "but for me, wouldn't you be still in that brass bottle?"

"That," replied the Jinnee, "is the very reason why I purpose to destroy thee!"

"Oh!" was all Horace could find to say at this most unlooked-for answer. His sheet-anchor, in which he had trusted implicitly, had suddenly dragged—and he was drifting fast to destruction.

"Are there any other questions which thou wouldst ask?" inquired the Jinnee, with grim indulgence; "or wilt thou encounter thy doom without further procrastination?"

Horace was determined not to give in just yet; he had a very bad hand, but he might as well play the game out and trust to luck to gain a stray trick.

"I haven't nearly done yet," he said. "And, remember, you've promised to answer me—in the name of the Lord Mayor!"

"I will answer one other question, and no more," said the Jinnee, in an inflexible tone, and Ventimore realized that his fate would depend upon what he said next.

(*To be continued.*)

The Structure of the Sidereal System.

By Sir Robert Ball.

[*Photographs by Professor E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory.*]

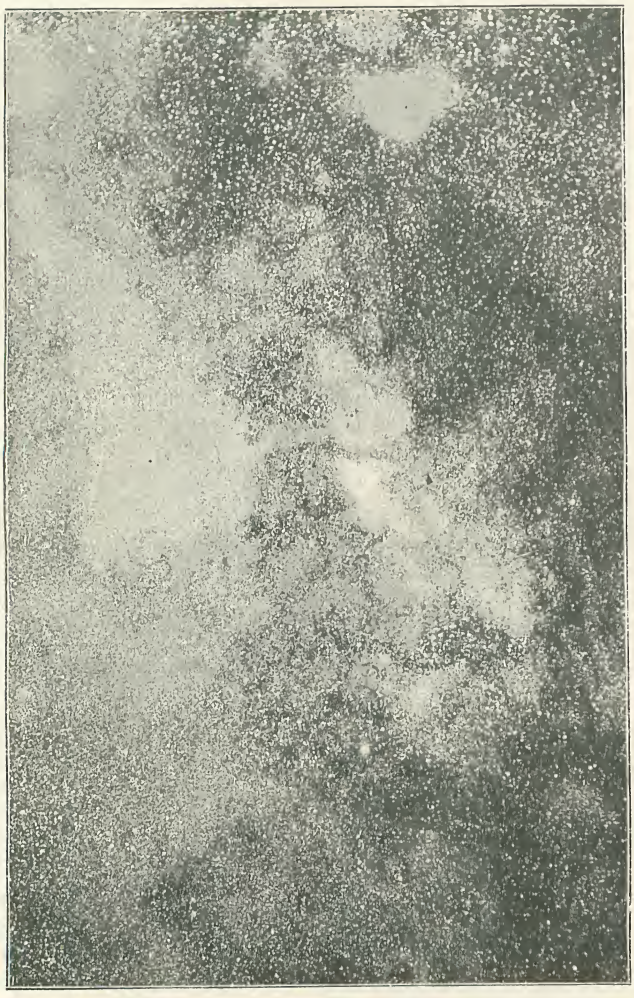
IN the recent progress which has been made in the study of the heavens the photographic plate has played a most important part. Indeed, the facilities which the resources of photography have placed at the disposal of the astronomer are every day increasing. The older methods of observation are in many cases gradually being displaced by the more accurate and far more comprehensive methods which the camera offers. It has been asserted, and I do not think that the truth of the assertion will be questioned, that the advance in the astronomer's art which is due to the introduction of the photographic plate into the observatory is not less far-reaching in its effects than the advance which was inaugurated when Galileo first turned his newly-made telescope to the sky, and thus wonderfully augmented the space-penetrating power of human vision.

There are no doubt certain departments of the science of astronomy in which photography has up to the present not rendered any very particular service. Our knowledge of the planets, for instance, has not yet been much increased by taking photographs of them, notwithstanding the fact that some interesting pictures have been obtained. But for the representations of the stellar depths photography is absolutely unrivalled by any other process. The pictures of the sidereal glories that are displayed on some of the plates baffle all description. Indeed, strange as it may seem, a glance at a photographic plate often conveys a far more impressive notion of the stars in their clustering myriads than does a peep through the most powerful telescope. The fact is that a survey of the sidereal depths, as obtained with a telescope, is sometimes felt to be disappointing because the portion of the sky, or the field, as astronomers call it, which can be surveyed in a single glance through the telescope is so small.

A very much larger field is usually depicted upon a photographic plate. In general terms we may say that the area of the heavens which is portrayed on an ordinary photographic plate is fifty times the area which can be seen at one time through the eyepiece of a great telescope. This circumstance tends to make a photographic picture of the heavens particularly impressive. It displays at once a large piece of a constellation. Thus, owing to the size of the area which is represented on the plate, the regions in which the stars are aggregated in clusters of bewildering magnificence, or the vacant places in which they seem but sparsely scattered, present contrasts of striking beauty.

It is interesting in this connection to note that some of the most striking pictures of celestial phenomena which have ever been photographed were obtained with very simple apparatus. Professor E. E. Barnard, the distinguished astronomer, whose achievements at the Lick Observatory and elsewhere have won for him well-deserved fame, has taken many remarkable sidereal photographs, a number of which are reproduced in these pages. Professor Barnard has often employed for this work nothing more powerful than an ordinary portrait lens. The lens and the camera connected therewith, when about to be employed for celestial photography, are attached to the tube of a telescope mounted equatorially. Professor Barnard made a very interesting experiment to show with what modest optical appliances a valuable celestial photograph can be obtained. By means of a lens belonging to a small magic-lantern he succeeded in producing an excellent picture, which not only represented an enormous tract in the heavens, but brought to light a mighty nebula which had never before been seen.

The plates which are employed in such delicate astronomical researches are generally of the most sensitive character which can be manufactured. They are, in fact, so excessively rapid that, if used for the ordinary purposes of photography, such as taking a landscape or making a portrait, an exposure of the hundredth part of a second would often suffice. Such, however, is the faintness of many of the stars that, to obtain their pictures even on such a plate, an exposure is required which is not to be measured by fractions of a second, but by many seconds. Indeed, the fainter stars will only represent themselves on the plate after many minutes; while in order to do justice to the teeming myriads of small stars which abound over the background of the heavens, the exposures have to be expanded from minutes to hours—not less than one, two, three, or even four hours being frequently



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MILKY WAY IN THE CONSTELLATION OF SAGITTARIUS.

allowed. Even this limit has been occasionally surpassed. Exposures have been given which have lasted during the whole of a long night. In certain cases successful pictures have been obtained in which the plate, after a very protracted exposure on one night, has been carefully covered up and then re-exposed in the same position on one or more subsequent nights before it was submitted to development.

It need hardly be said that in the production of such a picture it is absolutely necessary that each star shall be constantly focused on the same part of the plate. Owing, however, to the apparent diurnal motion which carries the heavens from east to west across the sky, the stars seem to be in continual movement. The consequence is that if a telescope were directed to the stars, and were then held in a fixed position, each star which was bright enough to produce any effect would be represented, not as a bright point, but as a luminous streak, while the really faint stars would produce no effect whatever. The experiment has been sometimes tried of exposing a plate to the pole of the heavens and keeping it there fixed. As the stars revolve in circles around the pole at the centre they must record their tracks in circular arcs on the plate. This principle has been applied practically in the Harvard College Observatory for obtaining a graphic notion of those particular hours throughout the night during which the sky has been clear. For this purpose the plate is properly directed to the pole and then exposed, and so left until day is about to dawn. If, after development, the stellar arcs described are found to be without interruption for the whole time during which the darkness has lasted, then conclusive evidence is provided that the night has been continuously clear, at all events in the vicinity of the pole. If, however, the northern sky has been at any time overcast, of course the stars are then hidden, and the photographic action is interrupted, and consequently the arc is imperfect. From the position of the interrupted portions we have reliable records of the exact hours during which the sky has been overcast and of those during which it is clear.

Such a photograph gives an authoritative statement, which will show how far the sky has been suitable for observation, but it in no sense provides a picture of the celestial glories. I mention it now merely to illustrate the fact that, for actually depicting the stellar depths on a photographic plate, it is necessary to obviate the effect of the diurnal motion. This is the reason why the camera when used for celestial photography has to be attached to the tube of an equatorially-mounted telescope. The observer who is conducting the operation chooses some star conveniently placed in the field of view. By

incessant supervision he insures that a mark defined by the intersection of a pair of spider lines which lie in his field of view shall be kept fixed upon the star. Supposing that this guiding operation has been successfully accomplished, then the camera attached to the telescope tube must necessarily have been moved in such a way that the rays from each star shall have been constantly conducted to a focus at the same point of the plate. To facilitate this operation the equatorial instrument is generally driven by clockwork. No mechanism for guiding the telescope that has yet been introduced will enable the occasional supervision of the eye of the observer to be wholly dispensed with. Arrangements are provided by which the inevitable tendencies of the instrument to wander slightly from keeping true time with the stars can be immediately checked, and a proper remedy promptly applied.

One of the most remarkable features in these long-exposed photographs is the extraordinary multitude of the stars thereon depicted. That such a celestial portrait should exhibit a considerable number of bright stars, and a far greater number of fainter stars, was, of course, only to be expected. But the actual profusion of the stars transcends all anticipation. The background of the plate is strewn with innumerable myriads of excessively small points, often only just bright enough to be discernible. As the length of the exposure is increased, so the brightness of these extremely small points gradually rises, while on the other hand still fainter points, which could not be before seen, now succeed in producing an impression. With every increase in the duration of the exposure the greater opportunity will there be for stars ever fainter and fainter, or for stars ever more and more distant, to have their photographs taken. In fact, as we look closely into one of the beautiful plates, the thought is suggested that it would be hardly possible to find a spot anywhere in which some star would not develop itself into visibility if sufficient exposure could be given. Those who have examined photographic plates of star depths will agree with Dr. Isaac Roberts, the distinguished astronomer who has done so much for celestial portraiture, in the belief that if we could only expose a plate for a large number of hours the entire surface would seem packed with a solid mass of stars.

It is perfectly certain that in many cases we find among the objects represented on our photographs stars and other celestial bodies which are absolutely invisible to any human eye, no matter how powerful may be the telescope to which that eye is applied. Many of the nebulæ, for instance, which Dr. Roberts and other photographers have succeeded in portraying are largely, and in some cases it would seem wholly, invisible. There can thus be no doubt that many mighty celestial objects certainly exist, so faint that no eye has ever seen them, but which are yet sufficiently bright to leave an

PHOTOGRAPH OF A LARGE NEBULOUS REGION IN MONOCEROS.

impression on the photographic plate when an exposure of some hours has been given. This fact alone illustrates, in a striking manner, the extraordinary aid which photography has now been made to render to astronomy.

There is, however, another circumstance which should be mentioned in connection with this photographic work. Our visual estimates of the relative brightness of stars are not always identical with the estimates which we would form from examining the images of those same stars on the photographic plates. It must be remembered that a beam of light contains rays of many different characters. Some of those rays appeal specially to the peculiar sensibility of the salts which are contained in a film. But the rays which we see best are not necessarily the same rays as those which are most energetic when chemical action is concerned. It may, therefore, happen that two stars which appear to us to be equally bright may differ greatly in other respects, notwithstanding that the quantity of luminous rays which they transmit are of equal intensity.

That they should do so is quite compatible with the condition that the same two stars may be transmitting very unequal quantities of those peculiar kinds of light which mainly affect the photograph. In this case the photographs of the two stars will not by any means depict them as possessing equal importance, notwithstanding that to the eye they may seem the same. This sometimes makes no little discrepancy between the comparative appearances of stars as we see them through our telescopes and the comparative appearances of the images of the same stars as they are represented on the photographic plates.

Almost the first feature which will strike the observer who is examining a good photograph of the sidereal depths is that though there may be hardly any part of the area presented which is quite free from stars, yet they are distributed with very great irregularity. In some regions the stars are aggregated in countless myriads; indeed, in many parts of the heavens they lie so closely packed that the individual points can hardly be distinguished separately. Ordinary observation, even with the unaided eye, prepares us in a measure for this striking irregularity in stellar distribution.

PHOTOGRAPH OF PART OF THE SKY IN THE CONSTELLATION OF GEMINI.

Who has not often dwelt with admiration on that glorious stellar girdle which we know as the Milky Way? It is a mighty zone of stars surrounding our solar system. Indeed, a just estimate of the relation of the sun to other bodies in the scheme of the universe would regard our great luminary merely as one of similar stars aggregated in countless myriads to form the Milky Way. From the peculiar nature of the stars in the Galaxy, as this system is often called, it is quite obvious that these wonderful starry clusters have some bond of connection between their component parts, due probably to a common origin. To realize the splendour of the

Milky Way we have to remember that minute as the stars of which it is composed may seem from where we are situated, yet each one of those stars is in truth shining with the independent brilliance of a sun. It might have been thought that it would be quite impossible for an object so vast and so bright as our sun to display no greater splendour than that feeble twinkle which is all that reaches us from one of the stars in the Milky Way. Here, however, the question of distance is of paramount importance.

If the sun which shines in our skies were to be withdrawn from our neighbourhood into the depths of space; if it were to be carried to a distance as remote as is that of many of the stars which we see around us, our great luminary would have lost all its pre-eminent splendour, and would have dwindled to the relative insignificance of a small star, not nearly so bright as many of those stars which shine over our heads every night. I do not indeed say that each and every one of the stars in the Milky Way is as large as our sun; no one who understood the evidence would have the hardihood to affirm so gigantic a proposition. At the same time I should add that I do not know any grounds on which such a statement could be certainly contradicted if anyone did affirm it. The probability seems to be that, though many of the stars in the Milky Way may resemble our sun in lustre or dimensions, yet there are in that marvellous group suns lesser and greater in nearly as many grades of magnitude as there are objects in the Galaxy itself.

The problem of determining the distance of a star from the earth is one which taxes the highest resources of the observing astronomer. Of all the millions of the celestial host there are hardly a hundred stars whose distances have been measured with accuracy by those surveying operations by which alone this problem can be accurately solved. We are, however, not quite destitute of methods by which we can in some degree estimate the remoteness of other stars, even though their distances may be so great as to elude entirely all the more direct methods of measurement. Suppose that a star were just bright enough to be visible to the unaided eye, and then suppose that particular star were to be withdrawn to a distance ten times as great. It would still remain visible to us by the help of a small telescope. If the star were withdrawn to a distance one hundred times as great, it would still generally remain within the ken of a large telescope. When, therefore, our large telescopes reveal millions of stars, which seem just on the verge of visibility, it is plain that those stars, assuming that they are intrinsically as bright as the stars which can just be seen with the unaided eye, must be at least a hundred times as remote.

It should also be observed that a star as bright as Sirius would still be visible to the unaided eye, though, of course, only as a very small point, if it were translated to a distance ten times as great as that at which it is now situated. If Sirius were at a distance one hundred-fold greater than that at which it now lies, it would still be found within the range of a telescope of moderate power. Indeed, if Sirius were at a distance one thousand times as great as that by which it is at present separated from us, it would still not have passed beyond the ken of our mightiest telescopes. We have thus sound reasons for our belief that some of the stars which we can see through our great telescopes are at least a thousand times as remote from the earth as Sirius.

Recent researches made by Dr. Gill and Dr. Elkin at the Cape of Good Hope have demonstrated what the distance of Sirius amounts to. It has been shown that the rays from Sirius, travelling, as they do, with the stupendous speed of light, namely, at the rate of 180,000 miles each second, would nevertheless require not less than nine years to traverse the distance between that star and our system. In other words, when we are looking at Sirius to-night we do not see that star as it is at present, but we see it as it was nine years ago. The light which reaches our eyes to-night must in fact have left the star nine years before. We have already shown that there is good reason for the belief that there are stars which are still visible in our great telescopes, notwithstanding that they are a thousand times farther from us than the brilliant Sirius. It follows by a line of reasoning which it seems impossible to question that the light from such a star must have occupied a period of not less than 9,000 years in its journey to the earth.

The consequences of such a calculation are indeed momentous. It is plain that we do not see such stars to-night as they are to-night, but as they were when our earth was 9,000 years younger. The light from such stars which is now entering our eyes at the close of its unparalleled journey has occupied all that long interval in crossing the abyss which intervenes between the solar

PHOTOGRAPH OF A GREAT NEBULA NEAR THE STAR ANTARES IN THE SCORPION.

system and the awful stellar depths. This vast time has been required for the journey, notwithstanding the fact that the light speeds on its way with a velocity which would carry it seven times round the earth in a second. Indeed, the stars might have totally ceased to exist for the past 9,000 years, and we should still find them shining in their places, Not until all the light which was on its way to the earth at the time of the star's extinction had entered our eyes would the tidings of that extinction have become known to us. We are looking at such stars as they existed long before the earliest period to which any records of human history extend.

We can illustrate the same subject in another way. Suppose that there were astronomers in those remote stars, and that they were equipped with telescopes enormously more powerful than any telescopes which we have ever constructed. Suppose that, notwithstanding the vast distance at which they lie, they had the means of scrutinizing carefully the features of this earth. In what condition would our globe be presented from their point of view? These distant observers would not see any traces of the cities and the nations that now exist. Britain would appear to them as a forest inhabited by a few savages, and North America would be the home of the bison and the red man. They would look down on an Egypt in which the Pyramids had not yet been built, and they might survey the sites of Babylon and Nineveh long ere those famous cities had been reared.

Besides those sidereal objects of which we have spoken there are, of course, others seemingly as numerous as the sand on the seashore. No spectacle which the heavens display is more impressive to the beholder than that of a globular cluster, in which thousands of stars are beheld packed closely together within the limits of his field of view. Each of those stars is itself a sun, the whole forming a dense group of associated suns. Indescribable indeed must be the glory which would shine upon a planet which was situated in such a system. It seems, however, impossible that planets in association with thousands of suns, such as are found in a globular cluster, could possess climatic conditions of sufficient constancy to meet the requirements of organic life. For the development of life practical stability of climate would seem to be essential. Such conditions could, so far as we know, only be secured in a system like our own, which is controlled by a single sun around which the several planets revolve. In such a case there would be no disturbances to the regular motion of each planet, except those trifling ones which arise from the attraction of the other planets equally beholden to the central luminary. But a planet primarily attached to one of the suns belonging to a globular cluster would be so much disturbed in its revolution by the attractions of other surrounding suns, that the movement of the body would in all probability be too irregular to be compatible with any stable climatic conditions. The vicissitudes of climate with which we dwellers on the earth are

familiar would seem as nothing in comparison with the vicissitudes of climate in a planet belonging to a system of several suns. It would seem that, occasionally, the planet must come so near to one or other of the attracting suns that, if any life had existed on such planet, it would necessarily be scorched to destruction.

Besides these globular clusters the heavens contain many other associations of stars arranged in striking groups. We may mention, for instance, the famous cluster in Perseus, an object of indescribable beauty, which, fortunately, lies within the reach of telescopes of comparatively moderate power. There are also many clusters so distant that the stars are hardly to be discerned separately, in which case the object looks like a nebula, and the resolution of the nebula, as it is called—that is, the perception of the isolated stars of which the nebulous-looking object is formed—becomes a problem which can only be solved by the very highest telescope power. It has been conjectured that these dim and distant clusters may be associations of stars very like that Milky Way which is relatively quite close to the solar system. It may, indeed, be the case that a sidereal group like the Milky Way would, if transferred to an extremely remote part of the universe, present much the same appearance in our telescopes as that which one of these nebulous clusters does at present.

Magnificent as are the sidereal systems displayed to our observation, we ought still to remember that there is a limit to our vision. Even the largest and most brilliant of suns might be so remote as to be entirely beyond the ken of the greatest of telescopes and the most sensitive of photographic plates. Doubtless stars exist in profusion elsewhere than in those parts of space which alone come within range of our instruments. As space is boundless, it follows that the regions through which our telescopes have hitherto conveyed our vision must be as nothing in comparison with the realms whose contents must ever remain utterly unknown. Innumerable as may seem the stars whose existence is already manifest, there is every reason to believe that they do not amount to one millionth part of the stars which occupy the impenetrable depths of the firmament.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE STAR CLUSTER MESSIER 35.

The World's Greatest Pictures.

THE SELECTIONS OF EMINENT ARTISTS.

By Frederick Dolman.

WHICH are the greatest pictures in the world? The question did not admit of an easy answer when it presented itself to the Editor of The Strand Magazine desirous of illustrating some of these masterpieces in its pages. Almost anyone could draw up a list of a dozen literary works to which the world has given the stamp of pre-eminence. But what picture is there which in the eyes of mankind occupies the same place as "Paradise Lost" or "Hamlet," "Faust" or the "Inferno"? For one thing, painters are more prolific than writers—it is estimated that Titian produced more than 700 canvases—and pictures cannot be disseminated, as books are, throughout all countries. But, on the other hand, pictorial art is the language of every race, and by our recent advances in engraving and lithography the beauty of form, if not that of colour, in a great picture can now be made the common possession of all, as is beauty of thought and expression in a great book.

It was obvious that the best answer to the question should be obtainable from some of our leading living painters, men who have roamed through the galleries of Europe with a trained eye. I have, accordingly, spent some days making a round of the studios in Kensington, Hampstead, and St. John's Wood, asking a number of representative members and Associates of the Royal Academy to nominate one picture apiece for reproduction in this Magazine, and at the same time to explain the reason of their choice. Their response was of the kindest, but in nearly every case, it must be added, was accompanied by an emphatic protest

"The Disputation as to the Sacrament."—By Raphael.
(Selected by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A.)

against any supposition that it is possible to select *one* picture and exalt it above all others; their choice must only be regarded as a work of art which, having seen, they consider to be as perfect as anything can be in this imperfect world.

"I have not seen very much," pleaded Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., when I saw him at his house in Grove End Road. "Many painters must have seen much more of the European galleries than I have done. Since my student days I have travelled mostly for my own work; in my last visit to Rome, for instance, I did not even go to the Vatican. For the sake of the work in hand I have found it necessary to limit myself in this way—when abroad—as otherwise I should return with weak and contradictory impressions of all that I had seen.

"In reply to your question my first impulse is to mention Titian's 'Entombment of Christ,' in the Louvre, which is certainly one of the finest works I have seen. But, speaking of the Vatican, I am reminded of Raphael's great picture there, the 'Disputation as to the Sacrament.' In 1876, when I saw it for the first time, this picture excited my enthusiasm, and my feeling was the same when I saw it again, about fifteen years ago. People are astonished when I explain my admiration. Raphael is not regarded usually as a great colourist, but the colour in this picture—of which, unfortunately, no idea can be given in a reproduction—is as fine as anything of Titian's. The different blue tints, for instance, as I remember them, are extraordinarily beautiful. They may not have been so when the picture was first painted, but I am not concerned about that — I can speak of the picture only as I have seen it. Of course, being a Raphael, the design and composition of the work are not inferior to the colouring, and it is this rare combination of the most excellent qualities in this one picture which leads me to mention it as an example of perfect art."

The decoration of the Vatican chamber, of which this celebrated picture forms a part, was begun by Raphael in 1508 at the age of twenty-five, and finished three years later. The title by which it is still generally known seems to have arisen from a misconception of the subject of the picture. This is not now regarded as a debate concerning transubstantiation, but as a symbolical embodiment of the glory of the Church on earth and in heaven. In the fresco may be recognised most of the leading figures in the New and the Old Testament, as well as Fathers of the Church and several of Raphael's contemporaries.

"I have been through all the galleries of Europe, except Madrid," Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., told me, "and I must give my vote for Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love,' in the Borghese Palace at Rome." To assist my own recollection of the picture the venerable painter of "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station" produced an illustrated post-card whereon it was reproduced in crude colours. The post-card came from a friend visiting Rome, who confirmed his enthusiastic opinion of the picture.

TITIAN'S "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."
(Selected by Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.)

"What would you describe as the distinctive merit of the work, Mr. Frith?"

"The splendid flesh colouring—the excellence of its workmanship in this respect can-

not, I think, be surpassed. Of course, the picture arouses no feeling—if you ask me how the one figure or the other personifies sacred and profane love, I shall have to reply frankly that I have no idea. But its supreme excellence—the magnificent tints—is quite independent of subject. As regards subject, Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' in the National Gallery, might be preferred, although it is somewhat inferior in colouring, I think."

In "Sacred and Profane Love," which is supposed to date from about 1506, the same lady, it will be seen, was painted by Titian twice, nude and draped. The greatest of the Venetian artists was probably not thirty when he produced this masterpiece, and it is said to have been suggested to him by another painter, Palma Vecchio, with whose daughter he was in love. There is but little doubt that she sat to Titian for the picture.

"If I had offered to me as a free gift any one of the world's pictures," said Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., whom I saw in his painting blouse during the model's midday rest at Beavor Lodge, "I should hardly know which to choose. Having seen the gems in all the principal galleries, I should want so many. Mood, of course, enters largely into the question. The work I want to-day would probably not be the work I want to-morrow. It is the same with all the arts. One evening I can enjoy the music of Offenbach; the next I might prefer that of Bach.

"Looking at the matter quite critically, I don't know that I have seen a better piece of work than Holbein's Morett in the Dresden Gallery. It is a superb portrait, answering every test perfectly. Is it true? Yes; as true as it can be. Is it broad in conception? Yes; as broad as Rembrandt. Is it noble in workmanship? Yes; as noble as Rubens. Of course, I say nothing as to emotional feeling. If I wanted emotional feeling most in a picture I should prefer Tintoretto's 'Christ Before Pilate' at Venice, or half-a-dozen other pictures that I might mention to you."

HOLBEIN'S PORTRAIT OF THE "JEWELLER MORETT."
(Selected by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.)

Morett, the subject of the picture thus praised, was an English jeweller whom Hans Holbein painted during his residence in this country from 1530 till his death in 1543. At Dresden the portrait was for a

long time supposed to have been of the Milanese Duke, Ludovico Moro, and to have been painted by Leonardo da Vinci.

When I put my question to Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., he pointed to a picture hanging in the drawing-room of his large house in Avenue Road, St. John's Wood—a copy of Tintoretto's "Miracle of St. Mark" in the Venice Gallery.

"I spent a week making that copy," said Mr. Goodall, "when I was in Venice, some twenty years ago, and I have never seen a picture which impressed me more. I had always had the greatest longing to see this work of Tintoretto's, and when I did see it my highest expectations were realized. Do you know the story of the picture? According to the legend, a Venetian who fell into the hands of the Turks in one of the holy wars was protected by the miraculous intervention of the patron saint of Venice. Every effort was made to kill the Venetian prisoner, but St. Mark descended from Heaven and baffled them all—blunting swords, breaking hammers, turning aside spears. A competition was held in Venice for a picture depicting this incident, the commission to be given to the artist who submitted the best sketch in a certain time. In this time, about a month, Tintoretto painted, not a sketch, but the great picture itself, and it was at once successful."

Mr. Goodall had the copy taken down for closer inspection, and as I looked at it spoke of the great qualities of the original.

"It is a daring and yet most successful composition, effective in grouping, full of life and animation. The colouring is equally extraordinary, rich, vivid, and full of fine contrast. It is true that the picture does not nowadays tell its own story. But if you acquaint yourself with this and enter into the superstitious spirit of the old Venetians —the miracle was a very real thing to them! —the canvas appeals warmly to the feelings.

"That such a work, containing so many figures—with every one expressing individual life and character—and measuring probably the whole width of this large room, should have been painted in a month is a wonderful illustration of Tintoretto's genius. When peace was made after the long Napoleonic wars there was a flight of artists from England anxious to make or renew acquaint-

TINTORETTO'S "MIRACLE OF ST. MARK."
(Selected by Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., and Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.)

ance with the Continental galleries. Rogers, the poet, going abroad, met Sir Thomas Lawrence on his homeward journey, and said to him, 'Well, Lawrence, you've been "doing" all the galleries. Who is the greatest painter?' And Sir Thomas replied, without hesitation, 'Tintoretto.' Shortly afterwards Rogers met Benjamin West and then Turner, and on putting the same question to them they both said at once, 'Tintoretto.'"

It was only after a long conversation that Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., who early in life became well acquainted with all the great pictures by winning the three years' travelling studentship of the Royal Academy, could be induced to give his vote. In the course of this conversation he mentioned several works with enthusiasm, notably Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," in the National Gallery. Ultimately Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda," in the Madrid Gallery, was chosen.

"It was twenty years ago that I last saw the picture," said Mr. Morris, "but I remember it so perfectly that I am sure I could paint a copy without looking at a photograph of it. It is the painter's memory, of course, but there are not many pictures of which a painter could say this much. I spent some weeks in Madrid, and visited the gallery many times, always going first to see 'The Surrender of Breda.' It impressed me more every time I saw it; there is such vitality about it. Every figure is living—so different from the tired models that so often appear in our modern pictures, where the faces seem to be weary with the *ennui* of posing for the artist. If you gaze at 'The Surrender of Breda' for a few moments you feel that you are standing in the midst of the crowd itself, not merely looking on apart from it. I had something of the same sort of feeling with regard to Sargent's portraits of the three sisters in this year's Academy, a picture which is not altogether unworthy of Velasquez as regards its flesh and blood vitality."

"THE SURRENDER OF BREDA"—BY VELASQUEZ.
(Selected by Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A.)

"The Surrender of Breda," I may add, refers to the second capture of the Dutch

town by the Spaniards in 1625 under the Marquis de Spinola. It was painted by Velasquez some years later from details given to him by Spinola.

In a similar manner the choice of Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., wavered between Velasquez's "Las Meninas" ("The Maids of Honour") and Gainsborough's portrait of Lady Mulgrave. "The realism of 'Las Meninas' so strongly appeals to me," he remarked. "Leighton exclaimed when he saw it in the Madrid Gallery, 'It is so modern,' which was, perhaps, another way of saying that Velasquez's art in this, as in his other great pictures, was for all time." Mr. Storey's close study of the Spanish artist enabled him a few years since to make an important discovery in the Rouen Gallery. The story of this discovery is amusingly told in the following lines, which I found written by a brother artist on the back of Mr. Storey's photograph of the portrait in question, the subject of which has not been ascertained :—

"LADY MULGRAVE"—BY GAINSBOROUGH.
(Selected by Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A.)

At Rouen Storey up and says
That portrait's by Velasquez ;
Although it doesn't bear his name
'Tis by that master all the same,
'Twas Ribere upon the frame.

Change his opinion, no, he wouldn't ;
He went and sat down like a student
And made a clever *facsimile*,
Reduced in scale, commended highly
By brother painters ; all felt able
To back the pal against the label.
This last, it seems, was wrong *in toto*—
Now people clamour for this photo.

In spite of devotion to Velasquez, however, Mr. Storey was able to suggest a work by so comparatively modern an artist as Gainsborough as an example of the greatest in art.

"The portrait," he explained, "of Lady Mulgrave is to my mind worthy of such a place simply for its beauty and refinement. In a reproduction you lose, of course, the exquisite colouring of the original, as to which I could say much if I had the picture before me, but even in a reproduction the qualities I have just mentioned stand out as pre-eminent.

"The story of the picture," continued Mr. Storey, "as you probably know, is one of the romances of art. About twenty years ago Mr. Frith was lunching at one of the ancestral homes of the Normanby family when his attention was attracted to a lady's portrait hanging in the room. He inquired as to the artist. 'I should know the name if I heard it,' said the lady at the head of the table. 'Was it Gainsborough?' asked Frith. Yes, that was the name. Mr. Frith rose from his chair, looked more closely at the picture for a few moments, and astonished his hostess by telling her that it was probably worth a thousand guineas. The picture was sent to the hammer and actually realized this sum. About fifteen years later—that is, in 1895—the picture was sold again at Christie's to an American for ten thousand guineas, Sir William Agnew bidding up to £10,000. A replica was found some time after Frith's discovery, but it was distinctly inferior—so impossible is it for a painter to repeat a great success—and when sent to the auction-room it was bought in for 2,000 guineas."

The choice of Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., lay between two of Turner's pictures, the distinguished artist, however, first remarking that it was dictated by his own prepossession in favour of landscape. These two pictures were "Polyphemus and Ulysses" and "Crossing the Brook," both being in the National Gallery.

"Financial value apart," said Mr. Leader, "I think I should most like to possess the 'Polyphemus and Ulysses.' There is much more in this picture to look at than in 'Crossing the Brook.' 'Crossing the Brook'—it represents a Devonshire scene, with

which I am well acquainted—is probably unique for its wonderful distance effects, but the foreground was composed for the picture, and the composition is rather obvious, even theatrical. 'Polyphemus and Ulysses,' on the other hand, to which I would give the palm, is equally extraordinary for its splendid colouring and glorious imagination. The flap of the ship's sails, the figures of the hero and the monster, the sea and the cliff—are alike painted so as to long engage one's attention and admiration."

"Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus" is the title of this picture in the catalogue of the

TURNER'S "ULYSSES."
(Selected by Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A.)

National Gallery, Turner having chosen for his subject the moment when, according to the legend, the hero, having escaped from Polyphemus by intoxicating the monster and destroying his one eye during sleep, has embarked in his ship, and is mocking the impotent rage of Polyphemus on the high cliffs above. It was painted for the Royal Academy exhibition of 1829, and was bequeathed by Turner to the nation, with many other of his works, at his death in 1851.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., whom I saw in his beautiful town house in Melbury Road, Kensington, declared that the superlative should never be used in art. "A picture may be admired for so many different qualities that you can only speak relatively. The qualities which most appeal to me are the intellectual—the question I would first ask is as to the meaning of a picture. But then, you know, I am a symbolist rather than a painter—there are certain things which I wished to say, and it seemed to me that I could say them best on canvas. From my point of view I should say that Raphael's 'Madonna' in the Dresden Gallery was one of the finest, if not the finest picture, in the world. It has the highest intellectual qualities as well as artistic genius, inasmuch as it most successfully embodies the best and noblest ideas which can be associated with the personality of the Madonna."

Little is definitely known of the picture mentioned by Mr. Watts, which, by way of distinction, is generally called the Sistine Madonna (from the Church of St. Sisto of Piacenza, for which it was painted), and no studies or sketches for it have ever been found. It is supposed to have been painted when Raphael was about thirty—the great Italian artist was born in 1483—and has suffered comparatively slight injury in the process of restoration. It was bought from the monks of San Sisto by the King of Saxony for the Dresden Gallery in 1753. The price was insignificant compared with the £70,000 paid in 1884 to the Duke of

Marlborough for the Raphael "Madonna" which now hangs in our own National Gallery. This sum, by the way, was more than three times higher than any which hitherto had been paid for a picture.

Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., insisted upon limiting his choice to pictures that could be seen in our own country. "What chance," he put it to me, "has the average man of seeing a picture commended to his notice which is in Rome or Dresden? For my own part, I do not feel competent to answer your question in the larger sense, because I have not been through the galleries of Italy and Spain, and know the great masterpieces to be found in both countries only by means of reproduction. I know the work of the Dutch and Flemish schools very well, and am a great admirer of Rembrandt; but as I have not seen the great pictures of Velasquez, say, in Madrid, I should not feel justified in singling out a Rembrandt in reply to your question."

RAPHAEL'S "SISTINE MADONNA."
(Selected by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.)

"But of the pictures you have seen——"

"No, I should prefer to limit myself to the pictures in the United Kingdom, and thus limiting myself I will give Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in the National Gallery."

"What are the qualities, Mr. Boughton, which have most appealed to you in this picture?"

"That is a question I could not well answer unless I had the picture before me. I have just returned from the country, where I have spent some days in the sunshine, among the hawthorn and the lilac. On the subject of colours in art my mind for the time being is quite a blank—it is like coming from bright daylight into a darkened room. I can only tell you that when I go to the National Gallery I first wander to this great work of Titian's, and after that I go and see the Rembrandts."

Titian, who is supposed to have reached the age of ninety-nine, and to have painted till his end, produced "Bacchus and

TITIAN'S "BACCHUS AND ARIADNE."
(Selected by Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A.)

Ariadne" in the heyday of his powers. The picture, which was originally painted for the Duke of Ferrara, has always been regarded as one of the finest examples of Titian's genius. At the same time, controversy has more than once arisen as to its theme. One writer, for instance, has treated it as a night scene, Bacchus and his party having gone into a wood for the purpose of hunting and drinking. According to a more plausible version, Bacchus is returning from a sacrifice, bearing with him part of the slaughtered victim and accompanied by an Indian serpent charmer, when he encounters the lovely Ariadne, in Greek mythology the daughter of King Minos and the deserted wife of Theseus.

"You make no limitation as to time in your question," said Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., to me, coming in light *négligé* attire one hot afternoon from the glass-house in which he was painting—and perspiring. "Nevertheless, I shall venture to reply with the name of quite a recent work—Millais's 'The Vale of Rest'—which is now in the Tate Gallery.

"I mention this picture because it seems to me to embody a most poetical idea in a perfect way. I have not very much sympathy, as you probably know, with poetry of the mythological and supernatural in painting. Pictures of this kind can be quite easily produced. But it is very different with such a picture as 'The Vale of Rest,' where the poetry is in touch with the actual life around us, where Millais has dared to use a theme—and has succeeded, too, in making it beautiful—which other painters had passed by, which most painters, if it had occurred to them, would probably have regarded as unworthy of art. At the same time the technique of the picture is, of course, excellent; Millais has introduced into it a landscape effect which was then new, although it has since been much imitated. The picture, indeed,

is full of his individuality—an individuality which never copied others, but always marked out a way of its own. Millais, you know, was the first artist to succeed in painting a child since Raphael.

"I saw 'The Vale of Rest,'" continued Mr. Stone, "before it left Millais's studio in 1859. I thought then that the picture was worthy of being ranked with the greatest masterpieces of the past; I have seen it at Bowerswell, Perth, and some of the figures were repainted there in 1859 on its return from the Royal Academy. The cloud in the sky was suggested by an old Scottish superstition, according to which a cloud in the shape of a coffin is an omen of death.

"In replying to your question," said Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A., who has made his name well known in painting and sculpture alike, "it is necessary to distinguish between the

"THE VALE OF REST"—BY MILLAIS.
(Selected by Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A.)

several times since, and I think quite as highly of it to-day."

Mr. Stone's opinion of this picture was not that of most of the critics when it was first exhibited at the Royal Academy. It was condemned as "offensive and frightful," and it needed the influence of Ruskin in his "Academy Notes" to obtain for the work kindlier consideration. Millais, it is said, always considered this and "The Eve of St. Agnes" to be his best works. From the monetary point of view neither has been his most successful picture. "The Vale of Rest" was originally sold to Mr. William Graham for £1,500, and at the sale by auction of his notable collection in 1886 was purchased by the late Sir Henry Tate for 3,000 guineas. It has been exhibited at Manchester, Birmingham, and other places, and was included by Sir Henry in his munificent gift to the nation.

Sir John Millais painted the picture partly

imaginative and the intellectual in art. As the greatest work in imaginative art one might mention a picture by Titian or a fresco by Michael Angelo. But in such works the intellectual interest is hopelessly eclipsed by the decorative effect. The splendid colouring pleases you immensely, but the picture does not move you. Pictures that most show the painter's mind, that appeal to the heart and emotion, must, it seems to me, be painted from still life, from models, or in the way of portraiture, with the imaginative or the decorative placed in a subordinate position.

"From this point of view I consider Rembrandt's 'Lesson in Anatomy' at the Hague to be the finest picture I have seen."

Mr. Swan turned to a large volume of German art engravings, which stood on his studio table, in the hope of finding a reproduction of "The Lesson in Anatomy," with which to illustrate what he was saying. But the search proved fruitless.

"The conception of this picture, which Rembrandt painted when he was only twenty-five for the Amsterdam Guild of Surgeons, was not an original one on his part. The subject had been treated by several of his predecessors, whose pictures hung in the surgeons' guildhall. But it was like the 'ninth lines' of Shakespeare, who borrowed from his predecessors in a similar way. Rembrandt in his picture gave the subject a force and a realism which it had never had before—he has, in fact, exhausted all its artistic possibilities. The picture is full of Rembrandt's wonderful penetration as well as his technical excellence—this penetration which enables him to actually portray the working of these men's minds as they stand around their master and teacher. It is a picture which stirs the emotion and leaves a lasting impression upon the mind. I believe that any artist who had seen this picture, attempting a similar theme, could not escape from its influence. His work would be mere imitation — Rembrandt exhausted the subject,"

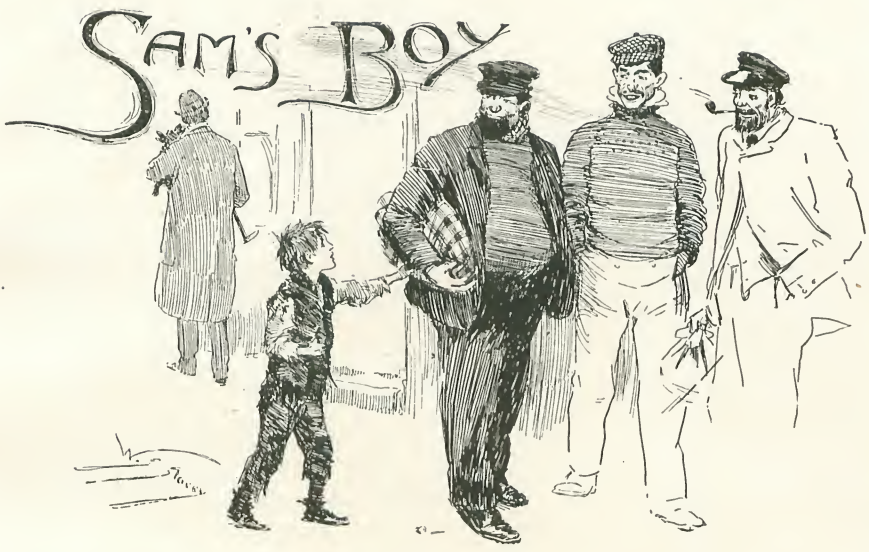
The "Lesson in Anatomy," painted in 1632, remained in Amsterdam till 1828. It was then purchased by the King of Holland for a sum amounting in English money to about £3,000.

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., with whose Chelsea studio I completed my round of calls, at once mentioned, like Mr. Goodall, Tintoretto's "Miracle of St. Mark" (reproduced on page 195) as the picture which had produced the greatest impression upon his mind. This was the first occurrence of an absolute coincidence of opinion, although several of the dozen artists I have consulted had incidentally referred to the same works in eulogistic terms.

"I should have probably copied this picture, like Mr. Goodall," said the able American artist whom the Royal Academy has delighted to honour, "but for the difficulties of the task in Venice. When I have been there in summer the gallery has always been too crowded with visitors, and when I have been there in winter it has been far too cold to sit there and paint,"

REMBRANDT'S "LESSON IN ANATOMY."
(Selected by Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A.)

Sam's Boy



By W. W. Jacobs.

It was getting late in the afternoon as Master Jones, in a somewhat famished condition, strolled up Aldgate, with a keen eye on the gutter, in search of anything that would serve him for his tea. Too late he wished that he had saved some of the stale bread and damaged fruit which had constituted his dinner.

Aldgate proving barren, he turned up into the quieter Minories, skilfully dodging the mechanical cuff of the constable at the corner as he passed, and watching with some interest the efforts of a stray mongrel to get itself adopted. Its victim had sworn at it, cut at it with his stick, and even made little runs at it—all to no purpose. Finally, being a soft-hearted man, he was weak enough to pat the cowering schemer on the head, and, being frantically licked by the homeless one, took it up in his arms and walked off with it.

Billy Jones watched the proceedings with interest, not untempered by envy. If he had only been a dog! The dog passed in the man's arms, and, with a whine of ecstasy, insisted upon licking his ear. They went on their way, the dog wondering between licks what sort of table the man kept, and the man speculating idly as to a descent which appeared to have included, among other things, an ant-eater.

"'E's all right," said the orphan, wistfully; "no coppers to chivvy 'im about, and as much grub as he wants. Wish I'd been a dog."

He tied up his breeches with a piece of string which was lying on the pavement, and, his hands being now free, placed them in a couple of rents which served as pockets, and began to whistle. He was not a proud boy, and was quite willing to take a lesson even from the humblest. Surely he was as useful as a dog!

The thought struck him just as a stout, kindly-looking seaman passed with a couple of shipmates. It was a good-natured face, and the figure was that of a man who lived well. A moment's hesitation, and Master Jones, with a courage born of despair, ran after him and tugged him by the sleeve.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Samuel Brown, looking round. "What do you want?"

"Want you, father," said Master Jones.

The jolly seaman's face broke into a smile.

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So also did the faces of the jolly seaman's friends.

"I'm not your father, matey," he said, good-naturedly.

"Yes, you are," said the desperate Billy; "you know you are."

"You've made a mistake, my lad," said Mr. Brown, still smiling. "Here, run away."

He felt in his trouser-pocket and produced a penny. It was a gift, not a bribe, but it had by no means the effect its donor intended. Master Jones, now quite certain that he had made a wise choice of a father, trotted along a yard or two in the rear.

"Look here, my lad," exclaimed Mr. Brown, goaded into action by intercepting a smile with which Mr. Charles Legge had favoured Mr. Harry Green, "you run off home."

"Where do you live now?" inquired Billy, anxiously.

Mr. Green, disdaining concealment, slapped Mr. Legge on the back and, laughing uproariously, regarded Master Jones with much kindness.

"You mustn't follow me," said Sam, severely; "d'ye hear?"

"All right, father," said the boy, dutifully.

"And don't call me father," vociferated Mr. Brown.

"Why not?" inquired the youth, artlessly.

Mr. Legge stopped suddenly and, putting his hand on Mr. Green's shoulder, gaspingly expressed his inability to go any farther. Mr. Green, patting his back, said he knew how he felt, because he felt the same, and, turning to Sam, told him he'd be the death of him if he wasn't more careful.

"If you don't run away," said Mr. Brown, harshly, as he turned to the boy, "I shall give you a hiding."

"Where am I to run to?" whimpered Master Jones, dodging off and on.

"Run 'ome," said Sam.

"That's where I'm going," said Master Jones, following.

"Better try and give 'im the slip, Sam," said Mr. Legge, in a confidential whisper; "though it seems an unnatural thing to do."

"Unnatural? What d'ye mean?" demanded his unfortunate friend. "Wot d'ye mean by unnatural?"

"Oh, if you're going to talk like that, Sam," said Mr. Legge, shortly, "it's no good giving you advice. As you've made your bed, you must lay on it."

"How long is it since you saw 'im last, matey?" inquired Mr. Green.

"I dunno; not very long," replied the boy, cautiously.

"Has he altered at all since you see 'im last?" inquired the counsel for the defence, motioning the fermenting Mr. Brown to keep still.

"No," said Billy, firmly; "not a bit."

"Wot's your name?"

"Billy," was the reply.

"Billy wot?"

"Billy Jones."

Mr. Green's face cleared, and he turned to his friends with a smile of joyous triumph. Sam's face reflected his own, but Charlie Legge's was still overcast.

"It ain't likely," he said, impressively; "it ain't likely as Sam would go and get married twice in the same name, is it? Put it to yourself, 'Arry—would you?"

"Look 'ere," exclaimed the infuriated Mr. Brown, "don't you interfere in my business. You're a crocodile, that's wot you are. As for you, you little varmint, you run off, d'ye hear?"

He moved on swiftly, accompanied by the other two, and set an example of looking straight ahead of him, which was, however, lost upon his friends.

"'E's still following of you, Sam," said the crocodile, in by no means disappointed tones.

"Sticking like a leech," confirmed Mr. Green. "'E's a pretty little chap, rather."

"Takes arter 'is mother," said the vengeful Mr. Legge.

The unfortunate Sam said nothing, but strode a haunted man down Nightingale Lane into Wapping High Street, and so to the ketch *Nancy Bell*, which was lying at Shrimpett's Wharf. He stepped on board without a word, and only when he turned to descend the forecastle-ladder did his gaze rest for a moment on the small, forlorn piece of humanity standing on the wharf.

"Halloa, boy, what do you want?" cried the skipper, catching sight of him.

"Want my father, sir—Sam," replied the youth, who had kept his ears open.

The skipper got up from his seat and eyed him curiously; Messrs. Legge and Green, drawing near, explained the situation. Now the skipper was a worldly man; and Samuel Brown, A.B., when at home, played a brass instrument in the Salvation Army band. He regarded the boy kindly and spoke him fair.

"Don't run away," he said, anxiously.

"I'm not going to, sir," said Master Jones, charmed with his manner, and he watched breathlessly as the skipper stepped forward and, peering down the forecastle, called loudly for Sam.

"Yes, sir," said a worried voice.

"Your boy's asking after you," said the skipper, grinning madly.

"He's not my boy, sir," replied Mr. Brown, through his clenched teeth.

"Well, you'd better come up and see him," said the other. "Are you sure he isn't, Sam?"

Mr. Brown made no reply, but coming on deck met Master Jones's smile of greeting with an icy stare, and started convulsively as the skipper beckoned him aboard.

"He's been rather neglected, Sam," said the skipper, shaking his head.

"Wot's it got to do with me?" said Sam, violently. "I tell you I've never seen 'im afore this arternoon."

"You hear what your father says," said the skipper—— ("Hold your tongue, Sam.) Where's your mother, boy?"

"Dead, sir," whined Master Jones. "I've on'y got 'im now."

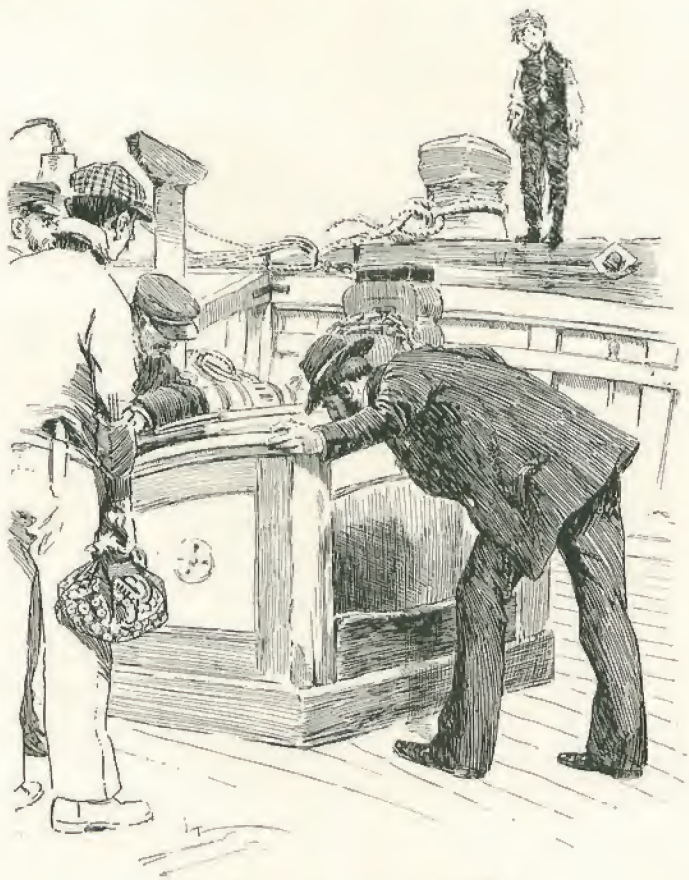
The skipper was a kind-hearted man, and he looked pityingly at the forlorn little figure by his side. And Sam was the good man of the ship and a leading light at Dimport.

"How would you like to come to sea with your father?" he inquired.

The grin of delight with which Master Jones received this proposal was sufficient reply.

"I wouldn't do it for everybody," pursued the skipper, glancing severely at the mate, who was behaving foolishly, "but I don't mind obliging you, Sam. He can come."

"Obliging?" repeated Mr. Brown, hardly able to get the words out. "Obliging me? I don't want to be obliged."



"YOU'D BETTER COME UP AND SEE HIM."

"There, there," interrupted the skipper. "I don't want any thanks. Take him forrard and give him something to eat—he looks half-starved, poor little chap."

He turned away and went down to the cabin, while the cook, whom Mr. Brown had publicly rebuked for his sins the day before, led the boy to the galley and gave him a good meal. After that was done Charlie washed him, and Harry, going ashore, begged a much-worn suit of boy's clothes from a foreman of his acquaintance. He also brought back a message from the foreman to Mr. Brown to the effect that he was surprised at him.

The conversation that evening after Master Jones was asleep turned on bigamy, but Mr. Brown snored through it all, though Mr. Legge's remark that the revelations of that afternoon had thrown a light upon many little things in his behaviour which had hitherto baffled him came perilously near to awaking him.

At six in the morning they got under way, the boy going nearly frantic with delight as sail after sail was set, and the ketch, with a stiff breeze, rapidly left London behind her. Mr. Brown studiously ignored him, but the other men pampered him to his heart's content, and even the cabin was good enough to manifest a little concern in his welfare, the skipper calling Mr. Brown up no fewer than five times that day to complain about his son's behaviour.

"I can't have somersaults on this 'ere ship, Sam," he remarked, shaking his head; "it ain't the place for 'em."

"I wonder at you teaching 'im such things," said the mate, in grave disapprobation.

"Me?" said the hapless Sam, trembling with passion.

"He must 'ave seen you do it," said the mate, letting his eye rove casually over Sam's ample proportions. "You must ha' been leading a double life altogether, Sam."

"That's nothing to do with us," interrupted the skipper, impatiently. "I don't mind Sam turning cart wheels all day if it amuses him, but they mustn't do it here, that's all. It's no good standing there sulking, Sam; I can't have it."

He turned away, and Mr. Brown, unable to decide whether he was mad or drunk, or both, walked back, and, squeezing himself up in the bows, looked miserably over the sea. Behind him the men disported themselves with Master Jones, and once, looking over his shoulder, he actually saw the skipper giving him a lesson in steering.

By the following afternoon he was in such a state of collapse that, when they put in at the small port of Withersea to discharge a portion of their cargo, he obtained permission to stay below in his bunk. Work proceeded without him, and at nine o'clock in the evening they sailed again, and it was not until they were a couple of miles on their way to Dimport that Mr. Legge rushed aft with the announcement that he was missing.

"Don't talk nonsense," said the skipper, as he came up from below in response to a hail from the mate.

"It's a fact, sir," said Mr. Legge, shaking his head.

"What's to be done with the boy?" demanded the mate, blankly.

"Sam's a unsteady, unreliable, tricky old man," exclaimed the skipper, hotly; "the idea of going and leaving a boy on our hands like that. I'm surprised at him. I'm disappointed in Sam—deserting!"

"I expect 'e's larfing like anything, sir," remarked Mr. Legge.

"Get forrard," said the skipper, sharply; "get forrard at once, d'ye hear?"

"But what's to be done with the boy?—that's what I want to know," said the mate.

"What d'ye think's to be done with him?" bawled the skipper. "We can't chuck him overboard, can we?"

"I mean when we get to Dimport?" growled the mate.

"Well, the men'll talk," said the skipper, calming down a little, "and perhaps Sam's wife'll come and take him. If not, I suppose he'll have to go to the workhouse. Anyway, it's got nothing to do with me. I wash my hands of it altogether."

He went below again, leaving the mate at the wheel. A murmur of voices came from the forecastle, where the crew were discussing the behaviour of their late colleague. The bereaved Master Jones, whose face was streaky with the tears of disappointment, looked on from his bunk.

"What are you going to do, Billy?" inquired the cook.

"I dunno," said the boy, miserably.

He sat up in his bunk in a brown study, ever and anon turning his sharp little eyes from one to another of the men. Then, with a final sniff to the memory of his departed parent, he composed himself to sleep.

With the buoyancy of childhood he had

forgotten his trouble by the morning, and ran idly about the ship as before, until in the afternoon they came in sight of Dimport. Mr. Legge, who had a considerable respect for the brain hidden in that small head, pointed it out to him, and with some curiosity waited for his remarks.

"I can see it," said Master Jones, briefly.

"That's where Sam lives," said his friend, pointedly.

"Yes," said the boy, nodding, "all of you live there, don't you?"

It was an innocent enough remark in all conscience, but there was that in Master Jones's eye which caused Mr. Legge to move away hastily and glance at him in some disquietude from the other side of the deck. The boy, unconscious of the interest excited by his movements, walked restlessly up and down.

"Boy's worried," said the skipper, aside, to the mate; "cheer up, sonny."

Billy looked up and smiled, and the cloud which had sat on his brow when he thought of the cold-blooded desertion of Mr. Brown gave way to an expression of serene content.

"Well, what's he going to do?" inquired the mate, in a low voice.

"That needn't worry us," said the skipper. "Let things take their course; that's my motto."

He took the wheel from Harry; the little town came closer; the houses separated and disclosed roads, and the boy discovered to his disappointment that the church stood on ground of its own, and not on the roof of a large red house as he had supposed. He ran forward as they got closer, and, perching up in the bows until they were fast to the quay, looked round searchingly for any signs of Sam.

"'DON'T TALK NONSENSE,' SAID THE SKIPPER."

The skipper locked up the cabin, and then calling on one of the shore-hands to keep an eye on the forecastle, left it open for the convenience of the small passenger. Harry, Charlie, and the cook stepped ashore. The skipper and mate followed, and the latter, looking back from some distance, called his attention to the desolate little figure sitting on the hatch.

"I s'pose he'll be all right," said the skipper, uneasily; "there's food and a bed down the fo'c's'le. You might just look round to-night and see he's safe. I expect we'll have to take him back to London with us."

They turned up a small road in the direction of home and walked on in silence, until the mate, glancing behind at an acquaintance who had just passed, uttered a sharp exclamation. The skipper turned, and a small figure which had just shot round the corner

stopped in mid-career and eyed them warily. The men exchanged uneasy glances.

"Father," cried a small voice.

"He—he's adopted you now," said the skipper, huskily.

"Or you," said the mate. "I never took much notice of him."

He looked round again. Master Jones was following, briskly, about ten yards in the rear, and twenty yards behind him came the crew, who, having seen him quit the ship, had followed with the evident intention of being in at the death.

"Father," cried the boy again, "wait for me."

One or two passers-by stared in astonishment, and the mate began to be uneasy as to the company he was keeping.

"Let's separate," he growled, "and see who he's calling after."

The skipper caught him by the arm. "Shout out to him to go back," he cried.

"It's you he's after, I tell you," said the mate. "Who do you want, Billy?"

"I want my father," cried the youth, and, whether it would be better to wipe Master Jones off the face of the earth or to pursue his way in all the strength of conscious innocence. He chose the latter course, and, a shade more erect than usual, walked on until he came in sight of his house and his wife, who was standing at the door.

"You come along o' me, Jem, and explain," he whispered to the mate. Then he turned about and hailed the crew. The crew, flattered at being offered front seats in the affair, came forward eagerly.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. Hunt, eyeing the crowd in amazement as it grouped itself in anticipation.

"Nothing," said her husband, off-handedly.

"Who's that boy?" cried the innocent woman.

"It's a poor little mad boy," began the skipper; "he came aboard——"

"I'm not mad, father," interrupted Master Jones.

"A poor little mad boy," continued the skipper, hastily, "who came aboard in London and said poor old Sam Brown was his father."

"'I WANT MY FATHER,' CRIED THE YOUTH."

to prevent any mistake, indicated the raging skipper with his finger.

"*Who* do you want?" bellowed the latter, in a frightful voice.

"Want you, father," chirrupped Master Jones.

Wrath and dismay struggled for supremacy in the skipper's face, and he paused to decide

"No—you, father," cried the boy, shrilly.

"He calls everybody his father," said the skipper, with a smile of anguish; "that's the form his madness takes. He called Jem here his father."

"No, he didn't," said the mate, bluntly.

"And then he thought Charlie was his father."

"No, sir," said Mr. Legge, with respectful firmness.

"Well, he said Sam Brown was," said the skipper.

"Yes, that's right, sir," said the crew.

"Where is Sam?" inquired Mrs. Hunt, looking round expectantly.

"He deserted the ship at Withersea," said her husband.

"I see," said Mrs. Hunt, with a bitter smile, "and these men have all come up prepared to swear that the boy said Sam was his father. Haven't you?"

"Yes, mum," chorused the crew, delighted at being understood so easily.

Mrs. Hunt looked across the road to the fields stretching beyond. Then she suddenly brought her gaze back and, looking full at her husband, uttered just two words:—

"Oh, Joe!"

"Ask the mate," cried the frantic skipper.

"Yes, I know what the mate'll say," said Mrs. Hunt. "I've no need to ask him."

"Charlie and Harry were with Sam when the boy came up to them," protested the skipper.

"I've no doubt," said his wife. "Oh, Joe! Joe! Joe!"

There was an uncomfortable silence, during which the crew, standing for the most part on one leg in sympathy with their chief's embarrassment, nudged each other to say something to clear the character of a man whom all esteemed.

"You ungrateful little demon," burst out Mr. Legge, at length; "arter the kind way the skipper treated you, too."

"Did he treat him kindly?" inquired the captain's wife, in conversational tones.

"Like a fa—like a uncle, mum," said the thoughtless Mr. Legge. "Gave 'im a passage on the ship and fairly spoilt 'im. We was all surprised at the fuss 'e made of 'im; wasn't we, Harry?"

He turned to his friend, but on Mr. Green's face there was an expression of such utter scorn and contempt that his own fell. He glanced at the skipper, and was almost frightened at his appearance.

The situation was ended by Mrs. Hunt entering the house and closing the door with an ominous bang. The men slunk off, headed by Mr. Legge; and the mate, after a few murmured words of encouragement to the skipper, also departed. Captain Hunt looked first at the small cause of his trouble, who had drawn off to some distance, and then at the house. Then, with a determined gesture, he turned the handle of the door and walked in. His wife, who was sitting in an arm-chair, with her eyes on the floor, remained motionless.

"Look here, Polly——," he began.

"Don't talk to me," was the reply. "I wonder you can look me in the face."

The skipper ground his teeth, and strove to maintain an air of judicial calm.

"If you'll only be reasonable——," he remarked, severely.

"I thought there was something secret going on," said Mrs. Hunt. "I've often looked at you when you've been sitting in that chair, with a worried look on your face, and wondered what it was. But I never thought it was so bad as this. I'll do you the credit to say that I never thought of such a thing as this. . . . . What did you say? . . . . What?"

"I said 'd——!'" said the skipper, explosively.

"Yes, I've no doubt," said his wife, fiercely. "You think you're going to carry it off with a high hand and bluster; but you won't bluster me, my man. I'm not one of your meek and mild women who'll put up with anything. I'm not one of your——"

"I tell you," said the skipper, "that the boy calls everybody his father. I daresay he's claimed another by this time."

Even as he spoke the handle turned, and the door opening a few inches disclosed the anxious face of Master Jones. Mrs. Hunt, catching the skipper's eye, pointed to it in an ecstasy of silent wrath. There was a breathless pause, broken at last by the boy.

"Mother!" he said, softly.

Mrs. Hunt stiffened in her chair and her arms fell by her side as she gazed in speechless amazement. Master Jones, opening the door a little wider, gently insinuated his small figure into the room. The skipper gave one glance at his wife and then, turning hastily away, put his hand over his mouth and, with protruding eyes, gazed out of the window.

"Mother, can I come in?" said the boy.

"Oh, Polly!" sighed the skipper. Mrs. Hunt strove to regain the utterance of which astonishment had deprived her.

"I . . . . what . . . . Joe . . . . don't be a fool!"

"Yes, I've no doubt," said the skipper, theatrically. "Oh, Polly! Polly! Polly!"

He put his hand over his mouth again

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?"

and laughed silently, until his wife, coming behind him, took him by the shoulders and shook him violently.

"This," said the skipper, choking; "this is what . . . you've been worried about. . . . This is the secret what's——"

He broke off suddenly as his wife thrust him by main force into a chair, and standing over him with a fiery face dared him to say another word. Then she turned to the boy.

"What do you mean by calling me 'mother'?" she demanded. "I'm not your mother."

"Yes, you are," said Master Jones.

Mrs. Hunt eyed him in bewilderment, and then, roused to a sense of her position by a renewed gurgling from the skipper's chair, set to work to try and thump that misguided man into a more serious frame of mind. Failing in this, she sat down and, after a futile struggle, began to laugh herself, and that so heartily that Master Jones, smiling sympathetically, closed the door, and came boldly into the room.

The statement, generally believed, that Captain Hunt and his wife adopted him, is incorrect, the skipper accounting for his continued presence in the house by the simple explanation that he had adopted them. An explanation which Mr. Samuel Brown, for one, finds quite easy of acceptance.

The Topsy-Turvy House

AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

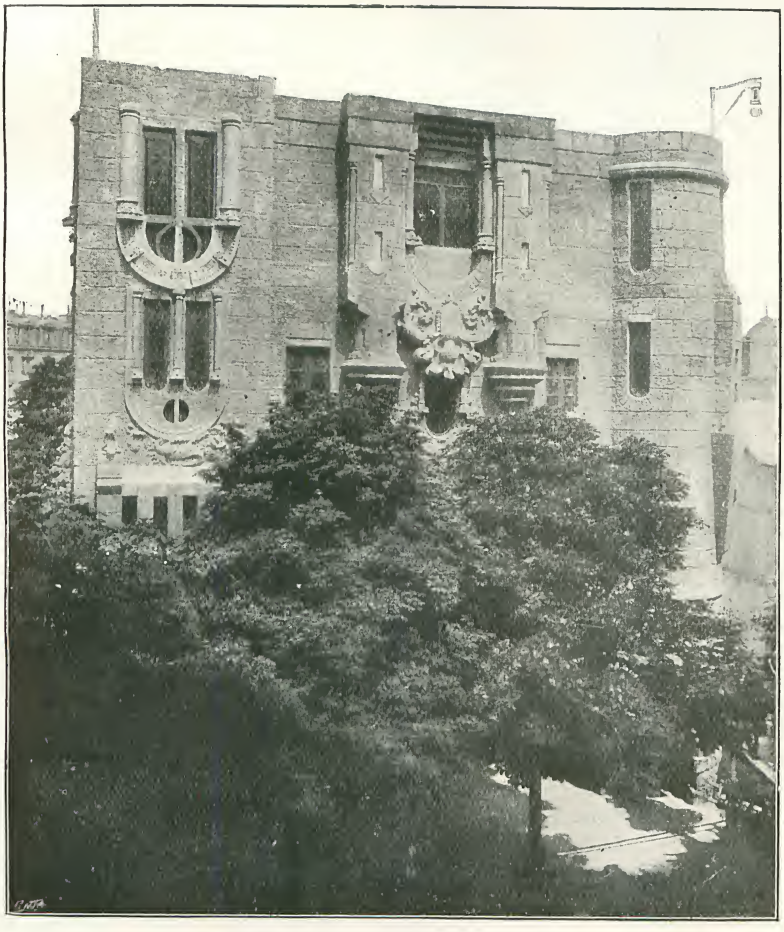
By Meta Henn.

From Photographs exclusively taken for The Strand Magazine.

THE side shows of the Paris Exhibition are for the most part situated in the Rue de Paris, and on a fashionable evening—which by the way has been fixed by *le haut monde* for every Friday during the duration of the Exhibition — that splendidly illuminated thoroughfare fairly teems with the *chic* of Paris.

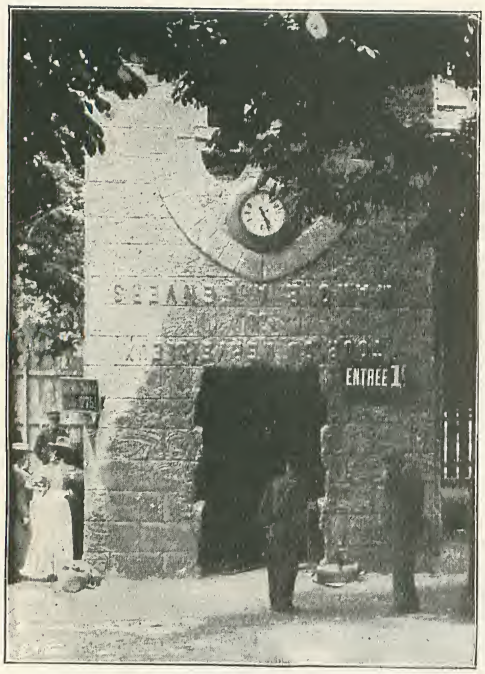
When visitors are tired of instruction and edification; when they are filled with the wonders of manufacture and the marvels of science; when they are surfeited with the marvellous cheeses made in Switzerland and the "Long Toms" made at Creusôt, they are anxious for a holiday, for a breathing-space, and they will find their weary feet take them to the Rue de Paris.

There they will discover side shows from all parts of the civilized and uncivilized world, and among other things they will be startled by an extraordinary structure which is called "*Le Manoir à l'Envers*," namely, a topsy-turvy house, built so that its roof is to be found where the foundations should be, and the wine-cellar is placed where the chimneys of well-behaved suburban villas are invariably situated.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE TOPSY-TURVY HOUSE.

The idea of building a house upside down



THE ENTRANCE—NOTE THE CLOCK AND WRITING BOTH UPSIDE DOWN.

is, from the showman's point of view, distinctly ingenious, and Mr. Adolphe Kotin, a Russian gentleman, has scored a point in catering for the curiosity and wonder loving propensities of the average holiday-maker.

During an interview which took place under the roof (*i.e.*, in this case the foundations of the building) I gathered some interesting details of how this extraordinary attraction first came to the light of day.

Mr. Kotin, it appears, was one day asked by a friend to contribute towards a fund which was being got up for the benefit of a brother mortal in temporary difficulties. It transpired that this gentleman in difficulties expected an early call from the local "man in possession."

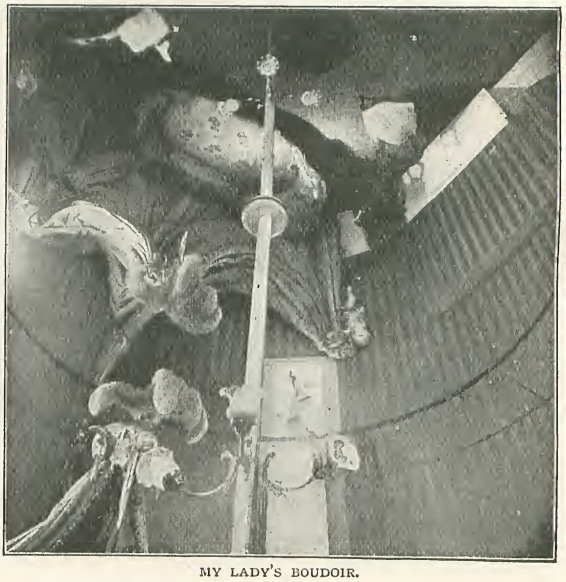
When Mr. Kotin had subscribed towards the sum needful to keep the undesirable visitor out of bounds, he suggested that the hard-up man should take his furniture and screw it to the ceilings, so that when the man in possession came in he would find nothing to take possession of, and consequently speedily show him the shine on the back of his best Sunday overcoat.

There was more in that jocular suggestion than most people would have dreamt of, however, and the idea struck Mr. Kotin as one that showed possibilities of considerable pecuniary profit if carried out in reality.

Plans were made, showing rooms in which the whole of the furniture was to be screwed to the ceiling, where vases stood on chimney-pieces upside down, where every knick-knack peeped at you face downwards. These were of no avail, however, for Mr. Kotin found that by such means real life—that is, movement on the part of the occupants of the various rooms—could not be shown, and as people are not to be screwed down, he bethought himself of a different plan which we find realized in the present structure, but not quite to the expectation of the inventor, owing principally to the short space of time given him for construction, and the monstrous way in which the Exhibition workmen behaved when they found that they were, for the time being at least, "the cocks of the walk."

Mr. Kotin, finding his original plans next to impossible, had recourse to optical illusion in a very fascinating and original conception. We may as well give the whole thing away at once. There are mirrors upon mirrors; mirrors before you, mirrors behind you, above you, and on every side; in fact, there are mirrors wherever you may chance to be looking.

Where Mr. Kotin's chief difficulty lay, however, was in obtaining sufficiently large mirrors to suit his purpose. Eight of the



MY LADY'S BOUDOIR.

leading glass manufacturers of France absolutely refused to entertain the making, and above all the fitting to the ceilings, of such huge mirrors as Mr. Kotin demanded.

AN UPSIDE-DOWN BEDROOM.

At last, however, an enterprising firm took up the matter, and Mr. Kotin tells me that the mirrors which are placed on the ceilings of the various rooms in the "Manoir à l'Envers" are without exception the largest of their kind in the world. The manufacture and fitting in position have cost no less than 36,000 francs all told.

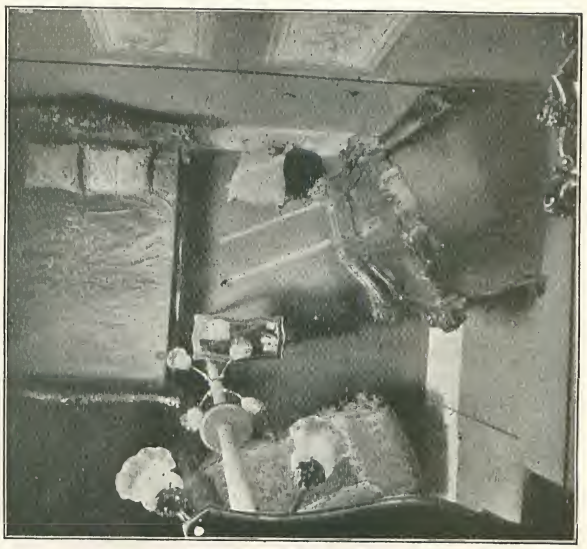
It appears that glass, however thick, is so flexible that it became impossible to place the mirrors, some of which are about 12ft. square, on the ceilings, as desired, without some support, which in this case consists of a glass pillar which supports each mirror in the centre.

The "roof" of the building, as will be seen on a near approach, is about 7ft. from the ground, nearly touching the hat of a tall man as he passes underneath. The tiles remind you of their presence, though you do your best to avoid them, and you enter by means of the chimney, the smoke of which comes out face downwards; whilst the drain-pipes possess exits far above the trees which line the avenue.

The chimneys and buttresses of this mediæval castle (which ancient structure the building is supposed to represent) support it, and the cellar, with its wine and spirit bottles all upside down, is to be found about 50ft. above ground-level.

At the so-called entrance-door you will observe that the clock and the lettering are upside down, and as you enter you will find yourself walking up the steps with your feet upwards and your head at a perilous angle; while farther on you will find a lady in a drawing-room knitting very prettily on a sofa which looks as though it were suspended upside down by a thread to the ceiling above. Soon your head will swim in bewilderment, and quite naturally you make your way to the bath-room, where the water flows upwards into an upside-down bath-tub, in defiance of all the laws of gravity. Further still, a gentleman, in this instance Mr. Kotin himself, will be found trying to swallow his food feet upwards in the dining-room, and how the dainty mistress of Topsy-Turvydom fares in her boudoir is a problem the solution of which we will leave to others.

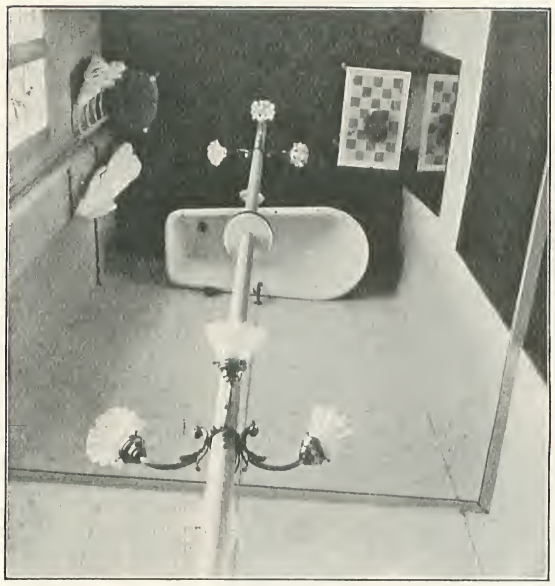
The Louis XV. furniture, with which, by the way, this curious mansion is furnished throughout, is of the most costly description and, though seen upside down, enhances the prettiness of the various rooms.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME.

The building itself is made entirely of iron, covered with plaster, and in sections, so that it may be easily taken to pieces and removed when necessary.

Mr. Kotin, speaking of the construction of the Topsy-Turvy House, was especially emphatic in ascribing much of its success to the valuable assistance he has received at the hands of Mr. Henri Gros, the popular and well-known managing director of the Metropolitan Theatre in the Edgware Road, who has taken great interest in the scheme, and to whose energy the existence of this unique attraction is mainly due.

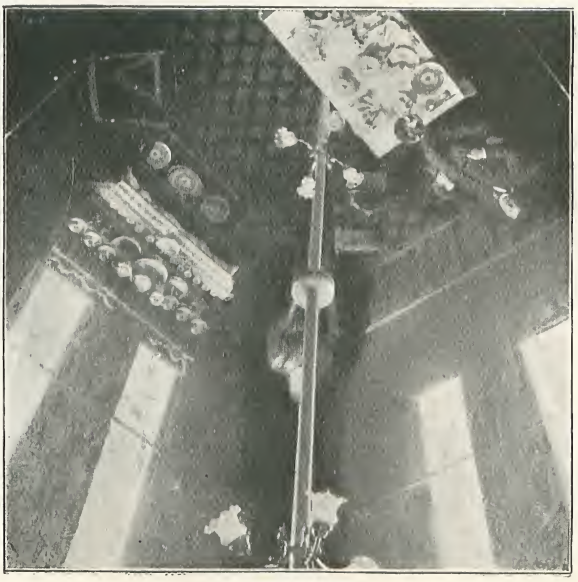


THE BATH-ROOM.

It appears that when Mr. Kotin first suggested the idea of a Topsy-Turvy House everyone laughed, and people shrugged their shoulders and smiled sadly—that is, when they did not say rude things; but though Mr. Kotin is a Russian by birth, he has been schooled in England, where dogged perseverance is taught as in no other school in the world.

The workmen to whom the inside arrangements of the building were intrusted had to be watched night and day. They would insist on placing the windows the right way up and the wall paper with buds pointing upwards; then, again, in their endeavours to do well they fixed the staircases intended for visitors upside down, so that it would have been impossible to enter the building at all; hence, upon Mr. Kotin's arrival after a day's absence he found it impossible to negotiate the stairs, and no small amount of diplomacy was required to make the men understand that, though most things were to be upside down, the means of ingress and egress had to be perforce constructed according to ordinary rules.

Taken altogether the conception and construction of the "Manoir à l'Envers" has proved no small undertaking to the inventor, and he is to be complimented on the creditable manner in which he has succeeded, notwithstanding the enormous difficulties which untoward circumstances have placed in his way, in producing one of the most extraordinary attractions which have ever astonished the public.



THE DINING-ROOM.

The Popularity of Joshua Push.

By George G. Farquhar.

I.

THE little country inn had many attractions for a jaded Londoner whose requirements were not too exigent. Within an hour's railway journey of town, the house stood back from the main street—all gable-ends, clustered chimney-stacks, and clinging ivy; the living rooms spick and span to daintiness, cosy as a nest. The landlord, Ben Powell, was a frank-spoken, unassuming young fellow, ever alert to anticipate one's wants — and his wife was a born cook. Furthermore—and herein lay one of the chief charms of the place for me—the innkeeper could frequently secure permission for his guests to fish in the trout-stream flowing through the meadows and park-lands of Voyne Towers. Of this esteemed privilege I did not neglect to avail myself whenever possible.

"WE HAD THE BAR-PARLOUR TO OURSELVES."

One day, returning from my angling in the park, I was accosted at a lonely point in the lane by some blowzy loafer or tramp, who grew truculently assertive because I did not see fit to acquiesce in his extravagant claims upon my purse. His bluster, however, amounted to nothing in the end. On my arrival at the inn I told Powell of the annoyance to which I had been subjected, adding a somewhat brutal suggestion as to how all such ruffians should be treated, had I my will. Powell politely and diplomatically agreed with me *in toto*. Then he laughed; not his usual full-throated, breezy laugh, indeed, but rather a kind of spasmodic chuckle, which finished with an abrupt jerk.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he, confusedly; "but it reminds me of something that happened when I was out West. Precious ugly fix it was for me, too. You may lay your life I didn't see the funny side of it then. By James—no!"

Although I had often detected the recurrence of certain Americanisms in his talk, my curiosity had never been hitherto sufficiently piqued to question him as to the origin of them. Scenting a story now, I straightway waxed chafingly impatient. We had the bar-parlour to ourselves, and the time being mid-afternoon, it was probable that our solitude would not be broken in upon for a good half-hour at least. My pipe chanced to be in full blast; but Powell's cigar, after burning all down one side, had gone out altogether. I handed him another, and mentally vowed to deprive my tobacconist of a patron in future. Nodding towards our empty glasses, I waited until Ben had re-filled them.

"Now we're in trim," said I. "Fire away!"

And he began:—

Then-a-days I'd gone out to the States, like many another young chap before and since, hoping to better myself—perhaps even

making my pile in time by hard and honest work. Soon as I felt my feet, so to say, I'd planned to send back for Jennie, marry her, and settle down out there. Jennie was at that date head housemaid up at the Towers, and it's really through my wife I'm able to get fishing permits now, sir.

Well, the programme looked a healthy sort on paper—only it never panned out worth a cent in practice. Whether it was I didn't come up to the Yankee standard in snap and go, or whether I'd too many Sunday-school notions of honesty and honour still left in me, or whether again it was sheer bad luck all through, doesn't much matter now. Anyway, the dollars wouldn't fly into my pockets, whosoever else's they favoured. For close on three years I'd been out there—moving gradually farther West, here a job and there a job, but most hand to mouth all the while—till at last I fetched up at Probity Springs, the chief town or county seat of Canovas County, Idaho. I'd trudged over from Lotusville that day, twenty miles away, after putting in a few weeks at the smelters there, where I got into a slight argument with Buck Jarvis, the deputy-foreman, and had to quit rather sudden in consequence. Come to tot up my finances, I found it figured out at something just under a dollar and a half, with no more idea than Adam how to add a cent to it, nor which way to turn for a fresh start. I tell you, sir, I felt pretty considerable down.

To make it worse, I'd always been writing to Jennie as if I'd already got into my stride and was forging ahead like wildfire. Somehow, I hadn't the heart to let her know my disappointments. But I fancy she must have guessed how black things really were, for latterly her letters hadn't harped so much about her coming out to me as about my going back to her. She said she didn't feel she'd ever care for America to live in; it wouldn't seem same as home to her, noways; and besides, there was the long, lonesome years of separation and waiting. Her last letter had something more practical in it, too. She wrote me that old Barnard, who used to keep this house in those days, talked about retiring from the "public" business altogether, him getting well on in years; and that Lord Voyne, the owner, had hinted his willingness to offer me first refusal of the tenancy, provided I'd a little cash to come in on, you understand. Jennie—bless her heart!—had a few pounds put away, and she thought with what I'd also saved we couldn't do better, and would I think it over and decide soon? My word, it didn't call for any considering at all! If things had only been different I'd have hurried back like a shot. But as it was—well, now you'll partly understand what was worrying me when I came within sight of Probity Springs.

Just before getting to the township, being foot-sore and dog-tired, I stopped for a short rest under a clump of scrub-oaks by the roadside. While I was squat on my hunkers there a lanky, leather-faced man, with a goatee beard and eyes like a hawk, came sailing past. As he went by he stared hard and half-opened his mouth as if he meant to speak. Then, seeing I didn't know him from Christopher, he shut his face and marched straight on again. But he hadn't gone more than fifty yards before he slewed sharp round and walked back to where I was sitting.

"Howdy, Britisher?" said he, chirpy as a sparrow. "Knew I'd met you somewhere before. Reckon it must have been back last week, when you an' Buck Jarvis was adjustin' a difference outside Brannigan's saloon, hey, now? I never could cotton to Buck's bullyraggin' ways myself, an' it 'mazed me to think nobody in all Lotusville had grit enough to tell him he wasn't the little tin god he set up to be. The hefty way you waltzed round an' man-handled him! Losh, but it was great, sir—great!"

Of course, he was referring to my scrap-up with the deputy-foreman. Now, I don't say I had the best of the tussle altogether, mind you—for Jarvis was a hard nut; only I didn't have to swallow my front teeth like he did, anyway.

"The neatest piece o' fist-play ever I was in at!" the man went on. "I was a private spectator all the time. My own personal affairs had taken me over to Lotusville that day. It's jes' as well I wasn't thar officially, in a matter of speakin', or I'd have had to chip in an' stop it, mebbe."

"Stop it! Why?"

"Bein' ez how I'm Sheriff!" he explained, importantly. "But I'm not goin' to slip up on you now. No, sir! Joshua K. Push ain't thet breed, you bet. Sheriff or no Sheriff, he has a powerful admiration for any man with pluck and backbone, an' he'd be mighty pleased to shake with you now. Put it thar, matey."

I stood up, stammered something or other in reply, and "put it thar." But I was puzzling harder than ever what his little game could be, for I suspected he'd an axe of his own to grind.

"'I'M SHERIFF! HE EXPLAINED."

"You're the very man I'm wantin'," said he, speaking lower and more cautious-like. "When I saw the beautiful way you lammed inter Buck Jarvis a voice outer the back of my head whispered to me, 'Joshua K., that's the boy for your money—muscle, sand, and savvy, it's all thar!' An' I 'low the voice was 'bout right. Yes, Britisher, you kin help me, so be's you're willin'. An' thar's fifty dollars, spot-cash, the minute you say you'll take hold."

"What have I to do to earn it?" I asked, trying not to seem over eager, though my pulse was going like a clock.

"A half-hour'll see you through the job. All you want is nerve, bounce, and bluff. An' thar's a hundred dollars extry at the tail-end of it ef we both come out on top at the finish."

I waited to hear more particulars.

"It's like this," he said, presently. "Thishyer's the second time I've served ez Sheriff, an' I'm fixin' to run for a third term. The billet kinder 'pears to suit me first-rate, an' I mean stickin' to it. Howsever, I've jes' come to hear thet the bosses who set up the delegations in the other townships are makin' a dead-set agin me, proposin' to put up Hans Drecht an' fire me off the nomination ticket. Thet bein' so, I've got to demonstrate I'm a sounder candidate 'n Hans, right now. An' you're goin' to help me do it!"

"Me!" I cried, gaping like a fish out of water. "How in thunder can I do that?"

"I'll tell you when once we've agreed on the price. Now, seein' it's politics we're on—in a manner of sayin', electioneerin', anyway—an' thet electioneerin' is a dirty trade for any gentleman, I'm quite prepared to pay more on account of the dirt. Suppose we make the hundred dollars two hundred an' fifty?"

"It's handsome—handsome!" I replied, smartly. "Only I'd like to know exactly what I'm expected to——"

"Don't hustle me, pard. It's my call, an' I haven't climbed to top-notch figures yet. You're forgettin' to insure agin accidents, I'm thinkin'. Wal, knowin' my man, I ventur' to say thar's no risk at all—nary an ounce. But I grant you may think different. An' so I put up another two hundred an' fifty dollars for risk—five hundred altogether, an' thet's my limit. Hyer we are, then—fifty dollars soon's you accept the contract, an' five hundred more ef you bring it safe through, me findin' all the outfit an' accessories. Now, how's thet strike you, hey?

It struck me dumb. Here, when I least expected it, I saw a tidy fortune dangled in front of me—to say nothing of a wife and a flourishing business hanging on to it. Just then, as I've mentioned already, I felt so desperate I believe I'd have entered into a bargain with Old Horny himself for fifty dollars.

But after Mr. Sheriff Push had gone on to enlighten me about the part I was to play I confess it sobered me. Simple and easy though he tried to make it out, I myself

could see little else but foolery and danger in it—with, a long way ahead, possibly dollars. I admit it was only the thought of the gold that drew me on an inch farther.

"Mebbe you'd ruther turn it over in your mind for the next hour?" said Push, as I stood there humming and hawing. "Ez this seems a nice secluded neighbourhood to confab in, I'll fix it so's to be hyer agin at five o'clock. The hull thing must be settled to-night one way or the other. Say, how'll five o'clock fit you?"

I agreed to the arrangement; and then, forcing a five-dollar bill on me, he swung off in one direction, while I took the opposite path down to the town. Here, after I'd wrapped myself round a square meal, with a peg or two of tangle-foot thrown in, I began to see the comic side of the entire business. It tickled my fancy so that I, too, lost touch of the risks altogether. I felt somehow that if there was going to be sport, I ought to be in at it.

Well, we were both on time at the meeting-place, the Sheriff and myself. By six o'clock the details had been talked over and everything put in order for the attempt in the morning. Fifty dollars earnest-money changed hands, and the plot was hatched out, alive and full-fledged. Seeing the hanky-panky he was then engaged on, I've often wondered since why I was so ready to take Mr. Push at his bare word. I can't account for it now, I'm sure—but, anyway, I did.

II.

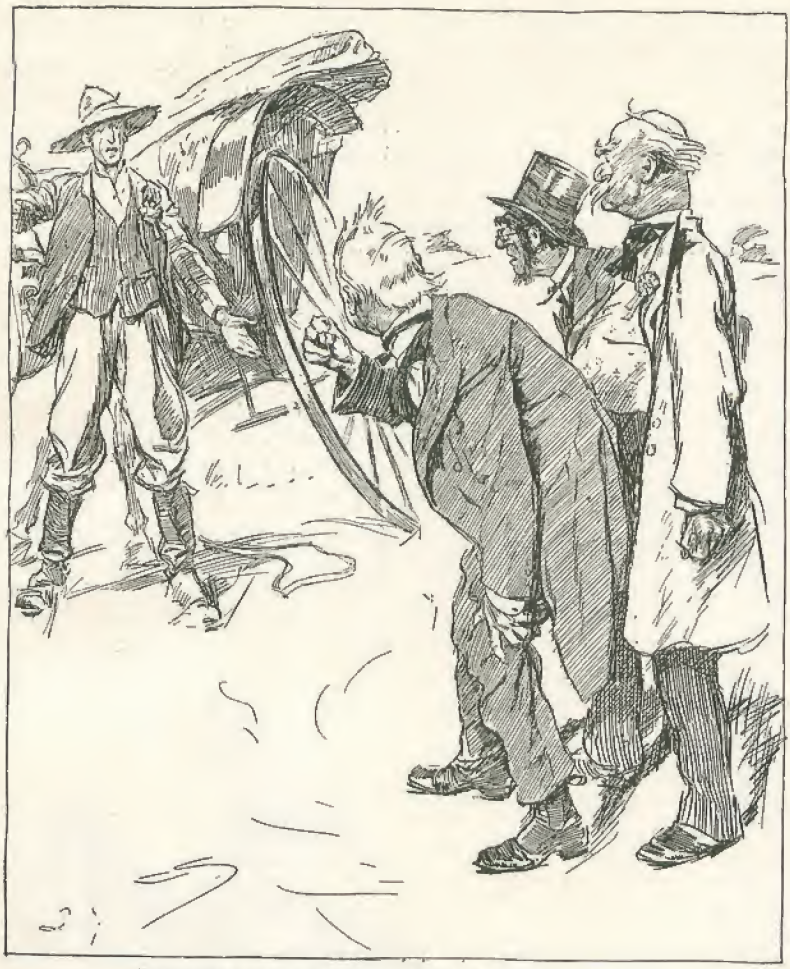
NEXT day, in the afternoon, there was to be rare stirrings over at Lotusville, consequent on the opening of a new Commemoration Hall in that town. Both Hans Drecht and the Sheriff were to orate on the occasion, and the pair of them well knew that their chances at the coming poll would depend a good deal on what they said there and how they said it. You see, local affairs wasn't the platform they were fighting on at all—nobody cared a brass farthing about that; neither was it a question of party politics—Hans Drecht being quite as warm a Democrat and Silverite as Joshua K. himself. For any gold-coinage Republican breathing to have put himself forward for the Sheriffship would have been as much as his life was worth in Canovas County. No; the election would not turn on back-yard or national politics in the least, but simply and solely on—patriotism. At that time the Yankees were in the thick of a war-fever—got the complaint precious bad, too. It was "Hail, Columbia!" and "The Star-spangled Banner" all along the line. The Bird of Freedom was on the almighty crow, flapping his wings and sharpening his beak ready to swoop down and claw into shreds some bullying nation or other—I forget now just exactly which. Anyhow, that's where the test came in. Whichever of the two candidates could manage to chuck the rippingest battle-speech off his chest, that man was dead sure to scoop up the votes and bag the situation.

Soon after breakfast the Sheriff and his cousin, Jude Willis, drove out from Probity Springs along the road to Lotusville, Push himself tooling the team. They'd gone a matter of eight miles or thereabouts when who should they drop across but Hans Drecht, with Deacon Butt, his Chairman of Committee, and another committee-man—all three standing beside a broken-down buggy, swearing like troopers at the driver who'd tipped them out into the roadway. Trying to shave a corner too close, he'd smashed into a stump-fence and taken a wheel off.

The Sheriff pulled up to sympathize. He didn't want to gloat any, not he, over the accident to his opponent. As he'd once remarked to me, he couldn't help knowing that Hans Drecht was just about the meanest cuss on the face of God's earth—no more fitted to be Sheriff'n a boiled owl—yet, for all that, he felt free to claim that he bore the skunk no personal grudge or malice. He pitied even more'n he despised the reptile. So, when he saw how matters stood—how, there being no handy way of repairing the damage, nor any place within five or six miles where another conveyance could be got—how, also, the delay meant that they'd be too late to attend the celebrations at Lotusville—when Mr. Push, I say, had quite mastered these points, he at once showed his unselfish high-mindedness by up and saying he'd be gratified to find seats for Hans and his supporters in his own surrey. I warrant they didn't take long to study it over, but closed with the offer on the spot.

Joshua chirruped to the ponies and bowled on with a heavier load; but not before a sly nod and a lightning wink had passed between him and the blundering jarvey, who was left behind to look after the overturned machine. Oh, I'll lay that coachee and Joshua K. Push understood one another to a hair!

"Gave me a kinder start jes' now, seein' you three cavortin' out thar in the middle of the track," the Sheriff said, after a spell of



"ALL THREE WERE STANDING BESIDE A BROKEN-DOWN BUGGY."

silence. "Guess I must have been thinkin' it was road-agents or suthin' thet way."

Now, towards the northern end of the "Pan-handle" there had lately been a lot of road-agenting going on. The various parties who'd been stopped and unloaded had different tales to tell—some saying they'd been set upon by a gang of ruffians, from three to half-a-dozen in number, while others declared it was one man only, who worked alone and had a marvellous quick finger on a trigger. For want of knowing his real name, folk had taken to calling this mysterious ringleader "Black Jack," because of the crape mask he always wore when operating. Hardly a week passed but some poor devil, with clean pockets and a hole in him, was found lying dead on the roadside, till the people began to get mortal sick with the monotony of it. Vigilantes and Sheriff's posses had lit out after the fellow many's the time, but they'd always come traipsing back without so much as catching sight of him. He was a "holy terror," no mistake about it. As yet, however, he'd never been seen so far south as Canovas County.

"Talkin' of road-agents," Cousin Jude remarked, "I was hearin' tell of Black Jack bein' on the hold-up nigh to Pine Flats the other day. Shouldn't be surprised if he doesn't pay us a visit in thishyer distric' 'fore long now. Lordy, but I hope he'll not trouble us this trip, anyway!"

"An' why not — why not?" Hans Drecht jerked out, high and sharp. "Calc'late he'd find he'd routed out a hornet's nest ef he did!"

"Jude was alludin' to the dollars among us, prob'ly," explained Mr. Push, quiet-like. "He 'lows ez any road-agent would get a big haul ef he did happen to waltz in an' bail us up to-day."

"Dollars!" cried Deacon Butt, his hand going up smart to his breast-pocket. "What dollars?"

"Ah, I see you're treasurer this time, Deacon," laughed the Sheriff, noting the sudden movement. "No offence, of course! On'y Jude guessed one or other of you'd be carryin' weight. Ez men of sense an' experience, we all know thet votes an' dollars 'pear to sorter draw one another, somehow. Somebody's hands must bring 'em together, hey? Jude didn't mean any nastiness, I'll answer for it. No, no; we're all agreed business is business; an' I'm not denyin' him

an' me mayn't be well primed with kopecks ourselves. Truth, I'd ruther myself that Black Jack tackled us some other day, ef he ever does at all!"

Hans Drecht snorted in scorn at these sentiments. Here was a chance of taking a rise out of his opponent!

"Mighty plucky words, them—for a Sheriff!" he growled. "A man sworn to uphold the laws of his country an' pertect the lives an' property of its peaceful citizens! Ouf, it makes me tired to hear it! Now, when I'm elected Sheriff——"

"When!" repeated Mr. Push, serene as a lamb. "Wal, I dunno. You ain't Sheriff yet, 't all events. Let the best man win, say I. Ef I'm to be licked, I guess I'll take my lickin' like a man—standin' up."

"——When I'm elected Sheriff," Hans went on, not heeding the interruption, "I reckon I won't start in to pick an' choose days with no sech low-down scum ez Black Jack. Thishyer's no time for pus'llanimous fears, with the cannons of the foreign foe boomin' at our gates——"

"To howlin' blazes with your cannons!" shouted Jude, in a tearing rage. "We don't ask for no speeches now. You'd best keep all that blame slush to fire off at the conference, I'm thinkin'."

But there was no holding in Hans now; he'd got fair blown out so that he must either rant or burst.

"Let Black Jack come along how an' wherever he likes, he'll find me thar to take him for a frozen certainty. First thing, when I get into office, I'll fit out a reg'lar expedition to foller an' arrest him, dead or alive."

"You!" rasped the Sheriff. "Why, 'twas you daresn't even volunteer when I led a posse after thet hoss-thief, on'y last fall."

"An' why didn't I—why didn't I?" stuttered Hans, red in the face. "You, ez engineered the silly consarn—you ask me why? B' gosh! Listen hyre, an' I'll soon tell you why!"

But he never did; for before you could have said "knife," a man on a sorrel mare jumped out from the trees edging the road, a revolver in each of his fists.

"Pull up thar!" he roared out. "An' throw up your hands! Sharp, now!"

The fellow's crape mask put a name on him; and they all knew it would mean somebody's funeral if they tried to monkey with Black Jack. Four pairs of arms went straight up together, like soldiers drilling, and hung there. The fifth pair would have done the same if the owner of them, Hans Drecht, hadn't cowered back on his seat just as the nags were reined in; the sudden stop and jerk threw him clean off his perch, so that he toppled over the tail-board on to the track. In a jiffy he'd scuttled for shelter underneath the wheels. Black Jack covered him with one of his weapons.

"Out you skip, rot yer!" he yelled, savage-like. "We want no durn acrobatics hyer! Out you come, or I'll dose you with cold lead!"

Hans crawled out into the open, his face white as milk, his teeth chattering like knitting-needles.

"Don't shoot, mister!" he snivelled, half

"'DON'T SHOOT, MISTER!' HE SNIVELLED."

dead with sheer funk. "Take every dollar I've got. Hyer 'tis—down to my last cent. Point thet pistol off'n my head. I—I 'give you best; an' thar's nary a gun on me."

"You ain't heeled, hey?" the agent chuckled. "Jes' as well for you you ain't! Set the silver down thar, whar you stan' grovellin'—so! Now, mebbe you'll lend a hand to unload your friends. Climb up an' run through them systematic for me. First, feel for shootin'-irons."

Hans did as he was ordered. From each man's hip-pocket he lugged a "45," which he tossed overside into the road; then he began to search them for cash. He started with Jude Willis, cleaning him out and passing on to Deacon Butt, who had been twisting his face into all manner of shapes, screwing up his eyes, mumbling and grunting like a stuffed hog.

"What's it he wants, matey?" asked Black Jack, seeing the whole pantomime. "Say, what is it?"

"I think—he—he'd ruther I didn't go through his breast-pocket."

"Harkee to me, pard. I'm trustin' in you to be a credit to my teachin', an' onless you git a move on you an' nose out every dolgarned cent, you'll be figurin' at the head of your own obsequies before you know you're dead meat!"

That was enough for Hans Drecht. Groping with a shaky hand inside the coat of his Chairman of Committee, he pulled out a leather wallet, bulging over with greenbacks. Now, for a candidate to aid and abet in the looting of his own party treasure-chest—not to buy votes, that is, but simply at the bidding and for the benefit of a blackguard highwayman — was just about the shadiest thing he could stoop to. By this time Hans's supporters were thoroughly disgusted with their champion. They took no stock in circumstances, made no allowances, could see no excuse whatever—for him.

When Hans had got to this low level in the eyes of his committeemen Mr. Sheriff Push seemed to wake up to what was happening. Whether it was he'd been struck dazed with the unexpectedness of it all till then, or whether he perhaps concluded he was next on the schedule for plundering, I won't pretend to say. Any rate, he pulled his wits together and gave tongue.

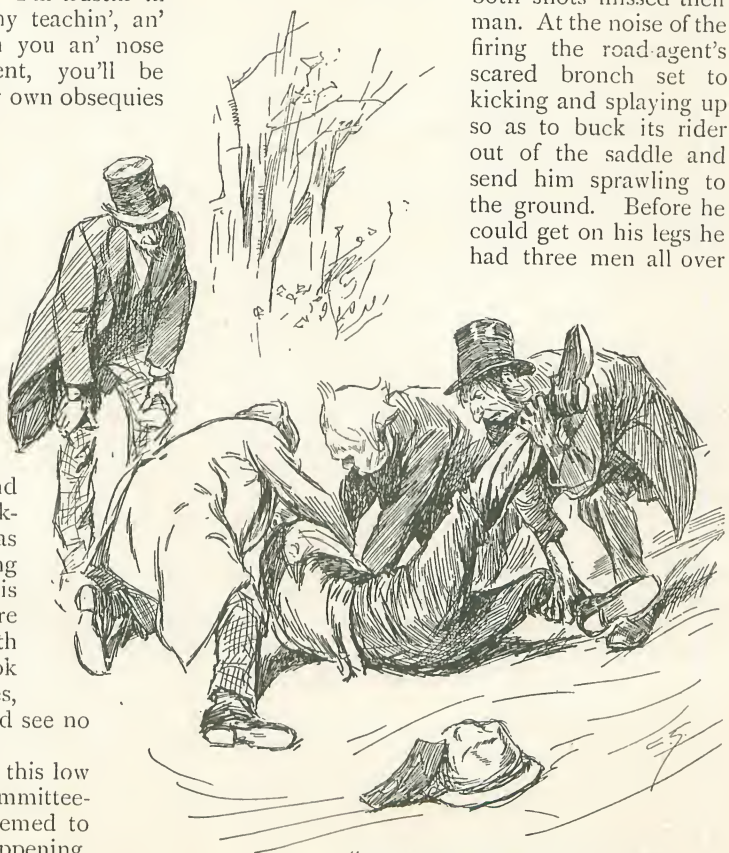
"Losh, but I think this hyer racket's lasted long enough!" he shouted, fearful mad. "Are five live men to be bulldozed an' held up by one blame road-agent? By gum, no! Ef some folk's got no more back-spine 'n they need, it sha'n't be said Joshua K. Push ever lick-spittled an' knuckled under to a tarnation thief."

"Shut off your jaw-tackle, right thar!" Black Jack yelped back. "I've no time to waste listenin' to chin-wag now. Besides," and he squinted at the revolvers by the roadside, "besides, I reckon I hold all the tricks in my own hand."

"Not much—you don't!" the Sheriff snapped out.

Quick as a flash his right arm went up, with a pistol at the end of it.

The two irons barked out together, but both shots missed their man. At the noise of the firing the road-agent's scared bronch set to kicking and splaying up so as to buck its rider out of the saddle and send him sprawling to the ground. Before he could get on his legs he had three men all over



"HE HAD THREE MEN ALL OVER HIM."

him and a raw-hide twisted round his wrists. His mask had slipped off in the scuffle, and although none of them had ever seen Black Jack before, they one and all declared he looked a pesky gallows-bird to the life—just the image of what they'd always pictured him in their own minds to be. Only Sheriff Push knew the truth, and it wasn't likely he'd give the show away.

I daresay you yourself, sir, have guessed long since who the party really was? Yes, it was me! — me, Ben Powell — in the character I'd agreed with the Sheriff to play. Unfortunately, owing to the skittishness of my mare, the whole performance had come an awful mucker. Every minute it was getting more complicated and jumbled-up than I, for one, had ever bargained for—a sorry sight too tangled and risky for my comfort. But even then I didn't realize the full danger of the scrape I was in, as you'll see presently for yourself.

"Now, you durn coward, gimme back my wallet!" said Deacon Butt, turning fiercely on Hans Drecht; soon as he'd pouched it again, he crossed over to Mr. Push.

"Sheriff," said he. "I go back on the opinion I've had of you up to now. You're a man, sir—a bang-up hero this day! An' I'd be highly privileged ef you'd jes' only shake."

"An' hyer's mine," the other committee-man put in. "Sheriff, shake!" And they shook.

"Thar's no two electors I'm gladder to earn the respect of," said Push, in his best F.F.V. manner. "Mebbe it's my own fault I'm not easy understood. I 'low my modesty won't let me spread myself out and parade my virtues. No, 'tain't my natur'. But you kin take it from me, without boastin', that it'll be a dull day with Joshua K. Push when he hasn't something up his sleeve to recommend him."

In this case, as he explained, the article "up his sleeve" had been a second revolver.

After they'd quit complimenting the Sheriff and one another—wonderful civil and polite all round—all, that is, except Hans Drecht, who stood to one side, chewing his finger-nails—they began to debate what they'd best do with the prisoner.

At the end of their confab I was faced in the direction of Probity Springs and told to step out brisk, Jude Willis walking on my right with a loaded pistol, and the second committee-man riding alongside on the screw that had thrown me. With these two as escort I was marched along the road until we came to the place where the buggy had been overturned. Meanwhile, the driver had managed to tinker and fix up the wheel, so that the ramshackle conveyance could be again used. I was hoisted into it, and Jude flopped into a seat opposite me; but the committee-man, concluding there'd be enough keepers to take care of me without him, wheeled his horse round and galloped back to catch up with the Sheriff. If it could be helped, he said, he wouldn't miss the meeting at Lotusville that afternoon not for a million dollars!

III.

An hour later I was carted into the prison-yard at Probity Springs, untrussed, and locked in one of the cells. I couldn't grumble at the quarters they'd given me, the room being tolerably big, furnished with a deal table, a chair, and a bench-bed; a fair-sized iron-barred window looked out on the exercise-yard. But what did surprise me more than a trifle was the smoking-hot dinner of pie, vegetables, and fried dough-nuts which the warder afterwards brought in and set on the table.

"Somethin' to be goin' on with, matey," said he, cackling and grinning as if he'd hatched a side-splitting joke. "Jes' you holler ef you've a hankerin' for anythin' else, an' I'll be sure to 'tend to it slick away. We always make a point of humorin' a man's appetite 'fore we turns him off final. See? Cr—r—rk!"

Still nodding and blinking like a china ornament, he locked the door on me again and went shuffling off down the corridor. His playful hint at what was in store for me didn't put me off my feed, however, and after I'd had a capital tuck-in I sat back in the chair to think over my position.

No mistake, it was a deuced tight corner I was in. I tramped up and down the floor for hours, trying to hit on some plan to save my neck; but it was all no use. What could I do? Later on, when it came to being judged and juried, I might make shift to prove I wasn't really Black Jack at all; still, with the book-oaths of four independent witnesses against me—leaving the Sheriff out of count altogether—it would be impossible to convince any sane man that I had not been doing a little road-agenting on my own hook. If I attempted to show that Mr. Push was in the swim with me from the beginning, everybody would simply choke with smiling. The queer tale, as I now quite saw, would not hold water for a minute

in a court-house. Whichever way you looked at it, mine was a precious thin case.

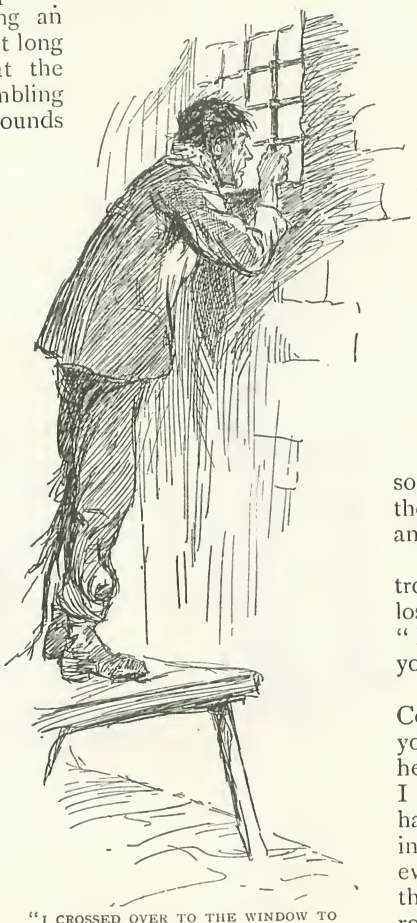
The afternoon had gone, and darkness was settling down, when my attention was drawn to a dull, humming noise outside, faint and far-off at first, but growing nearer and louder every second. I crossed over to the window to listen. Although the prison walls kept me from prying an inch beyond them, it was not long before I tumbled to what the whole thing meant. The rumbling din broke up into separate sounds —the clatter of scores of feet, the yells of angry men, the clashing of sticks and staves against wood and metal. Now and again I caught a word or two that made my blood run cold.

"Swing him up!—Plugged my brother!—Lynch—lynch the all-fired scoundrel!"

It was a wild mob of loggers and roustabouts, mad with liquor and rage, come to hammer down the prison gates and dangle me up to the nearest tree! Each fresh whack on the big gates brought my heart thumping up into my mouth, and made every muscle in me go limp and flabby as a wet string. I don't deny it —I had a terrible fit of the creeps just then.

All of a sudden the savage roar changed to a tremendous cheer. I wondered, and half-dreaded, what was coming next. But, no! the gate held firm as a rock, and the yard below still lay bare and empty. When the cheering had calmed down a bit one man's voice began to speak. As before, I overheard here a scrap and there a scrap of what was said.

"My duty ez Sheriff of thishyer county . . . stickler for justice an' order myself . . . fair trial ef he *is* a dolgarn villain . . . then you kin sling him up with clean hands . . . public conscience is fearful tetchy nowadays . . . but, fellow-citizens, a waggon-load of lawyers choppin' logic won't save him then!"



"I CROSSED OVER TO THE WINDOW TO LISTEN."

Another round of applause followed the Sheriff's remarks, which must have led the rioters to alter their minds and go home in peace. At any rate, I heard no more of them, and there were no further attacks on the prison gates. I breathed more freely again—bet your life, I did!

Something like an hour afterwards a footstep echoed down the outer passage, the key squeaked in the lock, and Sheriff Push himself swaggered into the cell.

"Jes now, out thar!" said he, jerking his thumb towards the street. "You heard 'em? Great Hokey, but ef I hadn't nipped back from Lotusville soon's ever the conference broke up they'd have had you out an' swayed up before now. Durn fortnit' for you I'm so pop'lar an' persuasive with the boys, sence this mornin', anyway!"

"But it's another thing's troubling me now," I cut in, losing patience with the man. "First and foremost, I'd ask you to tell me——"

"'Bout the meetin', hey? Course, I might have known you'd be interested in thet!" he answered, quickly. "Wal, I dunno how 'twas, but less'n half an hour after we got inter Lotusville seemed like ez every man, woman, an' chick thar had heard all 'bout the road-agent business, A to Z. The meetin' hall was crammed out with excited electors, jam full. The way they whooped an' cheered me when I got onter my hind legs—Aw, thar! you'd say I was eat up with conceitiness ef I was to tell you half. Never was sech an ovation in thishyer county before, I lay—never! The hull township was solid for me—I could see thet with a blind eye. An' I felt proud—mighty sot up, sir! Deacon Butt spoke after me, praisin' me no end, an' windin' up by declarin' he'd see himself sizzlin' in blue blazes 'fore ever he'd vote for any sech white-livered trash ez Hans Drecht had shown he was. Thet brought Hans up in dumb show,

for the crowd wouldn't listen, but rose on him in a swarm, howlin' an' cussin' till you'd thought it was a blizzard let loose. Guess they'd have wiped the platform with him an' wrecked the circus ef he hadn't slipped out by the back exit. I was tickled to death. Him for Sheriff? Ho—ho! They'd no more run him now'n they would a store-clothes drummer from Chicago, or a——"

"I daresay it's all turned out very satisfactory for you," I interrupted, sharply. "But what about me?"

"Oh, I'm comin' to you," said he, humping his shoulders. "Mebbe you'll remember I warned you thar was risks?"

"But you never gave me a chance!" I cried, indignantly. "The idea wasn't to arrest me at all, but to let me skip clear away after you'd done the rescuing-hero dodge."

"An' was it my fault you bungled it? Gosh, no. I grant Cousin Jude oughter been more thoughtful, an' picked you out a hoss ez wouldn't be skeared by guns. But then he jedged you'd a firmer grip in a saddle'n you have really. Thet's how! Same time, you must see it made the road-agentin' look more nat'ral-like — ez ef it hadn't been all mapped out beforehand. Besides, I shouldn't have had quarter so much credit for it ef you'd wriggled clean away. An' thar's another thing. Whar'd my reputation be, ef I'd emptied my Colt at a hoss an' rider, scarce ten yards away, an' yet never got home with a single bead? Come, now, Britisher, do be reasonable!"

"Reason go hang!" I shouted, in a passion. "You must own you haven't done the square thing by me. A bargain's a bargain all the world over."

"'Nough said! I'm not goin' back on my word. No, sir! You took over all the risks; I on'y agreed to do the payin'. Thar's five hundred dollars due to you when I'm re-elected Sheriff. Thet amount's to come—mebbe — ef you're livin' then. But I'm willin' to be generous, an' advance a hundred dollars now for to-day's work."

He slapped a roll of notes on the table in front of me.

"Twenty fives!" said he. "Count 'em!"

I refused to touch the money. That was not what I'd meant, as he knew full well. Although he was perhaps sticking to the strict letter of our agreement, he had broken it in the spirit long ago. My temper got the better of me. There and then I let him have the rough side of my tongue, telling him what I thought of him and his trickery, and what other people would probably think when I'd had my say in open court.

"Now you're talkin' foolishness," he said, sharp and snappy. "I thought you was white all through. But ef you're threatin' to throw me down—wal, I reckon two kin play

"HE SLAPPED A ROLL OF NOTES ON THE TABLE."

thet game. The jury to swallow a one-legged yarn like yourn ain't born yet. Why, it don't stand to common sense, nohow. Weren't you caught on the bail-up, red-fisted, anyway? How'll you git over thet? It's more'n you could do in a year of Sundays. No; I 'low you'd best jes' let matters rub along 'thout worryin' yourself about it. The boys'd take a sight more pains to honour the 'casion, thinkin' 'twas Black Jack they was assistin' to switch off, 'n ef they knew 'twas on'y an ornery tenderfoot amateur. Both them an' you'd be better pleased with the style of the ceremony. Now, jes' you weigh it up thet way. Figure out for yourself how high an' proud Black Jack'd have felt, supposin' he'd been the important party boxed up hyer instead of you—an' try to pattern yourself on him accordin'."

"Don't drivel at me, man!" I roared. "I'd as lief copy your example as Black Jack's, in anything."

"Then I guess you'd fall 'bout ez far short of the sample in one case ez you did, a few hours back, in the other," he barked back. "No; you an' Black Jack ain't built in the same block, sir. It's a pity, mebbe—for you. Black Jack wouldn't have set whinin' an' squirmin' thar, waitin' fer miracles to come along—leastways not before he'd tried all he knew 'thout hollerin' on Providence to help him out of a hole."

The Sheriff's bony face was solemn and flint-hard when I looked up at him, but I fancied I could see the ghost of a grin still dancing round the corners of his mouth.

"It gits over me what possessed Cousin Jude an' Officer Ray to fix you up in thishyer partic'lar shanty," said he, throwing his eyes round the place. "They'd oughter known 'taint good enough to hold a desperate hoodlum like Black Jack. He'd be outside it in less'n a twinkle, I lay. But with you it's different. Yes, I'll grant it's strong enough for you, seein' you're innocent an' dead stuck on provin' it in a court of law. You'd scorn to break loose even ef the way was clear. Ain't that so? Now, it sorter relieves my mind, ez Sheriff, to hear you talk like thet. I feel's we kin chat confidential now, 'thout you layin' to take advantage of anythin' I may happen to say. Thet's whar you're 'most altogether different from Black Jack agin. He would!"

I began to have a dim notion of what the man was driving at. If it suited him to keep up the farce of having a rag of conscience left—especially with me, after all that had passed between us—I saw no great harm in humoring his whimsies for my own benefit. So I took my cue from him, fast enough now.

"But I don't see how Black Jack could possibly escape."

"I dessay not! But *he'd* see, mighty soon too! One thing, he'd have found out whether the window bars wasn't loose or rusted thin. It's scarce a six-foot drop inter the yard below. Shouldn't wonder, neither, ef he didn't light on a ladder lyin' under the far wall—most keerlessly left thar by the men who're new-shinglin' the roof. Black Jack'd think it nice an' handy for climbin' over."

"But he'd be seen or heard by the warders, wouldn't he?"

"Mebbe thar'd be nobody on patrol but Dick Ray—an' he's a terrible hard sleeper, is Dick. Why, when he was promisin' me his vote jes' now he owned up to one great failin' ez a watcher—he kin't keep his eyelids shored open a minute after midnight, nohow. I don't blame him myself, for, after all, it's plump agin human natur'!"

"You're right, Mr. Sheriff," I said, friendly as you please again. "And I suppose he won't make any extra effort to stay awake to-night?"

"Mph! Like ez not, he won't!"

"Now, going back to Black Jack," I added. "Once clear of the prison, I warrant he'd feel safer if he could put twenty or thirty miles between him and Probity Springs before daylight."

"I 'low he'd show sense ef he did. Yes, he'd be wise to borrow a hoss, too—some sech animal ez the chestnut bronch I saw, ready saddled an' bridled, hitched up to the shed back of Sanders's saw-mill hyer, same place whar you found your nag this mornin'. Curious thing, but thet bronch looks oncommon like one belongin' ter Cousin Jude. Ef anybody loaned it, Jude would think it right-down kind for them to turn the brute loose agin in the first meadow this side of Lotusville. Jude lives on the ranch thar, you know. I'm purty sure it's one of his ponies; they're always strayin'."

Crossing the floor I gripped the Sheriff's hand and shook it warmly.

"I apologize for every word I spoke against you just now, Mr. Push. Fact is, I'm not bred up to your level of honour yet, and my bad temper cropped out before I'd sized up the many difficulties of your official position. But I think I quite understand now. Nobody can rob you of the glory of having arrested a dangerous criminal single-

handed—whether he afterwards escaped or not. That would not be your fault, at all events. They couldn't expect you to stop in the penitentiary here, day and night, to keep guard over him yourself."

"Thet's so! Ez Sheriff, of course, I'd be real mad to hear he'd slipped away agin; but speakin' ez a plain, ornery individual, I'd think him a lunatic fool ef he saw an openin' an' didn't jump for it. However, this has got nothin' to do with your case—you bein' fixed on standin' your trial, hey, now? Wal, I on'y hope the boys won't step in an' spoil it. Thet's all. An' now I'd advise you to turn on a happy dream or two to-night; you mayn't have another chance. So long, Britisher—so long."

There's little else to tell. Near about midnight, as well as I could judge the hour, I set to work on the window-bars, heaving and tugging till I had them all out. Bless you, it was as easy as kiss your hand. You'd think they'd been stuck in the sockets with putty. Lowering myself from the sill into the yard, I shinned up the ladder and over the wall, and within a quarter of an hour was galloping full pelt down the road to Lotusville. At Jude Willis's stock farm I tied up the horse to a fence rail and walked on to the Union Pacific depôt. There I boarded the first train going east, and three weeks later I stepped ashore at Southampton.

"LOWERING MYSELF FROM THE SILL."

Did I ever hear anything more of the Sheriff? I did, sir. Perhaps a month or so after my return home he wrote to the address I'd left with him, sending a draft for four hundred dollars on the London agents of the Idaho Bank. On the strength of that windfall Jennie and me got married and came into the "Blue Bell" here. Considering what a slippery joker Mr. Push was, I'd never thought to pocket another red cent from him: you could have bowled me over with a feather when the money came. I have his letter put away in a drawer upstairs now. If you'd care to read it I'll just run up—— Half a minute, sir!

At this juncture in his reminiscences mine host of the "Blue Bell" hastened out of the bar-parlour, re-entering presently with the resourceful Sheriff's letter. Hereunder I transcribe it:—

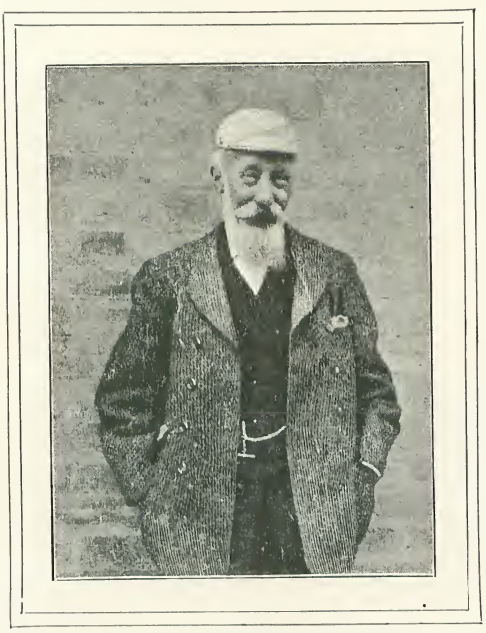
"DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—Your smart and ingenious Plan of Election Campaigning has just rushed me into the Sheriffship again on greased wheels, and at the head of the biggest Plurality ever polled in this County. It has made me the most cried-up official in the whole State. So popular I've become that the electors talk of running me for Congress next term. I'm a mighty poor hand at scrawling my Feelings on paper, and I won't try to more than thank you now. Before any thanks of mine, maybe you'd prefer yourself the little Check I'm mailing along with this writing. It's the quittance Balance of our Account, as per Agreement. If it proves to you that I'm a man of high-tone principle and sound moral grip I'm well satisfied. Yes, sir; if there's one thing I'm proud of more than another it is to feel that them who stand by me can always depend on being stood by, when the pinch comes, by—JOSHUA K. PUSH."

Secrets of the Zoo.

By Albert H. Broadwell.

DOCTOR-IN-ORDINARY, surgeon by special appointment, dentist, pedicure, and every-other-cure is he who presides over the destinies of the thousand and one wild creatures confined in that wonderfully organized institution, the Zoo.

The life of the Superintendent at the Zoo is much like that of a dozen Harley Street specialists, with the difference that his patients are dumb creatures gathered from every imaginable corner of the globe. From the Arctic to the Equator, and from the Equator to the Antarctic, they are either bought by the Society or presented by its friends and well-wishers. They are curious, fearful, and delicate. Their every little wish has to be met; the very temperature of their respective abodes must, in the heart of London, be regulated as nearly as possible to that of their natural haunts. Their food, their surroundings, their indoor and outdoor habits, have to be studied at all hours of the day and night.



THE LATE MR. ABRAHAM DEE BARTLETT.
From a Photo. by Henry Goodwin, Esq. (taken in 1891).

In an extremely interesting book, lately issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Mr. Edward Bartlett, son of Mr. Abraham Dee Bartlett, late Superintendent of the Zoo, relates his father's experiences, and we have gathered from his knowledge of the subject many interesting glimpses of Zoo life as seen "from behind the lions' den." From an early age the late Mr. Bartlett took more than an ordinary interest in all matters concerned with natural history.

Mr. Bartlett and Frank Buckland, the famous naturalist, were intimate friends. In his reminiscences Mr. Bartlett's son says: "I know of none who possessed a more amiable, good-tempered, and kinder disposition than Frank Buckland. Of this I had many opportunities of judging, having on several occasions accompanied him on his duties as Inspector of Salmon Fisheries. I can recollect an instance in point.

"A monster lobster was once forwarded to Buckland's house while he was away inspecting salmon rivers. Mrs. Buckland, not wishing this fine lobster to be spoiled by keeping, invited a few friends to supper. The beautiful creature was duly cracked up, and so far disposed of.

"On Buckland's return he inquired for the lobster, a letter having been forwarded to him requesting that the shell might be carefully prepared and saved. His dismay may be imagined upon hearing of the lobster's fate. Laughing heartily, however, he had the dust-heap searched and every fragment of the lobster-shell carefully collected; these he very cleverly put together, producing a very fair model of an almost unique specimen."

Upon another occasion, at a party consisting of three or four mutual friends, Mrs. Buckland being present, the conversation turned on the subject of the destruction of under-sized crabs, which were exposed for sale in large quantities, and it was decided by Frank Buckland that he would, as inspector, go round the town in the morning in order to summon the various dealers for offering under-sized crabs for sale. Mrs. Buckland, becoming aware of the proposed inspection proceedings, determined, with her

usual kindness of heart, to help these poor people in their threatened exposure.

She rose early next morning, went round to the market-place, and cautioned the dealers, telling them that Mr. Frank Buckland would, in all probability, pay them a visit of inspection. It is needless to add that when he paid his contemplated visits he found that all the under-sized crabs had disappeared; he was immensely pleased, and made a great boast as to how well the *standing order* had been obeyed. The mirth of Frank Buckland and his party when, at the breakfast-table, Mrs. Buckland related how she had risen early and forestalled all her husband's intentions may well be left to the imagination of the reader.

Mr. Bartlett's actual experiences of his superintendence at the Zoo make attractive reading, and we will give, in his own words, some instances of the difficulties and dangers that are to be met with in the handling of the wild denizens of the forest and the prairie. The various incidents, as narrated by himself in his notes, are stirring and amusing in turn.

It is no child's play to perform the operation of cutting off the talons of a lion or a tiger, for it must be remembered that these creatures in captivity have but little opportunity of sharpening and shortening their claws, as they would do in their native wilds. When the operation becomes necessary, however, the unfortunate creature of course resists with all his might, and, by reason of his great strength and activity, becomes very dangerous. The keepers catch both front feet of the animal in straps that have a slip-knot; the tighter these are pulled the more firmly the feet can be held and drawn forward between the bars of the cage. The operator, armed with a pair of sharp cutting nippers, accomplishes the operation and gives the relief required. Whilst undergoing this operation the animal generally bites the iron bars, with considerable danger to his teeth. In order to prevent this, however, one of the attendants is provided with a long pole or bar of wood, which he thrusts in front of the animal's mouth; the wood selected being soft, naturally prevents any injury to the teeth.

It is curious to note, by the way, that the skin of a lion or tiger is so tough that the claws of either are sometimes broken off, or even completely torn out, when fighting.

As space forbids us to go any farther into the lion and tiger stories, which are plentiful, we will hear what Mr. Bartlett has to say of that famous wolf adventure which took place close upon midnight.

He narrates it as follows:—

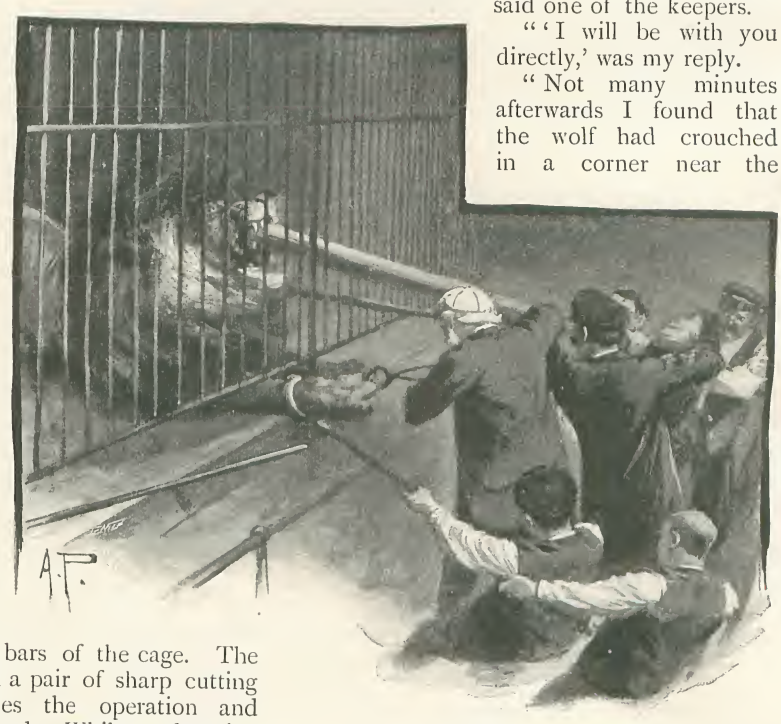
"My instructions to the night-watchman were, 'never to ring the house-bell during the night,' because it not only aroused all the family, but, if it rang, they at once knew that something was wrong. If, however, he had occasion to call me, he was to throw a handful of gravel at my bedroom window, and I would at once attend to him.

"Accordingly one dark night the gravel striking the glass of my window caused me to look out.

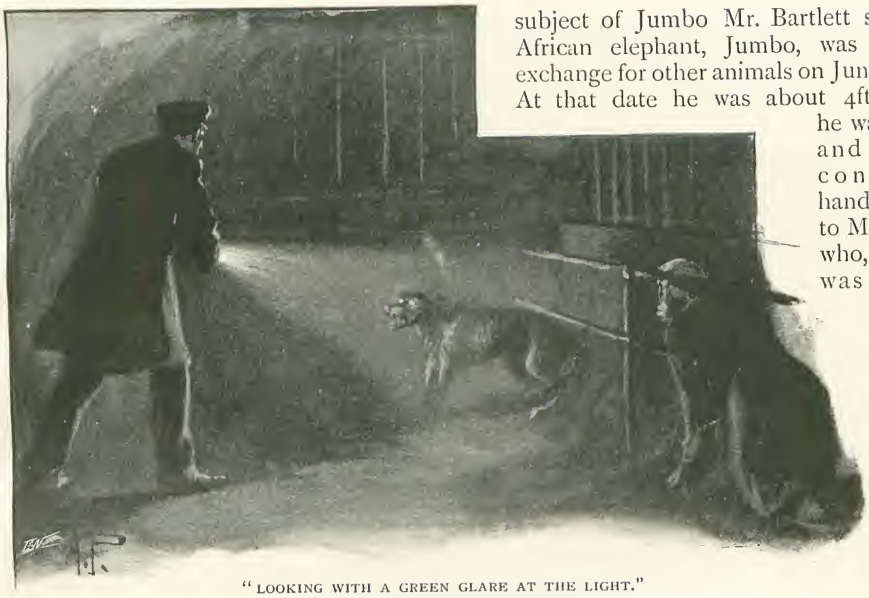
"'A black wolf is loose in the garden,' said one of the keepers.

"'I will be with you directly,' was my reply.

"Not many minutes afterwards I found that the wolf had crouched in a corner near the



CLIPPING A LION'S NAILS.



"LOOKING WITH A GREEN GLARE AT THE LIGHT."

Polar bear's den. By turning on the watchman's bull's-eye lantern we soon caught sight of him, his bright eyes looking with a green glare at the light. 'Keep the light full on his face,' was my order to the watchman, 'and come slowly forward. I will creep sideways up to him, and, if I can get a good hold, I think we can manage him.'

"While the animal was staring at the light I seized him by the neck, and with the prompt aid of my two assistants we safely caged him for the night."

What a wonderful man Mr. Bartlett must have been! It seems strange to hear anyone saying, in plain, business-like language, and talking of a wolf, too, "I seized him by the neck . . . and we safely caged him for the night!" How many of the thousands of visitors to the Zoo would ever attempt such a feat, for a feat of daring it undoubtedly is.

It is interesting to note that the first elephant that ever came immediately under Mr. Bartlett's charge was the celebrated Jumbo. On the subject of Jumbo Mr. Bartlett says: "The African elephant, Jumbo, was received in exchange for other animals on June 26th, 1865. At that date he was about 4ft. high, and he was in a filthy and miserable condition. I handed him over to Matthew Scott, who, I thought, was the most likely man to attend to my instructions because he had no previous experience in the treatment and management of elephants. The first thing was to endeavour to remove the accumulated filth and dirt from his skin. This was a task requiring a considerable amount of labour and patience. His feet, for want of attention, had grown out of shape, but by scraping and rasping their condition rapidly improved. Jumbo soon became very frolicsome, however, and began to play some very lively tricks, so much so that we found it necessary to put a stop to his gambols; this we accomplished in a very speedy and effectual manner.

"Scott and myself, holding him one by each ear, administered a good thrashing. He quickly recognised that he

"WE ADMINISTERED A GOOD THRASHING."

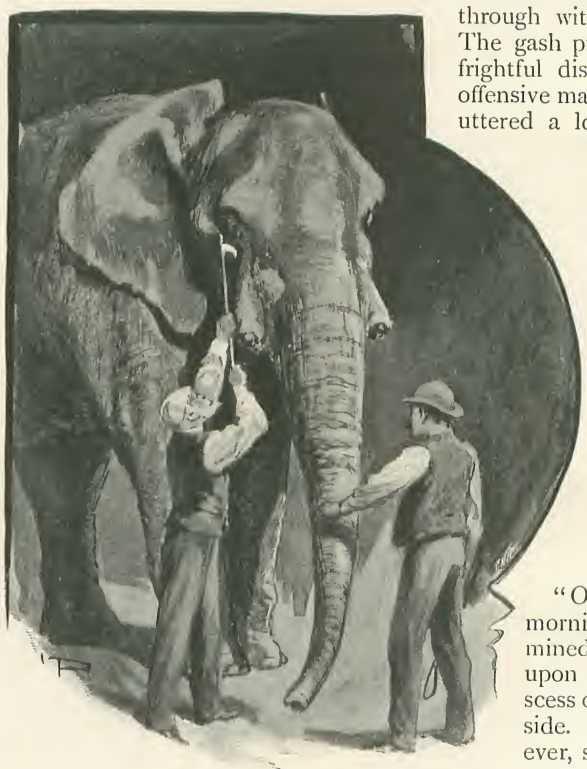
was mastered, by lying down and uttering a cry of submission. We coaxed him and fed him with a few tempting morsels, and he ever after appeared to recognise that we were his best friends, and he lived with us on the best of terms until about a year before he was sold. He was at that time about twenty-one years old, and had attained the enormous size of nearly 11ft. in height. At that age, however, elephants as a rule become troublesome and dangerous. Jumbo, not to be outdone, destroyed the doors and other parts of his house, driving his tusks through the iron plates, and splintering the timber in all directions, rendering it necessary to have the house propped up (as it still remains) with massive timber beams. When in this condition and in his house none of the keepers except Scott dared go near him; but, strange to say, the animal became perfectly quiet as soon as he was allowed to be free in the Gardens.

"It was during his fits of temporary insanity that Jumbo broke both his tusks by driving them through the ironwork of his den; they broke off inside his mouth, probably close to his upper jawbone.

"As the tusks of elephants continue to grow throughout the whole of the animal's life, Jumbo's tusks accordingly grew again, pushing forward the broken jagged ends; but instead of protruding in the usual way from under the upper lip, they grew somewhat upwards in his mouth, and in the course of time it was observed that they were forcing their way through the skin not far below his eyes. The result of this was an abscess on each side of the face.

"Upon my going to him," says the late Superintendent, "he would allow me to put my hand upon these swellings, and appeared by the motion of his trunk to indicate the seat or cause of his suffering. I therefore determined to cut through the thick skin in order to discharge the accumulated pus and enable the tusks to grow out of this opening. In order to accomplish this I had a steel rod made, about 18in. in length, formed with a sharp hook at the end, the hook being flattened on the inner edge as sharp as a razor.

"With this instrument Scott, the keeper, and I entered the den, having previously fastened the doors of the house to prevent anyone entering and disturbing our proceedings, as I was fearful that the noise made by the other keepers would alarm our patient or cause him to be restless. Standing under his lower jaw and passing the instrument above the swollen part, I hooked it fast into the skin, cutting it through with a sharp pull. The gash produced a most frightful discharge of very offensive mattter; the giant uttered a loud shriek and rushed from us, bleeding, shaking, and trembling, but, strange to say, without showing any signs of anger. After a little coaxing and talking to he allowed us to wash out the wound by syringing it with water.



LANCING AN ABSCESS ON JUMBO'S CHEEK.

"On the following morning we determined to operate upon the other abscess on the opposite side. We had, however, some misgiving as to the result of our second attempt to operate upon him, but, to our intense surprise, Jumbo stood still. He seemed to await the second cut with pleasure and fearful anticipation in one, though the sudden pull caused him to start and give another cry like the one he uttered the day before. The improvement in the animal's condition after these two operations

was most remarkable: the tusks soon made their appearance, growing through the apertures that had been cut for the discharge of the abscesses instead of coming out under the upper lip, or, under ordinary circumstances, their proper place."

Of adventure with rhinoceroses Mr. Bartlett has much to say. Here, for instance, he relates an incident that is worth retelling:—

"Upon one occasion the hairy-eared, two-horned rhinoceros, through constantly driving one of her horns against the bars of her cage, caused it in growing to curve backwards until the point was in the act of forcing its way through the skin, causing it to become ulcerated. In this case I had great difficulty in operating, not being able to coax the patient into any kind of submission, for she persistently exhibited the most determined resistance to be touched.

"By means of ropes I managed to make both of her front legs fast, attaching them to the bars of the den. It was a difficult matter to commence using the saw because of her obstinate determination to resist, jerking her head from side to side with the utmost obstinacy. After a little while she became less violent, and I commenced to cut off a portion of the horn that curved backwards. Before I had cut half-way through she snapped the saw in two by a sudden jerk. Having two more saws at hand, the second attempt, I thought, would be successful, but another sudden jerk broke the second saw. She made desperate struggles to get free, but finally became thoroughly exhausted, whereupon she remained quiet for a few seconds, allowing me to complete the operation."

"I COMMENCED TO CUT OFF A PORTION OF THE HORN."

It will interest readers to know how these ungainly brutes are removed from summer to winter quarters and *vice-versâ*, and Mr. Bartlett tells us what befell him on a memorable occasion:—

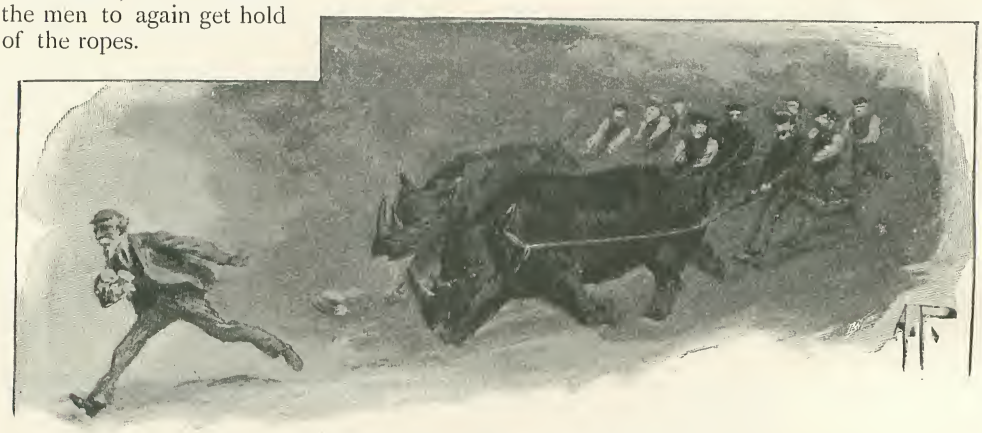
"Having resolved to remove, for the winter months, the two young rhinoceroses to the house next to that of the elands, I arranged the night before with the keepers to muster at six o'clock the following morning.

"At the appointed time all was ready. One of the animals had a strong leather collar on, the other a collar made of strong, thick, soft rope; to these collars stout ropes were tied, one on each side of the animal. The men were divided so as to take charge of the ropes attached to the collars, there being about twelve men to each animal, and one or two others to assist in leading or attending to other matters, such as opening or closing gates, keeping the way clear, etc. One keeper was to lead off with a bundle of new hay on his back, for it was hoped that the brutes being hungry would, perhaps, follow him at once.

"When the ropes were made fast, the men arranged, and the gates opened, the animals came out at an easy trot; seeing the crowd of men, however, they suddenly turned round and plunged about. This caused a great commotion, at the same time some of the ropes getting slack became entangled among their legs. Knowing the danger of their being irritated and annoyed I ordered the ropes to be dropped in order that they should be disengaged; then, to

keep the animals quiet, I took a loaf of bread which had been kept in readiness, and, going between them, broke off pieces of bread and fed them.

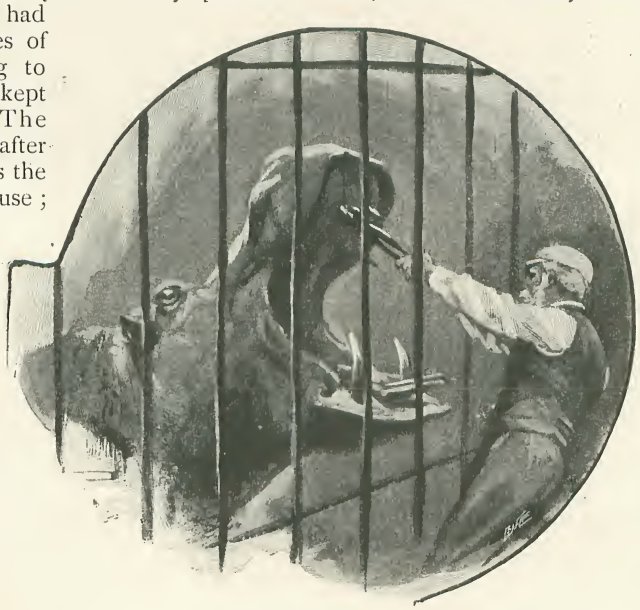
"Having attracted their attention by these means, they turned round to follow me for the bread; this enabled the men to again get hold of the ropes.



"DRAGGING BEHIND THEM ALL MY BRAVE ARMY."

"No sooner had we started, however, when I found their pace rapidly increasing from a walk to a trot, and from a trot to a gallop, myself taking the lead. Away we went full pelt; I was closely followed by my rough friends, dragging behind them all my brave army, whose weight, strength, and determined efforts did not appear to make the least difference to the speed of my pursuers. Fortunately I had directed the gates of the yard leading to the house to be kept wide open. The animals bolted after me, in and across the yard, into the house; I threw the remaining portions of the loaf on the floor and scrambled over the rails out of the way of danger; they followed close at my heels, then came to a sudden stop inside the house, and all was well."

Mr. Bartlett may justly claim to have carried out the most arduous dental operation on record. The male hippopotamus, "Obaysch," had been suffering from a fractured tooth, and, fearing the resulting consequences might be serious, he had a strong oak fence fixed between the animal's pond and the iron railings. The dental operation was successfully accomplished, but not without a fearful struggle. Mr. Bartlett prepared a powerful pair of forceps, more than 2ft. long; with these he grasped the patient's fractured incisor, thinking that, with a firm and determined twist, he would gain possession of the coveted piece of ivory. This, however, was not so easily done, for the brute, astonished at his impudence, rushed back, tearing the instrument from his hands, and, looking as wild as a hippopotamus can look, charging just as the operator had recovered the improvised forceps. Undaunted, however, Mr. Bartlett made another attempt, and this time held on long enough to cause the loose tooth to



A DENTAL OPERATION.

shift its position, but was again obliged to relinquish his hold. He had no occasion to say, "Open your mouth, please," for the brute did this to the fullest extent. Under such auspicious circumstances the operator had no difficulty in again seizing the coveted morsel, and this time drew it forth, with a sharp pull and a powerful twist. One of the most remarkable circumstances appeared to be the enormous force of the air when blown from the dilated nostrils of the great beast whilst enraged. The patient's furious charges against the iron-barred gateway were sufficient to loosen the brickwork by which the gate was held; had the gate fallen at that moment the courageous dentist *pro tem.* would have been crushed beneath it.

Bears are proverbially treacherous, and have ever been a source of much interest at the Zoo, and we have an instance of the escape of a Polar bear during the time Mr. A. Miller was Superintendent of the Zoological Society's Gardens.

The large Polar bear inmate at the time managed to escape from his den. He was discovered, a little before six o'clock one morning, seated among the shrubs in the Gardens. An alarm was immediately raised, and all the keepers were assembled armed with forks and sticks and anything else available. The head keeper, James Hunt (with that care that becomes a thoughtful husband and father), made the best of his way to the apartments where his wife and children slept at the back of the old, or circular, aviary. Telling his wife of the danger, he closed the shutters of the windows and locked the door, making sure of their being safe. He then proceeded to the scene of action.

Our white friend looked steadily at the pale faces, and, not appearing anxious to try his strength, he walked leisurely away from the crowd, who, like most other crowds, felt bound to follow. A strong cord being in readiness, and carried by Hunt, was thrown lasso-like and with good aim, the noose having caught over the animal's head. The brute at once made off, and quickly got over some palings; but here a struggle took place. The men held on bravely, and the cord fitted tighter round the neck of our Arctic traveller, who now put forth his tremendous power, so much so that, after several jerks and a determined pull, snap went the line close under the ear, leaving the noose fixed like a tight collar round the throat. With an angry growl and a scratch or two with his paws he managed to rid himself of the unpleasant bandage, then shaking himself and looking round on all sides, seemingly with a determination not to be caught in that way again, he trotted off at a brisker pace than before.

No sooner was an attempt made to follow him than he turned to face his foes, and satisfied most of them that a too close acquaintance was dangerous; at the same time it was clear that he had no particular wish to rush into mischief. As the men stood still in a body he merely looked at them, and, after a few seconds' consideration, walked leisurely away.

"HE MADE OFF AND GOT OVER SOME PALINGS."

It was then arranged to muster in front of him whenever he attempted to go in any direction leading out of the Gardens, or to any part of the Gardens in which he was likely to do damage.

If this plan succeeded the men could turn him without going near enough to be in any great danger. After two or three hours' hard work they managed to drive him into the passage at the end of the carnivora dens, on

the north side, and close to the den from which he had escaped. Here he was at once secured. Possibly no one suffered anything equal in comparison to the fright of the wife and children of the head keeper, who had been carefully locked in, and who were in the dark all this time. They naturally supposed that everybody must have been killed in the struggle.

The most dangerous inmates of the Zoo, however, are not always to be gauged by their size. The reptile-house is, perhaps, the weirdest place in these islands. Here are cobras, vipers, and rattlesnakes. The slightest negligence may mean the death of one or more of the keepers, and a tragic instance is told of how Keeper Girling met his death at the fangs of a cobra.

Girling at the time was keeper in the Zoological Society's reptile-house. From the testimony of his fellow-keeper, Girling had been out all night drinking, although when he returned to his duties in the morning his condition was not observed. Soon after he entered the room he terrified his assistant by taking from the cage the Indian cobra, holding it up, and telling his companion that he was inspired. He held the serpent before his face, when, with a lightning-like dart, the beast struck him with his poison-fangs across the nose and between the eyes, inflicting several punctured wounds. The terrified keeper instantly threw the snake into its cage, the blood meanwhile slowly running down his face.

Here is Mr. Bartlett's graphic version of the story: "About five minutes after this alarming incident I met Girling; he appeared alarmed, and exclaimed, 'I'm a dead man.' He walked backwards and forwards for a few seconds, then, apparently recovering himself, said, 'I'll not give up,' and, going to the sink, bathed his face with cold water. While this was going on I sent for a cab and also for a medical man. The cab arrived before the doctor, and I sent two keepers with him to the University Hospital; on arriving there it required all their assistance to get him from the cab into the hospital. Desperate remedies were tried to save his life, but I am sorry to add he died within an hour of his arrival."

It also comes within the duties of a Superintendent of the Zoo to keep a sharp look-out for any fresh specimens that may be bought at a fair price, and here is a startling instance of contempt of danger, arising from sheer ignorance.

Mr. Bartlett tells it thus:—

"One day a sailor came to the Gardens and asked for me. When I went to him he held in his hand a very old and ragged rice-bag. He said: 'I've got a fine stinging fellow here for you.'

"I asked what he meant, so he opened the bag and showed me one of the largest and fiercest-looking cobras I had ever seen. I felt somewhat alarmed lest the brute should attempt to escape, so I advised the sailor to remain quiet until I obtained, from an adjoining room, a large fish-globe, into which I told him to drop the serpent, bag and all, and then secured the top. I asked him how he became possessed of this dangerous creature.

"'Caught it among some timber,' said he, 'on board a ship at Blackwall, just home from India.'

"'And how did you get here with it in that old rag?'

"'Well,' said he, 'I took the train from Blackwall and the omnibus from Fenchurch Street, and he' (meaning the snake) 'was quite still all the way.'

"'What do you want for it?'

"'Ten shillings and my expenses,' which I paid. He asked me if I would take another if he caught it, as he had seen one larger than the one he had brought with him.

"I gave him some good advice, and told him the danger to which he had exposed himself and his fellow-passengers by train and omnibus. I explained to him the best method of catching and bringing the next snake he found, but I never saw any more of him, so I am inclined to suppose he failed to capture the second cobra.

"I may add that the one I bought was a fine, strong, and poisonous beast, and lived several years in captivity. No doubt my new acquisition had fed, while on board ship, upon the rats and mice it could easily find there."

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A STUDENT-HUNT IN ST. PETERSBURG.

The University students of St. Petersburg have been "on strike." As one sees them slowly walking along the Nevsky Prospect, wearing a peaked cap and a long military great coat faced with the colours of the various branches of study, they have but little in common with other European students. Once a year they cast aside their gloomy air, for they march along the "Nevsky," and sing the old student-song, "Gaudeamus Igitur." For some unknown reason the police forbade the observance of this custom. Nevertheless, the students marched as usual on February 20th, 1899, and were extremely quiet in their behaviour. Outside the University they were charged by a body of 1,000 police and mounted gendarmes, and the picture reproduced above is a photograph of a crayon drawing, which shows the way in which the students were cruelly lashed by the "nagaïke," or loaded reins, of the mounted troops. This crayon drawing from life has been reproduced in a small size, and is now being sold secretly in St. Petersburg for the benefit of those students who have been expelled in consequence of the subsequent disorders. It will be understood that for obvious reasons we are unable to give the name and address of our contributor.

AN AUTOMATIC MONEY-BOX.

The next photograph is of a money-box which was cut out of wood by hand. If a coin is placed in the bird's beak it will overbalance the bird, allowing the coin to drop from its beak into the mouth of the crocodile and, passing down its throat, to slide into the box below, around the sides of which the cat is chasing a mouse. This interesting contribution is sent us by Mr. George Pritchard, of 2, Stock Street, Salford, near Manchester.

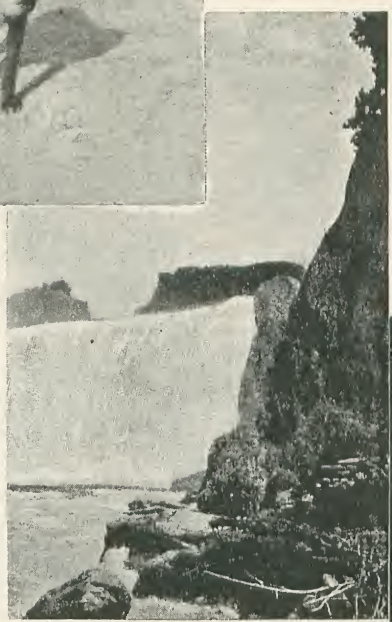
AN EXTRAORDINARY VEHICLE.

The vehicle in this picture is an ordinary rocking-chair, which was not strengthened in any way for the unusual use to which it was put, not even the rockers being shod. Mr. R. E. Gaskill, of Bridgeport, New Jersey, is the driver. He was clad in a linen dust-coat and a hat generally known as "grandfather's." A pair of rubber boots and a huge pair of fur gloves completed his incongruous attire. The umbrella, which was fastened to the back of the chair, was red, white, and blue, and had been part of his outfit for a Presidential campaign. The photograph is a snap-shot, taken while in motion. Mr. Gaskill drove about five miles in his novel sleigh without meeting with any accident. The fact that the rockers are farther apart in front than behind made his ride a dangerous one, and some neat balancing feats were necessary to prevent an upset when going over uneven snow. The horse had not been out for some time and was very frisky, Mr. Gaskill thus having to lean back quickly several times in order to escape the heels of the quadruped. The rocker-runners had worn about three-quarters of an inch during the trip, and the chair was nearly racked to pieces. It goes without saying that all who saw Mr. Gaskill stopped for a second look, and it is safe to assert that it will be some time before anyone conceives of a more extraordinary vehicle. The ride was not an advertisement, nor the result of a freak wager, but simply for the novelty of the thing. This interesting picture was sent by Mr. Alex. H. Craig, of Woodbury, N.J.

* Copyright, 1900, by George Newnes, Limited.

A DOG'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

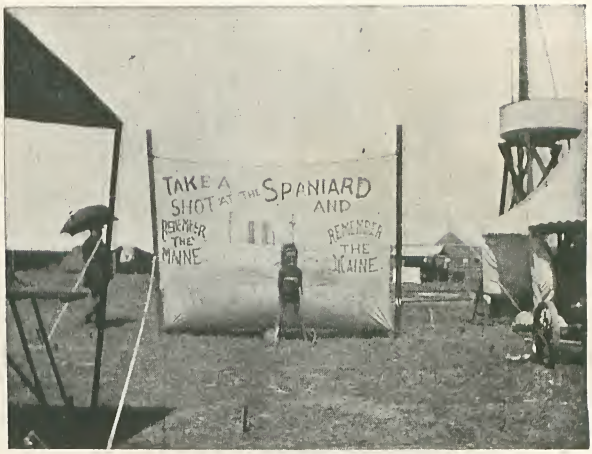
This is the portrait of a wonderful dog who went over Shoshone Falls, Idaho, last September, the only living thing that ever



went over and was not instantly killed. Snake River flows through a cavern, carved in solid igneous rock. Suddenly the traveller finds himself on the verge of a great canyon, into the abysmal depths of which dash the foaming waters of Shoshone Falls. The mighty torrent plunges in an unbroken fall of 220ft., which is 60ft. higher than Niagara Falls. The owner of the dog is the hotel proprietor at Shoshone. The dog bit a little child, and its owner threw it into Snake River above the Falls, poor doggie being carried over and landed on a rock in the river below. Its owner, finding it alive, was filled with contrition at his rash act, and hurried to the rescue. The only injuries sustained by the dog were a few scratches and the loss of all its toe-nails. The dog is now prized as a curiosity, and will live out the rest of its life in great ease. Mr. W. J. Reese, of Berlin, Dallas County, Ala., sends these photos. of the dog and the Falls in question, and vouches for the truth of the story.

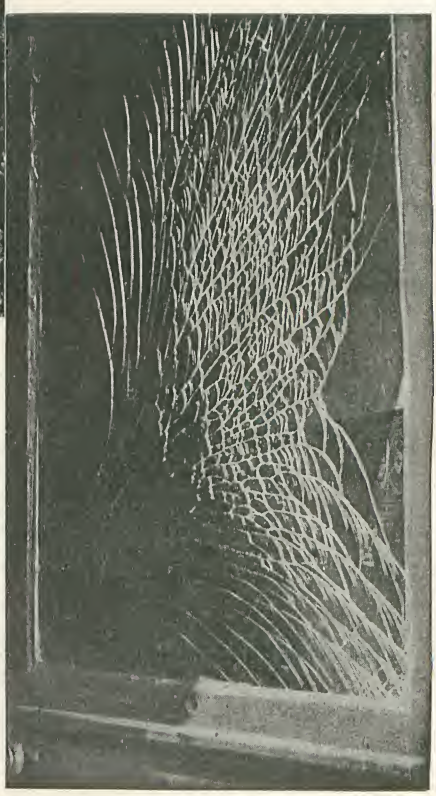
NOT A SPIDER'S WEB.

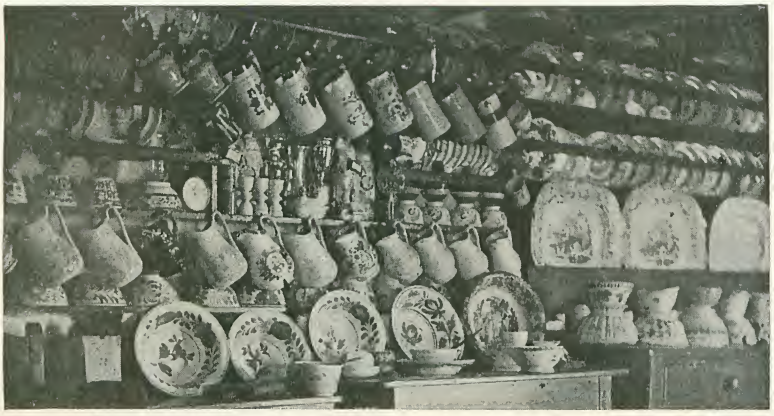
Mr. M. Atkinson, of 76, Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill, S.W., sends the next photo., with the following description: "This is a view of the glass in our garden-door after it had banged to, through a draught. The glazier who replaced it said he had put in hundreds of windows, but had never seen such a strange breakage, spreading, as it did, from a point all over the window (rather a large one) without a single particle of glass falling!"



A SPANISH AUNT SALLY.

During the Spanish-American War the feeling against Spain and Spaniards in general developed into various phases, some of which were grotesque. The idea shown in the above photo. was to give the visitor to the country fair a chance to show his hatred of everything Spanish, and at the same time demonstrate his expertness at throwing. The ammunition used were base-balls—three throws for five cents. This combination of patriotism and commercial industry is certainly unique. Photo. by Mr. W. R. Tilton, Prairie Depôt, Ohio.





AN EXTRAORDINARY CUSTOM.

This photograph does not represent the interior of a crockery shop, much as the display lends itself to the supposition. It is the photograph of the kitchen of a fisherwoman's house in a Kincardineshire village. The large assortment of dishes would lead one to think that the family dined pretty well, and that there were a great many mouths to fill, but when it is stated that the household consists of the fisherwoman and her son, and that their fare is scanty, or at least "naething by ordinar'," the question naturally arises —Whence this display? When it is mentioned further that the greater proportion of the dishes have never been in use, and are simply there as ornaments, one wonders further—Why this extravagance? The explanation is this: There seems to be a rivalry among the fisherwomen as to who will have the best display of crockery, and this particular rivalry is not confined to one particular village, but to most of the hamlets round the Kincardineshire and Aberdeenshire coasts. Some of the collections have been handed down from generation to generation, and though the lady who owns this one would be considered well in the running, there are other collections which would probably beat this one. Housewives can readily appreciate the remark of the owner that "they were an awfu' wark to keep clean." This photo. is sent by Mr. William Findlay, 89, Leslie Terrace, Aberdeen.

"THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

This photo., which is interesting from the point of view of comparison with modern battlefields, is one of a series of panoramic pictures of the plateau before Sebastopol, taken during the Crimean War by the late Mr. Roger Fenton. Hundreds of the old-fashioned cannon-balls that were used during the Crimean War are seen scattered over a hollow where Death has claimed many a brave man.

A PROLIFIC PIGEON.

The pigeon whose portrait we give in our next photo. is a record-beater, but not in the way of long distances. Her feats consist in laying more eggs than any other pigeon living. It is a well-known fact that mother pigeons as a rule lay only two eggs to hatch, but this peculiar bird always lays three or four eggs, though as soon as its young make their appearance in the world the naughty mother generally kills two out of four, or one out of three. The bird, which is a very big one, and has a nest twice as large as that generally allotted to ordinary pigeons, belongs to Mr. C. J. S. Thoday, of The Laurels, Willingham, Cambs. The photo. was taken by Mr. Bert Cole, Willingham.

THERE'S A SHEEP ON THE ROOF!

It was a house of four stories and 40ft. high, and the sheep, which was a big one, was standing on the ridge of the shed looking down upon the street below and upon the passers-by, who began to gather and gape with wonder at such an extraordinary spectacle. How did it get there? The spectators thought it would grow dizzy and come down in a hurry, for there was quite a gale blowing at the time, but it scampered about as surefooted as a goat. A visit to the back of the house made it plain how the animal had

reached the roof. While being driven past a broken wall at the back of the houses shown it broke away from its companions and lost its head, as single sheep usually do. It cleared the boundary wall with a jump and got on to a parting wall between the houses, running along which it reached the lowest edge of a roof with another jump of about 3ft., and from this roof it jumped up to another, and finally got across to a third, where it was satisfied to remain. It was there two hours. Finally the tenant of the house, with assistance, got some laths with which to poke at it and make a noise on the shed, and so the innocent intruder was induced to go back by the same dangerous path he had come. Mr. F. Forster, of 29, Lowther Street, Whitehaven, is responsible for this contribution.

A DOUBLE-FACED GENTLEMAN.

This double-faced gentleman, with a corkscrew neck, is not a monstrosity, but an everyday gentleman, an American photographer by the name of Peter Gold, of Cincinnati. His partner in business, Mr. Matt Levi, made the odd picture of Mr. Gold by a simple double exposure, cleverly joining the two negatives, however, so that they have the appearance of being only one. By covering one of the faces with a sheet of paper the picture becomes quite commonplace, especially if the cigar half is allowed to show, when the coat and necktie fit as they should.

A VEGETABLE CONTORTIONIST.

Here are two photos. of an extraordinary occurrence that befell a plant of dog's-mercury growing in Charterhouse Copse. A hazel nut had been attacked by a nuthatch and a clean round hole made in it at one end—the marks of the blows of the bird's beak being clearly visible in the actual specimen. The nut was dropped by the bird after the kernel had been removed and happened to fall to the ground with the hole downwards. Into this hole grew the tip of the

sprouting dog's-mercury, and finding itself in a blind alley the plant was compelled to describe a complete circle within the cavity of the nutshell and to emerge at the same hole as that by which it had entered. Having executed this gymnastic feat the plant seems to have got along quite happily, for all its upper leaves are quite normal, though one of its lower leaves had to twist itself uncomfortably to get out to the light of day. The plant lifted the nut several inches off the ground as it grew. The first photo. shows the plant and nut as they grew, the second the nut opened to show the curving stem. Mr. Oswald H. Latter, of Charterhouse, Godalming, sends this photo.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CYCLIST.

Though the pneumatic tyre is an invention of the present generation, it would seem at first sight of the accompanying photograph that the art of cycling was known and practised nearly as far back as three hundred years ago! Mr. J. D. Day, who sends this novel subject, says in his letter: "I inclose a photograph of a window in Stoke Poges Church, near Slough, popularly known as the 'Bicycle Window,' as the figure looks exactly as if it were coasting on a velocipede of ancient design. As, however, the window dates from the seventeenth century it cannot be meant for this. Its true meaning remains a subject for conjecture." Antiquarians, please note.

EVERYTHING MADE OF CORN.

This is a photo. of the Burlington Railway Company's exhibit at the Omaha Exposition, and it is said to be the finest exhibit ever shown by a railway corporation. Everything illustrated in the adjoining photograph is made of corn, corn-stalks, and silk. Even the pictures on the walls are made from grains of corn of various colours, blended and arranged to form the wonderful pictures. There are several amusing yarns about Kansas and its corn. It is said that in Kansas when you see a waggon on the road, looking as if it were loaded with corn-silk, it is only the old farmer's whiskers stacked up behind him. Most of the streets are paved, the grains of corn being used for cobblestones, while the cobs are hollowed out and used for sewer-pipes. The husk, when taken off whole and stood on end, makes a nice tent for the children to play in. A dozen grains furnish a supply of horse-feed for a livery stable. Moreover, it seems that if the soil were not soft and deep it would be impossible to harvest the corn, as it would grow to such a height. However, as it is, the ears get so heavy that their weight actually presses the stalk deep into the ground, thus bringing the ear near enough to be chopped off with an axe by a tall man. Photo. sent by Mr. W. R. Tilton, Prairie Depôt, Ohio.

A HALFPENNY A YARD LONG.

Mr. H. Morton, of School House, Bradfield College, Reading, has come across this interesting curiosity among a collection belonging to a friend of his. The picture represents an old halfpenny rolled out a yard in length. It is to be doubted whether the authorities at the Mint would feel inclined to take back the so-called coin as being "faulty," but perhaps the owner thereof will try his luck and let us know.

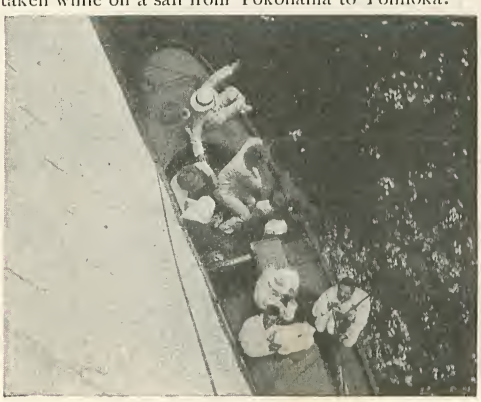
GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

"I send you a photo. which was taken just at the right time," says Mr. R. F. Jollye, of 20, Albert Road, Dover. "It was taken in Australia, and I hope you will think it worth a place in THE STRAND.

It represents a man who is being swung completely round in a swinging-boat. The boat is not constructed as ordinary swinging-boats usually are, as it will be seen that the occupant is not pulling himself over, but the three men below are doing it for him."

TAKEN FROM ALOFT.

Mr. O. M. Poole sends the next picture all the way from Yokohama, Japan, and he explains the circumstances under which it was taken as follows: "Herewith I send you a photograph, which, as it is a rather peculiar-looking thing, you might like to put in the 'Curiosities.' At first sight it looks like an inexplicable accident, but it is really a snap-shot, looking down on the deck of the yacht *Daimiyo*, taken while on a sail from Yokohama to Tomioka."



A STUDY IN COMPARISONS.

The Rev. Thomas Lander, of E. Thurrock Rectory, Grays, Essex, in sending the above photo., writes: "I inclose a photograph of a small penny loaf that has been in the possession of my family for a century. The harvest had been very bad, and in consequence the flour did not make good bread; this is indicated by the colour of the loaf, but cannot, of course, be fully expressed in the photograph. Thinking the picture might lead people to be thankful for the large loaf in this present year 1900, I have had a penny loaf of to-day bought at an ordinary baker's, and I have placed it by the side of the 1800 loaf, with the curious result shown." The photograph was taken by Mr. Alfred Russell, Grays.

AN ELECTRIC SPARK.

This is the portrait of a small but perfectly genuine electric flash, produced by a spark coil; the "sitting" occupied less than one ten-thousandth part of a second. But it is a good likeness, for all that. The delicacy of design is as beautiful as it is extraordinary. Mr. P. Mulholland, of 2, Madras Villas, Eltham, Kent, is the contributor.

ALL HANDS BRINGING THE STORES UP THE STEEP BEACH.

(*See page* 245.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xx. SEPTEMBER, 1900. No. 117.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. LXXII.—MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINK.

By William G. FitzGerald.

With Photographs Taken During the Expedition.

WHAT is it that takes a man to the Polar regions? I can only think of two reasons—firstly, the passion for overcoming obstacles; and secondly, the love of science. Both these characteristics are united in the person of Mr. C. Egeberg Borchgrevink, who has just returned from the great icy Victoria Land of the Antarctic Continent. Now, the love of adventure is understandable enough, and the records of Speke and Burton, of Stanley and Selous and Nansen, make fascinating reading. To the adventurers themselves, however, North Polar exploration is dreary enough work, while the South Pole is infinitely more unattractive, for there is not even the chance of a tussle with an offended bear. Beyond the stupendous ice cliffs that guard Victoria Land no living thing walks or creeps or flies.

MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINK, WHO HAS PENETRATED "FARTHEST SOUTH."
From a Photo. by W. Plank.

However, Mr. Borchgrevink wanted to break new ground in the strictest sense, and he has devoted himself to Antarctic exploration, at which, as the readers of The Strand Magazine are aware, he is no novice.*

The average person probably cares little for "the culminating point of terrestrial magnetism in the South," and feels quite surprised that Ross in order to fix its exact position should have gone down 2,500 miles into the unknown, below Australia. And yet it looks as if we might soon expect quite a South Polar boom, what with the German Government Expedition, the one organized by our own Geographical Society, and that of Belgium.

Mr. Borchgrevink's outfit was as perfect as science could make it; and at length, on August 22, 1898, the good ship *Southern Cross* slipped down the Thames with Mr. Borchgrevink and his expedition on board, and his seventy or eighty excellent Siberian dogs, which had been specially procured for him. The chief officers were Captain Jensen, Sub-Lieutenant Colbeck, R.N.R., Mr. Hugh Evans, Dr. Klovstad, M.A., M.D., Nicolai Hanson, Mr. A. Fougner, and Mr. Bernacchi, who was much more southern than even his name suggests, for he was born beneath the Southern Cross. The rest are introduced later. It may be mentioned that all the members, thirty-one in all, were picked by Mr Borchgrevink.

The voyage from Santa Cruz to Hobart took ninety-eight days, and they stayed about a fortnight at the Tasmanian capital, having such a good time that the terrible hardships they were called upon to endure later on must have appeared all the more severe by contrast.

* Refer to "Antarctic Exploration" in our issue for March, 1897, and to the "Southern Cross Antarctic Expedition," September, 1899

I wanted to know what the journey was like after leaving Hobart. "To the first land," remarked Mr. Borchgrevink, "is about 2,500 miles; and I should think it was twelve days after leaving Hobart that we met the first ice." After that progress was both slow and erratic, consisting of swift dashes here and there down lanes or channels of open water, the vessel frequently getting nipped with such irresistible force as to lift her right out of the water. This kind of thing called for incessant vigilance, and must have been most wearing for every member of the expedition, including the *Southern Cross* herself, she being on one occasion lifted 4ft. out of the water by a pressure that made her 11ft. of massive timber groan and shriek. "I spent many anxious yet interesting moments in the crow's nest," the leader told me, "as I watched the vessel rise and fall on the heaving seas, and dash with apparent recklessness among the grinding, roaring ice-blocks. Trembling and shaking she blundered on her way, the swell growing rapidly less as we edged successfully into the inner ice-pack." This crawling through the channels took thirty-eight days.

On the 14th January, 1899, high snow-clad land was seen at midnight standing sharply out in a weird haze of crimson and gold. This was Balleny Island. Then came bad weather, and much "screwing" of the pack, which was simply the grinding and clashing of the great ice masses under the influence of wind and currents.

Mr. Borchgrevink had evidently struck a bad place, and only got out of it into open water after a hard fight which lasted forty-eight days. There were storms of blinding sleet, and the decks and rigging became covered with thick ice; their hair froze into solid lumps and icicles hung on to their beards; clothes stiffened and clashed like coats of mail. But these details assumed their proper proportions when, on the 17th February, the *Southern Cross* entered Robertson Bay, where the rocks of Cape Adare jutted out dark and threatening into the icy wilderness. And it was here on a yellow beach at the foot of the rocks that it was intended to pitch the pioneer camp—surely a ghastly prospect. It was eleven o'clock at night when the *Southern Cross* dropped anchor in ten fathoms, and fired a salute of four guns mingled with the energetic cheers of thirty enthusiastic men. Arrangements were at once made for landing the stores, instruments, dogs, and outfit. "We lowered the boxes into small whale-boats and pulled them

CAPE ADARE AND THE FROZEN SEA—TWO DOGS IN THE FOREGROUND.

as near as we could to the shore. Then some of us had to wade up to the arm-pits into the icy breakers and carry the things ashore." The blizzard is the main product of the South Polar regions, so that you cannot even go outside your door without being fastened to a stout rope, lest you be whirled away like a wisp of hay. Through these gales Mr. Brochgrevink lost a good deal of time and his vessel two anchors; while to crown everything the grim mountain towering over them rained down showers of stones on to the decks.

On March 1st the Union Jack, presented by the Duke of York, was formally hoisted on Victoria Land, to the accompaniment of loud cheers from those on shore, and with a salute and dipping of the flag from those on board. In the accompanying photograph Mr. Borchgrevink is holding the line, while to the right is the scientific staff of the expedition. Next day the *Southern Cross* left the party at their pioneer settlement at Cape Adare, which had by now been christened Camp Ridley.

HOISTING THE DUKE OF YORK'S UNION JACK ON VICTORIA LAND FOR THE FIRST TIME.

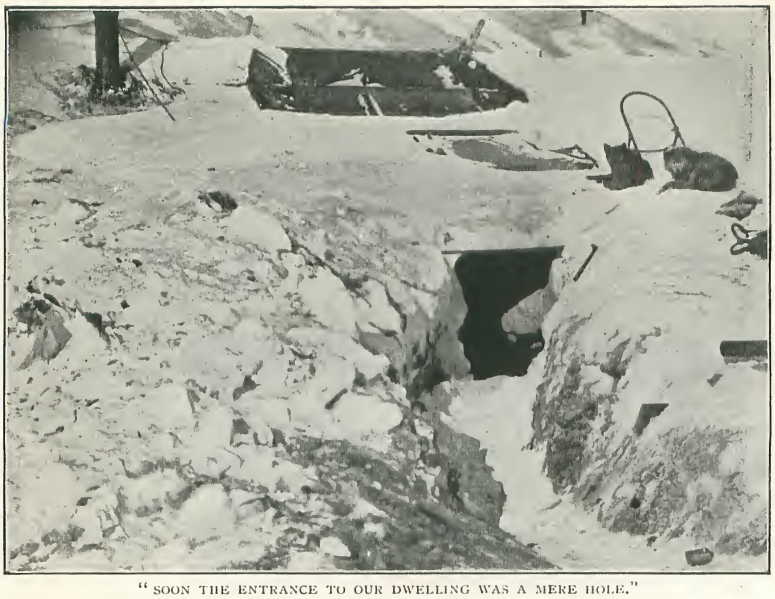
"We were then cut off from all the world," said Mr. Borchgrevink, pathetically, "thousands of miles south of Australasia; and all ten of us fully realized our isolation as the good ship steamed steadily away towards New Zealand. What would happen in the coming year? We knew little of the conditions of life in this weird and forbidding land, and then, in the event of the *Southern Cross* being crushed how long should we remain alive?"

At this stage it may be well to introduce the members of the expedition who were landed on South Victoria Land: Mr. Borchgrevink, F.R.G.S., Lieutenant W. Colbeck, R.N.R., magnetic observer; Nicholai Hanson, zoological taxidermist; Louis Bernacchi, magnetic observer, astronomer and photographer; Dr. Klovstad, M.A., M.D.; Hugh Evans, assistant zoologist; Anton Fougner, general factotum; Colbein Ellefsen, cook; and the Finns: Pear Savio and Ole Must. These last attended to the dogs and their harness, and were altogether excellent fellows —"never idle, but always devising something for the general comfort. For example, Savio himself made forty or fifty pairs of Finn boots, and so saved our feet from frost-bite."

Soon came the trying task of bringing the stores—provisions, coal, timber, etc.—some 300yds. up from the beach to the camping-place. As you may see in the frontispiece, no one stood on his dignity, and all hands helped.

"It was heavy work hauling tons of coal up the very steep, shingly slope. We burned seal blubber and the skins of penguins, but could hardly have done without more substantial fuel. On the 13th of March, Sir George Newnes's birthday, most of the provisions were brought up to the house, and we celebrated the double event by demonstrating with the flag. The temperature began to fall rapidly, and the penguins and Skua gulls began to desert us.

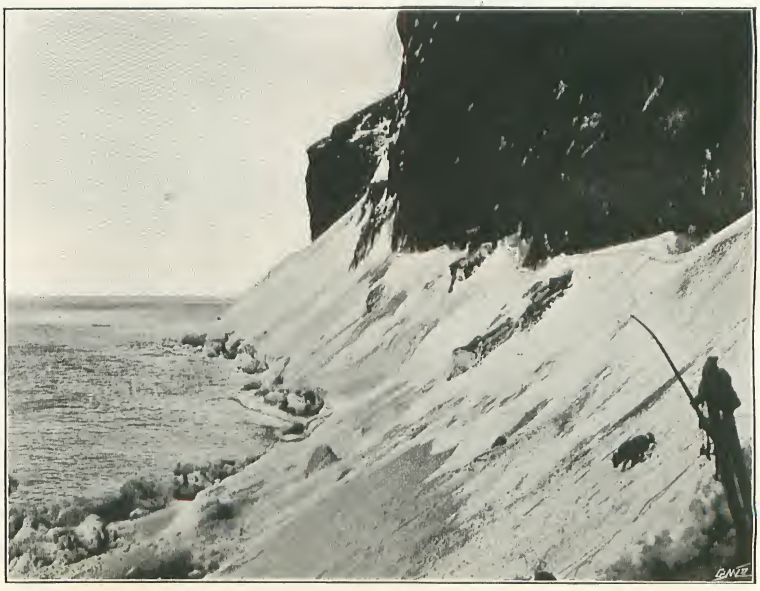
"Fougner, Colbeck, and I had many anxious hours fighting the fierce winds, so as not to be blown over the cliffs with all our outfit. The fierce squalls drifted the snow until we were almost buried. One of our boats was lifted up bodily from the beach and smashed against the rocks by a gust



"SOON THE ENTRANCE TO OUR DWELLING WAS A MERE HOLE."

raging at eighty-seven miles an hour. What little leisure we had was spent in shooting at targets, but even this sport we had to give up for a curious reason. After the first few shots the intensely cold air surrounding the hot barrel produced a remarkable mirage, and so rendered the sight of the weapon practically useless. The dogs were completely buried in the snow, and soon the entrance to our dwelling was a mere hole, seen in the accompanying photograph. The storms splintered the ice in the bay, and hurled masses of ice, snow, and water up against the beach. Against this bombardment we were obliged to fortify the east side of our hut by means of a sloping roof of stout canvas and seal-skins weighted down by several bags of coal. On the 22nd April I resolved upon my first expedition into Robertson Bay, which was then covered with 'young' ice 2½ft. thick. Fougner, Bernacchi, Savio, the Finn, and I took provisions for twenty days with one small canvas-boat and twenty dogs.

"The ice binding the floes together was rather thin, so we had to proceed with great caution, and at last I decided to camp on a small beach at the foot of the perpendicular wall of Victoria Land. This sloping beach is not 30yds. at the widest part, and only some 4ft. above water. From the precipitous wall of the Antarctic Continent a kind of gravel rush had taken place, and formed a steep slope rising to a height of about 30ft." The exact situation is shown in the photograph here reproduced. "Above us rose a sheer wall about 500ft. high and in places overhanging the beach. Soon after we landed a gale arose, and we pitched the silk tent. We were in serious peril when the ice began to break up, and



ON THE STEEP SLOPE TO THE RIGHT MR. BORCHGREVINK AND HIS COMPANIONS HAD A NARROW ESCAPE OWING TO THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE.

had just time enough to save our provisions by carrying them to the top of the gravel slope, where drift snow and ice had formed a kind of gallery about 6ft. broad, immediately on to the mountain wall. Outside the gallery the drift snow had formed a kind of fence, and so in the 6ft. groove between this fence and the wall we pitched our tent. Suffering intensely with the extreme cold, we hauled up our provisions and travelling gear by means of ropes, whilst huge breakers washed over the beach and sent the drenching, icy spray all over us. This froze at once, and we were soon covered with a sheet of ice. When a calm came I sent Fougner and Savio in the collapsible boat towards Camp Ridley, but they met with heavy drifting ice, and for two days we remained in ignorance of their fate. At last, however, both men appeared on a steep ice swell descending from the precipice above us, and cutting steps with an axe as they slowly approached. I saw they were in a pretty bad way. They said they had discovered (or thought they had) the only possible place where an ascent might be made to the ridge of Victoria Land, some 5,000ft. above us. The first 500ft., however, would be terribly risky. At all events, after a good feed of seal beef we began the ascent. Some of our poor sledge dogs howled lamentably as they saw us rising higher and higher. Four of them had already been hurled to destruction by losing their foothold, and now another was precipitated 200ft. Step by step we climbed 400ft. with infinite labour, and continued to climb all night. By the ridge, however, we were enabled to proceed to Camp Ridley, having spent seven days away from the camp."

It may be assumed that no human being can live on the resources of this forbidding country. A few curious fish were caught, and there were many seals on the ice. "Raw seal, by the way, was a pretty frequent dish. Talking about food, I ought to tell you that the dogs were often obliged to kill and devour one of their number. And here is a remarkable thing. They would, as it were, elect by common consent the one to be killed—and that one was by no means the feeblest and weakest of the pack. The poor doomed brute would avoid his fellows as long as he could, and go off by himself. But it was all to no purpose, and sooner or later they would fall upon him with one accord and rend him in pieces."

In Mr. Borchgrevink's diary you will meet the words "tremendous gale" in every second line. The pages of that interesting journal appear to be strewn as it were with whirling sledges, boxes, and stones, which literally flew about before the terrific hurricanes. Showers of pebbles descended on the camp at night, so that the party were glad their hut was only accessible through a tunnel in the snow. Here is one entry:—

"The man who has to read the meteorological observations 200yds. away approaches the thermometer box with a rope around his waist."

About the middle of May the age-long Antarctic night began to set in. "It causes a depressing feeling, as though one were looking at one's self growing old. Chess, cards, and draughts are the most popular recreations." The accompanying photo. shows Mr. Borchgrevink playing his favourite game with the doctor at Camp Ridley. The

CHESS RELIEVED THE TERRIBLE TEDIUM OF THE AGE-LONG ANTARCTIC NIGHT.

surprisingly elaborate lamp on the left was taken from the ship. "Chess," remarked the leader of the expedition, "calls for considerable concentration of mind, and so it served to take our minds off our dreary surroundings."

The writer has met many explorers, and well realizes the inevitableness of wrangles and quarrels when a number of highly-trained and intelligent men are thrown into forced companionship in a remote part of the world for long periods. "I am happy to say that we *did* quarrel," said Mr. Borchgrevink, "or else we should not have been human. But no 'breeze' lasted nearly so long as a gale, and we came back even better friends—respecting and understanding one another better—than when we went out."

Here, however, is a significant entry in the diary: "We are getting sick of one another's company. We know each line of one another's faces. We seem to have nothing fresh to talk about, and when one of us opens his mouth the others know exactly what he is going to say!"

"It was the two months' night which we found so trying. We slept as long as we could, and worked out our observations by lamp-light. Of course we read a great deal from our splendid library, and whenever we could we had sledge and dog races. No indoor work or amusement, however, could make us forget the appalling thunder of the grinding and screwing ice, as the huge blocks, many tons in weight, crashed against and climbed upon one another, rising and falling and splintering with fearful crashes. And yet I doubt whether this fearful uproar was more trying than the killing silence and solitude of those vast frozen wastes, over which the beautiful aurora whirled in mighty curtains and brilliant streamers of dazzling light.

"It may give you some idea of the strength of the stone-laden wind-gusts when I tell you that Mr. Evans nearly lost his life through going a few yards outside the door and incautiously letting go of the guiding-rope.

"We searched for him three whole hours during that terrible night in blinding snow-drifts and great cold, and at last Mr. Fougner and the Finn Must found him, in an exhausted condition. Afterwards several of us tried to reach the thermometer screen by way of the guiding-rope, but each had to be hauled back exhausted. The wind blew like a tornado, roaring and tearing at the house and bombarding us with dangerous showers of large stones."

MR. BORCHGREVINK AND HIS FAVOURITE DOG—"THE FINEST OF THE WHOLE PACK."

On June 30th one of the sledge-dogs returned after a mysterious journey on his own account lasting two months. He had drifted away out to sea on a piece of ice during a gale, and had returned over the frozen surf. He was able to look after himself, however, and Mr. Borchgrevink noted the remarkable

fact that he was quite fat on his return to camp! Clearly, he had called upon the dignified penguins for sustenance during his solitary expedition.

The photo. on the preceding page shows the leader of the expedition himself with his favourite sledge-dog, Sembla, who was quite a remarkable creature—the finest of the whole pack, in fact. "We had ten or twelve dogs in each sledge, but even two or three of them can do a great deal of work. And the loads were no joke, for one sledge might contain provisions for three or four months. These dogs eat very little themselves, and will pull until they drop from exhaustion. Some of ours had been with Peary, and some of the best of the pack are coming home to England."

PITCHING CAMP AFTER A TRYING DAY'S MARCH.

It was on the 21st of July that Mr. Borchgrevink left Camp Ridley on an important expedition, having with him Mr. Fougner and both the Finns, while thirty dogs pulled the sledges. "We fought our way towards the Cape amid heavy and hummocky 'screwing.' We reached a field of heavily-screwed ice, where pointed blue masses reared on end with deep cracks between. The travelling was terrible, the ice edges being as sharp as knives and cutting the slides of our sledges until fringes of torn wood began to protrude from beneath. We lay down in our furs and slept for an hour or so, the weird moon glaring at us from on high like a huge lamp. Enormous bergs were floating about in the pack — brilliant blue monarchs quite independent of their surroundings. We were now about two miles from the perpendicular basalt cliffs of Victoria Land, where they rise 5,000ft. towards the open sea. All metals stuck persistently to our fingers. The track grew worse and worse, and we pulled and lifted, shoved and shouted to our willing dogs, until our four sledges rubbed along over the rough surface. At length we decided to return. Towards evening we pitched one of our silk tents in a snow-drift—as usual in a square formed by the four sledges." (The pitching of these tents after a long day's march is shown in the photo. here reproduced.)

The hunting powers of the two Finns were of the greatest possible use. Just when the dogs were wanting a good feed and Mr. Borchgrevink was asleep in his bag, the two excellent fellows were seen approaching, driving a live seal before them—"just as peasants at home drive their cattle to market." Curious as it may sound, that seal provided the dogs with plenty of food and the men with a large fire. When the journey northwards was resumed the going was found to be worse than ever, and two sledges had to keep close to one another to enable them to benefit by one another's tracks. Another sledge journey was undertaken later on with the idea of attempting to reach the coast land to the west of Robertson Bay. Camp was pitched at the foot of an iceberg, and Mr. Borchgrevink pitched his own tent in a worn cave in the berg itself. At midnight they came across a seal, which they killed and fed to the dogs, afterwards lighting the skin and blubber, which continued to shine weirdly like a lighthouse in the dark Antarctic night as the party drew away from the spot. The dogs were now suffering severely, and were frequently frozen fast to the ice. Some of them ate the straps of their harness,

hoping to free themselves, but remained stuck fast.

An island was discovered to the south and the western side of it reached before dark. This island was christened Duke of York Island, and the accompanying photo. shows the silk tent pitched at Mid-Winter Camp. This island is about four miles across at its widest point; there is plenty of iron and tin there, and traces of silver. "I took possession of it officially for Sir George Newnes, under the protection of that Union Jack which H.R.H. the Duke of York had presented to the expedition.

THE SILK TENT ON DUKE OF YORK ISLAND, WHICH WAS DISCOVERED BY MR. BORCHGREVINK.

"Taking with me the Finn Must to investigate the coast-line, I left Savio in camp to construct a Finn tent out of seal-skins, provision bags, etc., which he proposed to stretch over our sledges stuck up on end, so that with a seal blubber fire we might be comparatively comfortable." Poor Ole Must, by the way, suffered severely from the cold, and if his master had not administered stimulants to him pretty freely he would have died.

"At night we dug ourselves down in the snow, finding this warmer than the tent. Our sledge slides being worn by the rough going we were obliged to use our reserve hickory ski."

"It seems almost impossible," writes Mr. Borchgrevink again, "to explore this country, owing to the conditions prevailing. In the vicinity of Robertson Bay, for example, altitudes of 12,000ft. made the journey into the interior absolutely impossible. Then, again, stupendous glaciers precipitated themselves into the sea, streaked and crossed by innumerable crevasses, rendering an expedition arduous and perilous in the extreme. And there were gales—nothing but gales.

"Bernacchi and Ellefsen had a terrible experience when bringing up supplies of food. Overtaken by a severe squall in the ice-pack they camped at the foot of a berg, the wind being so strong that they were unable to creep against it on all fours. Although the ice was 4ft. or 5ft. thick they expected to see a break-up every moment. And so, choked and nearly killed by the tornado, they climbed the ice precipice and camped in a cavity until morning.

"On one of our journeys on the glaciers of Victoria Land, near Duke of York Island, the Finn Savio nearly lost his life, having carelessly ventured alone on the glacier without a guiding rope. He suddenly felt the snow give way under him and he fell headlong into a crevasse, turning round three times before he finally struck head downwards 60ft. below, a faithful dog that had followed him howling for help at the edge above. For hours Savio remained in despair in this awful position. At length he managed to turn himself right side up. The ice wall, however, curved above his head and shut out the edge from which he had fallen. How he managed to save himself is most interesting. He found in his pocket a strong penknife, and with this he began carefully and slowly to carve small supports for his feet. Then, pushing his back against the opposite ice wall, he gradually worked his way up the chimney. The varying widths and slippery surfaces presented extraordinary difficulties, but Savio at length arrived at the top, speechless and exhausted. I invested the crevasse myself and saw with my own eyes the steps cut with the penknife."

About this time Mr. Borchgrevink was becoming very anxious concerning the condition of the zoologist Nicholai Hanson. For one thing, the poor fellow lost all feeling

in his legs and was hardly able to walk, although the doctor applied the electric battery to his limbs. The leader of the expedition had, indeed, a number of anxieties just at this time. He nearly lost his own life by falling into a glacier, and only managed to save himself by throwing his alpenstock quickly across the mouth of the treacherous abyss. Then, again, the little hut was often completely buried in the snow, started by the terrific gusts of wind, and holes had to be dug to let the snow out. "Rheumatism and neuralgia were not unknown. Poor Hanson grew worse almost every day—took little nourishment, and was very low-spirited. On the 8th of October his condition was so bad that the doctor sat up with him night and day. He drew his breath with great difficulty, and at two in the morning, on the 14th of October, Dr. Klovstad called me in my sleeping-bag and told me that Mr. Hanson had not long to live. He further said that he had broken the news to the dying man, and that he had expressed a wish to say good-bye to us all. I went in and found him very quiet and without pain. Calmly he bade me his last farewell, and confided me his last wishes. He told me he wanted to be buried at the foot of a big boulder, about 1,000ft. up on Cape Adare.

"The whole staff came in one by one and said good-bye; then blessed him and left the room. Half an hour before the end came the first penguin came back, and the dying man asked to see it. He was delighted to examine the bird. He felt sorry he was going, because of his work. He passed away at three in the afternoon. On the 20th we buried him, placing the coffin on a large sledge, and covering it with the Union Jack.

"We pulled the sledge across the peninsula with ropes and then dragged it to the top. At the grave I read a brief funeral service, and then we left the sad spot."

The next photo. reproduced shows, among others, poor Nicholai Hanson, taken for the last time. This was in the winter season, outside the hut at Camp Ridley. On the extreme left is one of the Finns, Ole Must. Evans is on the roof, Hanson immediately in the foreground near the door, and behind him is the cook. Mr. Fougner and Lieutenant Colbeck are together, and behind stands the Finn Savio and the doctor.

OUTSIDE THE HUT. IN THE FOREGROUND NEAR THE DOOR IS POOR HANSON—THE LAST PHOTO. OF HIM TAKEN.

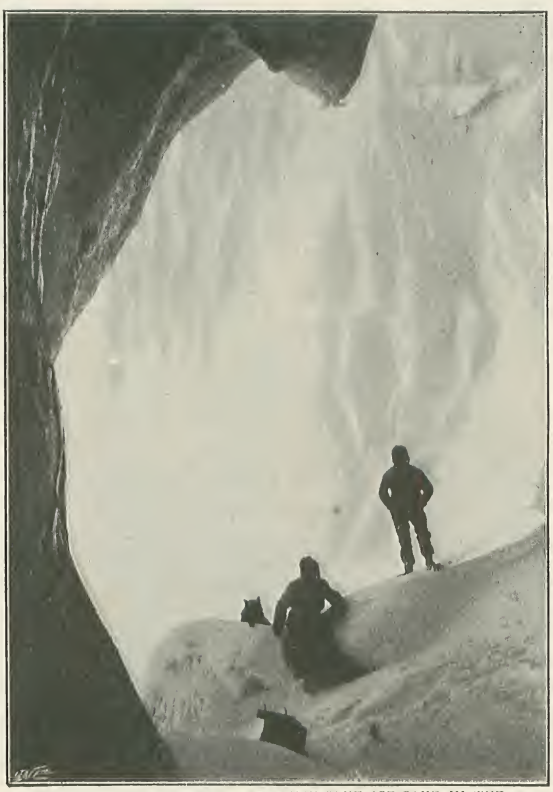
"Penguins began to arrive in great numbers after the middle of October, and we looked forward eagerly to the time when we might expect some eggs. Towards the end of October the ice-pack began to slacken, and I placed oak water-tight casks with short

IN A CAVE IN THIS ENORMOUS AND TYPICAL ANTARCTIC ICEBERG THE PARTY LEFT A RECORD IN AN OAK BARREL.

reports of our proceedings both in the hollows of the bergs and in the floes. Here is a typical Antarctic iceberg, which differs from the North Polar ones in having a curious flat, smooth top like an artificial fortification instead of the jagged pinnacles and towers of the bergs of northern seas. This berg was about 250ft. high. The next photo. shows a cave in this same berg, and here we camped and left one of the records I have just mentioned, which ran as follows :—

"'Cape Adare,
Victoria Land,
"'Nov. 1st, 1899.

"'This is placed in the cave of an iceberg situated about two English miles west of Cape Adare. The British Expedition under my command has been successful in its object, but has lost one of its members, the zoologist, Mr. Nicholai Hanson, who died on the 14th of October. Anybody who should find this is kindly requested to forward it to the Royal Geographical Society of London, stating longitude and latitude where it was found, also conditions under which it was found, whether any icebergs were in sight, what wind and current prevailed at the time, and finally the finder's name and address.—(Signed) C. E. BORCHGREVINK.' I also inclosed a photograph of the berg itself.



INTERIOR OF THE HUGE GREENISH-BLUE ICE-CAVE IN THE BERG IN WHICH THE PARTY CAMPED.

"The cave where we left this record was about 100yds. deep, and was of a beautiful greenish-blue ice

GENERAL SURVEY OF THE PENGUIN COLONY—"THEY WOULD HUSTLE AND PUSH ONE EXACTLY LIKE A HUMAN CROWD.

with gorgeous ice-stalacties hanging from the roof. We lit up one of these caves with magnesium, and the effect was indescribably grand.

"On the 3rd of November we got our first penguin eggs, and I at once ordered my staff to commence collecting eggs to put down in salt in case the *Southern Cross* should not return, and we should be left longer than we had anticipated.

"Now a few words about these remarkable birds. You have to become used to penguin flesh—we called it 'ptarmigan,' and boiled it first and roasted it afterwards. I quite got to like it in the end; the eggs, too, were very good. Here is a photo. of the penguin colony—quite one of the most remarkable sights I have ever witnessed. They had absolutely no fear of man, and it was the queerest experience imaginable to walk among these crowds of upstanding birds, who would hustle and push one exactly like a human crowd. More than that, when they saw us they would turn to one another in astonishment, put their beaks together, and apparently make remarks about the human intruders! They were so tame that we used to tie them up as prisoners, study them from a natural history point of view, and then eat them and burn their skins as fuel." Some of these remarkable prisoners are shown in the photo. next reproduced. "It was very comic to see these fellows apparently communing together and discussing their melancholy prospects. Some of these penguins,

PRISONER PENGUINS—"APPARENTLY COMMUNING TOGETHER AND DISCUSSING THEIR MELANCHOLY PROSPECTS."

by the way, were about 4ft. high. Their nests are composed of pebbles; and so far as I could see their food appears to consist mainly of the same indigestible commodity. At all events, I cut open nearly every penguin we killed, and found quantities of pebbles in all of them.

"At one time the entire peninsula was literally covered with these birds, and a constant stream of new arrivals could be seen far out on the ice like an endless black snake winding in between the ice-floes. In half an hour the two Finns collected 435 eggs."

Gales—always gales; one blew at the rate of over 108 miles an hour. Mr. Borchgrevink says that no one ought to start on a sledge journey in these latitudes without allowing for 20 per cent. of checking gales. And you must take practically every ounce of food with you. There are no Arctic fauna here, such as bears, foxes, musk oxen, and reindeer. The Antarctic explorer depends entirely upon the food he carries on his sledges. "In my opinion," Mr. Borchgrevink remarked, "successful exploration within the Antarctic circle will always be local—I mean confined to one locality. For if too big a field of operations be attempted failure must result. Also, there ought to be close co-operation between expeditions on land and at sea; between vessels and sledges."

On the 15th of November 4,000 eggs were laid down in salt, by way of a prudent reserve. The young penguins, by the way, had a terrible enemy in the Skua gull—an unpleasant creature, who awaited the hour when the first little penguins would appear and then deliver a determined attack. Indeed, so bold were these birds that on several occasions they attacked the dogs and even the members of the expedition, swooping down from a great height straight on to the men's heads, and then striking with their wings, afterwards rising again to renew the attack.

On November 22nd a large sheet of open water was found near the Cape, and hundreds of penguins were jumping about busily. The accompanying photo. shows this sheet of water being navigated in kayaks. There was a strong six-knot current.

"Would the *Southern Cross*, we wondered, be able to reach us? At any rate, we began to economize food, and laid in additional stocks of seal beef and penguins' eggs." As the strange Antarctic summer came on the drift snow became troublesome, and also the dust from the guano-beds. What a place for a party of civilized men to spend a twelve-month! So dreary and desolate and lifeless is this strange region that the discovery of a few insects by the doctor caused tremendous excitement.

"A LARGE SHEET OF OPEN WATER WAS FOUND NEAR THE CAPE."

The next photo. illustrates the difficulty of ice-travel—conveying stores, tents, etc., across a channel of open water.

At the Murray Glacier Camp, by the way, a curious adventure was experienced. "Early one morning Savio and I were aroused by a great noise on the mountain above us. We crawled towards the opening of the tent, dragging with us our sleeping-bags, which stuck to us persistently. A huge piece of rock as big as our tent was tearing down with fearful velocity in a bee-line for our camp. It had got on to its edge and was rolling like

ILLUSTRATING THE TEDIUM OF ICE TRAVEL—TRANSPORTING DOGS, SLEDGES, AND PROVISIONS ACROSS AN OPEN CHANNEL.

a wheel. Finally the monster took a westerly course and landed in a bed of snow 20ft. away from us.

"Christmas Eve was celebrated by speeches, toddy, extra rations, and an intense longing for home. On Christmas Day itself we had tinned plum-pudding; and Mr. Evans deserted his scientific occupations for the making of cakes. We were constantly worrying about the *Southern Cross*, and had to devote ourselves to all kinds of indoor labour in order to take our minds off this subject."

The next photo. reproduced shows the interior of the hut at Camp Ridley, with Mr. Fougner examining marine fauna on the left and Mr. Evans packing eggs. Lieutenant Colbeck is on the right repairing a sledge.

"Soon the ice broke up in Robertson Bay, and it was interesting to see the great number of monstrous icebergs sailing straight in against a heavy gale and running aground. On the 27th of January I took with me Savio and two kayaks, with provisions for a week, to investigate a track which I had found in the snow, and which had undoubtedly been left by one of the dogs of the departing *Southern Cross*, and not by one of our own pack. When we could follow the track no longer up the steep glacier slopes we camped on the very beach where Mr. Fougner and myself had nearly lost our lives. On this

WHILE WAITING ANXIOUSLY FOR THE RETURN OF THE "SOUTHERN CROSS," HARD WORK WAS TRIED IN ORDER TO DIVERT THEIR THOUGHTS.

A LOADED SLEDGE ON THE WAY FARTHEST SOUTH.

occasion, too, we were fated to run a great risk. We had just finished a meal, and I had crawled into my kayak to have a sleep—the little boat being pulled up on the slope under the cliff—when suddenly an avalanche of stones and snow rushed down, nearly burying my kayak, while some of the stones fell in all directions about me, missing me in the most providential manner.

"On the 28th of January the *Southern Cross* returned, and Captain Jensen entered Camp Ridley with a mail from Europe. Rushing out we saw the ice-covered masts and yards of the vessel.

"We were simply starving for news from the great world beyond. For the first time we heard about the Transvaal War and the wonderful discoveries in wireless telegraphy.

"Then came preparations for the southward journey. Dogs, sledges, stores, etc., were put on board, and after a visit to poor Hanson's grave we all followed. On the evening of the 2nd of March we steamed away from Camp Ridley, and once more I had the entire expedition of thirty souls under my command. We constantly landed to make observations, and the next photo. shows a loaded sledge on one of these occasions on its way 'farthest south,' about twenty miles west of Cape Washington. Here was a fine camping-ground of about a hundred acres, not far from where volcanic Mount Melbourne rises about 10,000ft.

"On the 10th of March we sighted Mounts Erebus and Terror, the former being in activity. I landed at the foot of Mount Terror with Colbeck, Jensen, and two sailors. It was a very low gravel beach, formed by a 'rush' from the cliff 500ft. above. This beach was about 10ft. broad, and the highest point only about 4ft. above sea level. We collected some specimens, and gave cheers for Ross, the Duke of York, and Sir George Newnes. Suddenly a thunderous noise was heard overhead. Immediately both Jensen and myself realized that the glacier lying immediately to the west of our little beach was giving birth to an iceberg. With a perfectly deafening roar a vast body of ice plunged into the sea, and a white cloud of snow and water enveloped everything.

"I foresaw what would follow. A raging, rushing, tidal wave shot up like a wall out of the sea with the plunge of the great ice-mass, and the wave seemed to grow as it raced towards our little ledge, which is so admirably depicted in the next photo. When the wave struck us it was from 15ft. to 20ft. high. I

AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT TERROR. IT WAS AT THIS SPOT THAT THE GREAT WAVE NEARLY DESTROYED MR. BORCHGREVINK AND CAPTAIN JENSEN.

called to Jensen to struggle for life. The wave struck me first. Masses of ice were hurled against my back, but I clung desperately to the rock until my fingers bled. I had just time to call out again to Jensen when the icy waters closed above my head. When it passed Jensen was still at my side, thank God! Successive waves were several feet lower, only up to our armpits, in fact; but the backward suck of the water as it was hurled back from the cliffs tried us almost beyond our strength. Were it not for the projecting ice-shelf, which appeared to break the wave in its advance quite close to us, we must have been smashed against the rocks. About ten yards farther on, where there was no protecting ice-ledge, the wave could get several miles inland, so I consider Newnes Land a likely place for other expeditions to winter in, and a good place for making observations.

"Towards the south-east Mount Terror runs into the sea, and here we found a large penguin colony. From the crater of Erebus clouds of smoke shot out spasmodically into the frosty air. The cold was intense, and the ship became covered with several feet of ice. In the intervals between the snow-squalls enormous icebergs hove in sight. At length I discovered a break in the great barrier, and here I effected a landing, accompanied by Lieutenant Colbeck. Travelling south I presently reached 78deg. 50min., which is the most southerly point ever

THE "SOUTHERN CROSS" AT MOUNT MELBOURNE, NEAR NEWNES LAND.

tore away pieces of rock 20ft. above our heads. Far out at sea were Colbeck and the two sailors, who had witnessed the whole occurrence. Indeed, he himself was called upon to display great presence of mind in order to save his boat from being swamped.

"The next photo. shows the *Southern Cross* at Mount Melbourne, near Newnes Land, which lies on the coast between Cape Adare and Victoria Land, at the base of a long peninsula terminating in Cape Washington. There is a place here where one reached by man." The next photo. shows this important and historical scene. "On the 20th of February the voyage towards civilization was commenced, and on the 4th of April I dispatched the following communication to London:—

"'Object of expedition carried out. South Magnetic Pole located. Farthest south with sledge record 78·50. Zoologist Hanson dead. All well on board.—BORCHGREVINK.'

"With regard to the widespread idea of an impassable barrier of ice-precipices," con-

MR. BORCHGREVINK'S MOMENT OF TRIUMPH—THIS PHOTO. WAS SPECIALLY TAKEN AT "THE MOST SOUTHERLY POINT EVER REACHED BY MAN."

cluded Mr. Borchgrevink, "I should like to say a few words. There certainly *is* a great wall of ice, some of it a hundred feet high; but the main obstacle to exploration inland on the Antarctic Continent is the stupendous altitudes and the steepness of the slopes in the interior. I don't think that any expedition will ever actually reach the South Magnetic Pole; which, by the way, is situated about 220 miles W. by N. of Wood Bay, in lat. 73·20 S., and long. 146·0 E. I believe there is a vast continent there—a mass of rock, ice, and volcanoes, with no trees, no flowers, no animals, no birds — in short, no signs of life except the lichen and reindeer moss; also a lichen.

"There was not much humour or fun in our experiences, and the first suspicion of the lighter side was encountered at Hobart, where at a garden party a dignified elderly (and slightly deaf) lady, hearing something about 'dogs' and 'two Finns,' looked at the narrator with intense admiration. 'Good heavens! what a scientific discovery,' she said. '*Fancy dogs with two fins!*'"

MR. BORCHGREVINK STANDING AT THE "MOST SOUTHERLY POINT EVER REACHED BY MAN."

Readers of THE STRAND may be glad to know that Mr. Borchgrevink's book will be published about October next, and will contain the leader's complete and detailed account of all his adventures and achievements, will be copiously illustrated with beautiful and impressive photos., of which the foregoing ones are excellent examples, and will form an indispensable record of Mr. Borchgrevink's eventful journey, "Farthest South."

Ambulance Dogs in the German Army.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

IT has been said that the most comforting companion to a man is his dog. Certainly, few members of the brute creation possess the intelligence, sagacity, fidelity, and reliability with which this animal is so characteristically gifted. The shepherd would sooner part with his home than be deprived of his faithful collie—the safeguard of his flock. Then what an unfading, glorious roll of fame is associated with the dogs of St. Bernard in their heroic rescues of exhausted travellers from death. Numerous instances could be cited where the dog has rendered invaluable services as life-saver, messenger, guardian, and what not. But it is extremely doubtful whether the animal has ever been subjected to a stranger and more dangerous, albeit humane and necessary, service than that for which it is retained in the German army. The military authorities of that country have trained the dog to become a four-footed member of the Red Cross Society, to minister to and to succour the wounded on the battlefield, besides fulfilling other duties which it would be either impossible, or undesirable, for an ordinary soldier to fulfil. Needless to say the dog, with its innate proclivity, has accommodated itself to the requirements of its new duties, notwithstanding their arduous nature, with great readiness, and has already proved itself to be, under certain conditions, a more apt and thorough servant than the soldier himself.

From a] HERR BUNGARTZ. [*Photo.*

The idea of utilizing the dog upon the battlefield emanated from Herr J. Bungartz, the celebrated German animal painter and author. It was fifteen years ago, in 1885, that he first devoted his energies towards the training of these clever little animals, and with such success have his efforts been crowned that he has received the grateful thanks of all the leading officers in the German army. Questioned as to what induced Herr Bungartz to employ the dog in this unique capacity, he replied:—

"In reading the results of sanguinary conflicts I have always been impressed with the large number of men that are counted as 'missing.' The term is far-reaching and ambiguous in its significance. It neither implies that the men are prisoners, wounded, killed, nor escaped. In the Franco-German War the loss on the German side in 'missing' alone was proved to be very large indeed. Turning to the present conflict in South Africa, what a large number of English soldiers have been reckoned in the casualty lists under that ominous heading! Their relatives and friends have not the remotest idea as to whether they are alive or dead, and in many instances they have never been seen or heard of again. An officer in the German army, Major-General Von Herget, has rightly asked, 'What is the use of all the progress we make in medical science if the wounded are not found?' Well, I considered that some means should be established to discover the wounded, and as I have always evinced such an enthusiastic interest in animals, particularly in dogs, it occurred to me that it would be possible to utilize the canine intelligence and sagacity to accomplish such a humane and beneficial object."

"Did you experience any difficulty in the training of the animals?" I asked.

"Well, the work was arduous at first," he replied. "It required unremitting attention, since the work was absolutely new to them. But by dint of perseverance and patience, together with kind treatment, the clever animals soon became accustomed to the work. They are mainly employed for the

From a] A DOG EQUIPPED FOR SERVICE. *[Photo.*

searching of the battlefield for wounded soldiers, and bringing those found to the notice of the ambulance-bearers, also to act as messengers; but the former duty is that for which they have been principally trained. A big battle, the fighting-line of which may, as has been the case in South Africa, stretch over a frontage of twenty miles, and be followed up for several miles, necessarily means a large expanse of country for the stretcher-bearers to search for those who have fallen. If the battle has been a keenly contested one, the number of wounded is necessarily large, and it is impossible for the ambulance-bearers to attend to them with that urgency and dispatch which it is expedient should be employed. When they have been brought to the ground, the wounded soldiers with their last remaining strength drag themselves away to some sheltered position so as to be safe from the fierce rays of the sun, and also to escape the enemy's fire. They crawl along until forced to stop from sheer exhaustion. They lose consciousness, and, perhaps, in that interval of senselessness the ambulance-bearers pass that way, and the wounded man is overlooked. Or, again, he may be so exhausted that, although the ambulance-bearers may pass within a few feet of him, he may be too weak to cry out for help. Still, he hopes against hope, and looks anxiously for that assistance which never comes, and after hours of hard struggling dies. If he had remained where he had fallen he would have been found and succoured. Many a wounded soldier has been found dead, where it was proved that had help reached him an hour or two before he would have been saved. After nightfall the work of the ambulance-bearers, difficult though it has been throughout the day, is rendered exceedingly more so. Then they are only able to render aid to those who are lying immediately in their path, while those who have sought shelter in the ditches, furrows, or in the undergrowth are unconsciously left to languish in their pain. But with the employment of ambulance dogs such is not the case. The wonderful instinct of the animals guides them directly to the spot where a wounded man is lying, wherever it may be, and the ambulance-bearers following up in the rear are piloted to the spot by the dog."

The outfit of the dog consists of a little saddle-bag fastened round his body. This contains a small quantity of nourishing and stimulating refreshments. Then he also carries a small supply of surgical bandages in a wallet something similar to that which is sewn up in the coat of every English soldier, and which the man can utilize for the purpose of binding up his own wounds if he is sufficiently strong to do so. Over

From a] A GROUP OF AMBULANCE DOGS. *[Photo.*

these two bags is wound a coverlet with a large Red Cross imprinted upon it, to designate the mission in which the dog is engaged. The dog is accompanied by a conductor. When the battlefield is reached the dog immediately commences its search, and so sensitive are its faculties that it will trace out the concealed wounded with astonishing celerity and surety. When it has found the man it lies down beside him and attracts his attention. The man, if he be not too exhausted, releases the saddle bag containing the refreshments, and also the surgical bandages. The dog remains by him, and presently, if the man has regained his strength and bound up his wounds, he follows the dog, who guides him quickly back to the conductor, who in turn signals the ambulance-bearers, and the rescued soldier is quickly removed to the hospital. If, when the dog reaches a wounded man, and after lying beside him for a few minutes finds that the soldier makes no effort to obtain the food, the animal recognises intuitively that something serious is amiss, and accordingly hastens back to his conductor, who, seeing that the bag on the animal's back has not been touched, and answering the dog's mute appeals, follows it, and is soon brought to the wounded soldier, who was, perhaps, too weak to assist himself upon the dog's former visit.

But it is at night that the dog displays its cleverness to the best advantage. In addition to the foregoing accoutrements adjusted to its body the animal is provided with a little bell upon its collar, something similar to the sheep-bell, which is constantly tinkling. The wounded soldiers are able to hear this tinkling, and the slightest movement they may make is immediately realized by the dog, since its ear is far more sensitive than the human ear, so that it is enabled to perceive sounds which are absolutely inaudible to the conductor. The tinkling bell also serves as a guide to the latter when he is being piloted to the spot where the wounded man is lying. The conductor is provided with a small acetylene lamp, with a powerful reflector, so that a brilliant white light is cast over a wide area upon the ground. The sagacity and intelligence displayed by these dogs are marvellous. They are indefatigable in their efforts and they never make a mistake, though some of the conditions under which they pursue their errands of mercy and humanity are sufficiently trying to render them almost incapable.

The kennels for the dogs are at Lechenich, at which place they also undergo their systematic training under the supervision of Herr J. Bungartz himself, assisted by his son and one or two other interested gentlemen and military officers. The Red Cross dogs are owned by a society of which Herr Bungartz is the president, and which now possesses some 700 members, who pay an annual subscription towards the support

From a] THE KENNELS AT LECHENICH. *[Photo.*

From a] SEPP. *[Photo.*

of the association. The society has received the highest patronage in the country, and all the prominent officials, both in the Civil and Military Administrations, are interested in its welfare and the introduction of the dogs upon the battlefield. The training of the dogs is purely complimentary, neither is any charge levied upon the dogs when they are taken over by the military authorities.

It will undoubtedly be a satisfactory point to the inhabitants of this country to know that the dogs best adapted, and indeed the only ones that can accomplish this task, are the Scotch collies. Not the modern collie, however, which has somewhat deteriorated in the essential characteristics for which it has so long been famed, but the old type of collie, which is somewhat difficult to obtain nowadays. Naturally the dogs should be taken in hand while they are young, as the labour of training is thus much facilitated.

"Have you yet been able to adequately prove the services these dogs would render upon the battlefield?" I then inquired.

"We have not yet experimented with them upon an actual battlefield," was his reply, "but we have attended several military manœuvres, in which the dogs have acquitted themselves so magnificently that they have earned unstinted praise from some of the leading officers in the German army. One of the most comprehensive and difficult trials we have conducted was at Coblentz last year by the order of the officer commanding the Eighth Army Corps. The dogs were subjected to a very exacting test under adverse conditions, both by day and night. As may be supposed, the latter was the more difficult. Two hundred soldiers were ordered to lie out upon the field to represent the wounded. Some of them simply lay in the open, but others were ordered to conceal themselves in the shrubbery, undergrowth, and in such places. A base hospital was improvised, and at first the ambulance-bearers, to the number of 500, equipped with lanterns throwing a brilliant light, were ordered to search the field to minister to the wounded and to bring all those they discovered back to the hospital. When they had searched the field the dogs were called out together with their conductors. There were four dogs: Castor, with Mr. Moers; Tominka, with Non-commissioned Officer Henn; Sepp, with my son; and Resi, conducted by myself. I started first with Resi, followed shortly afterwards by my son and the others. The ground was terribly uneven and quite strange to the dogs. Then again, we were followed

From a] WRITING A MESSAGE FOR THE DOG TO CARRY. *[Photo.*

by the principal officers conducting the experiments, riding on horseback, with the ambulance-bearers bringing up the rear. The noise of the horses' hoofs, together with that of the stretcher-bearers, considerably disturbed the dogs, so that no little difficulty was experienced in inducing them to settle down to the work in hand. Presently, however, they regained their usual quietness and proceeded steadily with their task. The search commenced in the Forest of Coblentz, where twelve men had successfully concealed themselves. The work, therefore, under these circumstances, could not have been more difficult had it been conducted under the conditions of grim reality. In one place, while jumping a wide ditch, Resi broke a small lantern which she was carrying. The twelve men, however, were very soon revealed by the two dogs Resi and Sepp, while the other two animals also discovered six men that had been well hidden in another part of the forest.

"The following day a similar test was undertaken, this time in broad daylight. The same number of soldiers were laid out as wounded, and the Ambulance Corps made a thorough search of the field. Then the dogs were brought into action, and at the end of twenty minutes, when the command of 'halt' was given, they had discovered no fewer than eighteen men concealed in ditches, among the dense undergrowth, and so forth, who had been completely overlooked by the stretcher-bearers. Eighteen men missing out of two hundred wounded is a large percentage! What an enormous number it would represent, in a proportionate degree, after a large battle where the wounded can be counted in their thousands! The commanding officer was so convinced by this conclusive test of the superiority of the dogs in this remarkable work that he advised the different regiments in his (the Eighth) Army Corps to take over ambulance dogs."

"Was it a difficult matter to induce the military authorities to favour the scheme?" was my next inquiry.

"No, they warmly favoured our scheme from its very beginning. We experienced great difficulty, however, in obtaining the necessary facilities to employ the dogs at the manœuvres. When we founded the society for some time we were working in the dark, and were completely at a loss to know whether our dogs were advantageously placed in case of need. The military authorities, however, came to our aid by taking over some of the dogs,

From a] DOG RETURNING FROM A WOUNDED MAN TO THE CONDUCTOR. *[Photo.*

and the majority of them are in good hands, so that I am sure, at the psychological moment, they will acquit themselves with perfect success and satisfaction. But I am sorry to say that in some cases faulty treatment of the creatures exists, and therefore it cannot be expected that they will, in time of need, accomplish their work so well as those which have been kindly and persistently trained.

Remembering that Herr Bungartz had mentioned that the dogs would be employed for other purposes in addition to their ambulance duties, I inquired the nature of these additional duties.

"They can be employed for the transmission of messages, and they prove very fleet messengers indeed," was his answer. "One dog, which was stationed at Coburg, was trained specially for this work. His training

From a] DOG BRINGS SUCCOUR TO A WOUNDED MAN. *[Photo.*

runs comprised distances of about 150yds., and were undertaken in varying weathers, so that he might become thoroughly accustomed to the work. He accompanied his master through the manœuvres, and on one occasion carried a message over a distance of about a mile and a half in the rapid time of four minutes, and this notwithstanding the fact that he was considerably hindered on his journey by the inhabitants of one or two hamlets through which he passed. This particular dog is out training about five times a week, generally in the early morning, so that you will recognise that the training of the dogs necessitates considerable patience and time, so that it should not only remember what it has learned, but should be taught new things as well.

"Then, in addition to carrying messages, they could be requisitioned to carry ammunition from the waggons up to the firing line; to guard baggage, and also to insure the safety of the outposts at night. For this last duty they are peculiarly adapted on account of their keen sense of hearing; so that the outpost would receive tidings of the approach of an enemy by the behaviour of the dog long before any movements were audible to his own ear."

Last year this society trained seven new dogs, which have now been attached to the medical corps stationed at Cologne, Würtemberg, Straubing, Landau, Süchteln, Limbach, and Hohenlimburg respectively. There are several other dogs in course of training at present, and they will doubtless be attached to other corps when they have completed their inculcation. Last year the cost of training and maintaining the dogs and kennels amounted to about £130. Of course, the dogs are not retained at the head-quarters at Lechenich any longer than is possible after their course of training has been completed, but they are attached to some regiment.

It is the desire of Herr Bungartz that the utilization of dogs in connection with ambulance work should become international. In developing his scheme he has been simply animated by the desire to mitigate, as far as possible, the horrors of war, and to make the lot of the wounded easier. He is quite prepared to divulge his method of training the dogs, which is peculiarly his own, to the Government of any nation. The success of the scheme has been adequately proved in the case of the German army. Will our military authorities make a similar introduction of canine ambulance workers into the British Army?

The Story of a Strange Speculation.

By Neil Wynn Williams.

I.

I AM a captain upon the half-pay list of the Royal Navy. It will be exactly two years to-morrow since I was compulsorily retired under the "age-limit" clause. I quitted the Service with a somewhat peculiar "specialist" reputation—that of a heavy-weight lifter and transporter. In my time I have successfully sea-carried and mounted some of the biggest guns that we have at our foreign stations—notably the 110-ton gun at Gibraltar. It was I who brought the Red Sphinx from Egypt in '76. And here is my "Gayhurst's Manual." It is in its sixth edition, and still remains the standard work for its subject.

My enforced retirement found me still possessed of the energy of a young man. Club life soon palled and grew monotonous. An idle life did not suit me. I admitted to myself that I wanted *employment*. A little later I was telling friends the same thing. Months dragged by unprofitably. I could hear of nothing suitable. Then suddenly, at the instance of a third party, correspondence passed between me and a Mr. Robert Setchell, representing the Educative Pleasures Company. On December 15th, '98, I wired from Hertford: "Yes. I will come to town. To-morrow at 11 a.m. will suit me."

I was staying with relations. "But this is all very sudden. Must you really leave us to-morrow?" they asked.

"Yes," I said; adding, with a smile, "I am going up about an appointment to the Educative Pleasures Company."

"An appointment to the—*what?*" my pretty cousin, Agnes, asked, lifting her eyebrows.

"To '*The Educative Pleasures Company*,'" I repeated, with emphasis.

She put a question, rapidly, with a half laugh of incredulity:—

"The Educative Pleasures Company! What on earth is that?"

I drew from my pocket a type-written letter. She read it in silence.

"But I don't understand from this!" she said, returning the letter to me. "It does not explain. What is the nature of the appointment that this Mr. Setchell alludes to?"

"I am to know to-morrow," I said.

"And you think——" she urged.

"I really don't know," I replied. "The man applies to me on the strength of my reputation for moving heavy weights. The work may be——But it is impossible to speculate."

"How funny!" said my cousin. And we both laughed.

Some men have a head for City topography. I never had; and, looking around, I crossed the road to a constable.

"Axwick Buildings? Yes, sir," he replied, "First to the right, second on the left—left-'and side."

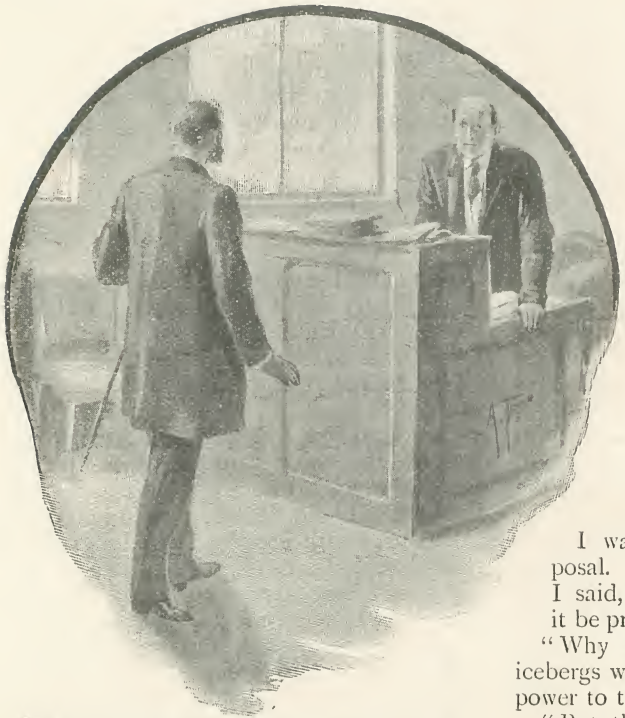
Less than five minutes' walk brought me beneath the sooty cornices of a towering block of white brick. Perusing a column of brass plates I read, "The Educative Pleasures Company, fourth floor." There followed the presentment of a hand, pointing to a wooden staircase, whose steps were bound with dull lead plates battered and gaping at their edges.

I began to ascend, following the short angles of the stairs around to the first, and up and up to the fourth floor. There my attention was guided to a small inquiry cabinet, with a brass wire grating. "I have an appointment with Mr. Setchell, of 'The Educative Pleasures Company,'" I said, approaching it and peering in upon the pale face of a little lad. "There is my card."

A delay ensued. The lad, rocking a high, three-legged stool away from his desk, descended and opened the door of the cabinet. Taking my card, he traversed the right-hand corridor to its extreme end, where he knocked at another door and disappeared. The half-light and silence of the landing did not impress me favourably while I waited. I found myself restless and vaguely anxious to come face to face with Mr. Setchell. Suddenly the boy reappeared. "This way, please, sir," he invited, motioning me forwards.

I passed hastily by the lad, and, swinging to my left, entered a lofty room. An unexpected sunshine that was pouring in through plate-glass windows dazzled my eyes and brought me to a halt. There was a thud from the door as it closed home behind. Then I saw the head and shoulders of a stout man rise before me and lean forwards over a square desk.

"Yes," I said, taking the outstretched hand, "I am Captain Gayhurst." And I noticed with repugnance that the shiny face into which I was gazing possessed no eyebrows.



"I SAW THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF A STOUT MAN RISE BEFORE ME."

Mr. Setchell was very voluble. I was scarcely seated before I found myself listening to an explanation of the objects of "The Educative Pleasures Company."

"As I understand you, the Company wishes to amuse and at the same time to instruct the public?" I remarked.

"You have hit it. That is our 'draw'!" Mr. Setchell replied, rubbing his hands.

I looked hard at him. "And the nature of the entertainment that would pay under these conditions?" I inquired.

An expression of cunning came into Mr. Setchell's smooth, round face.

"Ah!" said he, "that is why we are applying to you, Captain."

"To me?" I repeated, interrogatively, doubtfully.

"Yes, to *you*," he said, with emphasis. "To you, Captain Gayhurst, who will carry our scheme through for us. Listen! Nowadays the public want and will have *sensation*. And sensation is but another word for novelty. Well, the 'Educative Pleasures Company' intends to give it to them in an instructive, high-class form." Mr. Setchell rose to his feet, and approached a large map hanging from the wall. "See here!" he resumed, motioning me to his side; "we want you to take a flotilla of three powerful steam tugs up to this point"—he placed a finger upon the map, south of Cape Farewell, at the junction of the Polar currents of Greenland and Labrador—"and tow us back an iceberg! You will ground and anchor it in this mud creek." He indicated a position on the Essex coast, in immediate vicinity to the Nore. "And the Company will make its money out of the excursions that will organize from London for the grand natural spectacle. So much to see! So much to ascend and dine upon the summit!"

As he finished, Mr. Setchell's tone was the magniloquent tone of a showman.

I was intensely surprised at his proposal. "It is a large order, Mr. Setchell," I said, after a pause; "I doubt whether it be practicable."

"Why not?" he asked, forcibly. "The icebergs will be there. You will have steam-power to tow."

"But the farther south we bring a berg the faster it will melt," I objected. "And by the time——".

"Psutt!" Mr. Setchell exclaimed, interrupting me roughly, "you will calculate your speed with reference to the daily ice waste. You must bring us home a mass of ice that will last at least three months sure." He turned a fierce eye upon me.

"The towing of the berg will be difficult. Aye, and dangerous," I suggested, thoughtfully.

"*You'd* see it through," Mr. Setchell replied, sanguinely. And he stated the rate of pay the company were prepared to give me—so much per month, and a percentage of the net profits. It was a tempting offer.

"I must take time to consider," I replied, after a pause.

"Do so," said Mr. Setchell. "The expedition will start about June, so as to meet the bergs when they float down with the currents to the 45 parallel."

I turned to leave. He checked me at the door.

"You think it possible?" he urged.

"The shareholders' risk *must* of necessity be great," I replied, cautiously.

"And the profits shall be in proportion!" said Mr. Setchell, with the ardour of a speculator, an extraordinary determination suddenly freezing the smile of his mouth into a set grip of tooth upon tooth.

II.

THERE was so much to be done. Time was precious. "*What* name?" I inquired, testily, looking up from the calculation upon which I was at work.

"'Stillman,' sir."

"Show him in!" I replied.

A tall, thin man entered.

"You wished to see me?" I said.

"I did so, Captain." And saluting me after the manner of a sailor, the stranger began to disentangle some papers from the pocket of a shabby pilot-coat that he was wearing.

I waited in observant silence. Presently the papers were free, and stepping forwards to my desk he laid them lightly down before me. "You'll see by these, sir, that I was once skipper and owner of the barque *Mary Ann,* sailing from Newcastle to London. A domned London rogue has robbed me o' the lot. I wish to sign on with yer in your expedition under the Educative Pleasures."

My sympathies always go out to a sailor in distress. "But I am full up," I said, speaking very kindly; "I have no berths left save for ordinary seamen."

"I have been robbed. *Now,* I ain't noways above six pound a month and witals found," the ex-skipper said, simply.

I looked at him. The man was muscular; there was work in him.

"Leave your papers, if you like," I said, "and I'll let you know this evening."

"Captain," he answered, "speaking as sailor to sailor, I am obliged to yer."

I nodded an end to the interview. Stillman turned to leave the room. He hesitated at the door, suddenly asking a strange question of me over his shoulder:—

"Captain, do you hold shares in the Educative Pleasures?"

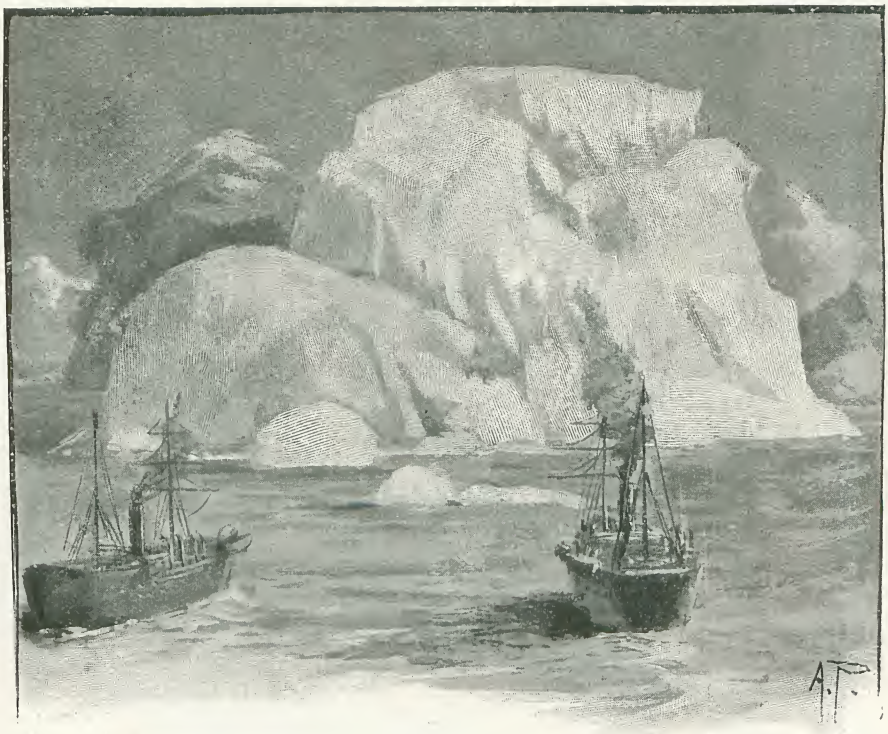
"No, I don't," I said, startled into an open answer.

"I'm glad o' that," he remarked, closing the door between us.

The ex-skipper left me puzzled by his last words. Afterwards, "Another who thinks that it will be a failure," I muttered to myself, explanatorily, with a smile.

The expedition steamed out of the Thames towards the end of June, equipped with everything that foresight could provide to insure success. A preliminary use of advertisement by Mr. Setchell had already interested the public in it. The newspaper accounts of our departure will be within your memory. It was a relief for me to find myself at sea and quit of the final fuss and excitement of our "send-off."

Upon the morning of the 3rd of July, while in latitude 45deg. north, we received indications of ice being in our vicinity. A



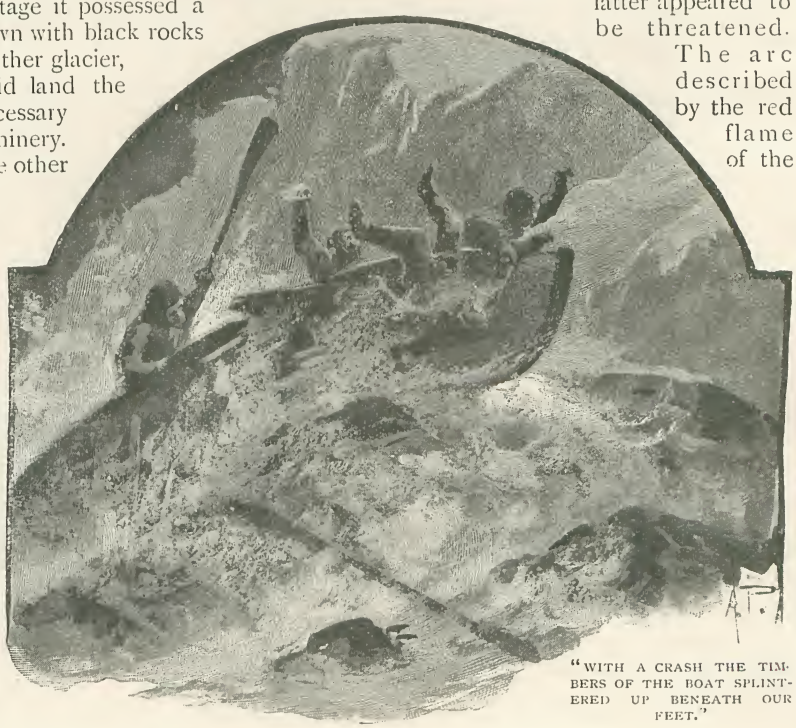
"AN ENTHUSIASM CAME UPON ME AT THE THOUGHT OF TOWING ONE TO ENGLAND."

sudden fall in the thermometer occurred. It was accompanied by a thin, white fog. From my position on the tug No. 1 I signalled an order to my two consorts to go very cautiously at quarter-speed. The precaution was justified. An outburst of sunshine just twenty minutes afterwards showed us a fleet of bergs on every side. The spectacle was magnificent. Ice I had seen. But these ponderous bulks flashing their white, or blue, or green—adrip with sparkling rivulet or cascade—surging from the surface of the leaden sea their pinnacle or turret towards the blue heaven! An enthusiasm came upon me at the thought of towing one to England. "Another. Hip! hip," I shouted to the sailors as they cheered the work before them. Alas, could I but have seen into the future—I, who would not willingly hurt a fly!

The Educative Pleasures Company had commissioned me to bring to England a berg within the rough limits of a certain size and height. In making a selection from those around us I had to allow for the losses that would be occasioned by thaw and evaporation during transit. I chose an ice-island some acres in superficies, lying at the centre of the berg fleet. It rose to a height of 200ft. above the sea, drawing, therefore, some 1,600ft. of water. Its oblong, evenly-weighted shape gave promise of stability. As a further advantage it possessed a shelving shore, strewn with black rocks carried from the mother glacier, upon which I could land the men and stores necessary to establish my machinery.

The vicinity of the other bergs made me anxious for the safety of my tugs. We began immediately to unload the sections of the great rudder with which I intended to steer the berg from one of its ends. It took us four days to get the enormous weight into position. Meanwhile divers had been working at the other end of the icy oblong, fastening an ice anchor into the berg below its water-line. So—I had mathematically calculated that the strain of the cable from No. 1 tug, drawing upon that especial spot, would allow the berg to retain its perpendicular position during transit. Upon the fifth day after our arrival they reported a cable fast; and I had the berg towed from the midst of the icy flotilla slowly but surely three miles out to the open sea. Night then fell with a beacon blazing ruddily from the summit of the snowy island. At 12 p.m. a steamer approached us, thinking that the berg was a ship afire. Upon the following morning the divers again went to work. It took them three more days to affix similar ice-anchors to the right and left sides of the oblong for Nos. 2 and 3 tugs to be joined up. Immediately afterwards we began to tow under full steam for England—the tugs in the formation of an equilateral triangle—No. 1 leading with the longest hawser.

The barometer was falling, swiftly, with the approach of night. It was unlucky, after a fair voyage, that a storm should seem imminent just as we were approaching the dangerous navigation of the English Channel. I decided to remain on board the tug for another half-hour. If the sea and the wind should increase, I would then command from the position of greatest danger—from the heavily rolling berg. The stability of the latter appeared to be threatened. The arc described by the red flame of the



"WITH A CRASH THE TIMBERS OF THE BOAT SPLINTERED UP BENEATH OUR FEET."

beacon, as it was rushed windily across the clouds of the murky heavens, grew increasingly dangerous. Another ten degrees, and I shuddered to think that there must be a cataclystic inversion—the foot of the great berg would upheave resistlessly as the summit went down.

A message conveying my determination was signalled to the watch and steersman of the berg. I wished to encourage them. Later, a report was made to me.

"What! a man missing?" I exclaimed, anxiously. "Who?"

"Stillman, sir," was the breathless reply.

I ordered search to be made immediately throughout the tug. But the ex-skipper was not to be found.

"There is still hope," I said; "he may be upon the berg . . . . . Signal! No, launch the lifeboat. I wish to go there in any case." Three minutes later a crew and myself were lowered amongst the seething waves.

We got away after a dangerous grind against the iron side of the tug, and, pulling parallel with the straining hawser, headed directly for the shore of the berg. A wave took us. The berg lurched. There was a moment's frightful suspense. Then we were driven high up the icy ledge, and with a crash the timbers of the boat splintered up beneath our feet.

They had watched it from the tugs. A cheer came over the raging waves as, abandoning the wrecked boat, we reached the safety of higher ice. A little later I signalled to No. 1 tug: "Stillman is not upon the berg."

For reply they lowered a flag to half-mast.

Day was breaking. One could just distinguish under a low, grey sky the white foam of the waves. There is always reaction after a great mental strain. Now that the storm was dying away and we were in comparative safety I felt myself nervously irritable. "You saw him! Where? Nonsense, the man is drowned," I said.

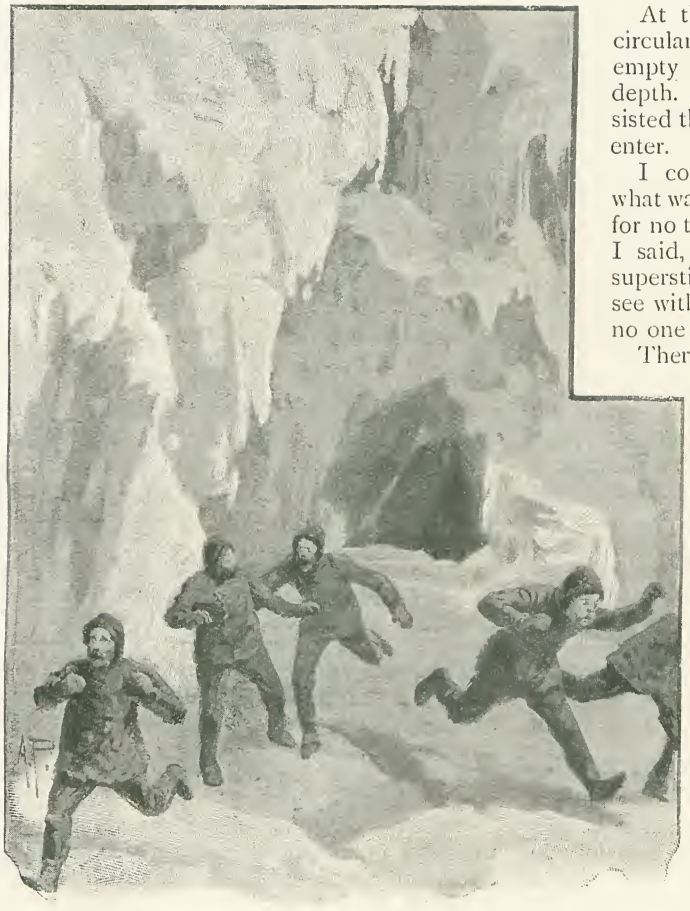
At the centre of the berg was a circular depression in the ice—an empty basin, perhaps some 6ft. in depth. It was into this the watch insisted that they had just seen Stillman enter.

I could see by their pale faces what was in the men's minds. I wished for no tale of a ghost. "Come along," I said, roughly, intending to lay the superstition once for all. "You shall see with your own eyes that there is no one there."

There was a momentary hanging back, then the men followed in a huddle. A shower of sparks issued from the funnel of No. 2 tug as we approached the basin. Immediately afterwards a black figure suddenly uprose, head, shoulders, and body out of the declivity. It ran furiously towards us.

"What does this mean, Stillman?" I said, angrily, recognising it.

"Get back, Captain. Run for your lives," the ex-skipper shouted to us, glancing over his shoulder towards the ice hollow with an awful apprehension. And seizing my arm he forced me back with a madman's strength.



"SEIZING MY ARM HE FORCED ME BACK."

"Run! run!" Stillman urged, wildly leading us away from the basin towards the extremity of the berg.

We arrived there, breathless, panting, under the influence of a vague terror.

I began to question him.

He interrupted me, fiercely, pointing a finger over the dark grey-white of the ice towards the basin. "Watch!" he said.

The man's manner was not to be denied. There was one, two, three seconds' silence, save for the thunder of the waves below. And then, with a sharp, rending explosion, the basin instantaneously upburst with a spout of yellow-red flame. There followed a frightful agitation of the berg, prostrating, upheaving, letting fall, rolling us over; while, with violent bursting sobs, water gushed spasmodically up from the scene of the explosion like blood from some wounded artery. Amidst the thunder of its fall upon the ice the berg gradually steadied and steadied into a terrified shivering.

I found myself at the edge of the basin. The rending note of dynamite, its odour, and its peculiarly coloured flame are not to be mistaken. I saw how the berg had been saved from a destructive splintering disruption. The force of the dynamite, acting downwards as it always does, had burst, not against solid ice, but into a hollow decay going deep into a fang of the berg. The bottom of the latter had been blown out, and the fearful force harmlessly transmitted to the water that was now mounting and falling, two hundred feet below me, up the blue, sheeny-sided cavity.

But what was the meaning of this awful explosion of dynamite? Asking myself the question, I turned hastily about and came face to face with Stillman. "I'll make a clean breast of it, Captain," he said, flinching suddenly before my gaze.

I heard the ex-skipper in silence to the end of his confession. Then I wished to be absolutely sure that I had understood.

"You confess," I said, "that you shipped with this expedition, intending to blow up the berg; that with this purpose you brought dynamite secretly aboard No. 1 tug, and subsequently concealed yourself here in an ice cave?"

"That is so," the ex-skipper affirmed.

"You give as your motive that you were ruined by a bubble company floated by Mr. Setchell, and wished to be revenged upon him?"

"The truth, as I stand here!" said the ex-skipper, boldly. "It is Robert Setchell and no other who owns the Educative Pleasures, and who is running it with mine and other moneys that he has robbed." He raised his voice passionately: "I say that I was in the right to try and wreck the scoundrel."

"No," I answered, sternly. "Neither you nor any other man has the right to risk the lives of innocent men in order to punish one whom you affirm to be guilty. You have committed a crime, Stillman, for which you must answer before a court in England." And turning to my men, "Arrest him," I said.

Strange, strange world! A moment was soon to come when, as a lesser evil of two, I regretted that the ex-skipper had failed in his criminal attempt to splinter asunder the berg.

III.

"THERE is your cheque, Captain," said Mr. Setchell, cheerfully, handing my pay to me.

"You relieve me of all further responsibility, then?" I said, tentatively.

"I do," said Mr. Setchell. "Your contract has been fulfilled to-day with the docking of the berg. To-morrow the excursions will commence running, under my personal supervision." He spoke firmly, with a ring of certainty in his tone.

I was glad to part company with Mr. Setchell, feeling very doubtful of his conduct towards Stillman in the past. I immediately took a cab from Axwick Buildings to my rooms in St. James's Street, arriving there at 6 p.m. "What! Safe back again, sir?" said my landlady, Mrs. Verner.

I was too exhausted with anxiety and want of sleep to respond thoroughly to the worthy woman's greetings. "I must tell you all about it to-morrow," I said, allusively. "I'll take a hot bath now and go to bed."

"And you'll have your cup o' tea in the morning?" she suggested, shutting the door against an east wind.

"As usual," I answered, "at nine o'clock."

A few minutes later I had pulled blinds across the last of the evening sunshine and was fast asleep.

The night passed dreamlessly.

"But it is still dark. You are calling me too early," I replied, sleepily, the following morning.

"There is a fog on, sir," Mrs. Verner explained.

"A fog in *August!* Pah! London grows worse," I grumbled, disgustedly, determining to take another hour and a half in bed.

The gravity of their position only dawned

upon the millions of London by degrees. It was natural that it should be so. The great city was accustomed to fogs. And this, the latest, would dissipate in the ordinary way after causing a few hours' enormous inconvenience and expense. People grumbled at the August phenomenon as I had grumbled myself. "Pah! London grows worse." In proof of the careless lightness of their first mood you will remember the celebrated joke that appeared in the evening *Supper News*—"Why is an August fog in London like a man in a tall hat?"

And the satiric answer:—,

"Because they both exist in spite of the sun!"

Upon the third and fourth days of the visitation, however, the steadily increasing density of the clouded atmosphere began to create serious alarm. From this time onwards, wheeled traffic—which had been dwindling in volume, like a brook running dry—ceased under the stupendous cloud of gloom which was settling thicker and thicker over the square miles of street and house. Sounds hushed and hushed. Night brought no perceptible change of blackness. A dreadful paralysis began to pass from the factories into the streets, from the streets into the millions of houses. Men felt a terrified indisposition to move—aye! and even to speak. The breath of London was passing out of it under this fearful oppression. Business was ceasing. Gas, and oil, and candle began to fail. The streets filled with miles of formless gloom. Hear the piteous, shrilling cries of their beggars: "Sir, sir, for God's sake! As you hope for Heaven, spare me a little light."

Pinkerton, of the Meteorological Office, was an old friend of mine. His message should have reached me sooner than it did. There was this delay, and a further delay upon my part caused by the difficulty of traversing the dreadful darkness of the streets. An excitement in his manner communicated itself to me at once. "Great Heavens!" I exclaimed, presently. "You mean to say that this fog is caused by our iceberg?"

"There is, there can be, no scientific doubt about it," Pinkerton answered. "Nothing else but the presence of this ice upon the Essex coast will account for the lowering of the temperature."

"But would that——" I began.

"Yes, with this wind," he answered, anticipating my question. "It must grow worse unless the ice is removed."

My flesh seemed to creep. "H—have you notified Setchell?" I gasped.

"We have. He will do nothing."

"*Nothing!* Why not?" I asked, passionately.

"The man prefers money to the lives of his fellow-beings," Pinkerton answered, acidly. "He babbles about a change of wind and all coming right."

"Great Heavens!" I exclaimed, in horror, beating my head with my hands. "Great Heavens! what am I to do?"

London still exists. It is in history how I chartered a boat from the Tower Bridge and blew up the berg.

"GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT AM I TO DO?"

The Baking Cure.

By W. B. Northrop.

BAKING alive is the latest thing in American medical science. Three large human bakeries are in operation in the United States—in Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York respectively—and the popularity of the new treatment is growing daily.

Bellevue Hospital, New York City, one of the most conservative institutions in America, has in operation a full-sized baking plant, and many doctors of note are prescribing "baking" instead of medicine for certain forms of disease.

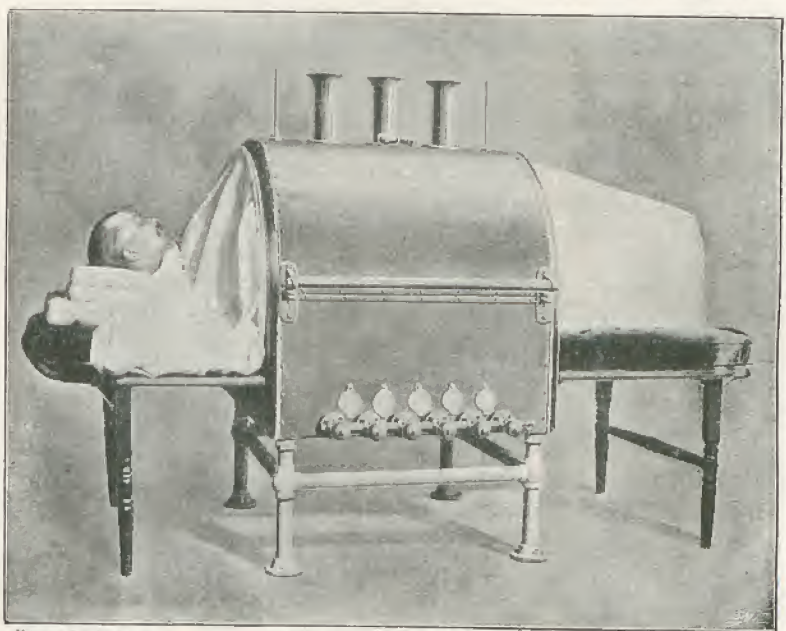
Preparations are now under way for establishing a bakery in London, and already correspondence is being interchanged between the inventor of the baking process—Mr. A. V. M. Sprague—and the chiefs of the medical staff of three of London's largest hospitals. As the baking of human beings will be new in England, an advance description of the novel method will prove interesting.

The application of hot air as a therapeutic agent is an old idea. In fact, it is a very old one. All that is claimed by the modern bakers of persons is the manner in which the heat is applied, and very high degrees which can be stood—the baking of persons up to 400deg. Fahr., which is 188deg. above the boiling point of water, being quite possible without danger to the human system.

The use of heat as a remedial agent in lithæmia was known to the Pompeiians nineteen hundred years ago. The early Romans, to the number of 25,000 daily, patronized the luxurious baths of Caracalla, the caldarium—or hot-air chamber—being regarded as an important factor. The persons using these baths were not the poor or the ignorant, but the rich and intelligent classes, who took hot-air treatment lying upon marble slabs covered with rugs or matting. After the "bath" they were rubbed with perfumed oil and massaged. In cases of lithæmia many effective cures were made by the caldarium, and the application of hot air even in those early days was a well-recognised fact.

Everyone knows to-day how effective is heat locally applied in the alleviation of pain. Then we have the homely mustard and flaxseed plasters and the useful heated stove lid as household remedies of unsurpassed efficacy. All these things are merely forms of applying heat, and in a measure form precedents for, if they do not indorse, the modern bakeries of which this article treats.

Recently Doctors Landouzy, Dejerine, and Edouard Chretien, of Paris, have reported marked success with the local application of hot dry air at temperatures varying from 200deg. to 250deg. Fahr. in acute and chronic rheumatism and in gout.



From a Photo. by] A PATIENT BEING BAKED. *[W. B. Northrop.*

From a Photo. by] A ROOM AT THE SPRAGUE HOSPITAL, NEW YORK. *[W. B. Northrop.*

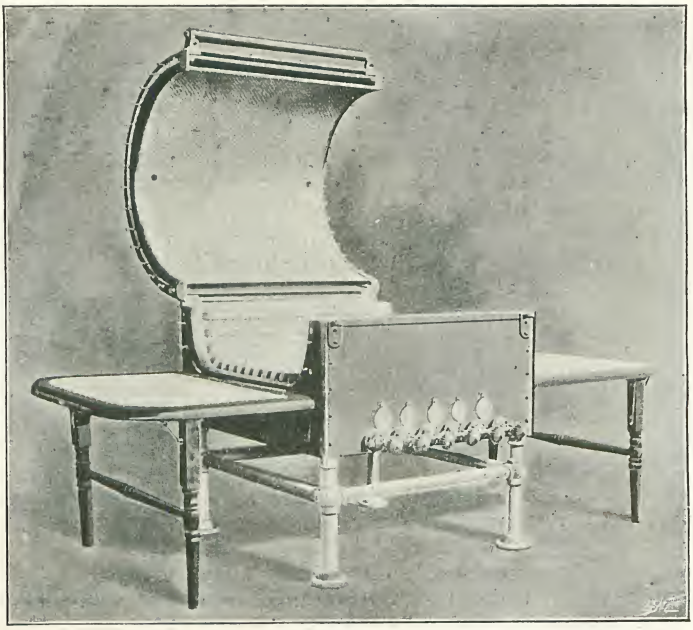
The great difficulty encountered in applying hot air at high temperatures is to avoid actually cooking the flesh of the patient. Ordinarily, when hot air, full of moisture and unventilated, is applied to living human flesh, the danger of burning is imminent. Then, again, it has been found that metal or other substances, which have to be heated in administering the treatment, frequently burn the patient.

Mr. Sprague, of Rochester, New York, after experimenting for a number of years, found that fibrous magnesia would stand high degrees of heat without becoming too hot for the contact of the body of anyone who might be resting upon it. By reposing on a sheet of fibrous magnesia one may take heat up to even 400deg. without suffering great inconvenience.

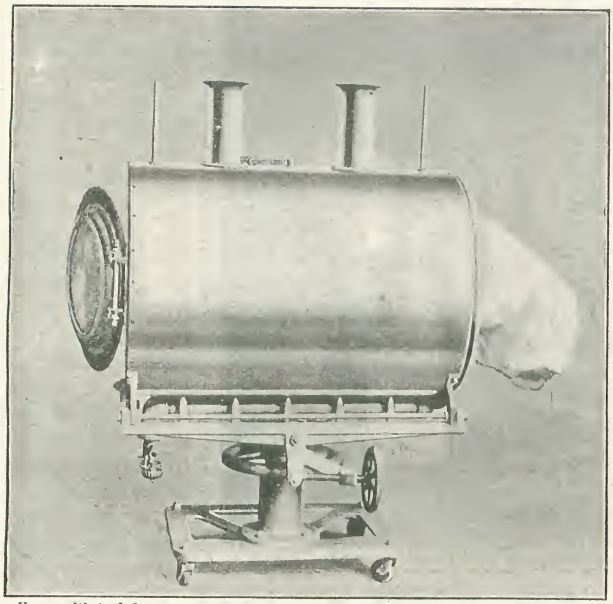
The bake ovens for human beings consist of a series of metal cylinders, three forms of ovens being used—for the entire body, for the arm or lower limbs, and for the local application of heat.

The principles of construction of the body, leg, and arm machines are practically the same, the instruments differing only in size and shape and as to a few minor details.

Three metal cylinders are separated by spaces of one inch and one and one-half inch in width respectively, and are open at the ends from the walls of the machine. The outer cylinder is of sheet copper nickel-plated and lined with asbestos to prevent external radiation of heat. It is separated from the middle or steel cylinder by a space connected with three funnels at the top, which act as flues for a series of Bunsen burners underneath the apparatus. These funnels, besides serving the function of flues, carry off the products of combustion while the body is being baked. Within the sheet-steel cylinder is another space one inch and a half in width, which separates it from the third cylinder, which is of brass, and has numerous circular perforations to allow the air that is heated by radiation from the



BAKING MACHINE OPEN, SHOWING CIRCULATING JACKET AND PERFORATIONS.
From a Photo. by W. B. Northrop.



From a Photo. by] ARM-OVEN—SIDE VIEW. *[W. B. Northrop.*

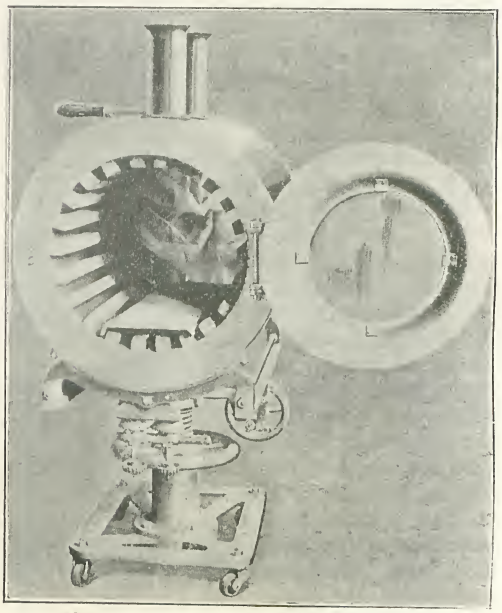
hot steel to be sent in tiny jets over the occupant of the oven—the human loaf, so to speak.

The central space—technically called the circulating jacket—is connected with three tubes situated within the smoke funnels at the top, these tubes allowing the heated air to escape, thus regulating the temperature and the dryness of the atmosphere in the apparatus. At the lower part of the central space — where the body is placed — are numerous tubes running down and between the gas-burners, these tubes sucking up fresh air from the room to replace the heated and moistened atmosphere driven out at the top of the machine. In this way there is constant circulation.

The brass perforated cylinder which forms the lining of the treatment chamber is covered by ribs of cork, running lengthwise, at intervals of one inch apart. These cork ribs prevent the patient's body or hands from coming in contact with the hot cylinder, which would burn the flesh. The patient lies, as has been said, upon a mat of fibrous magnesia, which is separated from the steel below by a layer of asbestos. At either end of the cylinder and level with the bottom are extensions of wood for the head and lower limbs to rest upon. The cylinders are mounted on massive metal legs. The wooden extensions are only on the body apparatus, and the leg and arm machines differ also in having at one end a door of glass and metal, which will allow the nurse to see the position of the inclosed limb. The machines are so arranged that they may be adjusted at any angle.

Before a patient is baked the temperature, pulse, and respiration are examined, and a thorough physical test is made. If it be found that the condition of the heart or lungs will not justify high degrees of heat a low temperature is ordered, and *vice-versâ*. The patient is wrapped in dry cloths before being placed in the oven; the machine is then closed, the head, however, being left out; the feet are inclosed in heavy canvas which is connected with the machine by air-tight fastenings; the shoulders are also incased in canvas, and rest in a species of vestibule which allows free play to the heated air.

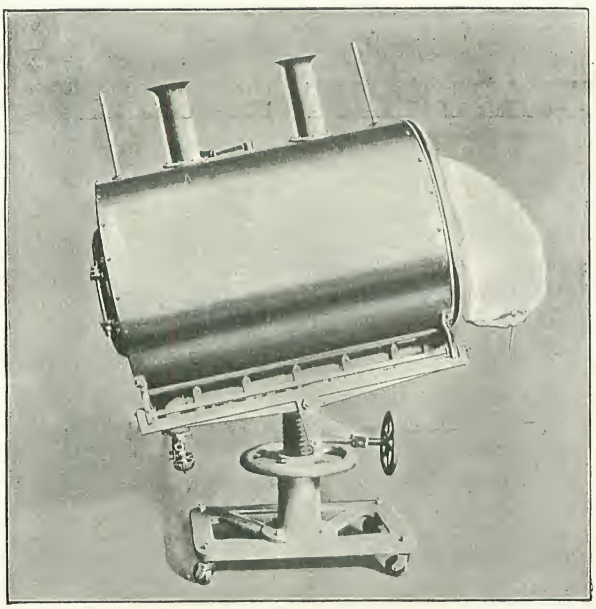
When the heat is first turned on the patient experiences no sensations other than mild warmth. A trained nurse is in constant attendance during the baking process, and the temperature, respiration, and so forth are carefully watched. Up to about 150deg. Fahr. little inconvenience is felt. Then the patient becomes thirsty. Sips of water are given from time to time. The giving of water is thought to add somewhat to the efficacy of the treatment



ARM-OVEN—FRONT VIEW, SHOWING CORK RIBS.
From a Photo. by W. B. Northrop.

through the gentle reaction which it induces.

When 180deg. have been registered in the central cylinder—the degrees being indicated on a long thermometer—the patient feels thousands of tiny streams of heat impinging against his body. These streams are pouring through the perforations already mentioned as being in the circulating jacket. The lower extremities now become somewhat numb, and the feet feel as if, to use a common expression, they had "gone to sleep." One seems now to be literally swimming in perspiration. This is given off from the top of the machine in the form of steam, which comes out through the funnels in a continuous stream.



From a Photo. by] OVEN FOR BAKING LEGS. *[W. B. Northrop.*

At 200deg. one experiences a dreamy sensation, and from this point up to 280deg. the baking experience is really quite pleasant. Water boils at 212deg. Fahr., and yet at 280deg. Fahr. a human being does not suffer the least inconvenience. This degree of heat—280deg. Fahr.—is the average applied at most of the Sprague machines. It is endured for upwards of an hour.

In certain cases, however, much higher temperatures are required. In some conditions from 350deg. to 400deg. Fahr. are necessary. Heat at these high degrees is not so very pleasant. The body seems to be literally roasting. The blood at 350deg. seems actually to be boiling, and can be felt to be coursing through the veins at racehorse speed. The heart thumps wildly, or else seems to have disappeared altogether. Bags of ice are constantly applied to the head when these degrees of heat are administered. Sips of ice water are given from time to time.

A very remarkable fact in connection with the baking is that at times the temperature of one's body is actually raised five or six degrees. In cases of fever this is considered a decided advantage, as it brings on the crisis, and the reaction sets in much more rapidly than it otherwise would.

After the baking the patient feels weak. He is then rubbed, and made to rest until completely restored to normal condition. A two-hours' rest makes one feel as if he had enjoyed a pleasant, dreamless sleep. On going out into the air a species of exhilaration is experienced, and one seems better fitted for mental and physical exertion than he was before the baking.

The principal forms of disease in which hot dry air is used are: Gout, rheumatism, inflammation, lithæmia, obesity, œdema, and all forms of pain—congestive, neuralgic, and even psychic. Some very remarkable cures have been reported among the 3,000 persons who have already been baked in America. Persons have been able to walk after years of affliction with deforming rheumatism, and in certain cases chronic forms of disease have been cured.

Hospitals and physicians all over the United States are taking up the treatment. At first doctors were extremely cautious in reference to the new therapeutic agent, but it seems to have at last won its way into favour. The three principal hot-air hospitals are at 33 West 42nd Street, New York; 1516 Arch Street, Philadelphia; and at 330 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. They are called "Sprague Hospitals" after the inventor of the hot-air cylinders, and the technical name for the application of heat in this way has given rise to a new word in medical nomenclature—it is "Spragueing."

The Brass Bottle.

By F. Anstey.

Author of "Vice-Versâ," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

"WHY second question, O pertinacious one?" said the Jinnee, impatiently. He was standing with folded arms looking down on Horace, who was still seated on the narrow cornice, not daring to glance below again, lest he should lose his head altogether.

"I'm coming to it," said Ventimore; "I want to know why you should propose to dash me to pieces in this barbarous way as a return for letting you out of that bottle. Were you so comfortable in it as all that?"

"In the bottle I was at least suffered to rest, and none molested me. But in releasing me thou didst perfidiously conceal from me that Suleyman was dead and gone, and that there reigneth one in his stead mightier a thousand-fold, who afflicteth our race with labours and tortures exceeding all the punishments of Suleyman."

"What on earth have you got into your head? You can't mean the Lord Mayor!"

"Whom else?" said the Jinnee, solemnly. "And though, for this once, by a device I have evaded his vengeance, yet do I know full well that either by virtue of the magic jewel upon his breast, or through that malignant monster with the myriad ears and eyes and tongues, which thou callest 'The Press,' I shall inevitably fall into his power before long."

For the life of him, in spite of his desperate plight, Horace could not help laughing. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Fakrash," he said, as soon as he could speak, "but—the Lord Mayor! It's really too absurd. Why, he wouldn't hurt a hair on a fly's head!"

"Seek not to deceive me further!" said Fakrash, furiously. "Didst thou not inform me with thine own mouth that the spirits of Earth, Air, Water, and Fire were subject to his will? Have I no eyes? Do I not behold from here the labours of my captive brethren? What are those on yonder bridges but enslaved Jinn, shrieking and groaning in clanking fetters, and snorting forth steam, as they drag their wheeled burdens behind them? Are there not others toiling, with panting efforts, through the sluggish waters; others again, imprisoned in lofty pillars, from which the smoke of their breath ascendeth even unto Heaven? Doth not the air throb and quiver with their restless struggles as they writhe below in darkness and torment? And thou hast the shamelessness to pretend that these things are done in the Lord Mayor's own realms without his knowledge! Verily thou must take me for a fool!"

"After all," reflected Ventimore, "if he chooses to consider that railway engines and steamers, and machinery generally, are inhabited by so many Jinn 'doing time,' it's not to my interest to undeceive him—indeed, it's quite the contrary!"

"I wasn't aware the Lord Mayor had so much power as all that," he said; "but very likely you're right. And if you're so anxious to keep in favour with him, it would be a great mistake to kill me. That *would* annoy him."

"Not so," said the Jinnee, "for I should declare that thou hadst spoken slightingly of him in my hearing, and that I had slain thee on that account."

"Your proper course," said Horace, "would be to hand me over to him, and let *him* deal with the case. Much more regular."

"That may be," said Fakrash, "but I have conceived so bitter a hatred to thee by reason of thy insolence and treachery, that I cannot forego the delight of slaying thee with my own hand."

"Can't you really?" said Horace, on the verge of despair. "And *then*, what will you do?"

"Then," replied the Jinnee, "I shall flee away to Arabia, where I shall be safe."

"Don't you be too sure of that!" said Horace. "You see all those wires stretched on poles down there? Those are pervaded by certain forces known as electric currents, and the Lord Mayor could send a message along them which would be at Baghdad before you had flown farther than Folkestone. And I may mention that Arabia is now more or less under British jurisdiction."

He was bluffing, of course, for he knew perfectly well that, even if any extradition treaty could be put in force, the arrest of a Jinnee would be no easy matter.

"Thou art of opinion, then, that I should be no safer in mine own country?" inquired Fakrash.

"I swear by the name of the Lord Mayor (to whom be all reverence!)," said Horace, "that there is no land you could fly to where you would be any safer than you are here."

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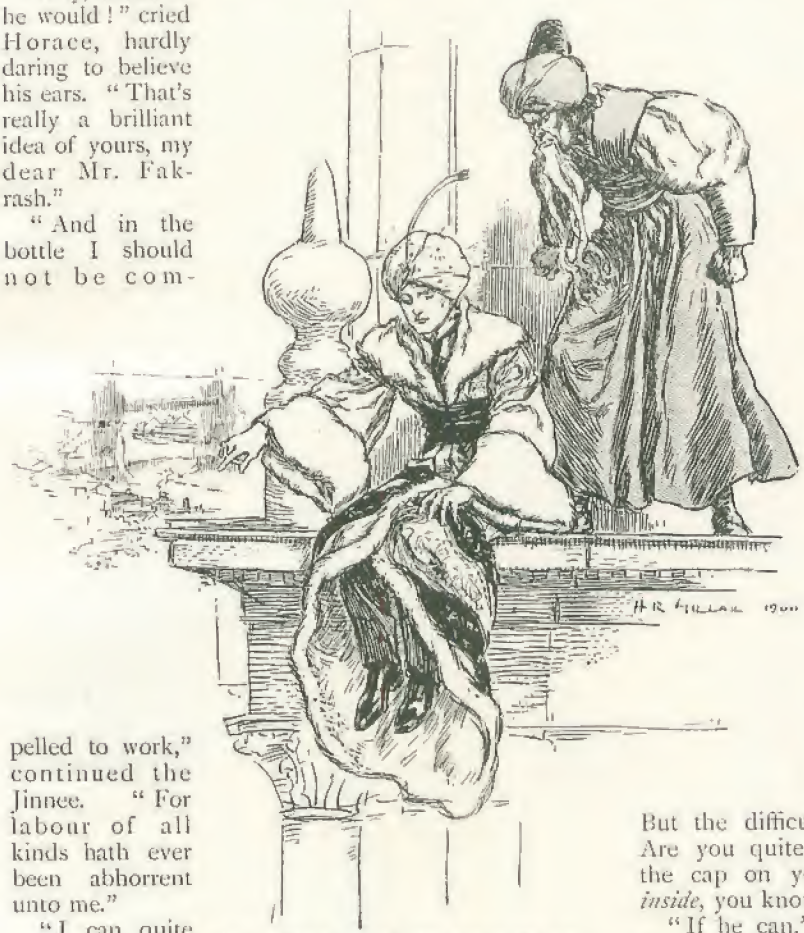
"If I were but sealed up in my bottle once more," said the Jinnee, "would not even the Lord Mayor have respect unto the seal of Suleyman and forbear to disturb me?"

"Why, of course he would!" cried Horace, hardly daring to believe his ears. "That's really a brilliant idea of yours, my dear Mr. Fakrash."

"And in the bottle I should not be compelled to work," continued the Jinnee. "For labour of all kinds hath ever been abhorrent unto me."



"YOU SEE ALL THOSE WIRES STRETCHED ON POLES DOWN THERE?"

"I can quite understand that," said Horace, sympathetically. "Just imagine your having to drag an excursion train to the seaside on a Bank Holiday, or being condemned to print off a cheap comic paper, or even the *War Cry*, when you might be leading a snug and idle existence in your bottle. If I were you, I should go and get inside it at once. Suppose we go back to Vincent Square and find it?"

"I shall return to the bottle, since in that alone there is safety," said the Jinnee. "But I shall return alone."

"Alone!" cried Horace. "You're not going to leave me stuck up here all by myself?"

"By no means," replied the Jinnee. "Have I not said that I am about to cast thee to perdition? Too long have I delayed in the accomplishment of this duty."

Once more Horace gave himself up for lost; which was doubly bitter, just when he had begun to consider that the danger was past. But even then, he was determined to fight to the last.

"One moment," he said. "Of course, if you've set your heart on pitching me over, you must. Only—I may be mistaken—but I don't quite see how you are going to manage the rest of your programme without me, that's all."

"O deficient in intelligence!" cried the Jinnee. "What assistance canst thou render me?"

"Well," said Horace, "of course, you can get into the bottle alone — that's simple enough. But the difficulty I see is this: Are you quite sure you can put the cap on yourself — from the *inside*, you know?"

"If he can," he thought, "I'm done for!"

"That," began the Jinnee, with his usual confidence, "will be the easiest of —nay," he corrected himself, "there be things that not even the Jinn themselves can accomplish, and one of them is to seal a vessel while remaining within it. I am indebted to thee for reminding me thereof."

"Not at all," said Ventimore. "I shall be delighted to come and seal you up comfortably myself."

"Again thou speakest folly," exclaimed the Jinnee. "How canst thou seal me up after I have dashed thee into a thousand pieces?"

"That," said Horace, with all the urbanity he could command, "is precisely the difficulty I was trying to convey."

"There will be no difficulty, for as soon

as I am in the bottle I shall summon certain inferior Efreets, and they will replace the seal."

"When you are once in the bottle," said Horace, at a venture, "you probably won't be in a position to summon anybody."

"*Before* I get into the bottle, then!" said the Jinnee, impatiently. "Thou dost but juggle with words!"

"But about those Efreets," persisted Horace. "You know what Efreets *are!* How can you be sure that, when they've got you in the bottle, they won't hand you over to the Lord Mayor? I shouldn't trust them myself—but, of course, you know best!"

"Whom shall I trust, then?" said Fakrash, frowning.

"I'm sure I don't know. It's rather a pity you're so determined to destroy me, because, as it happens, I'm just the one person living who could be depended on to seal you up and keep your secret. However, that's your affair. After all, why should I care what becomes of you? I sha'n't be there!"

"Even at this hour," said the Jinnee, undecidedly, "I might find it in my heart to spare thee, were I but sure that thou wouldst be faithful unto me!"

"I should have thought I was more to be trusted than one of your beastly Efreets!" said Horace, with well-assumed indifference. "But never mind, I don't know that I care, after all. I've nothing particular to live for now. You've ruined me pretty thoroughly, and you may as well finish your work. I've a good mind to jump over and save you the trouble. Perhaps, when you see me bouncing down that dome, you'll be sorry!"

"Refrain from rashness!" said the Jinnee, hastily, without suspecting that Ventimore had no serious intention of carrying out his threat. "If thou wilt do as thou art bidden, I will not only pardon thee, but grant thee all that thou desirest."

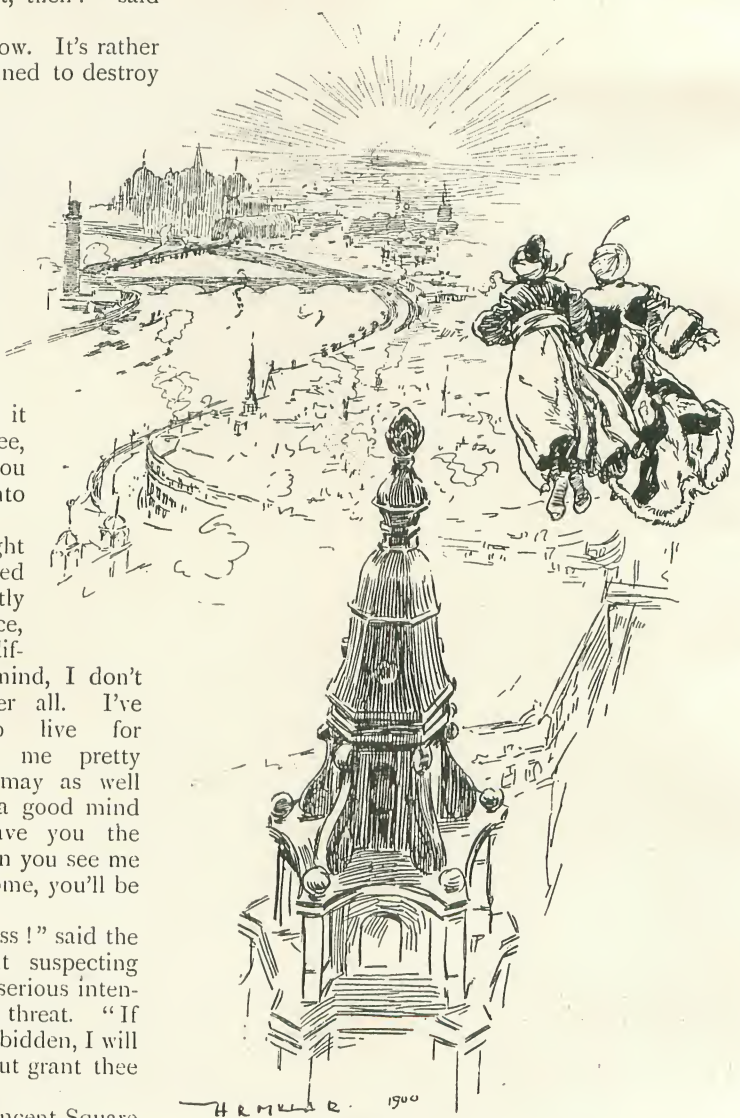
"Take me back to Vincent Square first," said Horace. "This is not the place to discuss business."

"Thou sayest rightly," replied the Jinnee; "hold fast to my sleeve, and I will transport thee to thine abode."

"Not till you promise to play fair," said Horace, pausing on the brink of the ledge. "Remember, if you let me go now you drop the only friend you've got in the world!"

"May I be thy ransom!" replied Fakrash. "There shall not be harmed a hair of thy head!"

Even then Horace had his misgivings; but as there was no other way of getting off that cornice, he decided to take the risk.



"HE DECIDED TO TAKE THE RISK."

And, as it proved, he acted judiciously, for the Jinnee flew to Vincent Square with honourable precision, and dropped him neatly into the arm-chair in which he had little hoped ever to find himself again.

"I have brought thee hither," said Fakrash, "and yet I am persuaded that thou art even now devising treachery against me, and wilt betray me if thou canst."

Horace was about to assure him once more that no one could be more anxious than himself to see him safely back in his bottle, when he recollected that it was impolitic to appear too eager.

"After the way you've behaved," he said, "I'm not at all sure that I ought to help you. Still, I said I would, on certain conditions, and I'll keep my word."

"Conditions!" thundered the Jinnee. "Wilt thou bargain with me yet further?"

"My excellent friend," said Horace, quietly, "you know perfectly well that you can't get yourself safely sealed up again in that bottle without my assistance. If you don't like my terms, and prefer to take your chance of finding an Efreet who is willing to brave the Lord Mayor, well, you've only to say so."

"I have loaded thee with all manner of riches and favours, and I will bestow no more upon thee," said the Jinnee, sullenly. "Nay, in token of my displeasure, I will deprive thee even of such gifts as thou hast retained." He pointed his grey forefinger at Ventimore, whose turban and jewelled robes instantly shrivelled into cobwebs and tinder and fluttered to the carpet in filmy shreds, leaving him in nothing but his underclothing.

"That only shows what a nasty temper you're in," said Horace, blandly, "and doesn't annoy me in the least. If you'll excuse me, I'll go and put on some things I can feel more at home in, and perhaps by the time I return you'll have cooled down."

He slipped on some clothes hurriedly and re-entered the sitting-room. "Now, Mr. Fakrash," he said, "we'll have this out. You talk of having loaded me with benefits. You seem to consider I ought to be grateful to you. In Heaven's name, for what? I've been as forbearing as possible all this time, because I gave you credit for meaning well. Now, I'll speak plainly. I told you from the first, and I tell you now, that I want no riches or honours from you. The one real good turn you did me was bringing me that client, and you spoilt that because you would insist on building the palace yourself, instead of leaving it to me! As for the rest—here am I, a ruined and discredited man, with a client who probably supposes I'm in league with the Evil One; with the girl I love, and might have married, believing that I have left her to marry a Princess; and her father unable ever to forgive me for having seen him as a one-eyed mule. In short, I'm in such a mess all round that I don't care two straws whether I live or die!"

"What is all this to me?" said the Jinnee.

"HIS TURBAN AND JEWELLED ROBES INSTANTLY SHRIVELLED INTO COBWEBS."

"Only this—that unless you can see your way to putting things straight for me, I'm hanged if I take the trouble to seal you up in that bottle!"

"How am *I* to put things straight for thee?" cried Fakrash, peevishly.

"If you could make all those people entirely forget that affair in the Guildhall, you can make my friends forget the brass bottle and everything connected with it, can't you?"

"There would be no difficulty in that," Fakrash admitted.

"Well, do it—and I'll swear to seal you up in the bottle exactly as if you had never been out of it, and pitch you into the deepest part of the Thames, where no one will ever disturb you."

"First produce the bottle, then," said Fakrash, "for I cannot believe but that thou hast some lurking guile in thy heart."

"I'll ring for my landlady and have the bottle brought up," said Horace. "Perhaps that will satisfy you? Stay, you'd better not let her see you."

"I will render myself invisible," said the Jinnee, suiting the action to his words. "But beware lest thou play me false," his voice continued, "for I shall hear thee!"

"So you've come in, Mr. Ventimore?" said Mrs. Rapkin, as she entered. "And without the furrin' gentleman? I *was* surprised, and so was Rapkin the same, to see you riding off this morning in that gorgious chariot and 'osses, and dressed up that lovely! 'Depend upon it,' I says to Rapkin, I says, 'depend upon it, Mr. Ventimore'll be sent for to Buckinham Pallis, if it ain't Windsor Castle!'"

"Never mind that now," said Horace, impatiently; "I want that brass bottle I bought the other day. Bring it up at once, please."

"I thought you said the other day you never wanted to set eyes on it again, and I was to do as I pleased with it, sir?"

"Well, I've changed my mind, so let me have it, quick."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, sir, but that you can't, because Rapkin, not wishful to have the place lumbered up with rubbish, disposed of it on'y last night to a gentleman as keeps a rag and bone emporium off the Bridge Road, and 'alf a crown was the most he'd give for it, sir."

"Give me his name," said Horace.

"Dilger, sir. Emanuel Dilger. When Rapkin comes in I'm sure he'd go round with pleasure, and see about it, if required."

"I'll go round myself," said Horace. "It's all right, Mrs. Rapkin, quite a natural mistake on your part, but—but I happen to want the bottle again. You needn't stay."

"O thou smooth-faced and double-tongued one!" said the Jinnee, after she had gone, as he reappeared to view. "Did I not foresee that thou wouldst deal crookedly? Restore unto me my bottle!"

"I'll go and get it at once," said Horace; "I sha'n't be five minutes." And he prepared to go.

"Thou shalt not leave this house," cried Fakrash, "for I perceive plainly that this is but a device of thine to escape and betray me to the Press Demon!"

"If you can't see," said Horace, angrily, "that I'm quite as anxious to see you safely back in that confounded bottle as ever you can be to get there, you must be pretty dense! *Can't* you understand? The bottle's sold, and I can't buy it back without going out. Don't be so infernally unreasonable!"

"Go, then," said the Jinnee, "and I will await thy return here. But know this: that if thou delayest long or returnest without my bottle, I shall know that thou art a traitor, and will visit thee and those who are dear to thee with the most unpleasant punishments!"

"I'll be back in half an hour at most," said Horace, feeling that this would allow him ample margin, and thankful that it did not occur to Fakrash to go in person.

He put on his hat and hurried off in the gathering dusk. He had some little trouble in finding Mr. Dilger's establishment, which was a dirty, dusty little place in a back street, with a few deplorable old chairs, rickety washstands, and rusty fenders outside, and the interior almost completely blocked by piles of dingy mattresses, empty clock-cases, tarnished and cracked looking-glasses, broken lamps, damaged picture-frames, and everything else which one would imagine could have no possible value for any human being. But in all this collection of worthless curios the brass bottle was nowhere to be seen.

Ventimore went in and found a youth of about thirteen straining his eyes in the fading light over one of those halfpenny humorous journals which, thanks to an improved system of education, at least 80 per cent. of our juvenile population are now enabled to appreciate.

"I want to see Mr. Dilger," he began.

"You can't," said the youth. "'Cause he ain't in. He's attending of a auction."

"When *will* he be in, do you know?"

"Might be back to his tea—but I wasn't to expect him not before supper."

"You don't happen to have any old metal bottles—copper or—or brass would do—for sale?"

"You don't git at me like that! Bottles is made o' glorss."

"Well, a jar, then—a big brass pot—anything of that kind?"

"Don't keep 'em," said the boy, and buried himself once more in his copy of "Spicy Sniggers."

"I'll just look round," said Horace, and

"'DON'T KEEP 'EM,' SAID THE BOY."

began to poke about with a sinking heart, and a horrid dread that he might have come to the wrong shop, for the big, pot-bellied vessel certainly did not seem to be there. At last, to his unspeakable joy, he discovered it under a piece of tattered drugget. "Why, this is the sort of thing I meant," he said, feeling in his pocket and discovering that he had exactly a sovereign. "How much do you want for it?"

"I dunno," said the boy.

"I don't mind three shillings," said Horace, who did not wish to appear too keen at first.

"I'll tell the guv'nor when he comes in," was the reply, "and you can look in later."

"I want it at once," insisted Horace. "Come, I'll give you three-and-six for it."

"It's more than it's wurf," replied the candid youth.

"Perhaps," said Horace, "but I'm rather pressed for time. If you'll change this sovereign, I'll take the bottle away with me."

"You seem uncommon anxious to get 'old on it, mister!" said the boy, with sudden suspicion.

"Nonsense!" said Horace. "I live close by, and I thought I might as well take it, that's all."

"Oh, if that's all, you can wait till the guv'nor's in."

"I—I mayn't be passing this way again for some time," said Horace.

"Bound to be, if you live close by," and the provoking youth returned to his "Sniggers."

"Do you call this attending to your master's business?" said Horace. "Listen to me, you young rascal. I'll give you five shillings for it. You're not going to be fool enough to refuse an offer like that?"

"I ain't goin' to be fool enough to refuse it—nor yet I ain't goin' to be fool enough to take it, 'cause I'm only 'ere to see as nobody don't come in and sneak fings. I ain't got no authority to sell anyfink, and I don't know the proice o' nuffink, so there you *'ave* it."

"Take the five shillings," said Horace, "and if it's too little I'll come round and settle with your master later."

"I thought you said you wasn't likely to be porsin' again? No, mister, you don't kid me that way!"

Horace had a mad impulse to snatch up the precious bottle then and there and make off with it, and might have yielded to the temptation, with disastrous consequences, had not an elderly man entered the shop at that moment. He was bent, and wore rather more fluff and flue upon his person than most well-dressed people would consider necessary, but he came in with a certain air of authority, nevertheless.

"Mr. Dilger, sir," piped the youth, "'ere's a gent took a fancy to this 'ere brass pot o' yours. Says he *must* 'ave it. Five shillings he'd got to, but I told him he'd 'ave to wait till you come in."

"Quite right, my lad!" said Mr. Dilger, cocking a watery but sharp old eye at Horace. "Five shillings! Ah, sir, you can't know much about these hold brass antiquities to make an orfer like that."

"I know as much as most people," said Horace. "But let us say six shillings."

"Couldn't be done, sir; couldn't, indeed.

Why, I give a pound for it myself at Christie's, as sure as I'm standin' 'ere in the presence o' my Maker, and you a sinner!" he declared, impressively if rather ambiguously.

"Your memory misleads you," said Horace. "You bought it last night from a man of the name of Rapkin, who lets lodgings in Vincent Square, and you paid exactly half a crown for it."

"I GIVE A POUND FOR IT MYSELF AT CHRISTIE'S."

"If you say so I daresay it's correct, sir," said Mr. Dilger, without exhibiting the least confusion. "And if I did buy it off Mr. Rapkin, he's a respectable party, and ain't likely to have come by it dishonest."

"I never said he did. What will you take for the thing?"

"Well, just look at the work in it. They don't turn out the like o' that nowadays. Dutch, that is; what they used for to put their milk and such-like in."

"Confound it!" said Horace, completely losing his temper. "*I* know what it was used for. *Will* you tell me what you want for it?"

"I couldn't let a curiosity like that go a penny under thirty shillings," said Mr. Dilger, affectionately. "It would be robbin' myself."

"I'll give you a sovereign for it—there," said Horace. "You know best what profit that represents. That's my last word."

"*My* last word to that, sir, is good hevenin'," said the worthy man.

"Good evening, then," said Horace, and walked out of the shop; rather to bring Mr. Dilger to terms than because he really meant to abandon the bottle, for he dared not go back without it, and he had nothing about him just then on which he could raise the extra ten shillings, supposing the dealer refused to trust him for the balance—and the time was growing dangerously short.

Fortunately the well-worn ruse succeeded, for Mr. Dilger ran out after him and laid an unwashed claw upon his coat-sleeve. "Don't go, mister," he said; "I like to do business if I can; though, 'pon my word and honour, a sovereign for a work o' art like that! Well, just for luck and bein' my birthday, we'll call it a deal."

Horace handed over the coin, which left him with a few pence. "There ought to be a lid or stopper of some sort," he said, suddenly. "What have you done with that?"

"No, sir, there you're mistook, you are, indeed. I do assure you you never see a pot of this partickler pattern with a lid to it. Never!"

"Oh, don't you, though?" said Horace, "I know better. Never mind," he said, as he recollected that the seal was in Fakrash's possession. "I'll take it as it is. Don't trouble to wrap it up. I'm in rather a hurry."

It was almost dark when he got back to his rooms, where he found the Jinnee shaking with mingled rage and apprehension.

"No welcome to thee!" he cried. "Dilatory dog that thou art! Hadst thou

delayed another minute, I would have called down some calamity upon thee."

"Well, you need not trouble yourself to do that now," returned Ventimore. "Here's your bottle, and you can creep into it as soon as you please."

"But the seal!" shrieked the Jinnee. "What hast thou done with the seal which was upon the bottle?"

"Why, you've got it yourself, of course," said Horace, "in one of your pockets."

"O thou of base antecedents!" howled Fakrash, shaking out his flowing draperies. "How should *I* have the seal? This is but a fresh device of thine to undo me!"

"Don't talk rubbish!" retorted Horace. "You made the Professor give it up to you yesterday. You must have lost it somewhere or other. Never mind! I'll get a large cork or bung, which will do just as well. And I've lots of sealing-wax."

"IT IS INDEED THE SEAL."

"I will have no seal but the seal of Suleyman!" declared the Jinnee. "For with no other will there be security. Verily I believe that that accursed sage thy friend hath contrived by some cunning to get the seal once more into his hands. I will go at once to his abode and compel him to restore it."

"I wouldn't," said Horace, feeling extremely uneasy, for it was evidently a much simpler thing to let a Jinnee out of a bottle than to get him in again. "He's quite incapable of taking it. And if you go out now you'll only make a fuss and attract the attention of the Press, which I thought you rather wanted to avoid."

"I shall attire myself in the garments of a mortal—even those I assumed on a former occasion," said Fakrash, and as he spoke his outer robes modernized into a frock-coat. "Thus shall I escape attention."

"Wait one moment," said Horace. "What is that bulge in your breast-pocket?"

"Of a truth," said the Jinnee, looking relieved but not a little foolish as he extracted the object, "it is indeed the seal.

"You're in such a hurry to think the worst of everybody, you see!" said Horace "Now, *do* try to carry away with you into your seclusion a better opinion of human nature."

"Perdition to all the people of this age!" cried Fakrash, re-assuming his green robe

and turban, "for I now put no faith in human beings and would afflict them all, were not the Lord Mayor (on whom be peace!) mightier than I. Therefore, while it is yet time, take thou the stopper, and swear that, after I am in this bottle, thou wilt seal it as before and cast it into deep waters, where no eye will look upon it more!"

"With all the pleasure in the world!" said Horace; "only you must keep *your* part of the bargain first. You will kindly obliterate all recollection of yourself and the brass bottle from the minds of every human being who has had anything to do with you or it."

"Not so," objected the Jinnee, "for thus wouldst thou forget thy compact."

"Oh, very well, leave *me* out, then," said Horace. "Not that anything could make me forget *you!*"

Fakrash swept his right hand round in a half circle. "It is accomplished," he said. "All recollection of myself and yonder bottle is now erased from the memories of everyone but thyself."

"But how about my client?" said Horace. "I can't afford to lose *him*, you know."

"He shall return unto thee," said the Jinnee, trembling with impatience. "Now perform thy share."

Horace had triumphed. It had been a long and desperate duel with this singular being, who was at once so crafty and so childlike, so credulous and so suspicious, so benevolent and so malign. Again and again he had despaired of victory, but he had won at last. In another minute or so this formidable Jinnee would be safely bottled once more, and powerless to intermeddle and plague him for the future.

And yet, in the very moment of victory, quixotic as such scruples may seem to some, Ventimore's conscience smote him. He could not help a certain pity for the old creature, who was shaking there convulsively, prepared to re-enter his bottle-prison rather than incur a wholly imaginary doom. Fakrash had aged visibly within the last hour; now he looked even older than his three thousand and odd years. True, he had led Horace a fearful life of late, but at first, at least, his intentions had been good. His gratitude, if mistaken in its form, was the sign of a generous disposition. Not every Jinnee, surely, would have endeavoured to press untold millions and honours and dignities of all kinds upon him, in return for a service which most mortals would have considered amply repaid by a brace of birds and an invitation to an evening party.

And how was Horace treating *him?* He was taking what, in his heart, he felt to be a rather mean advantage of the Jinnee's ignorance of modern life to cajole him into returning to his captivity. Why not suffer him to live out the brief remainder of his years (for he could hardly last more than another century or two at most) in freedom? Fakrash had learnt his lesson: he was not likely to interfere again in human affairs; he might find his way back to the Palace of the Mountain of the Clouds and end his days there, in peaceful enjoyment of the society of such of the Jinn as might still survive unbottled.

So, obeying—against his own interests—some kindlier impulse, Horace made an effort to deter the Jinnee, who was already hovering in air above the neck of the bottle in a swirl of revolving draperies, like some blundering old bee vainly endeavouring to hit the opening into his hive.

"Mr. Fakrash," he cried, "before you go any farther, listen to me. There's no real necessity after all for you to go back to your bottle. If you'll only wait a little——"

But the Jinnee, who had now swelled to gigantic proportions, and whose form and features were only dimly recognisable through the wreaths of black vapour in which he was involved, answered him from his pillar of smoke in a terrible voice. "Wouldst thou still persuade me to linger?" he cried. "Hold thy peace and be ready to fulfil thine undertaking."

"But, look here," persisted Horace. "I should feel such a brute if I sealed you up without telling you——" The whirling and roaring column, in shape like an inverted cone, was being fast sucked down into the vessel, till only a semi-materialized but highly infuriated head was left above the neck of the bottle.

"Must I tarry," it cried, "till the Lord Mayor arrive with his Memlooks, and the hour of safety is expired? By my head, if thou delayest another instant, I will put no more faith in thee! And I will come forth once more, and afflict thee and thy friends—aye, and all the dwellers in this accursed city—with the most painful and unheard-of calamities."

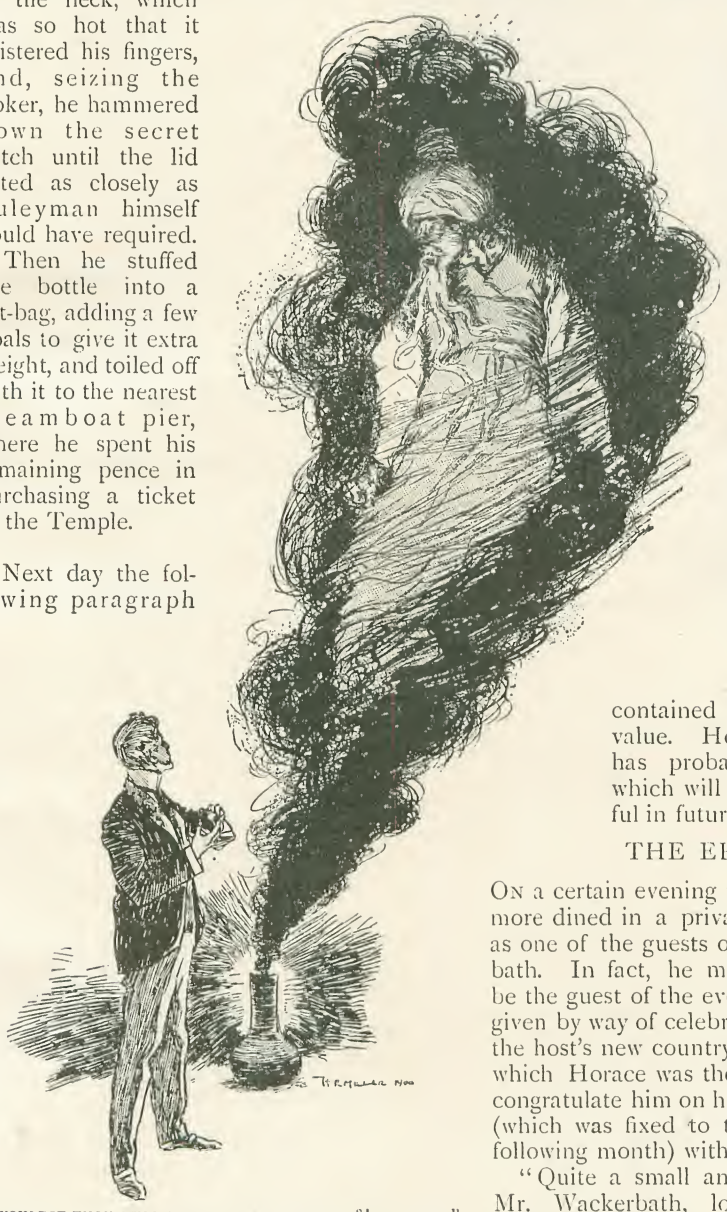
And, with these words, the head sank into the bottle with a loud clap resembling thunder.

Horace hesitated no longer. The Jinnee himself had absolved him from all further scruples; to imperil Sylvia and her parents—not to mention all London—out of con-

sideration for one obstinate and obnoxious old demon, would clearly be carrying sentiment much too far.

Accordingly, he made a rush for the jar and slipped the metal cover over the mouth of the neck, which was so hot that it blistered his fingers, and, seizing the poker, he hammered down the secret catch until the lid fitted as closely as Suleyman himself could have required.

Then he stuffed the bottle into a kit-bag, adding a few coals to give it extra weight, and toiled off with it to the nearest steamboat pier, where he spent his remaining pence in purchasing a ticket to the Temple.



"'WOULDST THOU STILL PERSUADE ME TO LINGER?' HE CRIED."

Next day the following paragraph appeared in one of the evening papers, which probably had more space than usual at its disposal :—

"SINGULAR OCCURRENCE ON A PENNY STEAMER.

"A gentleman on board one of the Thames steamboats (so we are informed by an eye-witness) met with a somewhat ludicrous mishap yesterday evening. It appears that he had with him a small portmanteau, or large hand-bag, which he was supporting on the rail of the stern bulwark. Just as the vessel was opposite the Savoy Hotel he incautiously raised his hand to the brim of his hat, thereby releasing hold of the bag, which overbalanced itself and fell into the deepest part of the river, where it instantly sank. The owner (whose carelessness occasioned considerable amusement to passengers in his immediate vicinity) appeared nc little disconcerted by the oversight, and was not unnaturally reticent as to the amount of his loss, though he was understood to state that the bag contained nothing of any great value. However this may be, he has probably learnt a lesson which will render him more careful in future."

THE EPILOGUE.

On a certain evening in May Horace Ventimore dined in a private room at the Savoy, as one of the guests of Mr. Samuel Wackerbath. In fact, he might almost be said to be the guest of the evening, as the dinner was given by way of celebrating the completion of the host's new country house at Lingfield, of which Horace was the architect, and also to congratulate him on his approaching marriage (which was fixed to take place early in the following month) with Miss Sylvia Futvoye.

"Quite a small and friendly party!" said Mr. Wackerbath, looking round on his numerous sons and daughters, as he greeted Horace in the reception-room. "Only ourselves, you see, Miss Futvoye, a young lady with whom you are fairly well acquainted, and her people, and an old schoolfellow of mine and his wife, who are not yet arrived. He's a man of considerable eminence," he

"SEIZING THE POKER, HE HAMMERED DOWN THE SECRET CATCH."

added with a roll of reflected importance in his voice; "quite worth your cultivating. Sir Lawrence Pountney, his name is. I don't know if you remember him, but he discharged the onerous duties of Lord Mayor of London the year before last, and acquitted himself very creditably—in fact, he got a baronetcy for it."

As the year before last was the year in which Horace had paid his involuntary visit to the Guildhall, he was able to reply with truth that he *did* remember Sir Lawrence.

He was not altogether comfortable when the ex-Lord Mayor was announced, for it would have been more than awkward if Sir Lawrence had chanced to remember *him*. Fortunately, he gave no sign that he did so, though his manner was graciousness itself. "Delighted, my dear Mr. Ventimore," he said, pressing Horace's hand almost as warmly as he had done that October day on the daïs; "most delighted to make your acquaintance! I am always glad to meet a rising young man, and I hear that the house you have designed for my old friend here is a perfect palace—a marvel, sir!"

"I knew he was my man," declared Mr. Wackerbath, as Horace modestly disclaimed Sir Lawrence's compliment. "You remember, Pountney, my dear fellow, that day when we were crossing Westminster Bridge together, and I was telling you I thought of building? 'Go to one of the leading men—an R.A. and all that sort of thing,' you said, 'then you'll be sure of getting your money's worth.' But I said, 'No. I like to choose for myself; to — ah — exercise my own judgment in these matters. And there's a young fellow I have in my eye who'll beat 'em all, if he's given the chance. I'm off to see him now.' And off I went to Great Cloister Street (for he hadn't those palatial offices of his in Victoria Street at that time) without losing another instant, and dropped in on him with my little commission. Didn't I, Ventimore?"

"You did indeed," said Horace, wondering how far these reminiscences would go.

"And," continued Mr. Wackerbath, patting Horace on the shoulder, "from that day to this I've never had a moment's reason to regret it. We've worked in perfect sympathy. His ideas coincided with mine. I think he found that I met him, so to speak, on all fours."

Ventimore assented, though it struck him that a happier expression might, and would, have been employed if his client had remembered one particular interview in which he had not figured to advantage.

They went in to dinner, in a room sumptuously decorated with panels of grey-green brocade and softly shaded lamps, and screens of gilded leather; through the centre of the table rose a tall palm, its boughs hung with small electric globes like magic fruits.

"This palm," said the Professor, who was in high good humour, "really gives quite an Oriental look to the table. Personally, I think we might reproduce the Arabian style of decoration and arrangement generally in our homes with great advantage. I often wonder it never occurred to my future son-in-law there to turn his talents in that direction and design an Oriental interior for himself. Nothing more comfortable and luxurious—for a bachelor's purposes."

"I'm sure," said his wife, "Horace managed to make himself quite comfort-

able enough as it was. He has the most delightful rooms in Vincent Square." Ventimore heard her remark to Sir Lawrence: "I shall never forget the first time we dined there, just after my daughter and he were engaged. I was quite astonished: everything was so perfect—quite simple, you know, but *so* ingeniously arranged, and his landlady such an excellent cook, too! Still, of course, in many ways, it will be nicer for him to have a home of his own."

"With such a beautiful and charming companion to share it with," said Sir Lawrence, in his most florid manner, "the—ah—poorest home would prove a Paradise, indeed! And I suppose now, my dear young lady," he added, raising his voice to address Sylvia, "you are busy making your future abode as exquisite as taste and research can render it, ransacking all the furniture shops in London for treasures, and going about to auctions—or do you—ah—delegate that department to Mr. Ventimore?"

"I do go about to old furniture shops, Sir Lawrence," she said, "but not auctions. I'm afraid I should only get just the thing I didn't want if I tried to bid. . . . And," she added, in a lower voice, turning to Horace, "I don't believe *you* would be a bit more successful, Horace!"

"What makes you say that, Sylvia?" he asked, with a start.

"Why, do you mean to say you've forgotten how you went to that auction for papa, and came away without having managed to get a single thing?" she said. "What a short memory you must have!"

There was only tender mockery in her eyes; absolutely no recollection of the sinister purchase he had made at that sale, or how nearly it had separated them for ever. So he hastened to admit that perhaps he had *not* been particularly successful at the auction in question.

Sir Lawrence next addressed him across the table. "I was just telling Mrs. Futvoye," he said, "how much I regretted that I had not the privilege of your acquaintance during my year of office. A Lord Mayor, as you doubtless know, has exceptional facilities for exercising hospitality, and it would have afforded me real pleasure if your first visit to the Guildhall could have been paid under my—hum—ha—auspices."

"You are very kind," said Horace, very much on his guard; "I could not wish to pay it under better."

"I flatter myself," said the ex-Lord Mayor, "that, while in office, I did my humble best to maintain the traditions of the City, and I was fortunate enough to have the honour of receiving more than the average number of celebrities as guests. But I had one great disappointment, I must tell you. It had always been a dream of mine that it might fall to my lot to present some distinguished fellow-countryman with the freedom of the City. By some curious chance, when the opportunity seemed about to occur, the thing was put off and I missed it—missed it by the merest hairbreadth!"

"Ah, well, Sir Lawrence," said Ventimore, "one can't have *everything!*"

"For my part," put in Lady Pountney, who had only caught a word or two of her husband's remarks, "what *I* miss most is having the sentinels present arms whenever I went out for a drive. They did it so nicely and respectfully. I confess I enjoyed that. My husband never cared much for it. Indeed, he wouldn't even use the State coach unless he was absolutely obliged. He was as obstinate as a mule about it!"

"I see, Lady Pountney," the Professor put in, "that you share the common prejudice against mules. It's quite a mistaken one. The mule has never been properly appreciated in this country. He is really the gentlest and most docile of creatures."

"I can't say I like them myself," said Lady Pountney; "such a mongrel sort of animal—neither one thing nor the other!"

"And they're hideous too, Anthony," added his wife. "And not at all clever!"

"There you're mistaken," my dear, said the Professor; "they are capable of almost human intelligence. I have had considerable personal experience of what a mule can do," he informed Lady Pountney, who seemed still incredulous. "More than most people indeed, and I can assure you, my dear Lady Pountney, that they readily adapt themselves to almost any environment, and will endure the greatest hardships without exhibiting any signs of distress. I see by your expression, Ventimore, that you don't agree with me, eh?"

Horace had to set his teeth hard for a moment, lest he should disgrace himself by a peal of untimely mirth—but by a strong effort of will he managed to command his muscles.

"Well, sir," he said, "I've only chanced to come into close contact with one mule in my life, and, frankly, I've no desire to repeat the experience."

"You happened to come upon an unfavourable specimen, that's all," said the

"'YOU DON'T AGREE WITH ME, EH?'"

Professor. "There are exceptions to every rule."

"This animal," Horace said, "was certainly exceptional enough in every way."

"Do tell us all about it," pleaded one of the Miss Wackerbaths, and all the ladies joined in the entreaty until Horace found himself under the necessity of improvising a story, which, it must be confessed, fell exceedingly flat.

This final ordeal past, he grew silent and thoughtful, as he sat there by Sylvia's side, looking out through the glazed gallery outside upon the spring foliage along the Embankment, the opaline river, and the shot towers and buildings on the opposite bank glowing warm brown against an evening sky of silvery blue.

Not for the first time did it seem strange, incredible almost, to him that all these people should be so utterly without any recollection of events which surely might have been expected to leave some trace upon the least retentive memory—and yet it only proved once more how thoroughly and honourably the old Jinnee, now slumbering placidly in his bottle deep down in unfathomable mud, opposite the very spot where they were dining, had fulfilled his last undertaking.

Fakrash, the brass bottle, and all his fantastic and embarrassing performances were indeed as totally forgotten as though they had never been.

And it is but too probable that even this modest and veracious account of them will prove to have been included in the general act of oblivion—though the author will trust as long as possible that Fakrash-el-Aamash may have neglected to provide for this particular case, and that the history of the Brass Bottle may thus be permitted to linger awhile in the memories of some at least of its readers.

THE END.

The Prince of Wales's Jockeys.

By Arthur F. Meyrick.

A RICH and handsome jacket is that in which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's racehorses are ridden. It consists of a purple satin body faced with gold braid; the sleeves are scarlet, and the cap black velvet with gold fringe. On a racecourse they first made their appearance on April 15th, 1880, in a military steeplechase at Aldershot, and the honour of wearing them fell to Captain Wentworth Hope Johnstone, then a subaltern in the 7th Hussars; what is more, the horse, called Leonidas II., who carried the Captain to the delight of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and a fashionable company present, won in a canter. Here is Captain Hope Johnstone's recollection of the race. He writes to me from his country residence, Skeynes, Edenbridge: "What a wet afternoon it was. I had got drenched to the skin riding in the race before, and as a preventive to the reins slipping I rubbed my hands with sand among which was some mud, and I brought more mud home with me, as Leonidas II. was led back to the paddock, a gallant winner." Captain Hope Johnstone was very proud of his victory, and so was the late John Jones, who trained Leonidas II. Between the flags in the "eighties" and early "nineties" there were few better amateur jockeys than the Captain. He had fine hands, good length, and could always take his own part when a finish became close and exciting. Captain Johnstone was born in 1848 at Moffat, Dumfriesshire, and it was his increased weight two or three years ago which prevented his continuing the pursuit he loved so well. The Prince of Wales, to his successful jockeys, usually gives scarf-pins as souvenirs, and Captain Hope Johnstone still holds the pretty diamond and emerald horseshoe with which he was presented after the victory of Leonidas II., which was a big, upstanding brown gelding by Lord Clifden or Adventurer. The afternoon that Captain Johnstone won the Military Hunt Cup on Leonidas II. was one of his red-letter days, for he rode three winners of the seven events on the card, and should have won a fourth when wearing the Duke of Connaught's green and black stripes in the Welter Plate on Black Knight, as he was going well when he came to grief.

CAPTAIN HOPE JOHNSTONE.
From a Photo. by Kate Pragnell.

Another distinguished military man to wear the colours besides Captain Hope Johnstone was the late Major E. R. Owen. "Roddy," as Major Owen was called by his friends, won two steeplechases in the colours on Hohenlinden in 1888; first the Naval and Military Steeplechase, at Kempton Park, and then in the Open Military Stakes, at the Household Brigade Meeting. Later, too, 1891, when the Major formed one of the Sandringham House party usually assembling there at Easter, with a view to the West Norfolk Hunt Meeting, held hard by at

East Winch, he again put on the Royal colours and rode The Monk in the County Stakes, but only got a moderate third. Besides being an excellent soldier, Major Owen had few equals on a steeplechase course, the chief of his triumphs being that he won the Liverpool Grand National of 1892 on Father O'Flynn. A brilliant career was cut short at Ambigol Wells, Egypt, on July 11th, 1896, when the Major succumbed to an attack of cholera. For the reproduction of the picture and autograph I am indebted to Major Owen's mother. It is the only portrait in racing colours she has of her lamented son, and it is daily face to face with her on the writing-table at 15, Wilton Crescent.

MAJOR E. R. OWEN.
From a Photo. by Bourne & Shepherd.
(By permission of the Proprietors of "Baily's Magazine.")

The late John Jones is the father of the Egerton House apprentice who has done so well this season in the Royal colours on Diamond Jubilee. He was the first professional to ride for the Prince; indeed, the honour conferred upon him was so highly thought of, that when not on a racecourse the purple, gold, and scarlet jacket was always on view under a glass case in Jones's sitting-room. Here, too, hung a picture of His Royal Highness, presented by the Prince of Wales, who also made Jones other gifts, which included a whip and a scarf-pin. Jones was a very bold horseman, and if he failed to win in the Royal colours on The Scot in the Liverpool Grand National, he won this event for John Nightingall later on with Shifnal. Jones was born November 19th, 1850. It was due to the late Mr. Fothergill Rowlands and Lord Marcus Beresford, the present Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales's stable, that Jones came into steeplechase prominence, and he rode many good winners besides Shifnal. Jones was a very good-natured man, and only forty-two years of age when he died (November 3rd, 1892). He left a wife, who still resides at Epsom.

THE LATE JOHN JONES.
From a Photo. by J. Robinson & Sons.

It was in the Grand National at Liverpool, in 1890, that Mr. E. P. Wilson wore the Royal colours. The Prince of Wales about that time had a burning desire to win the Aintree prize; but Hettie, like The Scot and Magic, proved unsuccessful; indeed, it was Mr. E. P. Wilson's mount, Voluptuary, who won the year Jones was beaten on The Scot. Mr. Wilson also carried off another Liverpool on the uncertain Roquefort, who always ran better at Aintree than elsewhere. He liked a left-handed track, but even then Mr. Wilson describes him as "a handful." Mr. Wilson was born October 10th, 1846, at Ilmington, a very pretty spot near Shipton-on-Stour, and has lived all his life there training and riding racehorses. He won his first steeplechase in Warwickshire at Stratford-on-Avon, on a horse called Starlight, in 1860. His career in the saddle, too, has been a hard one, for it was in December of 1898 that he had his last mount at Dunstall Park. Apart from Mr. Wilson's two Liverpool victories in suc-

From a Photo. by] MR. E. P. WILSON. [*Haden, Birmingham.*

cession, a striking feature in his history is that he on five occasions has won the movable National Hunt Steeplechase. At his best Mr. Wilson was a bold and fearless amateur jockey. He had a firm seat and a fine knowledge of pace, and there is scarcely an important steeplechase in the Calendar he has not won. When I once asked him which he thought was the best chaser he ever rode, Mr. Wilson ignored Voluptuary, Congress, Regal, Goldfinder, and Roquefort, and, to my surprise, he was content to select a horse called Nebsworth. He said at the end of the sixties he won ten consecutive races on him. The portrait I give of Mr. Wilson is in his own colours, amber and black seams and cap.

A. ANTHONY.
From a Photo. by Norman May & Co., Cheltenham.

When Anthony, last March, succeeded at Aintree, he was rewarded by the Prince to the extent of £500, and was "moighty plased," as the Irish would term it. So were the whole of the party. The scene for excitement was only second to the Derby when Persimmon won. The yells were terrific as Ambush II. had the verdict at his mercy, and the cheering subsequently loud and continuous. The congratulations bestowed upon Anthony were more than numerous, and they of course included those of the Prince of Wales, who was present to see the Irish-trained horse win. The ambition so long expressed by the Prince to succeed at Aintree was, therefore, accomplished under most brilliant circumstances, and it placed a record on the book, as His Royal Highness now is the only owner of a Derby winner who has won a Grand National; furthermore, with Diamond Jubilee's success later on at Epsom he accomplished the double in the same season. Anthony was born in the Midlands, but as he has lived so long in Ireland the sportsmen of the Sister Isle now claim him as their own. Still, he is now as well known on this side of the Channel as in Ireland. However, he holds the reputation of being the best Irish steeplechase jockey, and I believe a letter addressed "Anthony, Ireland," would find him. He lives, however, at Eyrefield Cottage, Curragh.

Close by Anthony's home resides Mr. T. Lushington, who also played a very conspicuous part in the Grand National won by Ambush II. It was Mr. Lushington who purchased the horse for the Prince for a sum of £500, and a cheap purchase it was. I have never seen Mr. Lushington either between the flags or over hurdles, but on the flat he is quite an adept, and rides with all the style of a first-class professional. In short welter races he is always quick away when the flag falls; in long-distance contests he always displays excellent judgment; he knows when to come, and his finishes are perfection. A great public favourite is Mr. Lushington, who has frequently had the Royal colours on. He had a rare reception the afternoon at

Goodwood when he rode for the Prince and won the Corinthian Welter on Safety Pin. Mr. Lushington was born at Chilham Castle,

MR. T. LUSHINGTON.
From a Photo. by Hailey & Co., Newmarket.

near Canterbury, Kent, September 7th, 1860, and he possesses several souvenirs for services to the Prince. There is the enamelled pin of Persimmon, and another of "the feathers" in diamonds; but a more recent noteworthy treasure at Eyrefield Lodge is an old Irish silver cup, engraved on which is the Royal Arms, and this was presented by His Royal Highness in commemoration of Ambush II.'s victory at Liverpool last March.

It was not a very creditable performance of Mr. Arthur Coventry when wearing the Royal colours, but he was then on that rather gay deceiver, The Scot, when he finished a bad third to Lady of the Lake and Per Damp for the Grand Steeplechase at Baden-Baden. This was in 1883, and I believe the only occasion the Prince of Wales's colours have been sported abroad. But if poor honours accrued in The Scot's journey over the sea, which, I believe, was the only time Mr. Coventry wore the Royal livery, some few seasons ago on the flat, over hurdles, or country he was one of our most successful amateur riders. He was taught in the right school, and many of his early successes were scored in the scarlet and white hoops of Tom Cannon. In the Bibury Club races for gentlemen riders Mr. Coventry mostly held his own. Again, too, Sandown Park and Lewes were some of his happiest hunting grounds. Few men who visit a course have a better knowledge of racing than Mr. Coventry, and since leaving off race-riding he has become our official starter. In this particular calling he is as clever as when wearing racing colours. A starter's berth is the most difficult of all the duties of racing officials, but Mr. Coventry,

MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY.
From a Photo. by Sherborn, Newmarket.

who is a brother of Captain H. Coventry, the rider of Alcibiades in the National of 1865, gets well through his work.

It is because the Prince of Wales started steeplechasing before racing under the Jockey Club Rules that I have given the former precedence, but H.R.H.'s greatest achievements have been gained on the flat. John Porter, at the request of the Prince, selected

a few brood mares to form a stud at Sandringham, and it was, indeed, a happy hit when the Kingsclere trainer bought Perdita II., who produced, among others, Florizel II., Persimmon, and Diamond Jubilee. The Royal colours were registered as far back as 1875, but it was not until June 4th, 1886, that they were sported on the flat. The late Fred Archer first put them on under the Jockey Club Rules at Sandown Park, and rode a filly called Counterpane in a maiden plate. Counterpane jumped off in front, made all the running, and won by three lengths. To set forth the whole of Archer's feats or praise his many brilliant efforts would here occupy too much space, but a more successful or clever jockey was never seen. The art of race-riding was born in him. "Fred" was as fond of going straight to hounds as of making the best of his way home in a race. He liked jumping, and it may not be generally known that in his early career he *did* win a little steeplechase. Here I have his word for it:—

THE LATE FRED ARCHER.
From a Photo. by Chancellor, Dublin.

Heath Lodge
Newmarket
Jan. 15th 1881

Dear Sir,

In reply to yours of the 6th, I beg to say that I have ridden the winner of a Galloway Steeplechase at Bangor, but never rode a winner of a hurdle race

I remain
Yours truly
F. Archer.

Subsequent to Counterpane, Archer often rode and won for the Prince, who made him many presents, a scarf-pin included. His marvellous career embraces all our classic races and most of our chief handicaps and two-year-old races. He was born at Cheltenham, January 11th, 1857; served his apprenticeship with the late Matthew Dawson, and won his first race on the flat at Chesterfield in 1870. Archer was 5ft. 9in. high, and many of his successes were due to a good head and his length.

John Watts has not ridden much of late, but he has achieved great victories for H.R.H. He won him his first classic race, the One Thousand Guineas, on Thais, and the Derby and St. Leger on Persimmon. But what is called Persimmon's Derby was, perhaps, the greatest race Watts ever rode. How stride

John Watts

From a Photo. by] J. WATTS. *[Hailey, Newmarket.*

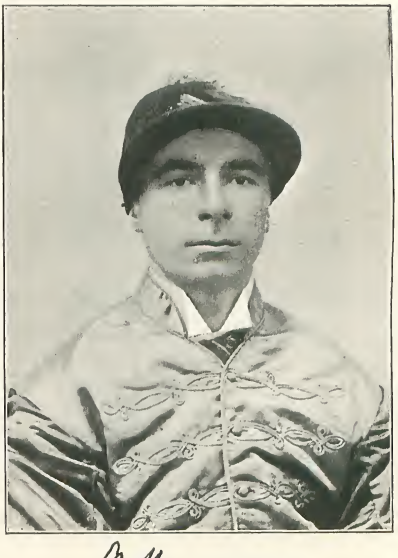
by stride he overhauled St. Frusquin from the distance is still green in memory, and Epsom never before or since has witnessed

such a wild and enthusiastic scene. Watts was born at Stockbridge, May 9th, 1861, and he served his apprenticeship under Tom Cannon. Danebury has indeed in its time produced some rare riding talent, and most of the jockeys hailing from the Hampshire stable keep fresh in memory the fine style so often displayed in the saddle by Tom Cannon himself. Apart from the successes of Persimmon, Watts has won more races than any other jockey in the Royal colours in which his portrait appears. A careful man Watts has been, and he has a beautiful home in close proximity to the old Cambridgeshire stand at Newmarket.

MORNINGTON CANNON.
From a Photo. by Hailey, Newmarket.

Mention of Stockbridge and its riders leads up to Morny Cannon, who became acquainted with the Royal colours at Epsom in 1895. Here he rode a magnificent race in the Caterham Plate on Courtier, who got up on the post and won by a short head. A fine horseman is Mornington Cannon, and he takes his Christian name from a horse of Mr. E. Brayley's, upon whom his father won the Metropolitan at Epsom. On May 21st, 1875, "Morny" was born, and the Race Guide sparkles with his marked success and so far brilliant career. He has now won all the classic races except the One Thousand Guineas, and his seat on a horse is much prettier to look upon than the now so-much-fancied American style, which some of our riders have tried to adopt. In both public and private life Cannon is a most unassuming man. He is very careful in his living and general habits; in fact, although carefully studying his health, like Fred Archer and other jockeys, it is not likely to become impaired by severe wasting. Kingsclere has first claim on his services, and he now rides always for the Prince of Wales when the weight and opportunity permit. Until lately Cannon resided at Ridgeway Bitterne, Southampton, but he has removed recently to Bletchley.

O. Madden is the mid-weight jockey attached to Richard Marsh's powerful stable. He was, I think, born in Germany, and he comes of a race-riding family. His father, it will be remembered, came over here with that grand Hungarian mare, Kincsem, who carried off the Goodwood Cup of 1878. Curiously enough, Otto Madden, like Watts, M. Cannon, and H. Jones, the four jockeys attached to the Egerton House stable, have each ridden Derby winners. Besides Persimmon, Watts steered Merry Hampton, Sainfoin, and Ladas. M. Cannon succeeded on Flying Fox, H. Jones on Diamond Jubilee, and Madden on Jeddah. The latter was the greatest surprise of modern times. The stable had a better favourite in Dieudonné, who failed to stay, and Madden brought off a 100 to 1 chance. Besides riding for the Prince and other Egerton House patrons, Madden gets plenty of mounts and wins plenty of



From a Photo. by] OTTO MADDEN. *[Hailey, Newmarket.*

races. He made his first appearance in the saddle in 1890, and his best season was in 1898, when he headed the list of winning jockeys with a 161 total. Last year he was second to S. Loates, who has never ridden for the Prince of Wales.

Herbert Ebsworth Jones was born at Epsom on the 30th of November, 1880, and,

From a Photo. by] H. E. JONES. [*Hailey, Newmarket.*

curiously enough, his father also was born in November and died in that month. This time last year Jones never could have anticipated being one of the heroes of the hour at Epsom on a Derby Day, but he rode a well-timed race for the Prince on Diamond Jubilee, and although since beaten at Newmarket in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, the colt may yet win the St. Leger. The Newmarket defeat was rather disappointing to Jones, but it was excusable. Diamond Jubilee was giving Merry Gal, the winner, 20lb. As he did to his father, the Prince of Wales has given young Jones a beautifully-mounted whip. This was presented for his successes in the Two Thousand and Newmarket Stakes, and no doubt since the Derby triumph the accustomed pin has found its way to the jockey's scarf. Last year Diamond Jubilee would do nothing for Cannon; hence Jones having the mount. He can do much as he likes with the colt, both in and out of the stable. With such recorded triumphs it is surprising he does not get more riding. The reason, however, is that English owners just now are so eager to use American talent.

The only American jockey who has ever worn the Royal colours is J. Tod Sloan. This was at Manchester three years ago on Little Dorrit in the Lancashire Nursery, the only occasion; but the mount was unsuccessful. Still, since he first came to England there is no doubt about the sensation and commotion Sloan and other subsequent arrivals have caused in our jockey camp. The American riders now here are numerous; moreover, they are meeting with wonderful support and victory. Sloan and the younger Reiff a short time ago carried off all the races on the second day's card at Nottingham. Sloan was born on August 10th, 1873, at Kokomo, and he won his first race in England in 1897. He holds "a tall" record in America. The most important of his victories here is Sibola in the One Thousand Guineas, and he still fancies that

J. TOD SLOAN.
From a Photo. by Hailey, Newmarket.

he would have beaten Flying Fox on Holocauste in the Derby but for his mount meeting with a fatal accident. Sloan's lowest riding weight is 7st. 2lb.

A horse that caused much excitement and interest when carrying the Prince of Wales's colours was the own brother to Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, called Florizel II. Calder, Watts, and T. Loates were the jockeys of this good performer. On his back poor Calder was victorious in the Manchester Summer Cup of 1895, and he again successfully steered the horse next year in the Prince's Handicap, at Gatwick. Calder was a powerful rider. But T. Loates's turn for Florizel came before this, and he can boast of having successfully worn the colours in the Prince's first race at Ascot. Well do I recollect this race for the St. James's Palace Stakes of 1895. It was set last on the card, and the entire Royal party stayed to the end to see the horse run, and the cheering was tremendous as T. Loates first reached the goal. T. Loates has won two Derbies, first on Donovan and then on the good-looking Isinglass. His eyes of late years have troubled him much, but Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has still first claim on his services. He was born at Derby in October, 1867, and is an able jockey. He was very unfortunate in Persimmon's Derby to lose his stirrup just at the critical point of that grand set-to. He was on St. Frusquin, whom Persimmon never afterwards defeated.

From a Photo. by] T. LOATES. *[Hailey, Newmarket.*

The last but not least of the jockeys who have ridden for the Prince is Nat Robinson, a brother of the Foxhill trainer, who himself in the saddle did good service for the late James Jewitt's stable. Young Robinson was an apprentice of R. Marsh, and he has ridden several times for the Prince. He is the sixth of the series of H.R.H.'s jockeys that we produce in the Royal colours. Robinson started his career as a jockey in 1895, when he won two races, but his best season's score occurred in 1897, when he won fifty-nine events. He has not done much this year, having for his health been on a visit to Egypt. He only returned home to Newmarket a few weeks ago. He is a quick and intelligent jockey.

With so small a stud the numerous successes gained in the Royal colours on the flat have been remarkable. They are due in the first place to John Porter, who formed the Sandringham stud and trained its early produce, and of late years to Lord Marcus Beresford and Richard Marsh. Up to and including the Sandown Eclipse Stakes, won by Diamond Jubilee, the Prince of Wales since starting flat racing, in 1886, has won seventy races, worth £92,014, a sum that does not include second or third money or the Grand National and other steeplechases. H.R.H.'s best year, however, was 1896, for both numbers and value. He then won a dozen races worth £26,819; yet with the St. Leger Diamond Jubilee in value may surpass his own brother's record.

NAT ROBINSON.
From a Photo. by Hailey, Newmarket.

Living Her Own Life.

By G. M. Robins.

"BUT do you really consider that in order to achieve success in art one ought never to go in for the social side of things at all?" urged Winnie, ruffling all her already unkempt locks afresh with one hand, as she stood leaning—in her modelling blouse—against the mantel in Philippa Wymond's studio.

In Winnie's hand was the subject of discussion—a much-crumpled acting edition of "As You Like It."

Philippa was at her easel—a tall, finely-developed girl, whose clothes and style of hair were aggressively modern — obviously intended to emphasize the fact that this was a revolted member of society, who had shaken the dust of Philistinism off her feet for ever. It said something for her attractions that, in spite of it all, she was attractive still. She looked both reserved and determined, but there was a subtle fascination about the eyes and about the soft curves of a really lovely mouth which prevented her face from seeming hard.

"WHO SAYS I AM UNPOPULAR?"

She laid a square, strong touch with a wide brush upon the canvas before her as she replied:—

"People must follow their own inclinations and be guided by their own common sense. I can't do the two things myself, that's all I know about it; and I am too keen about passing into the Academy Schools to risk chances by going into this thing. Besides," she added, after a pause, with a disdainful downward curve of that expressive mouth, "look what a crew you have to mix yourself up with—Billy Dunster and Casimir Lefanu and all that clique! Do you think I have kept out of it all these months to let myself be caught now?"

Winnie see-sawed doubtfully on her heels and toes and paused before replying. "Are you sure that it's wise of you, Phil, to make yourself so unpopular?"

Philippa remained a long moment, her brush poised in mid-air, looking particularly handsome, and a little angry.

"Who says I am unpopular?"

"It's only since these theatricals that I have heard it said," replied Winnie, "and I am inclined to think you had better know it."

Amusement had succeeded disdain in the mind of Philippa. She laughed a laugh of bewitching sweetness.

"Well, dear," said she, "I don't think it will kill me after all."

"You may pretend to despise us all," returned Winnie, nettled, "but it does not do to be so stand-off, Phil. Ever since you came they have been wanting to know who you are, where you come from, who your

people are, and why you keep yourself so apart from the rest of us. You need not pretend not to know that you are the only girl in the school who belongs neither to the Hockey, nor the Tennis, nor the Sketch Club, nor the Dramatics."

Philippa whirled her brush over her head with a gesture of impatience.

"They haven't got enough to do in this school to mind their own business," cried she, with energy. "Why cannot a poor creature remain in the obscurity that best befits her? What can it matter to Billy Dunster who my grandfather was? If I insisted on inviting him to dinner it might; but as I never speak to him from week's end to week's end, why should he trouble his great mind? Let him learn his part and be easy. I've taken a ticket for their precious theatricals, and what more can they expect?"

"Yes, you've taken a ticket; but do you mean to go?" asked Winnie, in a low tone.

Philippa flushed swiftly a vivid red, and looked round sharply. "You know a great deal, Winnie."

"I know nothing, Phil. When you cottoned to me and asked me to come and sit with you, and said I might call you Phil, I thought we were to be friends: that you would not treat me like the rest of the students that you despise so."

"Of what do you complain in my treatment of you?"

"You never tell me anything."

"Winnie," said her friend, quietly, "once I did tell you something: I told you I was competing for the Head Master's Prize. Next morning Casimir Lefanu knew it."

It was Winnie's turn to blush.

"Women who give each other away do more to throw back the advancement of their sex than ten thousand Bond Street walking fashion-plates," quietly said Miss Wymond. "Sorry, but you are not far enough along the road to greatness to be anybody's confidante, my poor little woman." There was no answer; Winnie was looking baffled and sulky. A sudden thought turned Philippa's head like lightning towards her. "Did they send you up here this afternoon to draw me?" she demanded; and as she was answered only by a burning and downcast face, she added, very gently, "Oh, Winnie! A traitor!"

"I am nothing of the kind," replied the girl, angrily. "It is you, rather, who are the traitor: among us but not of us, living by yourself and to yourself. When you joined the Kyrle Schools you made yourself a member of a community: but you repudiate all the ties of membership."

"I recognise Bernard Larkin's style; or is it Billy after all?" asked Philippa, ironically. "Why is it impossible for human beings to leave anyone alone? Now, if I were to go in for criticising them, or complain of them in any way! But I never do; I am probably the one student who has never said a spiteful thing of one of them; and yet they must set to work to poison the mind of the only girl I could talk to a little sometimes. I think you had better take yourself and your play out of the room for a while, my dear; you have put my monkey up."

"I think you are unjust and nonsensical," said Winnie, warmly. "You talk of being let alone; can you pretend that you don't know that you're by far the most striking girl in the schools? Can you pretend not to know that the Chief would give his eyes if you would play *Rosalind?* And you ought to play it; you can act—you have actually played the part, for you told me so——"

"Another confidence which apparently has not been respected," observed Philippa, with a curling lip; and Winnie flounced out of the room with an angry word.

"They should send somebody less transparent than that poor child, when they plot to make me commit myself," she murmured, with heaving breast, when she found herself alone. "Oh me, for the hatefulness of one's neighbour—!" "the brute world howling." Yes, they do howl. Because I am young and passably good-looking I may not work without distraction! What right has a young woman to work? Is she not a toy, a thing to amuse other people? Can she have a vocation, a life-work? Oh, no, she must fulfil her destiny of dressing in pretty clothes to be looked at! Worst and best, men are all alike. No girl is to be allowed to take herself seriously."

As she reflected her hand closed, almost imperceptibly, over a letter she had received that morning, which lay on a table among tubes of colour, German dictionaries, and unwashed dinner-things. She made a contemptuous grimace as she glanced at it:—

"The Lodge, Polesley.

"Dear Philippa,—Herewith is inclosed your quarterly instalment. If you should need more, please let me know. I hope you are well and happy; I am neither, but am aware that the fact lies outside the wide range of your interests.—Yours sincerely, VAL ARKWRIGHT."

"He would like me to take a villa at

Tooting, and settle down with one maid and a charwoman, and the baby's mail-cart in the front passage," muttered she. "Yes, even Val, who pretended to love me! There was more excuse for the parents, because they are a generation behind and could not understand; for him there is none."

She bestowed a few aimless strokes at random on her canvas, and then quite suddenly flung down palette and brushes and snatched out her handkerchief to intercept a burst of uncontrollable tears.

"How am I to live in the world at all if everybody is so detestable?" sobbed she, casting herself down upon a sofa. "When I have a destiny before me! I have! I know it—I feel it! It is not as though I were a vain idiot, eaten up with conceit. I have abilities, and cannot help knowing it. All I ask is to be let alone and allowed to work, and that I am denied!"

She walked up and down, her handkerchief twisted and dragged between her nervous fingers; and presently, being a woman and young and handsome, she stopped before a looking-glass and gazed in it; then with a movement as sudden as the tears had been, she pulled out a long tortoise-shell hair-pin and let the masses of her burnished hair fall about her shoulders.

"WELL, THEN, I SHALL PLAY 'ROSALIND.'"

"The Chief would give his eyes if you would play *Rosalind*," she murmured. "Well, then, I shall play *Rosalind!* After all, it attracts more notice apparently to abstain from their ridiculous play than to join in it! Winnie has conquered, after all. I will play *Rosalind*, and if I know myself, I shall have very little difficulty in keeping *Orlando* at a respectful distance." She fastened up the beautiful locks. "Of course, the state of things between Val and me does oblige me to be careful. But he knows me better than to think I am hateful enough to——"

She paused, her eyes full of reflection, then, pulling her blotter towards her, scribbled a line:—

"Dear Val,—I received your remittance to-day, with many thanks. I am getting terribly in your debt, but also I am progressing so well with my work that I feel sure of being able to repay you before long; and I put by something every quarter, so that I could really do with less. I am sorry you have sent me to Coventry; I see as little as ever why you should, and it would be a pleasure to show you my work and hear what you think of it. They are getting up a play at this horrid place, and I have been worried into saying that I will play the part of *Rosalind*. Why cannot they leave me alone? I would not stay but for Lemoine's teaching; there is no such other in London; but I suppose wherever I went I should find people just as horrid, as unable to believe in a girl's singleness of purpose. Some of the things you said to me about the world and its ways were true, I regret to say. But, unlike you, I do not hold that because people have horrid minds one is to give up every plan, lest it should be misunderstood. On the contrary, if no one will begin to prove to them that there are women who honestly wish to work and are not on the continual look-out for male admiration, how can society ever be reformed? I will make you own I am right yet.—Your sincere friend, PHILIPPA."

Perched on a high stool in the studio, known as the "Large Antique," and surrounded by a group of young men, Winnie Spence was in her element.

"She rounded on me," she was saying, excitedly, "and asked if you had all put me

"WINNIE SPENCE WAS IN HER ELEMENT."

up to going to her; so I thought I had settled my hash and that nothing would make her act after that. However, I left it to soak in; and what was my surprise when a few hours after I met the Chief, and he told me that Miss Wymond was going to play *Rosalind!* I could not believe it."

"I'll keep my promise, Miss Spence: I'll take you to the theatre," said Bernard Larkin, enthusiastically. "You're a regular brick, and the whole school is obliged to you. It would have been too mortifying, with a beauty like that in the school, not to have her in the show," and the young man, who was the Apollo of the Kyrle, and was to be the *Orlando* of the cast, ran his fingers through his curly, dark hair.

"What fun it will be!" cried Winnie, who was cast for *Audrey*. "She will never be able to come the high and mighty over you all after this! She may think she can retire into her shell again, but she won't; nothing makes one so intimate as theatricals."

"I am going to get my friend Locksley, of the Academy Schools, to coach me in my part," observed Larkin. "He's a clever chap, if you like; the sort of fellow who could do anything he put his hand to. He knows Miss Wymond, by the way, for he asked me something about her only the other day."

"What!" sharply cried Winnie. "Are you sure? Because, if you are, it is particularly interesting, for I always thought that Wymond was an assumed name. I'm almost certain that I once saw the envelope of a letter to her with some other name on it."

"Well, you are wrong there, I think; he said Miss Philippa Wymond, as plainly as possible. He asked me what was thought of her work here; I told him her work was not up to much, but that she herself was great things, only nobody could get at her. I told him that the Chief passed all her things because she is so fetching, and he was afraid if she didn't think she was getting on she would leave. He said he thought that was mean; and he was right; so it is."

"I suspect Miss Wymond has a past of some sort; the ambition of such a handsome girl to become an R.A. student is quite inexplicable on any other grounds," said Casimir Lefanu, with his slanting smile.

"Did she know Larkin was to play *Orlando?*" asked Billy Dunster, slily. Winnie nodded. "I told her"; and the whole group laughed a little. They did not mean to be either ill-bred or unkind; the knowledge that they were either would have greatly surprised them.

At the moment Philippa herself appeared, walking slowly to her place before the Hermes of Praxiteles, which she was drawing for her studentship. Two or three of them cried out to her how glad they were that she was going to act. She faced them with a cold look, her head held high.

"I asked Lemoine whether he thought it would make any difference to my Academy chances, and he said, 'No,'" said she,

with frozen sweetness. "So I decided to try."

"Any difference to her Academy chances!" they sniggered among themselves afterwards. "No, indeed, nothing could do that! 'Cute of old Lemoine!"

It was after the fifth or sixth rehearsal that Philippa felt herself, by almost insensible degrees, obliged to drop in part the veil of reserve which she had always hitherto drawn between herself and the students. Her whole nature was intensely dramatic; had she but known it, her artistic aspirations were but a dramatic pose; she was a far better actress than draughtswoman, and the whole body of amateurs kindled into something like enthusiasm at the spark of her ability. She loved Shakespeare, and she loved *Rosalind;* moreover, her *Orlando* was not only personable, but he had histrionic gifts of no mean order; and she could not wholly conceal from herself the fact that it was a pleasure to act with him.

"SHE FACED THEM WITH A COLD LOOK."

A few days after her decision was first taken she received the following letter:—

"Dear Philippa,—Have you reflected that the part of *Rosalind* demands a doublet and hose?—Yours sincerely, VAL ARKWRIGHT."

To this she replied:—

"Dear Val,—Are you afraid that I shall acquire a doublet and hose in my disposition?—Yours sincerely, PHILIPPA."

An answer was received to this effect:—

"Dear Philippa,—No, that is not possible; but I know that you desire it.—Yours sincerely, VAL ARKWRIGHT."

This last was really too contemptible to merit a retort, so it received none.

Meanwhile, *Orlando* was receiving most valuable coaching in his part from his friend Locksley of the R.A. Schools.

"A brilliant sort of beggar, Locksley," he was wont to say; "I wish he would come to rehearsals and drill us all a bit; he does the wrestling scene better than I shall ever do it. He had *Charles* and me up in his rooms last night, and put us through our paces finely. He takes me right through my part, night after night. I've tried hard to get him to come here, but he won't go anywhere; some woman has spoilt his life."

"Spoilt his life?" said Winnie, inquisitively. This sounded interesting.

"Yes; he partly told me about it. She married him, and then he found out she didn't care for him. He was in good practice as a doctor, but he threw it all up and left the place where he lived—somewhere in the Midlands; he couldn't face people afterwards, I suppose."

"Is he ugly?" inquired Winnie.

"Not he; a great fine chap: he could floor *Charles* a good deal better than I can; in fact, you know, Forbes"—the student who took the part of the wrestler—"is a good deal stronger than I am really."

"I wish your friend would come to a rehearsal," said Miss Spence.

"He is coming to the performance," replied Larkin; "and though I say it, I think he will be pleased with the wrestling: it is not bad for amateurs; if only Forbes doesn't get too excited and give me a bit too much!"

"Go on; I sha'n't," said Forbes, who was a muscular, broad, bandy young fellow, with a good heart, but a hot temper.

"Wish I'd cultivated my muscle a bit more," observed *Orlando,* pensively. "I go to the Gym now regularly every day after work, and I really am getting harder; at first I used to sit down and howl every time Forbes got a hold on me."

"Nonsense," said Winnie. "But, I say, doesn't Philippa do her part grandly? I am simply longing for the dress rehearsal, to see her in her boy's dress; Lemoine has designed it, and it is simply ravishing: all green and russet, and the sweetest little cap in the world."

"How do you like my doublet?" asked Larkin. "Locksley lent it to me; it is what he wore when he did the part; he is just my height. Lemoine thinks it a ripping get-up."

"I think we shall be proud of the good old school when the night arrives," cried Billy Dunster, with unction.

They were, perhaps, the most delightful days that Philippa Wymond had ever known. Brought up in a sleepy town in the Midlands, she had early imbibed ideas of emancipation, from a governess who longed to exploit the handsome, clever girl, and to get her away from her mediocre surroundings. When Val Arkwright bought the old doctor's practice and settled in the place he lost no time in losing his heart to Miss Wymond. She scorned him with the intense scorn of the very young modern woman. Marriage had no place in her programme—at least, not for years and years to come. She was going to London to be a bachelor girl, and live her own Life with a very large L. It was only when, to her rage and mortification, her parents flatly negatived all these lofty ideas, and refused outright to supply the necessary sinews of war, that it occurred to Philippa to look on marriage as a possible outlet, a possible method of gaining her own way. She was not really quite so hateful as such an idea suggests; she was only selfish with that vast selfishness which is inculcated by the literature imbibed by the modern girl. Of duty and sacrifice she had no notion, only of her own desires, her own abilities, her own development. Her unsuspicious parents were delighted to see her, as they hoped, happily and normally in love, and married to a rising young man, who had some private means of his own as well as a thriving practice. Val was very much in love; his bride quite expected to be able to twist him round her little finger; when she found him as unreasonable as her parents had been, she simply could not understand it. Surely he must see that the law of her being demanded that she should have scope. She was so persuaded that the domestic life was of necessity a narrow one, that she believed no intelligent person could think otherwise. That Val should accuse her of marrying him under false pretences! Why, she had refused him once, and in accepting him had carefully explained that she did not hold with "being in love," as the saying is; to which he had made the regulation besotted reply of the lover, that if she would but marry him, "the love would come."

Fair warning had been his: yet, in that terrible, stormy interview after their marriage, he had acted as though he had been betrayed. He told her she should have the one thing for which she had married him—the cash necessary for her art education, and nothing more. He was not a demonstrative man: she did not fully realize his contempt. Superbly she undertook to repay him all when the world should recognise her great talent; and with no regret and a happy heart she took her way to London. It was six months since their parting, which took place on the evening of their wedding day. Val, according to his wife's ideas, was still sulking; that is to say, he declined to come and see her, and seemed to take no interest in her rise and progress! It was a far cry from Polesley to London, and she knew the demands of his practice; but she was conscious of a wish that he should behold her as *Rosalind*, on the eve of the day that was to witness her further triumph; for the Academy List was to be out on the morning after the performance. She had only been acquainted with her husband for three months before their marriage, and her courtship had been a short one; she knew very little of Val.

His brief letters still reached her with the Polesley post-mark; that he was still there it would never have occurred to her to question. Had he removed, surely her father and mother would have mentioned it, for she still heard from them, though she was, as she impenitently remarked, "in their black books."

The great Antique Studio had been turned into a theatre by the skilful efforts of many willing hands; it was full to overflowing of visitors when the eventful evening of "As You Like It" arrived.

Philippa was radiant in beauty and spirits. That little barbed shaft of Winnie's about her being unpopular had rankled, as the young lady meant that it should. Miss Wymond had thawed during the rehearsals, and by degrees, as she felt the charm of her power, had become a different creature, sparkling and gracious, revelling in the sun of admiration. This, indeed, was life—this, indeed, was better than the Girl's Friendly teas at Polesley Vicarage, or the charades at the

Manor House at Christmas time, which had been her wildest dissipations, until her ambitious governess had brought her to stay in London. And when she might be tasting such delights Val had wished her to settle down as the wife of a country doctor!

Bernard Larkin, the *Orlando*, seemed in a very excited state; he was nervous about the wrestling; young Forbes was nettled because he was nervous, seeming to think that Larkin was apprehensive that he would not play fair; the two both seemed a little out of themselves. All went well, however: the wrestling was a brilliant bit of work for amateurs; but the last tussle struck Philippa, who was watching with all her might, as somewhat deadly. She thought she saw *Orlando* reel slightly, as *Charles* was thrown; and when she approached to congratulate him it was evident that either he was acting a trifle too well or that he really had a difficulty in replying to her. His final cry—

> O, poor Orlando, thou art overthrown,
> Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee,

was barely out of his mouth when the curtain was rung sharply down; and Larkin, staring about like one who could not see, fell into the arms of Forbes, who rushed forward from the wings.

"He is fainting; Forbes was too rough with him," whispered *Celia* to *Rosalind;* and they looked with dismay at each other.

"He'll be all right," hurriedly said the stage manager. "You two mustn't delay, or you won't be in your other clothes in time."

They hurried off, but, as they dressed, bits of deplorable news began to arrive. "He's badly hurt." "They think he's strained himself inside." "The Chief *is* giving it to Forbes." "They say he can't go on." "What ever is to be done?" "What a fortunate thing! Do you know what they are going to do? Mr. Locksley is in the audience, and he's going to take it! He coached poor Larkin! The dress fits him! He knows all the business!" "I say, Miss Wymond, what shall you do?"

"Rise to the emergency, I hope," said Philippa, with carmine cheeks and brilliant eyes.

The situation piqued and stimulated her. Locksley had been the unknown hero of the entire school for the past few weeks. Her courage mounted high, her heart beat at the thought that she was to act with him; she was so sure of her part, she could help him through!

As they dressed, more news was brought.

"They've begun." "The audience don't know the difference."

"He's the same height, the same wig, the same make-up." "He is clever!" "A better voice than Larkin's — more assurance!" "How lucky that he was here!"

Rosalind was only out of her dressing-room just in time to make her entrance with *Touchstone* and *Celia.* She had not so much as seen the strange *Orlando;* and she could not but feel a little real nervousness as *Celia* described his approach; her cry, "What shall I do with my doublet and

"THEY STOOD CONFRONTED."

hose?" came from her very heart, and it was with a strange perturbation of spirits that she watched the tall, graceful figure strolling through the forest glades, his eyes upon the paper of verses in his hand.

Then, forthwith, a thrill ran through her, for when *Orlando* lifted his gaze to hers, and they stood confronted—behold, Locksley was none other than Val, her husband!

The rush of feelings and of surmises was so great that for a few perceptible seconds she could not speak. How came he there? Was he, too, an artist? What would he think of her in her male attire? His glance, good-humouredly ironical, seemed to show that, if anything, he despised her. A wild feeling of suffocation overtook her; an icy something was mounting upwards to her heart; another moment and she would faint; it was that cool, sarcastic challenge in Val's eyes that brought her back to reason. Was she going to fail? Never! She stepped out and gave the next lines of her part with renewed gusto; and a critic of the stage, who was in the audience, turned to his neighbour and said: "That girl is a genius; I have never seen such a bit of acting as that, not in the best London theatres."

The rest of that evening was always afterwards a blank in Philippa's mind. She knew that she distinguished herself, for people told her so afterwards; but her own memory failed to record any one of the thousand impressions that crowded upon it. The evening's laurels were by no means exclusively hers: they were extensively shared by the *Orlando* who had rescued the play and the school out of such an unfortunate *impasse*. Val took his honours very coolly; it was his air of coolness and detachment that struck and confused Philippa. When first they met, after the play was over, in the green-room, he went up to her with a quiet ease of manner, and held out his hand.

"May I venture to claim a slight previous acquaintance with Miss Wymond?" he asked.

"She does not remember you, for I asked her the other day," put in Winnie Spence, with alacrity. "I said you had told Mr. Larkin that you thought you knew her, and she said she did not know the name."

"I remember now; I have met Mr. Locksley," replied Philippa, with an effort; "but I did not know he was an art student."

"I passed into the Academy Schools a good many years ago," he replied, "and then decided not to avail myself of the studentship; but lately I changed my mind, so I applied to the authorities, and as a special favour they waived the rules and let me in, although I am so much over age."

"No wonder they let him in," said Billy Dunster, admiringly. "He is no end of a swell; we of Kyrle's are not in the same street with him."

"Oh!" said Val, "but I understand that Miss Wymond is going to make the school famous; we shall meet now and then, I hope, when you are in the R.A., Miss Wymond."

Philippa thought they probably would; she felt strange and unready; in some mysterious manner Val had taken the wind out of her sails. That night on which she had expected to retire to rest in a blaze of glory she was, as a matter of fact, conscious of but one idea—that she had been made to play second fiddle by the husband whom she had regarded little, and vaguely looked down upon. "A brilliant chap!" had been the universal verdict upon Val.

Dimly she thought she could recollect that, in courtship days, Val had confessed that he had himself "spoiled a certain amount of canvas" before he took to doctoring; but she had not heeded; her own future and not her lover's past had been what interested her at the time; the shy confidences of the young man, humble because he loved so deeply, had been things of little moment.

Now she had to own that, if at the schools Val turned out to be a greater swell than she, she would look rather foolish. She had more than insinuated, when he and she had discussed the subject, that the world would be irretrievably injured should the talents of Philippa Arkwright be allowed to remain in obscurity. Had this man, who had earned that entrance to the schools which she so highly prized, and not even cared to follow it up, perhaps thought her a trifle ridiculous in her egotism? The bare fact that such a reflection crossed the young woman's mind might be taken as proof that Val, in the lesson he had given that evening—proving himself at a stroke her equal at least in two branches of that Art which she loved to spell with a capital—had really taught her something.

To sleepless eyes it seemed a weary while before it was time for the post to arrive next morning. It brought no welcome envelope from Burlington House. But the Post Office is not infallible, and her belief in herself was still unshaken. She would go down to Piccadilly and see the list. Of

course, not because there was any doubt that her own name would be among the first dozen, but because it was the custom of the students to foregather there. But it was not the thing to go down too early: that would be to display an unbecoming eagerness. Nor must it be left too late, lest some returning friend should bring in the news second-hand; in the result she went down about twelve.

It is not too much to say that her brain reeled under the shock. . . . . Surely . . . . it was a mistake! . . . . Why, even Billy Dunster was in! . . . . Oh, crowning horror, Casimir Lefanu was in! . . . . And her own name, not only below the fatal bar, but so far below it—below any of those who had gone up from the Kyrle!

"SURELY . . . IT WAS A MISTAKE!"

She stood a few minutes, trying to take it in; to take in the awful fact that she had no more prospect of being able to repay Val the cost of her training than she had six months ago. It must—it must be a mistake. Two or three fellow-students came up and condoled with her cheerfully. "Beastly hard luck," they called it; but even Philippa's vanity could see that they were not in the least surprised.

All the world was different; everything other than she had thought it; her conviction of her own ability, carefully fostered by an injudicious governess, captive, like Val, to the girl's personal charm, began to totter and crumble; for though Philippa was vain and ignorant, she was not a fool: she had some elements of greatness in her; Val's instinct when he fell in love with her had not been wholly at fault.

She crossed Piccadilly with an effort, for her knees were trembling under her, and entered an Aerated Bread shop, not because she wanted lunch, but because she felt that she must sit down and think. She ordered a bun and some milk, which she could not touch; and sat in a dark corner, with the tears flowing unostentatiously, though visibly enough to the young man who had followed her in and was watching her every movement.

When she felt able to stand she rose, paid her modest reckoning, and sought the special green 'bus which would put her down at what her bachelor-girl friends were wont to call "her digs."

Standing in her studio, among her many canvases, she controlled her first melodramatic desire to slash at them with a dinner-knife. They looked wondrous bad, viewed from her new standpoint; but she might improve. For the future she must send back Val's remittances, take to pot-boiling—try again for the R.A. schools.

Would she succeed next time? If she did not, she would be over age. Was this life, after all, more profitable than the one she might have spent at Val's side?

Well, but she had no choice now. Val's cool, ironical, contemptuous manner had shown her that the alternative was no longer hers. She must perforce continue this life of daubing and loneliness and disappointment; should she now ask Val to forgive her, what could he think of such a woman? The

glimpse she had had of his contempt gave her no desire to increase it.

At last she might give way; there was nobody to see and despise: she sank down upon the model's "throne" and wept a storm of tears.

She did not hear the door open, or the landlady mumbling that a gentleman had called; she wept on unrestrained until the gentleman in question came near, and with perhaps the greatest effort of self-command of his whole life touched her lightly on the shoulder.

She did not start; she sat up in her woe, feeling a sort of defiant gladness that he

"HE TOUCHED HER LIGHTLY ON THE SHOULDER."

should see her at her very worst, all disfigured by crying; he would know that she was not trying to fascinate him. She choked back the tears, pulling out a little square of damp embroidered cambric which struck Val as queerly pathetic, and after a minute she found a voice.

"You have come to gloat over me; it is your right; you have beaten me all round, and I know and feel that I am a vain egotist and have greatly overrated my ability. But—but—I should like you to think that you have overrated my meanness. After this I cannot take any more of your money" . . . a long pause. Val did not move or break it . . . "and I am glad you are here, for I wish to say that I feel—I partly realize—how hateful it was of me to marry you at all."

"It was in hopes of hearing you say that that I came," said Val, softly. He sat down beside her on the edge of the "throne."

"I did not come to gloat, Philippa; only to ask you to come home."

"Home!" she cried, with a fresh burst of grief. "There is no home! I have driven you away from your life and your work, and—and—I don't think I could live with anybody who despised me as you do."

"Phil, my dearest, may I say something without your ordering me out of the room? I thought, when we parted, that your experiment might last about six months, if I gave you your head and let you do as you liked. So I put in a *locum tenens* at Polesley, and for aught that people there know to the contrary, you and I have had a protracted honeymoon. It—h'm—hasn't quite been that for me, as you may guess; but believe me, my own, I never meant to let you go out of my life; I saw I had not won you; but I mean to do so if I can. Will you come, little woman, and let me try?"

"But you must, you must despise me!" she cried afresh, covering her face, lest he should see the colour that flooded it.

Val removed the hands with the greatest determination, and kissed her on the mouth.

"What have I said or done, Phil, that you should take me for a prig?"

But to this day Mrs. Arkwright remains in ignorance of the fact that *Orlando* and *Charles* were her husband's suborned accomplices. And Larkin and Forbes, to their honour be it said, have kept their own counsel valiantly, Forbes bearing without a murmur the odium of having, by a foolish display of horseplay, jeopardized the success of the Kyrle's greatest effort. His admiration for Val and Philippa is great enough to render him indifferent to blame on this head.

The Zeppelin Air-Ship.

By Thomas E. Curtis.

Photos. by Alfred Wolf, Constanz. These are the only photographs authorized by Count Zeppelin.

WITH all these experiments going on we ought soon to be able to travel through the air. The celebrated flying-machine invented by Professor Langley, a few years ago, proved that flying-machines could fly; and the more recent experiments by Schwarz and Danilewsky have increased the belief that the era of aërial flight was near. The latest experiment, made only a month or two ago, by Count Zeppelin, on Lake Constance, with one of the most ingenious, expensive, and carefully-constructed balloons of modern times, was so successful in proving the rigidity and safety of an air-ship at a high altitude, that the complete submission of the air to the mechanism of man seems nearer than ever at hand. The interest of the whole scientific world in the experiment was deep, and an unwonted exhibition of interest by the ordinary public took place.

The balloon was constructed in a wooden shed on Lake Constance, at a little town called Manzell, near Friedrichshafen, and this curious pointed structure, with twenty-two big windows (eleven on each side) and its almost innumerable pontoons (on which the huge building floated), has for many months been an object of great attraction to those visiting the beautiful Swiss lake.

The illustration with which we open this article, while it does not show the pointed end, so constructed to diminish the resistance of the air, gives an admirable idea of the balloon-house. Four hundred and fifty feet long, seventy-eight broad, and sixty-six high, it is, indeed, a formidable object. The rear end, through which we are able to see part of the air-ship, is usually covered with a curtain, to ward off the curious; and the front end is given up to offices, store-rooms, and sleeping accommodation for such workmen as have to act as sentinels at night.

THE ZEPPELIN AIR-SHIP IN ITS FLOATING HOUSE ON LAKE CONSTANCE—SHOWING THE REAR END, WHICH IS CONICAL IN SHAPE.

There can be little doubt that this construction shed is one of the most perfect of its kind ever devised, and, incidentally, it shows the care and skill with which Count Zeppelin and his engineers prepared themselves against untoward delay and accident in the consummation of their great plan. If, for instance, we could row up to this

immense floating structure we should find it resting gracefully on ninety-five pontoons, and we could understand the advantage which such a shed, floating on the bosom

THE ZEPPELIN AIR-SHIP FLOATING ON PONTOONS AFTER HAVING BEEN DRAWN FROM THE SHED.

of an open lake, would have for the inventor in the experimental trials of his machine. No ground to fall upon, and nothing to run against! Again, by anchoring his shed at one point only the inventor allows it to turn, as on a pivot, with the wind, and thus gains the aid of the wind in getting his balloon out of the shed with the minimum of damage and the maximum of speed.

The cost of the construction of the building in which the balloon was housed alone exceeded 200,000 marks. The plans of the workshop were made by Herr Tafel, a well-known Stuttgart architect, and the construction of the balloon was intrusted to Herr Kaubler. The construction was carried out by seventy carpenters and thirty mechanics, and that the work was done well

the pontoons support the shed, and that the remainder support the balloon. In other words, the balloon, on its own supports, can be easily moved in and out of the shed. The exit, taking place, for reasons already given, in the direction of the wind, and assisted by it, is particularly safe, as the danger of pressure in the balloon against the sides of a shed—so common in sheds built on land—is avoided. It is reasonably certain that all experiments in air-ship construction will in future take place on water, owing to the success and ease with which the Zeppelin balloon has been taken in and out of its house on Lake Constance.

When the balloon is ready for an ascent it is pulled out of the shed on its own pontoons; and when its flight is over it is placed on the pontoon-floor and drawn into the shed. Each operation takes but a few minutes. Our second illustration, and several succeeding illustrations, gives an excellent idea of

THE AIR-SHIP BEING TOWED UPON THE LAKE.

and carefully is shown by the fact that every separate piece of material used in the air-ship had been tested at least twice.

A word or two more about the shed and we may leave it, with the balloon. If we examine closely we discover that part only of the floor upon which the balloon rests before flight. It also affords us our first real view of the huge cigar-like structure that has so recently flown itself into world-wide fame. Conical at both ends, in order that resistance to the air may be lessened, and cylindrical

in shape, it measures 390ft. in length, and has a diameter of about 39ft. It looks, even at a close view, like a single balloon; but, in reality, it consists of seventeen small balloons, because it is divided into seventeen sections, each gas-tight, like the water-tight compartments on board a steamship. The gases) has been proved to last for two or three weeks.

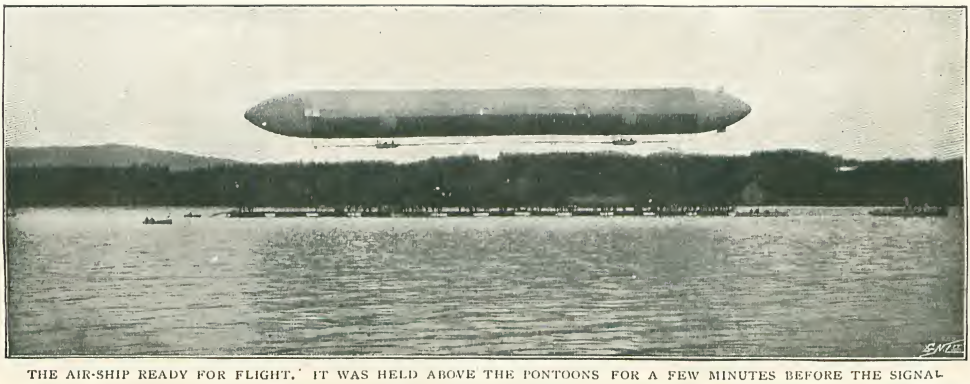
The exterior of the balloon is made of pegamoid, which protects it both from sun and rain. The total capacity of the interior balloons is about 12,000 cubic yards of hydrogen gas; and, lest any of our readers

THE AIR-SHIP READY FOR THE ASCENT. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE CARS OF THE BALLOON IN WHICH THE MOTORS AND PASSENGERS ARE CARRIED.

interior is a massive framework of aluminium rods, stretching from one end of the balloon to the other, and held in place by seventeen polygonal rings, arranged 24ft. apart. Each ring is supported by aluminium wires, and the whole interior, looked at from one end, appears as if a lot of bicycle wheels had been placed side by side. The whole series of seventeen sections is covered with a tough and light network of ramie.

Each section, as we have said, is a balloon in itself, and each section is covered with a light silk texture, which, by virtue of an india-rubber coating, is, in the general sense of the word, gas-tight. So tight, indeed, has each balloon been made, that one filling of hydrogen (the lightest and most volatile of should bankrupt himself by attempting to construct a Zeppelin balloon, we may as well add that each filling costs in the neighbourhood of £500. When the balloon is ready to be filled, the hydrogen gas, in 2,200 iron bottles, is brought alongside the balloon-shed on pontoons, each containing 130 bottles, and all connected with each other, thus forming a single reservoir, which in turn is connected with the balloon by a distributing pipe. It takes five hours to fill the whole balloon.

It is one thing to build a balloon and another thing to make it go. It is still another thing to be able to control its flight, steering it this way and that, with the wind and against it. Hundreds of inventors, including the lamented Darius Green, have failed

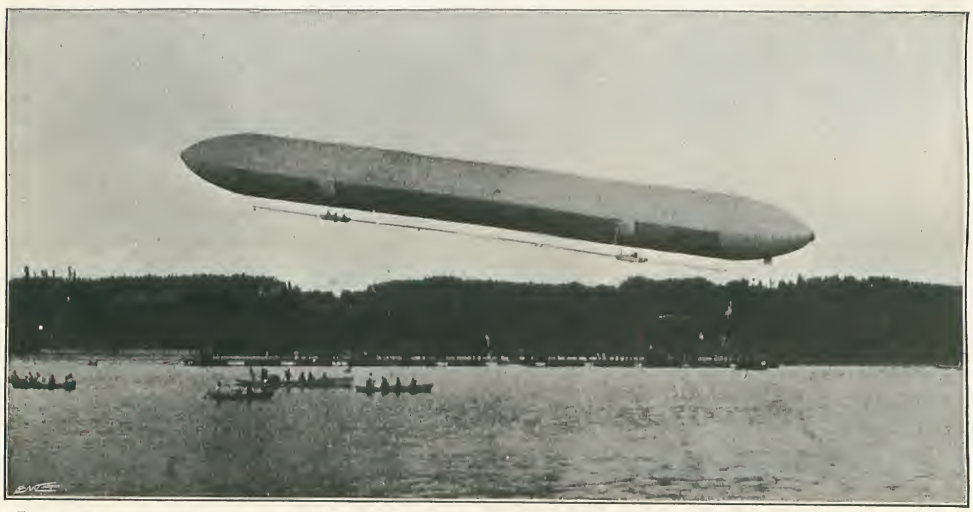


THE AIR-SHIP READY FOR FLIGHT. IT WAS HELD ABOVE THE PONTOONS FOR A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE SIGNAL WAS GIVEN TO LET GO.

because of their methods of steering and propulsion, or the absence of each. But it is in these very respects that Count Zeppelin may well be said to have been successful. More, however, of that anon. Suffice to say here that the propulsion of the great balloon under consideration is effected by four screws made of aluminium, all working as do the propellers of a ship. Two of these screws are situated about a third of the total length from the bow, and the other two a like distance from the stern. Each screw makes over a thousand revolutions a minute.

In several of our illustrations the cars of the balloon are plainly shown. These also are made of aluminium—indeed, every part of the air-ship is made of the lightest possible material—and are attached to the inner framework by rods and wires. The cars are about 5ft. broad and 3ft. deep, and are situated each under a pair of screws, which may be noted projecting from the sides of the balloon. The cars carry the motors for driving the propellers, and benzine, by virtue of not requiring such heavy machinery to use it with, has been chosen for the motive power. Enough benzine may be carried to work the balloon for ten successive hours. It may be added that the cars of the balloon are connected, as shown in our photographs, by a narrow passage-way, made of aluminium wires and plates, which are firmly connected with the balloon above.

One very noteworthy feature of this latest air-ship is the sliding weight—made of lead and weighing 300 kilos—by means of which the balloon is raised or lowered at the bow or stern. In our illustrations on the last four pages of this article — particularly on page 313—we may observe the balloon at a decided angle in the sky. This shows the work of the sliding weight. It was secured in the centre of the dragging-cable, the ends of which were fastened fore and aft. As the dragging-cable was about 328ft. long, with a slack of about 75½ft., the stability of the vessel was greatly improved. The heavy, deep-hanging weight acted as a regulator of the pendulum-like motion of the air-ship. In order to provide for a descent into the water the sliding weight is inclosed in a water-tight box filled with air, which causes the box to float when it touches the water. The value of this piece of mechanism was proved, as is hereafter shown, when the first experiment in flight was made, although an unfortunate accident occurred to it, which brought the flight to an abrupt conclusion.



THE AIR-SHIP IN FULL FLIGHT. BY COMPARING THIS ILLUSTRATION WITH THAT ON THE NEXT PAGE IT WILL BE SEEN HOW THE OPERATION OF THE SLIDING WEIGHT TILTED THE BALLOON WITHOUT DESTROYING ITS EQUILIBRIUM.

One word more and we are done with the technical construction of the balloon. The steering apparatus consists of rudders placed at the bow and stern of the balloon, and controlled by wires attached to the two cars. Each rudder is made of cloth with a framework of aluminium.

The Government lent its aid in a manner worthy of emulation by Governments which are less up to date. When, for instance, the inventor discovered that by allowing his building to float freely about on the lake he was hampering himself with considerable difficulties, the naval dockyards at Kiel

came to his support with the loan of four gigantic anchors, by which the floating workshop could be fastened. The Kaiser was interested in the air-ship throughout its construction, and only the inventor and his immediate colleagues will ever know how much the Imperial aid and interest stimulated them in their endeavours.

The 30th of June last witnessed a tremendous gathering of scientific men and others on the shores of Lake Constance, who had come from far and wide to attend the experimental trials of the Zeppelin balloon. Experts from various countries were present, and the Kaiser, always keenly interested in the problems of aëronauters, was represented by several Germans of wide experience. It was a day when the fate of an old man of seventy was to be decided—a man who, with exceeding enthusiasm in his hobby, had put £20,000 into the construction of a flying-machine that had not yet taken its first flight into the air.

The Balloon Company, which had been formed with a capital of £40,000, half of which was contributed by Count Zeppelin, chartered a steamer on that day and carried the experts to the scene of the trials. A delay in filling the balloon occurred and the trial was postponed. The following day the trial was delayed by a stiff wind, but in the evening the balloon was drawn from the shed, ballasted and balanced, and was sent up a few feet into the air in order that its propelling power might be tested. Night then intervened, and the real trial was again postponed.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE AIR-SHIP IN FULL FLIGHT.

The next day, July 2nd, proclaimed the success of the aërial monster over which so many months of mental and mechanical labour had been spent. There was a touch of romance about it too, for it was not until sundown that the trial trip began, and it was then that the gray-headed inventor, courageous and confident of the success of his plans, ventured on a voyage in an untried ship into the darkening night. A light wind prevailed. Punctually at half-past seven the balloon was

taken from the shed, and, held in position by several ropes, was allowed to rise about 75ft. At eight o'clock it was released, and with Count Zeppelin, and four assistants in the two cars, began slowly to ascend.

Zeppelin himself, as we have said, is a man of seventy, who for many years has devoted his whole time and energy to the study of aërial navigation. It has been said that the Schwarz balloon, which was described in this Magazine in March, 1898, gave him the idea of the present air-ship; and those who have read that article will note many points of similarity in the two pieces of mechanism. Schwarz died prematurely, and his idea had to be carried to fruition by his friends. The balloon, for this reason, was, as time proved, a failure; but Count Zeppelin, noting the great ingenuity of its construction, decided to improve it, upon the lines of its lamented inventor. The Count lives in the fine castle of Ebersberg, near Constance, and he looks back on a distinguished career in the Franco-German War. He made an extremely daring ride at one time through the outposts of the enemy, and it is said that the desirability of having some quicker and safer means of scouting than that in use appealed to him strongly, and suggested at once an aërial machine. He consulted and took the advice of various authorities in aërial navigation, both of his own country and abroad, and finally succeeded in floating, at Stuttgart, the company already mentioned, which has so successfully built the balloon.

THE AIR-SHIP AT A HIGH ALTITUDE.

The best account of the short and exciting trip of the Zeppelin balloon has been given by Captain-Lieutenant D. von Bethge, steamship inspector of Friedrichshafen, who may briefly be quoted: "It was an exciting moment," he writes, "when the first command to let go the cables sounded from the raft, and the air-ship, which, up till then, had been held by the hands of the firemen, labourers, and soldiers, rose slowly into the air, and suddenly, at the height of 25 mètres (82ft.), was released and soared upwards. At first the vessel descended somewhat before the light easterly breeze which was blowing; but when the engines began to work it steamed *against* the wind, then turned to right and left, and afterwards travelled with the wind, turning occasionally hither and thither until it reached Immenstaad." The distance travelled was about 3¼ miles.

In the early part of the trip an accident to the steering mechanism occurred. A winch broke and hindered the further use of the running weight, which, as has already been mentioned, was provided in order that the bow or stern might be lowered or raised, and the horizontal position regained. Notwithstanding the accident, Lieutenant Bethge goes on to say, "it was still possible to turn the balloon to the left against the wind, but as it was impossible, owing to the broken cable, to turn to the right, Count Zeppelin decided to descend." The descent took place seventeen minutes after the ascent.

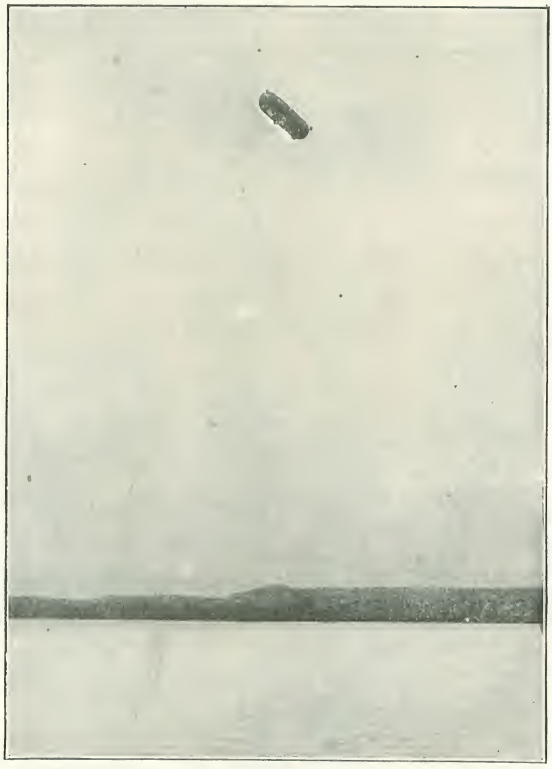
Count Zeppelin has written an account of the trial trip which is of special interest, as it comes from one with a full knowledge of all the details. "The task," he says, "of bringing down the air-ship took place without a hitch. In spite of a rapid and considerable escape of gas, followed by but a small sacrifice of ballast, the descent took place so gently that

a descent on to hard ground would seem devoid of danger."

The accident to the running weight made it necessary to avert the imminent danger of capsizing by stopping and going astern with the screws. "Henceforth," he adds, "the whole voyage consisted of alternately going ahead, and then astern, with the screws, so as to prevent excessive inclination. A further reason for this alternate motion arose from the circumstance that the air-ship, which at first obeyed her helm well to starboard, ran more and more to the left, owing, apparently, to a curve to larboard, due to the drag of the running weight. For this reason also, in order to avoid being driven on over the land, it was necessary to go astern with the screws whenever the stern pointed towards the lake."

It seems from all accounts that the floating capacity and the great lateral stability of the Zeppelin air-ship have been conclusively proved. The ship floated smoothly in a horizontal position. It also obeyed its rudder up to the moment when the steering cable broke. Moreover, as Count Zeppelin himself says, "it has been proved that there is no danger of fire in connection with the use of the air-ship in ordinary conditions."

The rigidity of the balloon—important in view of its great length—has also been established. It is unfortunate that no exact statement of speed was obtainable owing to the accident, although the reports of several experts stationed at different points, now, at the moment of writing, being made out, may give an approximate idea of that speed. Bethge estimates that the rapidity of flight before the wind towards Immenstaad was about nine mètres (29ft.) per second, from which figure the trifling wind-velocity has to be deducted. It is enough, however, to say that a dirigible balloon, which can maintain a state of equilibrium, and descend with perfect safety to its passengers, has become an established fact. Future experiments, which the fortune and enthusiasm of Count Zeppelin will enable him to carry out, will doubtless bring the Zeppelin balloon to a gratifying perfection.



THE AIR-SHIP SLOWLY DESCENDING, AFTER THE ACCIDENT, TO THE BOSOM OF THE LAKE, ON WHICH IT LIGHTED WITHOUT DANGER TO THE OCCUPANTS.

Our Debating Society.

By Mrs. Fred Maturin.

HONEY ROAD, Bluebridge, Nov. 2nd. — We're mostly retired Anglo-Indians here in Honey Road, and to draw us all more together still, it is suggested by the Road that we shall have a debating society, the meetings to take place at each house in turn, beginning with No. 1.

It's been talked of for some time, but I never was very keen on it, because Morton says it's sure to lead to quarrelling, and it also, between you and me, sounds rather slow. However, this morning, while we were having breakfast, the paper arrived all about it, made out by Mrs. Ratcliffe.

The gist of it all was that it was proposed to form a debating society to while away the evenings and open up useful, instructive, and amusing subjects for debate; and appended were a list of suggested subjects to be carried by vote.

"That gossip not scandal is a legitimate recreation."

"Honey Road thinks so, anyway," growled Morton, from behind his paper. (He was in an awful temper that morning.) "The clack of the tongue of that woman Hare will drive me out of this before our lease is up."

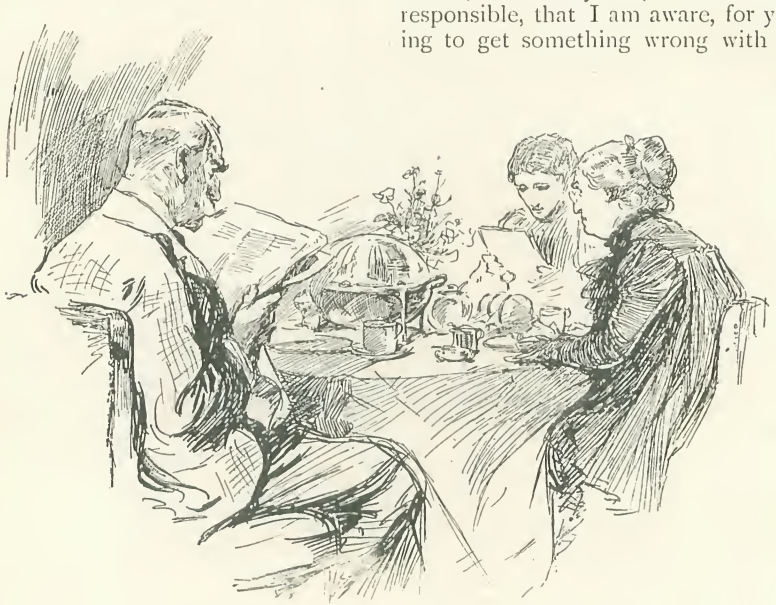
"She is a pig," said I; "but you *would* come and live in this cul-de-sac road, Morton, and I told you what it would be."

"My daughter," said mamma, with dignity (she is stopping with us indefinitely), "told you, Morton, that she objected to living in a row of jerry-built villas, where if you sneeze in No. 1 No. 14 shakes as if an earthquake had taken place."

"When *you* sneeze, Mrs. Cartouche, I wonder the houses don't come down like a pack of cards," said Morton, rudely—not even looking up. "As for jerry-built villas, as I've retired on nothing a year, perhaps you'll pay for a palace for your daughter to live in."

"Certainly not," said mamma, much ruffled, "certainly not, Morton. I am not responsible, that I am aware, for your choosing to get something wrong with your liver and being unfit for the command of your regiment. My poor shoulders," added mamma, stirring her tea, "bear many a burden; but your liver, Morton, you will kindly bear the burden of yourself, for I not only *cannot*, but *will* not."

A row was fast brewing, so I hastily continued reading out the debating notice.



"I HASTILY CONTINUED READING OUT THE DEBATING NOTICE."

"No. 2," said I, reading it out, "is 'That it is the solemn duty of women to dress and look well.'"

"You can put your pen through that subject, Hetty, if you please," said Morton, hastily, "and say in a foot-note that if it's chosen, your husband refuses to allow you to join the society—and that's flat."

"Well, I never," said mamma, peering over her specs at Morton, and casting a glance of commiseration at me, "I never *have* heard of anything so unreasonable."

"Oh, haven't you?" said Morton. "Then perhaps you'll pay Hetty's next bills from Jay's and Peter Robinson's, and then maybe you'll understand—I've got one here now," he added, beginning to work himself up and fume as he fumbled in his pocket. "Here it is; £14 for petticoats alone."

"My daughter," said mamma, sighing, "must wear *something* under her dresses."

"The something needn't be trimmed with real—what's this?—torch-light lace."

"Torch-light! He means torchon, I suppose, Hetty?"

"The cheapest of all washing laces," said I, "and only two rows, and Mrs. Leslie has six on her petticoats."

Mamma sighed again. "Mr. Leslie, my child, has not something the matter with his liver, brought on by obstinacy and refusing to wear flannel under a punkah. That will rob you, alas, of a good deal more than a few rows of torchon lace on your petticoats. It has wrecked your life and your children's, and brought you home to England to live in this slum, Honey Road."

"The next item," said Morton, "is fifteen guineas for one dress."

"My daughter," said mamma, "must wear *something* over her petticoats."

"OFF TO LONDON FOR THE DAY."

"When I was a bachelor," said Morton, "I remember my cousins wearing very nice dresses, trimmed alike, of buff alpaca, which I distinctly recollect cost two guineas each."

"My daughter," said mamma, "has a different kind of figure to your cousins, perhaps, Morton. Hetty has my figure. She has inherited it from me, and beautiful things must be beautifully clothed. Buff alpaca may do for some figures, but not for Hetty's."

"The next subject," said I, to avoid another row, "is: 'That we learn more from our children than they learn from us.' And there's a foot-note to say that it is universally proposed that this subject shall form the first debate."

"I'll write a paper on that question," said Morton, getting up, while the ceiling overhead (the floor of the school-room) shook with a little difference of opinion the children were having before they started for school; "that's about the only sensible thing Mrs. Ratcliffe has suggested for debate. And I'd dearly like to open the debate by caning every blooming boy in Honey Road who makes my life a burden to me." And Morton, much to mamma's and my relief, took his hat and umbrella from the hall and walked off to London for the day.

"I don't know what's come over Morton, mamma," said I, as he slammed the door and the house shook.

"It is trying for you, my child," said mamma, "but I have heard that complaints of the liver take all kinds of strange and unpleasant forms."

"Just to save seven-and-six to have the cistern cleaned out, he goes and cleans it himself by getting bodily into it with one of our best twill sheets, washed the dog in

it, and then went off to town, forgetting to let the water run off, or tell us, or anything, and we used it three days and never knew."

"Now!" cried mamma, rising from her chair in horror, "I know why my early morning tea has tasted of dog soap."

"Yes," said I, "that was it."

"Alas, that I should have such a son-in-law," cried mamma. "This comes of men having nothing on earth to do but to get into mischief. And if that dog is sickening for hydrophobia or anything (and he has been very queer a long time, mopy and snappy) we shall all get it. The poison will have entered our blood."

"Perhaps," I suggested, feeling most uncomfortable, "Morton is in for hydrophobia. His tempers lately have been fearful."

"More than likely," said mamma, who always looks on the gloomy side of everything, "and I shall keep a sharp look-out on him, Hetty, and the first time he refuses water——"

"But he always refuses it, mamma."

"Well, Hetty, watch him. Nothing will surprise me."

Nov. 6th.—I am writing in bed. Our first debate took place last night, and if it's a specimen of what all the others will be, I must say I don't mind being one of the society, for I never enjoyed anything so in my life.

I've very often noticed in this world that if you think something is going to be lovely and glorious fun and all the rest of it, it falls flat and you don't enjoy it; and *vice-versâ*. All yesterday morning I felt most depressed, and thought "Bother this debate to-night. I wish I hadn't joined." And then, instead of hating it, as I expected, I nearly died of laughing.

But I anticipate, as the clergyman says when he wants to spin out his sermon, and hops to the end, meanders there a bit, and then hops back to the beginning.

As everybody knows, yesterday was the 5th of November, and Guy Fawkes Day. Great preparations were proceeding all day at "The Bee-Hive," Mrs. Ratcliffe's house, just opposite ours. All the houses in Honey Road are named to suit the name of the road, and all have something to say to bees, hives, or honey. There's the Bee-Hive. There's the Queen Bee; an old maid lives in it, and says it is very unpleasant getting her letters addressed, "Miss Twitchen, The Queen Bee."

There's the "Busy Bee," where the greatest scandal-monger in Bluebridge lives, Mrs. Hare. Then comes the "Honey-Pot," and the "Honey-Comb"; and our house had no name at all. The landlord said he found his tenants objected to the names he gave and liked choosing themselves, and though he made no conditions, and would leave it to us, he would prefer that we gave it some name suitable to all the rest.

"Now, Hetty," said Morton, when we were taking the house, "none of your absurd and romantic names this time, please. Just mind that, for I won't stand it. The names my wife has given to the various houses we've lived in," he added to Dr. Slaughter, who lives in the Honey-Pot next door, and was showing us round (he's an old Indian friend), "have been the bane of my existence and made me the laughing-stock of everyone."

"I remember!" said Dr. Slaughter, soothingly; "let's see—there was 'Dulce Domum,' your bungalow in the Himalayas. 'Sweet home.' Ha! ha! You had a lawsuit about it, didn't you, Colonel?"

"The hole leaked in every direction," grunted Morton, irritably, "and the roof fell in every second day. Of course I had a lawsuit—and lost. But that didn't stop Hetty. Oh, no. The next bungalow (in Lucknow) was 'Home at Last,' and we were earthquaked out of it the third night. Then came 'Paradise Lost' in Jersey; and I found my letters addressed 'Colonel Ardath, The Fallen Angel. Paradise Lost.' (A joke of my sister-in-law's, and the name stuck to me.) So mind, Hetty, no tomfoolery here. We'll be plain No. 7, Honey Road—and nothing more."

I have seen Morton in rages, but, good heavens, shall I ever forget the scene when, while he was a month in Paris, I baptized the house "Where the Bee Sucks"?

Là was stopping with me, and so was mamma, and they love riling Morton, so they had egged me on.

"I am losing all my letters," said mamma, "with this wretched No. 7 of yours, Hetty. What's the good of No. 7, when there's no No. 1, No. 2, or anything? You must give your house a name!"

"Quite true," said Là, "and we'll have Miller to paint it on the gate at once. What do you say, mamma, to 'Honey, my Honey!' and a note of exclamation? That would be rather fun. Colonel Ardath—Honey, my Honey!—Honey Road, Bluebridge."

"Too much alliteration," said mamma; "I think the 'Bee Sting' would suit the style of my son-in-law's temper."

"If I must have a name," said I, suddenly, getting reckless, "I'll choose it. And it shall be '*Where the Bee Sucks*,' which is pretty, and sounds as if we had a lovely garden behind."

I prefer not to dilate on what happened when Morton returned from Paris. On his way up from the station, all unconscious, he went into a shop to order up a ham, and said, "You know my house—send it up."

And the grocer replied, "Yes, sir, 'Where the Bee Sucks,' sir, isn't it? Honey Road."

Morton, of course, thought the man had gone mad — and sent for the manager and——but, as I said, I prefer not to dilate on this theme.

I cried hard for two days and nights. And the name is still on the gate, for Morton had to give in. Dr. Slaughter said he wouldn't answer for the consequences unless he did.

To return to the debate. Trays and trays of buns, tarts, sweets, and oranges kept pouring in all day to Mrs. Ratcliffe's house. Miss Sinclair, Mrs. Ratcliffe's sister, told us when she ran over to borrow a glass dish that "heaps of nice men were coming," so Là and I (Là is here for a week) immediately determined to be the best-looking women in the room (which wouldn't have been any fun unless there were men there to notice it), and we both dressed in white. Mamma was moved to tears at our appearance. "So lovely," said she, "you do look, my darlings. Almost as lovely as I was at your age. Almost, but not quite."

"Shall we throw everyone else in the shade, mamma?" asked Là, anxiously.

"My child, you *will*," said mamma, as earnestly as if exhorting us to some noble action. "Have no fears, every other woman will look a fright."

This so cheered us up, that even the dirty wet evening failed to depress us as we tripped across the mud from "Where the Bee Sucks" to "The Bee-Hive." A hum of voices inside the Hive announced that the Debate was assembling.

Mamma sailed into Mrs. Ratcliffe's drawing-room behind us with a triumphant glance, as much as to say, "Behold my offspring," and behind her came Morton looking very cross, and Jim scratching his leg, a sure sign that he is nervous.

"'WHERE THE BEE SUCKS,' SIR, ISN'T IT?"

We were all asked to be seated in a ring round the edge of the room (so far things looked slow), and Mrs. Ratcliffe opened the debate with a paper on "That we learn more from our children than they learn from us."

That paper had no more to say to the subject than the man in the moon. "A regular woman's debate," grunted Morton, as twenty minutes passed and we still sat wondering when the pith of the thing was coming.

Mrs. Ratcliffe is a dear little bustling housewife of a woman, with an *enormous* husband just home on leave from India. Both are inordinately proud of their children. And Mrs. Ratcliffe's sister and mother are both nice, too. This is how Mrs. Ratcliffe began :—

"We are here assembled, my dear friends, to discuss a most interesting subject. Interesting to mothers—interesting to fathers—interesting to aunts, uncles, grandmothers, grandfathers, husbands, wives, and interesting even to those——"

"May I first open a window?" asked Morton, who is given to brutal candour. "One could cut the air with a knife in here."

"I really think, Morton," said mamma, "that you are very rude with your interruption. I find nothing wrong with the air. Nothing whatever!"

This led to a skirmish, beginning with the window and drifting on imperceptibly till it arrived at the name of our house, and a leg of mutton of mamma's which Morton threw over the khud years ago in the Himalayas, and to this day mamma can't forgive him. He found it in her larder, and he took it on himself to throw it away. We were not married then, and our engagement was all but broken off in consequence.

Mrs. Ratcliffe at last left mamma and Morton to fight it out in the corner they sat in, and she continued, mamma's voice now and then breaking in at inopportune moments.

"Children," read out Mrs. Ratcliffe, "are a blessing sent straight from Heaven. Five children are mine. My first olive-branch, as you all know, is called by the simple and touching name of Susan! Susan has had every illness known to medical science, and yet is not twelve years old——"

"And," interrupted Mr. Ratcliffe, "she has also had five different diseases quite unknown till then to medical men. That dire and fell disease, perambulating typhoid, first marked our Susan for its own, and had never till then been heard of."

"What are the symptoms, my dear Mr. Ratcliffe?" asked the Old Maid; "excuse my asking."

"The patient," said Mr. Ratcliffe, with an air of gloomy triumph, "begins by feeling extraordinarily well—light, buoyant, and in excellent spirits."

"Dear me! Tommy Hallett has been in exuberant spirits lately. He put Eno's fruit salt into the little coil of hair on the top of my head, and then poured water on it. He climbed on to the roof and fell off. He poured Aspinall's enamel down my tabby's throat, where it solidified."

"He may be getting it," said Mr. Ratcliffe, "and again he may not. I have known children do these things and never develop perambulating typhoid."

"To pass from Susan, our first-born," said Mrs. Ratcliffe, "to Phyllis our second. Phyllis is a most remarkable child——"

"The leg was no more gone than I am," said mamma.

"I wish you *were* gone," murmured Morton.

"Phyllis we always call a midsummer-night's-dream, and the name suits her—airy, fairy, full of gentle, slumbering fancies, warm in her affections——"

"My kansamah had given eight rupees ten annas for it," said mamma, "and it did *not* smell."

"Such is our Phyllis, born one golden midsummer eve."

Mrs. Ratcliffe's debate took three-quarters of an hour, and when it was over refreshments were handed round. I may here mention that all our debates consisted entirely in an account of our different children's doings and sayings.

After that Morton stood up and read out his. It was short but stormy. He said that children were the bane of one's life. When you didn't want them, they came, and upset the house, and stopped one travelling and seeing the world, and were for ever, out of sheer perversity, wanting food and clothes. And when you got old, and did want them, to wait on you, and be useful and companionable, they insisted on going out into the world and providing for themselves. "I don't wish to be personal," he concluded, having decided to be as personal as he could, (and I don't know if you've noticed that people always begin like that)—"I don't want to be rude" (and then they tell you you have a pimple on your nose). "I don't want to alarm you" (and then you hear that your child was last seen walking along the ridge of the roof with his small brother on his back). "I don't want to be personal," said Morton, "but as we're assembled to discuss children, I'd be glad, Miss Twitchen, if you'd tell that Tommy of yours that so sure as I catch him again tying a string to my door-knocker at night, and pulling it every time I drop asleep, I'll cane him within an inch of his life."

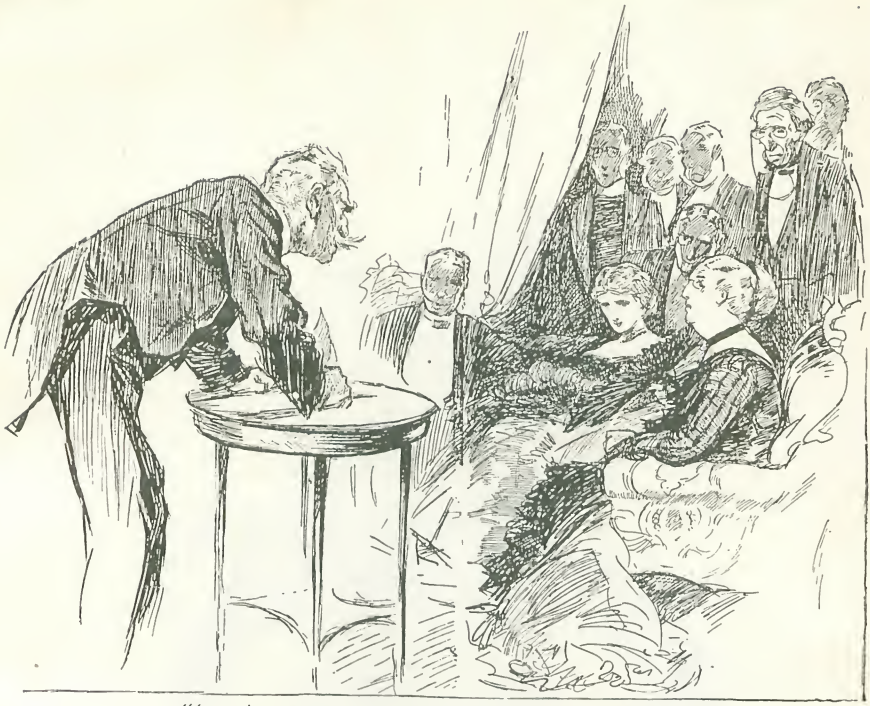
"Did he really do that, Colonel Ardath?" said Miss Twitchen, all in a twitter. "Excuse my asking."

"Of course he did it, or I shouldn't say so."

"I will reprove him, Colonel Ardath. I don't wish to be fault-finding, but as we are discussing these little matters, may I beg—humbly beg—that your little sons do *not* stand at the windows of 'Where the Bee Sucks,' armed with a garden-syringe, and squirt dirty bath-water on to my housemaid when she answers the door? It is *hardly* polite. Perhaps I am over-fastidious. I was brought up so—but I should consider it—ahem—well, almost ill-bred."

"That's how you bring up your children," said Morton to me.

"My children are no worse than other people's," I replied, indignantly. "*I don't*



"'THAT'S HOW YOU BRING UP YOUR CHILDREN,' SAID MORTON."

want to be unpleasant, but Susie and Phyllis came to my house while I was in town the other day, Mrs. Ratcliffe, and dressed up as ghosts with the sheets off my mother's bed, first rubbing them over with phosphorus to make them burn blue in the dark——"

"And," finished mamma, "when their game was concluded, they put the sheets on again, and I went to bed and blew out the light, and lo and behold, my very heart stood still! my bed was as a lake of living flames! Dr. Slaughter will tell you that I had a heart-attack which lasted twenty minutes."

"I am *very* sorry," said Mr. Ratcliffe, stiffly, "that my two little girls have been in the way; more sorry than I can say."

"So am I," said Mrs. Ratcliffe, "*exceedingly* sorry."

"They're all one as bad as the other," said Morton, trying to smooth matters down a bit, having started it all himself.

"Not *quite*, Colonel Ardath," said Mr. Ratcliffe, severely; "I have lately lost my milkman through your sons. Your second, after perusing a book of prairie life I lent him, tried lassooing the tradesmen as they came for orders here. The milkman was caught round the neck, dragged to earth, ten quarts of milk ran down the gutters of Honey Road, and the man has a mark round his neck he will carry for life, and has been forced to retire from the dairy business through being unable to turn his head."

At this point everyone burst out with some story or other of what someone else's children had been doing. It was now 10.30 p.m., and nothing approaching a sensible debate had yet been started. La and I were wondering in whispers when and how the eight other debates (still unread) were going to be disposed of, when a roar as of an earthquake shook Honey Road!

We all started up and stood still listening. And then came another roar, followed by loud bangs from overhead, from across the road, and, apparently, from every house all down Honey Road.

Then a rush of feet, and shrieks of "Murder!" "Fire!" "Police!"

Two maid-servants burst into the room howling "Fire!" and we all surged out on to Mrs. Ratcliffe's door-step.

The night was dark as pitch, but a lurid glare lit up Honey Road in all directions, and from out of Miss Twitchen's house, and from ours, and from the one we stood in, flames and smoke belched forth, a strong smell of gunpowder charged the thick, red air, and

through Miss Twitchen's top windows the forms of Tommy and her other charges were to be seen dancing about, apparently in flames, and shrieking like mad.

"My children!" cried the Old Maid; "my sacred, sacred charges! Save them, Oh, save them!"

children had carried out a practical illustration of the fact in a pre-conceived Gunpowder Plot in each top-floor room of each house in the road.

They had not meant to set fire to anything, poor darlings. It was the 5th of November, and it was only arranged that as the big

"WE ALL SURGED OUT ON TO MRS. RATCLIFFE'S DOOR-STEP."

To make a long story short, before long two fire-engines were in Honey Road, fire-escapes at the windows, water spouting high as heaven, and volumes of thick yellow smoke rolling over the town, till the entire population of Bluebridge turned out and our road was packed with black heads.

While we parents had been occupied debating on the interesting subject of how we learn more from our children than they ever learn from us (heavens, how true!), our school clock struck eleven each set of fireworks was to have the match put to it at precisely the same moment, just for the fun of ending the debate with a sensation.

Such trifles as muslin curtains, tablecloths, and mantelpiece hangings were overlooked in the excitement, and the consequences were as I have described.

Thus ended the first debate, with an object-lesson to the parents. The second debate is not yet settled on.

Doctors' Diversions.

SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC, BART., SIR MICHAEL FOSTER, M.P., MR. R. BRUDENELL CARTER, F.R.C.S., DR. FARQUHARSON, M.P., SIR CHARLES CAMERON, BART., M.P., SIR JOSEPH EWART, PROF. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, SIR CHARLES GAGE-BROWN, AND SIR PETER EADE ON THEIR PHYSICAL RECREATIONS.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

FOR many years past leading members of the medical profession have strongly advocated the claims of physical recreation from the hygienic point of view. Do the doctors practise what they preach? With a view to throwing some light upon this question, I have had a series of unprofessional consultations with representative members of "the Faculty" as to their own recreations and the physical benefit that has been derived from them.

I first approached Sir William MacCormac, the eminent surgeon whose name the South African War has made familiar to all our readers. Sir William was not able to give me an interview, but sent a letter which, presenting a philosophic view of the subject, may well be given first place.

SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC.
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

"The best way," wrote Sir William, "to secure physical well-being is to employ to advantage not only your body, but your mind. The work of these two must be co-ordinated, for they react on one another for good or for ill. In the hurry of life and the quest after success one or both of these desiderata may be neglected, and sooner or later ill consequences will follow. Health, both of mind and body, is promoted by an adequate amount of outdoor exercise, and self-restraint and self-control are needful in everything, in recreation as in everything else besides. The particular form which this may take is a matter of inclination. I, personally, like golf because it gives sufficient and agreeable exercise and is a complete mental distraction."

Sir Michael Foster, M.P., whom I saw one morning in the rooms of the Royal Society, is, I believe, as well known in the horticultural as in the medical world. He is an enthusiastic amateur gardener, and his collection of irises is probably unique in this country.

"Gardening," he says, "has been my one hobby since I was a boy. At Huntingdon Grammar School I believe I gave some promise as a cricketer, but I did not play after I was about sixteen or seventeen, when I began to prepare myself for the medical profession. When I started in practice in Huntingdon I took to gardening, as I found that this recreation did not at all interfere with my professional work. It was a comparatively small garden, but even in a small garden you can get a good deal of exercise and enjoyment.

"Year by year the pleasures of gardening have grown upon me. I have now about two acres at my home near Cambridge, and if I had nothing else to do I believe that my garden would give me sufficient interest in life."

"Do you take part in the actual manual work of the garden, Sir Michael?" (Sir Michael Foster is sixty-four.)

"Oh, yes. I have made a special hobby of the cultivation of the iris; and, with regard to my iris-beds, I do all the work from beginning to end, the digging included. I do not allow the gardener to touch them on any account, apart from watering them. I work chiefly at the week-ends, which I generally spend at Ninewells, and when I happen to be at home at other times usually pass the afternoon in the garden."

From a Photo. by] SIR MICHAEL FOSTER, M.P. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

After this statement it is evident that Sir Michael Foster, with his well-built figure, ruddy complexion, and cheerful manner, is a living witness to the hygienic value of gardening. But it has a drawback from this point of view, which the ex-President of the British Association proceeds to mention.

"I have a constitutional tendency to lumbago, and, as I believe doctors generally will tell you, gardening is unfavourable to lumbago, because it causes one to lean over so much."

"This is on the debit side—what would you put on the credit side of gardening?"

"First, it takes you quite away from everything else—in the garden you can think only of your flowers. It gives a new zest to life—makes you want to live—and I suppose this must be put to the credit side. I carry out a good many experiments in hybridizing, and some of these experiments cannot come to fruition for ten or fifteen years—one becomes anxious to live as long to see the results. It goes without saying that, unlike some sports, there is no physiological reason why one shouldn't stick to gardening all one's life. It can be enjoyed, too, pretty well all the year round without the risks to health that sports pursued some distance from home may involve. If you get wet you can go indoors at once and change your clothes; if you get hot and liable to chill, when no longer moving about, you can immediately take refuge in a warm room."

Sir Joseph Ewart, M.D., of Brighton, had a somewhat novel recreation to tell me of when I met him one sunny morning in Old Steyne Garden. This was haymaking and harvesting.

"I make a point of going to my country home, in Cumberland, some time in July and August," he says, "in order that I may take my place with the labourers in the fields. It is splendid exercise, and has the advantage of taking place only in fine weather. I put on a woollen shirt, take off my coat and vest, and work all day among the men. I can do as good a day's work as any of the hired hands, but" — and Sir Joseph's eye twinkled—"I have not yet received a day's pay from my brother-in-law, who manages the farm."

"Isn't it rather severe exertion for a townsman?"

"Well, you see, it was what I was brought up to. My early life was spent in the country, and during the summer it was always a delight to me to take part in the field work. At school we had any amount of football—playing it every day during the summer—but no cricket. In India—I was over twenty-five years, you know, in India—I took part occasionally in a cricket match, but my regular exercise was horse-riding. All one's exercise has to be taken, of course, in the early morning, and riding is about the best and most convenient.

"At one time or another I have also done a good deal of fishing. Fishing is a better exercise than is often supposed. The good angler always stands. He often has to move from one spot to another, and the throw of the line brings into play the muscles of the arms. But fishing is certainly not favourable to rheumatism—the best catches are to be

SIR JOSEPH EWART, M.D.
From a Photo. by T. Donovan & Son, Brighton.

obtained, of course, after heavy rain—and for this reason I have not done much in recent years, although there are one or two good streams near Brighton, and some excellent cod is to be caught a mile or two from my Cumberland home."

"Haymaking and harvesting can be indulged in only during two or three months. What is your all-the-year-round exercise in Brighton, Sir Joseph?"

"Walking. Walking as a recreation has gone out of favour since cycling came in, but I feel sure that its popularity will revive. There is nothing to beat walking, in my opinion, from the health point of view, especially in the early morning. At this time of the year I am always up by half-past five, and after a cup of tea and a biscuit have a ramble of three or four miles over the downs. Nothing could be more enjoyable and exhilarating."

"And in winter?"

"Well, in winter I am not out so early—never before it is light. But if the weather is reasonably fine I have my walk all the same. My recreation, you see, in this way does not interfere with my day's work. On the other hand, if I played golf, for instance, I should often give up the best part of a day to the sport without getting more physical benefit from it than from my regular morning walk."

Reverting to the subject of his agricultural recreations, Sir Joseph reminded me that machinery had much reduced the labour of both harvesting and haymaking. It was not an unusual thing for townsmen in the North of England to go out into the country and take part in these rural labours for sheer fun and enjoyment, and he did not see why the practice should not become general throughout the kingdom. The impression of "fitness" which Sir Joseph Ewart gives, at the age of sixty-nine, and after his arduous Indian life, would certainly commend the suggestion. Sir Joseph, like most Anglo-Indians in England, has suffered occasionally from the after-effects of malaria, and as an authority on this subject his professional judgment is in much request, I believe, among returned Civil servants, Army officers, etc., and their families.

Dr. Clifford Allbutt, F.R.S., who combines a consulting practice at Cambridge with the Professorship of Physic in the University, is an enthusiastic member of the Alpine Club.

"For twenty-three years," he tells me in the study of "St. Radegund's," Chaucer Road, "with only one exception, I had a month's climbing in Switzerland. But about ten years ago circumstances brought my Alpine career to a close. I fancied I was getting too old, and also a little too stout for climbing—on my last visit I found that I was obliged sometimes to ask for a helping

PROFESSOR CLIFFORD ALLBUTT.
From a Photograph.

hand, and so I thought it was time to give up. I might not have given it up all the same but for the death of an old friend and holiday companion—Kennedy, one of the best half-dozen climbers of his time, under whose tutelage I did my first climbs when I was about thirty."

"Did you find that this month in Switzerland set you up for the year?"

"Oh, I generally managed to get a week on the Westmorland and Cumberland mountains at Christmas and Easter. But except for these holidays my profession left me no leisure for physical recreation. This is the great advantage of Switzerland to a man who ordinarily has no time for day-to-day exercise—it furnishes him with a reserve of health and vigour as no other holiday does. Of course, a doctor's life is not so sedentary as that of some other professional men, such as barristers and solicitors; but I remember that in the exceptional year I spoke of I missed my Alpine holiday very much. I believe it took me two or three years to recover arrears, so to speak.

"Of course, the Alps are not equally beneficial to everybody. If you wish to get real physical good out of the exercise and the air, unequalled, as I believe, for its hygienic qualities, you must use some amount of knowledge and prudence. For instance, it is a common thing for people to start out early in the morning, do a long day's climbing on very little food, and then return famished to a heavy *table d'hôte*—with deplorable results. My rule, on a climb, is to eat little and often—filling my pocket with biscuits, chocolates, and raisins, taking a moderate meal at night, and fully satisfying the appetite engendered by the day's exercise at breakfast on the following morning. Although I am not a teetotaler, I never touch alcohol whilst climbing, and I have beaten men of superior physique, simply because they had taken a small glass of cherry brandy. You may take your glass of whisky or champagne, as usual, after your return at night, but during the day 'no alcohol' is, I am sure, the best rule."

SIR CHARLES CAMERON, BART., M.P.
From a Photo. by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

As Professor Allbutt's words a few moments later suggested, there is enough intoxication in the air itself on the Swiss mountains.

"What has taken the place of Alpine climbing in your life, Professor Allbutt?"

"Nothing could take the place of it—no other recreation has the same intoxicating joy. But during the last ten years I have got my physical exercise mainly from cycling. I ride every day to and from the town, and occasionally take a few hours' run into the country around Cambridge, which is exceptionally good for cycling. During my holidays I have taken several short tours, doing probably forty miles a day on an average, but stopping *en route* a good deal whenever there was anything interesting to be seen. I have not yet taken my machine abroad with me, but I should much like to have a run through Normandy."

"And you have a very good opinion of cycling from the hygienic point of view?"

"Yes, I have. As you may suppose, Cambridge is a great place for cycling, and I have come across only one case in which it was productive of harm—a young man of rather delicate physique who had heart weakness. He used to take long rides every Saturday with his wife, a young and healthy woman, who probably set the pace. I had to veto these rides, and now he is much better and able to use his machine again for short distances. Of course, with all sports involving long strain there is the same risk. In cricket or football the strain may be severe, but is not prolonged, whilst rowing may be said to occupy an intermediate position in this respect. But I don't think cycling is such a good recreation for young men, because there is practically no element of physical danger about it, and it is physical danger in their sport which develops the courage of men."

Sir Charles Cameron, Bart., M.P., with

whom I had a talk as we paced the terrace of the House of Commons for ten minutes one afternoon, takes a catholic view of sports. "All sports are good," he declared, "if taken in moderation. There is no doubt that some amount of physical harm is done nowadays by excess." His own sports, Sir Charles had previously informed me by letter, are riding, cycling, and driving, this order indicating his degree of preference.

"I am very fond of riding, but my horse, a fine Arab, has become too old to carry me, and it is rather difficult to get accustomed to a new steed. The consequence is that I now cycle a good deal, although I did not mount a machine until five or six years ago. As regards driving — it can be regarded, of course, only as an adjunct to other physical exercise. It gives you the fresh air and exercises your arms a little. I have had a little shooting, but do not consider myself a shot; and at school (at St. Andrews) I played golf a little, but have never taken to the game since."

I asked Sir Charles, who is sixty-four, what he considered his maximum cycling run, having regard to physical benefit.

"From thirty to thirty-five miles," he replied. "But this is largely a question of training; the mistake which most people make with regard to all sports is to attempt too much when they are not in training. A man who is in good training can do with impunity what at another time might entail serious injury. In cycling the great thing is to have a fairly clear, dry road—the run I usually take when in town is to Richmond and back. As you suggest, riding through crowded London streets, especially when the road is muddy, must often involve some amount of tension and nervous strain.

"I can get a good deal of exercise, you know," Sir Charles remarks, as we return to the House, "walking up and down the terrace."

DR. FARQUHARSON.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

Another well-known Parliamentary medico, Dr. Robert Farquharson, the member for West Aberdeenshire, is credited by the biographical dictionaries with one recreation, viz., shooting. After a few minutes' conversation with him, however, at his house in Bayswater, I found that he could speak from personal experience of several exercises, although, as he admitted, the greatest amount of enjoyment during his life had been derived from his gun. This might well be, considering that the doctor had the exceptional good fortune—for a professional man—to inherit about 16,000 acres in the county of Aberdeen.

"Shooting," said Dr. Farquharson, who has been a surgeon in the Coldstream Guards, and is now a member of the staff at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, "is the one sport I have had all my life—I have handled a gun since boyhood. At school we had none of the games that are now so universally played. The Edinburgh Academy, which I attended, had not even a playground at that time—only a room with sanded floor for such recreation as could be obtained. Consequently I never learned to play football or cricket, and had really no physical exercise beyond walking to and from the school. But I had the shooting during my holidays in the country."

"And you've had it every year since?"

"Yes. I don't think I have missed a season on the moors. Shooting gives you plenty of walking, without any feeling of fatigue, and usually in pure, bracing air. True, it is not an all-the-year-round sport, but in one form or other it can be obtained from August to December. I suppose it is cruel—especially in the case of poor shots—and I am not hypocritical enough to plead that but for sport some species would become extinct. You have, perhaps, read Professor Freeman's book on 'The Morality of Field Sports.' Well, it seems to me that the only reply which can be made is somewhat similar to that which is made in regard to drink. Three men went into a public-house, one declaring that he wanted some whisky because he was cold, the second because he was wet, whilst the third frankly admitted that he wanted it because he liked it. We shoot because we like it.

"At any rate, I know nothing which can be urged against shooting as a sport from the hygienic point of view. I tried cycling some years ago, but soon gave it up. It seems to me that once a man learns to cycle he never walks afterwards if he can help it; and as for his enjoying the scenery, every cyclist I pass on a country road has his head bent down and his attention concentrated on the road before him."

"You believe in walking, Dr. Farquharson?"

"Yes, I try to get some every day even in London, frequently walking from here to the House of Commons. And unlike most people, who say that they must have an 'object' before them, I can walk for the sake of walking, enjoying the mere physical exercise. But in London I find three or four miles every day ample—it is a mistake to walk in London, with the noise and the traffic, as you would in the country. I have recently taken up golf, and that will give me plenty of walking during the time of the year when I am in London. Golf is a fine game for exercising all the limbs and bringing out the chest, but of course I have started it too late in life to do much with it. However, I find that I am not the only duffer at the game, and I managed to beat an ex-Cabinet Minister on the links at Mitcham the other day. On the other hand, I am now too old for lawn tennis, of which I was rather fond at one time. As a rule I don't think tennis should be played much after forty—degeneracy has then set in, and one's muscles are becoming too stiff for the game to be advantageously played.

"Before I became a member of the House of Commons," continued Dr. Farquharson, "I kept a hunter at Leighton Buzzard and occasionally had a day with the hounds. But although I enjoyed hunting, I don't think I got enough benefit out of it to justify the expense—for hunting, of course, is very expensive. I was rather fond of roller-skating, too, when this came into vogue a few years ago, and apart from the hard knocks to which one was liable in falling I found it a most beneficial exercise. But, of course, roller-skating is now almost entirely out of fashion.

"I'll tell you of another exercise which I consider to be excellent from a physical point of view—and that is dancing. I am convinced that people who dance have a better carriage and are much less liable to slip or fall than those who do not. In the country, at family parties and so forth, I occasionally dance still. In town there is not usually the same space for dancing, and, of course, only the younger men are in demand for balls—although I am told that young men nowadays won't dance."

Dr. Farquharson was for some years medical officer at Rugby School, and the rest of our conversation had reference to his experience of the school sports in that capacity. It was his belief that football, as played at Rugby, was less "ferocious" than it looked, although

From a] SIR CHARLES GAGE-BROWN, WITH HIS FAMILY. *[Photograph.*

he remembers seeing the present Archbishop of Canterbury, then the head master, narrowly escape serious injury as the result of the violent excitement of the game.

"Athletics of any kind have had a very small part in my life," Sir Charles Gage-Brown, of Sloane Street, who was for many years consulting physician to the Colonial Office, states in reply to my question. "I am seventy-four and in excellent health," he continues; "at the same time I would not say a word in depreciation of physical recreation. In my case I doubtless owe a good deal of my vigour to parentage. My father, who was a commander in the Royal Navy, lived to over eighty, whilst my mother died at the age of 101."

As Sir Charles spoke he turned to portraits of both his parents in his consulting-room. "This was the secret of my mother's long and happy life," he said, pointing to a ball of wool which lay on the old lady's lap. "She was always occupied.

"As a boy I used to play cricket, and I had my own boat in Portsmouth Dockyard. But since I was apprenticed—lads were 'apprenticed' to the medical profession in those days—at the age of fifteen I have never had leisure for any regular outdoor recreation. For many years I had five hours' driving daily—calling upon my patients—and that counted for a good deal in the way of fresh air, at any rate. If I had had more leisure I should like to have given it to geology and archæology. As it is, all I have been able to do is to explore a few districts, such as that of Charmouth, exceptionally interesting in geology, and visit from time to time cathedral towns and other old places for archæological study. I now spend a good part of each summer at some rural spot, studying bird and animal life and Nature generally—last year, for instance, I took a house in Kent, and the year before that I went into Northamptonshire. So, you see, I have never found myself in the groove for much outdoor sport. Nowadays, when young men prepare for the medical profession in a different way, it might be different. But, as I have told you, I was apprenticed at the early age of fifteen, and owing to an influenza epidemic in London I got into busy practice immediately after leaving King's College Hospital. But although I cannot say much from my own personal experience, I do not think that the value of physical recreation is overrated, although outdoor sports may be overdone."

SIR PETER EADE.
From a Photo. by Albert E. Coe, Norwich.

Sir Peter Eade, one of the best-known physicians out of London, had a somewhat similar story to tell me when I ran down to Norwich to see him in his old-fashioned house in St. Giles's Street.

"In early life I did pretty well everything, although I don't think I excelled in anything—cricket, football, rowing, fishing, riding, and so on. But when I got into practice I found it necessary to give all my time to my profession. A practice which takes you all over the county of Norfolk is, as you suggest, rather different from that of a specialist in Harley Street. Of course, there is plenty of travelling, by road as well as by rail; but I can hardly regard this as recreation, seeing that one never knows what sort of case may await one at the end of the journey.

"When I retire from the active exercise of my profession—I am now seventy-five, and intend to do so in the course of a year or so—I shall probably take up cycling. In the meantime I find my only recreation in my garden. Would you like to see it?"

And Sir Peter Eade leads me into a delightfully old-fashioned pleasaunce, such as one would expect to find behind these venerable residences in St. Giles's Street.

"I don't do any of the hard work, I must confess. But I rake and hoe and clip and prune at odd intervals of leisure, and find constant pleasure in watching the habits of insects and birds as far as they can be observed in this garden. Occasionally I get a day's fishing, although fishing in this part of the country does not give you much exercise, unlike that of Scotland and the North of England."

In municipal Norwich, I may add, Sir Peter Eade has always been a staunch advocate of physical recreation, and it is largely owing to his efforts, I am assured, that the city is now so well furnished with open spaces and playing-fields.

There is a minority in the medical profession who are somewhat sceptical as to the hygienic value of all this indulgence in physical exercise which is so marked a feature in the social life of our time. Of these, Mr. R. Brudenell Carter, the eminent ophthalmic surgeon, may well stand as a representative in concluding this article.

"My physical recreations," wrote Mr. Carter to me, "are like the snakes in Iceland. Nature has endowed me with an inexhaustible capacity for doing nothing. I never go out when I can stay at home, never stand up when I can sit down, never walk when I can ride."

Mr. Carter somewhat modified this negative attitude, however, when I saw him a few days later in his Harley Street consulting-room.

"As a boy," he told me, "I played cricket, and when I was in general practice I kept four horses going. But this was a matter of necessity, rather than of choice. I had a large country practice, and I could best cover the ground on horseback. To-day my only exercise is to walk in the morning from my house on Clapham Common to Clapham Station—about three-quarters of a mile. I drive home. Ever since I settled in London—about thirty-three years ago—I have had no more exercise than this."

"And you don't consider that your health has suffered from the fact?"

"Well, I am now seventy-two, and I can lift a concave glass—full to the brim—from the table to my mouth without spilling a drop. In my opinion the hygienic value of athletics is chiefly a matter of food. People of sedentary habits continually eat too much, and find that they must counteract the effect of doing so by some form of violent exercise. Sportsmen, for instance, who hunt and shoot during the autumn and winter, have the same heavy meals—it is largely a matter of social convention, of course—in the summer without any similar exercise, and in consequence find that they must spend a few weeks at Homburg or Baden-Baden. When I came to London and began to lead my present sedentary life—receiving patients here and writing a good deal at home—I soon found that I could not advantageously continue my country habits, and so reduced my food to the smallest amount required for the sustenance of life. I made no change in the kind of food—I am not an advocate of fancy diets."

"But don't you think, Mr. Carter, that in giving pleasure physical exercise may be beneficial to the health?"

"Of course, there is that aspect of the subject to be considered. But I don't know that this much can be said in favour of some popular recreations. Take the case of the most popular sport of the day—cycling. I have never tried it—the bicycle came into fashion too late for me—but nothing will persuade me that young men can get any physical good from tearing along a road, half doubled up, until they become hot and exhausted.

"For my own part, I am happiest sitting in my library with a book, and on Sundays I enjoy staying in the house all day. Of course I get plenty of fresh air—I am strongly in favour of fresh air; and the best thing which can be said in favour of most sports is that it takes people into fresh air. At the same time, I don't think I am of an indolent disposition. When I am going anywhere I go briskly, and I have no patience with people who dawdle."

Mr. Brudenell Carter, it may be of interest to add, is the son of an officer in the Army, and himself saw something of active service as a staff surgeon during the Crimean War. To-day, although not particularly muscular and somewhat pale in features, he gives you the impression of what he is—a quick and energetic worker in a profession calling for the finest nerves and the highest mental qualities.

By Carlton Dawe.

MY acquaintance with the coffin-maker of Hangchow was necessarily brief, but in that time it attained a singular development.

I had not had a holiday for five years, my Imperial Master, the Son of Heaven, to whom I had once rendered an important service, deeming my presence at Pekin, where I was connected with the secret service bureau, a necessary adjunct to his well-being. How I, an Englishman, came to hold such a position is a matter I need not enter into here; but I may add that I spoke Chinese fluently, and that I was favoured with a dark, Oriental cast of countenance which enabled me to pass as a Chinaman without arousing the least suspicion.

Well, the holiday being granted, I determined to go as far south as Hong Kong, there to spend a few weeks with some relatives; but on the way down I put into Hangchow to call on my old friend, Chi-li-Ling, the Governor of Che-Kiang. He and I, before he received his great appointment, had studied together in the capital, and when at length fortune came his way, and he departed for his honourable office, he begged of me not to forget old friends. I promised, but a long time passed before I was able to avail myself of his hospitality.

I found him apparently well in health, and yet obviously weighted with the cares of office. Indeed, his two years of governorship of an important province had added quite ten years to his appearance. Before he took up this appointment he was a sleek, good-natured, healthy-looking man; now he was thin, weary, and careworn. Most men grow fat in office: Chi's responsibilities had a contrary effect on him. And this you may read as best suits your inclination. All the same, when an honest man undertakes a great responsibility it causes him many a sleepless night.

I rallied him in a grandly serious way, not forgetting the deference due to a man of his exalted rank; for between Chi, the expectant office-holder, and Chi, the Governor of Che-Kiang, there was a world of difference. And yet he had not found his position such an unmixed blessing that he could forget the common fact that he was only a human being like the millions about him: one petty little human creature in whom was invested an almost god-like authority, an authority answerable only to the greater gods at Pekin. After dinner, when, thanks to a good meal, his face seemed to reflect a happier mood, he admitted as much. The realization of his hopes had not brought with it those blessings of which he had so fondly dreamed.

"And yet once it seemed all that was necessary to make your life supremely happy."

He sighed as he blew a great cloud of smoke to the ceiling.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "it might be something to be great independently; but to be great on sufferance irritates the soul of an honest man."

"Come, come," I replied. "Do you not overstate the case? Even the Emperor himself is answerable to——" I was going to say "the people," but I continued "to God."

He smiled ever so slightly, this wary Chi,

and took another long pull at his cheroot. No doubt, before he went to Court, he, too, had had his moments of Emperor-worship. Alas, for the years and the beliefs they shatter.

"The Emperor," he murmured, loyally, "is all wisdom. It is the vermin about him who poison his august ears."

"Well, and what then? Do they not seek to vilify every great man, these contemptible vermin? If the Emperor gave ear to their slanders there is no man in this country whom he could intrust with a responsible post."

"But I greatly fear," said Chi, "that he is beginning to listen."

This was bad. Once an official was "suspect" it went hard with his enemies if he was not soon deprived of office.

"I am sorry, my friend. I wish I could help you."

He stared above him, watching the smoke die fantastically on the ceiling, his eyes reflecting the serious thoughts that lay behind them. Then suddenly he sat upright and looked at me. My words had not fallen on unheeding ears.

"I believe you can—if you will."

"Have you so little faith in my friendship?"

"Forgive me, Clandon. Before I became Governor of Che-Kiang I had many friends, now I have none."

"I am your Excellency's obedient servant," I replied, bowing with mock haughtiness.

"No, no," he said, with a smile. "You want nothing from the Governor of Che-Kiang."

"Pardon me, but I do."

"Well, what can he do for you?"

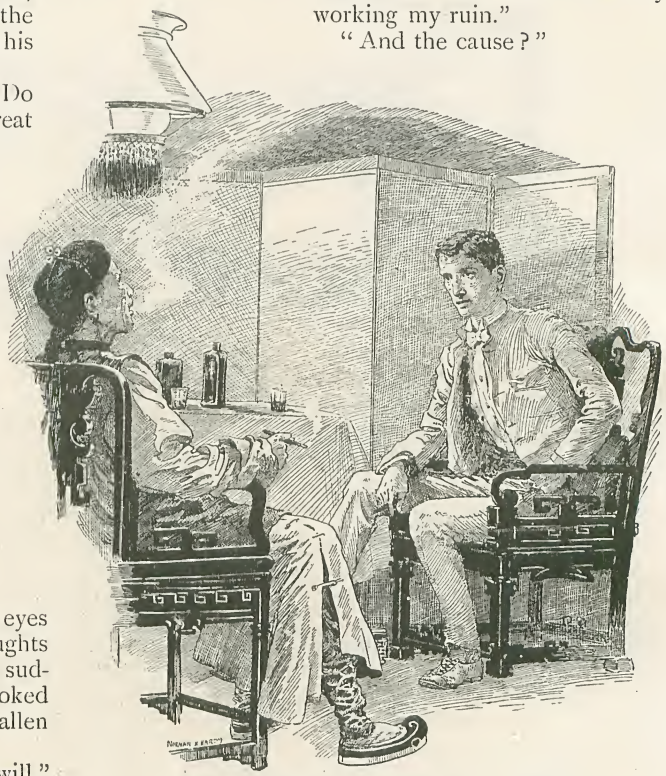
"Give me his friendship."

"He gave it long ago—though you are a foreign devil."

"That is my misfortune. But, tell me, how can I help my friend?"

"No doubt you fully appreciate the difficulties of a post like mine. To keep the people contented would seem work enough for one man, but to control the authorities at Pekin as well is a problem somewhat difficult to solve. Well, we all solve it, more or less satisfactorily; I have the misfortune to stand in the latter category." I began to condole with him, but he cut me short. "There is no crime imputed to me, no mismanagement of the funds, no charge of extortion; yet the vermin at Pekin are assuredly working my ruin."

"And the cause?"



"'THE EMPEROR,' HE MURMURED, 'IS ALL WISDOM.'"

"I will tell you. For nearly a year now, varied at long or short intervals, a series of mysterious disappearances has been going on in our city. The first one occurred some nine or ten months ago. Fu, the eldest son of Wang-Leh, the banker, suddenly disappeared, and nothing has been heard of him since. Inquiries disclosed the fact that, like many rich young men, he had swerved from the rigid paths of morality, and had taken up with other young men equally reprehensible. It also transpired that he had stolen largely from his father's chest, and that he was believed to have gambled it all away. Well, of course they came to us, and we set the law working in the usual official channel, but never the slightest trace of Fu have we been able to discover.

"A month after, the son of the great tea merchant, Chang-Si, disappeared in a similar manner. Again we set the law working in the usual official channel, but to our great

chagrin discovered no clue whatever. Within the next two months four more of our wealthy young men disappeared, while within the last three months there have been no fewer than five disappearances of a similar character."

"And you have no trace of them?"

"None whatever—beyond the fact that we know they were all more or less bitten by the gambling spider."

"How do you know that?"

"It has come to us in many ways, but I do not attach much importance to it."

"Why not?"

"Because I have had all the gaming establishments under the strictest surveillance for some months now, and I know that not one of these young men had been near any of the houses on the night of his disappearance."

"You take it for granted that they have not left the city?"

"It would be impossible for all of them to leave without my knowledge. I have even the junks searched before they put to sea."

"You believe you are faithfully served?"

"So firmly that even you, old doubter that you are, cannot shake that belief."

"Heaven forbid. You are likewise sure that these young men were bitten by the gambling spider?"

"Absolutely certain."

"Then our first movement is obvious."

Chi looked at me and his eyes beamed.

"My friend, you are a wonderful man. You have made a great discovery?"

"On the contrary, I am exceedingly puzzled."

He showed his disappointment in the most unmistakable manner.

"My friend will explain what he means by our first movement being obvious."

"Certainly. Since they did not frequent any of the well-known or suspected houses, we must find out which they did visit."

Chi smiled almost superciliously.

"I am under the impression that I even thought of that."

"And what did you do?"

"I set the law in motion, but discovered nothing."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, nothing of any importance."

"These young men never dropped a hint as to where they played?"

"I know of none."

"You have closely questioned their relatives?"

"UNFORTUNATELY FOR ME ALL THESE YOUNG MEN WERE WEALTHY."

"Closely."

"A most unpromising business."

"Most," he repeated, dolefully. "Unfortunately for me, all these young men were wealthy. Of course I kept the affair under as long as I could, but the relatives have at last taken the liberty of forwarding a petition to Pekin."

"And your *friends* are moving in the matter?"

He smiled grimly.

"Yes."

Poor Chi! It was not well for him that the story of his incompetence should have reached the capital. There were many superior administrators waiting for his exalted post.

"My friend," said I, "this is undoubtedly a singularly interesting problem; but, between ourselves, I see no reason why it should not be solved."

"Then you have an idea?" he asked, eagerly.

"Perhaps I have many. I think I'll go to bed and let them mature."

I had sufficient faith in Chi's intelligence to warrant the belief that he had gone thoroughly to work in his official way. Taking this for granted, also the fact that the young men were gamblers, there remained

the question—where did they gamble? As they never approached any of the suspected houses, it was obvious that they met in secret. Where was this secret meeting-place?

The next morning I donned my Chinese dress, and with a few skilful touches added a good ten years to my face. Then I stole quietly down to the breakfast-room and patiently awaited the arival of the Governor. Occasionally I heard his voice as he sharply addressed his secretaries, and I knew that he was knee-deep in business. But presently I heard him rise and come towards the door, and when he saw me his brows clouded with annoyance.

"Your business, sir?" he asked, sharply.

"Is with his Excellency the Governor, Chi-li-Ling."

"This is not his Excellency's business room—nor hour," he added, stiffly, pointing towards the door.

"That is nothing to me," I answered, coolly. "Who are you that presume to speak as one in authority?"

"His Excellency Chi-li-Ling," he answered, thinking the name would paralyze me.

"And I am his Excellency's very good friend, Edward Clandon, the foreign devil," and I laughed loudly in my natural voice — if I might be said to have a natural voice.

He came close to me and peered into my face.

"So it is," he said. "I know the eyes. But it's marvellous, marvellous!" Then he looked at me attentively, and a close examination discovered some infinitesimal flaws; but to the unsuspecting I was really what I seemed.

I was rather proud of this test, for Chi was a shrewd man and knew me well, so I went out into the streets, buoyant: within me was a presentiment of good fortune. Countless strange places I visited. I made many inquiries among all sorts and conditions of men. Some led me on with false hopes, other curled up and looked mysterious whenever I broached the subject. One had heard of a secret gambling-place where rich men went and played fan-tan for large sums, while another even directed me there. Needless to say my patience and my energy were exhausted in the vain search, and I was returning disconsolately to my starting-place, ready to admit that the problem was more difficult than ever, when something happened which gave a fresh zest to my endeavours.

Aimlessly wandering along the street, I loitered for a moment to inspect the wares in an adjacent window, and as I did so two men met in the roadway beside me and at once indulged in the usual felicitations. As they spoke well, and were evidently of the better class, I stole a look at them out of the corner of my eye; upon perceiving which one said to the other, "I am in a great hurry now, but I will see you to-night at the coffin-maker's."

"Agreed," was the reply, and then he who had spoken first bowed and walked swiftly away.

"I WAS RETURNING DISCONSOLATELY."

The other surveyed me somewhat insolently, I thought, and then he too turned upon his heel. He was rather a good-looking young fellow, with the flushed face of the immoderate liver. His friend seemed a gentleman of similar proclivities.

I watched him out of sight: watched him as one watches the sea, the sun, the sky—that is, with no particular object, and yet with a vague, indefinite interest. Then I went slowly after him, repeating to myself, "I will see you at the coffin-maker's." At first the words were without significance: then they seemed rather comic: then their singularity struck me. Suddenly the young man with the flushed face became intensely interesting. Why should two young gentlemen meet at night at a coffin-maker's?

The query urged me forward at a rapid pace, but when I reached the turning down which he had disappeared there was neither sight nor sign of him. Cursing my own stupidity I hurried forward, and, arriving at the end of the street, I stood for a moment undecided whether to turn to the right or to the left. On the right an alley-way presented itself; on the left the street was wider, and I knew that presently it debouched upon one of the main thoroughfares. Which should I take?

Fortunately I was not called upon for a speculative decision, for at that moment, upon looking up the alley-way, I saw the young man with the flushed face emerge from a door and come towards me. Thinking I might be recognised, I moved to the other side of the road and glued my face to a window; but he came swaggering along as though totally oblivious of the existence of anything but his own sublime personality. To follow such a man was a task requiring neither cleverness nor caution. I saw him enter an eating-house, and there I left him, doubting not that I might still expect to find him there within the hour.

Then I made all haste back to the alley-way, and having mentally marked the door from which the young man had emerged, I went straight towards it. Judge of my surprise, I might almost say my amazement, when I saw that the shop was a coffin-maker's. On the doorpost was a printed placard which notified to all and sundry that Wing Lee's coffins were the cheapest and best on the market, and that all orders were executed with care and dispatch.

I at once made my way towards the door, and stopping, hesitant, upon the threshold, peered in. At a bench, planing the corners of an ominous-looking plank, was a brawny Chinaman stripped to the buff, while beside him stood a putty-complexioned little man whose dress and manner bespoke the master. Advancing into the shop I inquired if Mr. Wing Lee was in.

"I am Mr. Wing Lee," said the little man.

I bowed solemnly. It was an honour to meet the man whose coffins were the best on the market.

"To what do I owe the honour of your excellency's condescension?" asked he.

"Your honourable coffins are acquiring an exceptional renown," I answered. "I wondered if you could spare your valuable time by taking an unworthy order."

"I fear that my contemptible coffins are unfit to inclose the exalted bones of your illustrious ancestors."

"For him that shall inclose them fittingly there shall be laid up ten thousand merits in Heaven."

"I am your excellency's idiotic slave."

It may be taken for granted that I was not unmindful of the presence of Mr. Wing Lee. Indeed, my scrutiny of him was only equalled by his scrutiny of me. So concentrated and fiery was the look of his deep-set eyes that, in order to avoid suspicion, I had to turn aside. But even while my eyes were wandering round the shop I knew that his gaze was concentrated upon me.

Professing that money was no object, and also an entire ignorance of any knowledge of coffins, I asked him if he had any in stock, and he immediately led me through the shop to a little room at the back, the walls of which were lined with gruesome shapes.

"Here," said he, "are a few of my contemptible coffins. Would your excellency prefer the plain polished wood, or the white or the black cloth covering? Your excellency must understand that the cloth but conceals the poverty of the wood."

"Precisely so. The person to whom I am going to present the coffin, a relative of mine, is a high official. You will see that I do not outrage his susceptibilities."

"Your excellency understands that it is but a question of money?"

"Name your own price, and do the work in your own honourable style. By the way, is this the whole of your stock?"

"Not the whole, your excellency, but the gems of my collection."

"Well," said I, looking round, "where are the others?"

He grinned rather curiously as he replied, "Beneath your excellency's illustrious feet."

"YOUR EXCELLENCY UNDERSTANDS THAT IT IS BUT A QUESTION OF MONEY."

I stepped back, an unaccountable shudder sweeping through me. The little wretch saw the movement and smiled.

"May I see them?"

"It is but a dark cellar, your excellency. There is nothing to see."

"Very well. You know what I want! When will you have it ready for me?"

"In a week, excellency."

"That will do nicely. I suppose you are to be found here at all hours?"

"At all hours, excellency."

"Then I will look in whenever I happen to pass."

With that I took leave of him, giving him the address of one of the Governor's secretaries, to whom, once I was out in the street, I dispatched a note acquainting him with the arrangement. And, as it happened, I had acted none too promptly. Some quarter of an hour after the secretary had received my note the coffin-maker Wing Lee called to make inquiries.

The note dispatched by messenger, I made all haste to the eating-house where I had left the young man with the flushed face, and when I entered the room he was still sitting before the same table. Fortunately for my purpose, the other tables were full; so, making direct for him, I bowed and expressed the hope that he would excuse the presumption of my daring to sit in his illustrious presence. Again he favoured me with the same insolent look, but I only smiled in return, and was more profuse with my apologies. If I had not wished to mollify the young brute I would have kicked him off his seat.

During the meal he sat staring at me through the clouds of smoke which he incessantly drew from his Manila, smiling inwardly, I could see, at my attempts to propitiate him. Remark after remark I made, to all of which he either returned a grunt of assent or dissent, or maintained a stolid silence. The only thing that seemed to interest him was the clock on the wall above the door. When he was not staring at me through the smoke he flattered it with anxious glances.

When I called for the bill his interest in me awoke a little, and when, for reasons of my own, I showed a considerable bundle of bank-notes, the young man's indifference rapidly vanished. He shook himself together, as it were, smiled, and took the trouble to ask a few civil but unnecessary questions. I, nothing loth, at once entered into conversation with him. It suited me to forget his insolence.

In a few minutes we were deep in animated conversation, and by an insinuating piece of cross-questioning he learnt that I was a native of Pekin, that my father was a rich banker there, and that I was a stranger in Hangchow, knowing no one, and absolutely at my wits' ends to know how to kill time. To all of which he replied that Hangchow was his native city, that he was Wah Foo, the son of Ming Hi, the tea merchant, and that he would be willing to place himself at my honourable disposal. I at once sealed the bargain over a bottle of wine.

Once he grew confidential, Wah Foo disclosed the deplorable fact that he was one of those sad dogs who, knowing only the worst side of things, have little faith in the better. His conversation, sounding me as it were, ran the whole gamut of frivolous or discreditable profligacy. Yet when he learnt that I had a weakness for games of chance he spoke in a lower key, and looked from side to side as though he did not wish anyone to hear him.

"Would you like to try your luck?" he asked.

I smiled as I patted my breast.

"I have a few taels here that I should like to flutter."

"I know a place where you may flutter three hundred of them at a time."

"But, unfortunately, I do not."

"Yet I may introduce you."

Well, the bargain was struck. My friend was to take me to the place: I, on the other hand, pledged myself to the utmost secrecy. We waited for another half-hour or so chatting and smoking, and then he announced that it was time for us to start. It was with no surprise, once we were in the street, that I saw him turn in a certain direction. In fact, I was sure he would only go one way. Therefore I was not in the least astonished when I beheld him stop before the door of Wing Lee, the coffin-maker.

A cautious rat-tat, sounded in a peculiar manner, was followed by a singular squeaking as of rusty hinges, and then my companion knelt to the keyhole and whispered, "There shall be laid up in Heaven ten thousand merits for the friend of man."

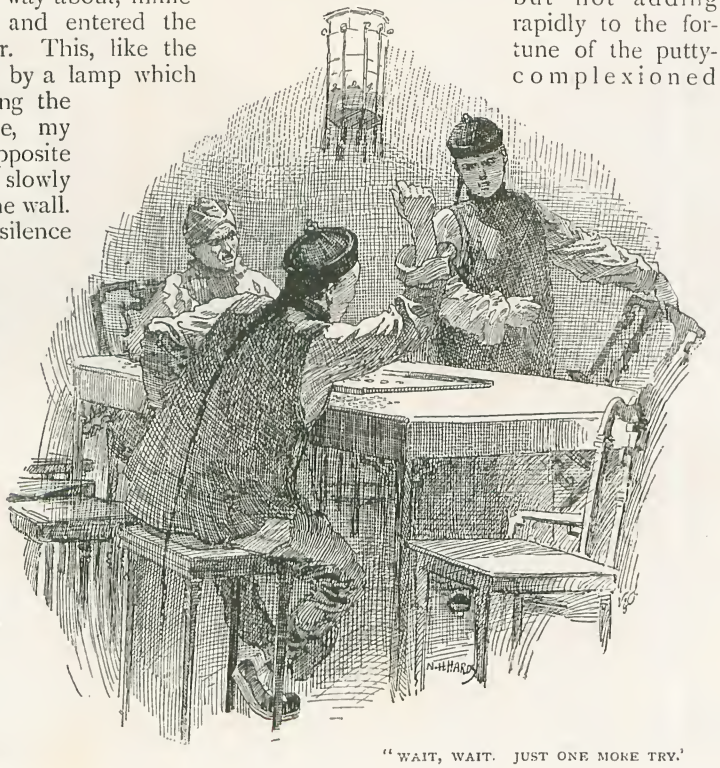
In strange contrast to the former squeaking of hinges, the door opened softly, giving us admission into the dimly-lighted workshop of that friend of man, Wing Lee. Wah Foo, who seemed to know his way about, immediately crossed the shop and entered the little sanctuary at the rear. This, like the outer shop, was lit dimly by a lamp which smelt horribly; but crossing the floor with a rapid stride, my companion made for the opposite right-hand corner, and slowly knocked five times upon the wall. A strange interval of silence followed, during which I anticipated some answering signal; but that not coming, Wah Foo knocked thrice, and an unexpected door opened in the wall. He immediately stepped in, and I followed. I heard the door slide to with a sharp click.

We were now in complete darkness, confined within a narrow passage, for I could feel the wall on either side. It may be imagined that I harboured some strange conjectures; but my thoughts were instantly arrested by the appearance of a light some 15ft. below us. A flight of stairs led down to it, and as Wah Foo immediately began to descend them, there was nothing left for me but to follow in his footsteps.

At the bottom of the stairs, holding back some heavy, dark curtains, was a man with a lamp. He bowed low as we approached and stood aside, and we entered a long, low, vault-like room which was draped in black and shaped singularly like a coffin. In the middle of this room was a square table, at the head of which, with piles of silver and notes before him, sat the honourable coffin-maker, Wing Lee. In the middle of the table was the fan-tan board, and grouped round it were some dozen young men of the better class. So sullenly excited were they that probably not one of them noticed the sepulchral aspect of the chamber, or the disagreeable smell of wood which always seems to hang about an undertaker's.

Wing Lee scrutinized me rather curiously, but I treated the whole affair as a matter of no consequence. Wah Foo declared that I was a cousin of his who had just come from Pekin. Wing Lee was not fastidious so long as cousins from Pekin had money to lose.

I punted mildly, now winning, now losing, but not adding rapidly to the fortune of the putty-complexioned



"WAIT, WAIT. JUST ONE MORE TRY.'

coffin-maker. Wah Foo, on the contrary, proved a desperate gambler, and plunged in the most reckless manner. As a consequence he soon began to borrow from me, and I was beginning to regret our relationship when his luck turned, and quite half-a-dozen times in succession he won largely. Then began a long encounter between him and the bank, an encounter which gradually tired out all the other gamblers, who one by one took their departure. By this time my companion was a big winner, and I, who long since had grown sick and tired of the place, implored him to come away; but it was always: "Wait, wait. Just one more try." At last I put my foot down. I would wait for one more round. Agreed. He plunged heavily and won. The hideous little face of Wing Lee was a sight to behold. Indeed, it was the look on that face which prompted my sudden resolution.

The coffin-maker implored for one more chance. Let it be for three thousand taels. He had lost heavily. He would be a ruined man. He wanted just one more chance. Wah Foo, who was in an amiable mood, looked like giving way; but, nodding, I made for the stairs and said "Good-night." He shouted out that he was coming, and I at once began to mount the steps. But I had not gone much more than half-way up before my progress was arrested by a noise which sounded extremely like a muffled thud. I paused for a moment, but could hear no sound. Then I called out, "Are you coming, Wah Foo?"

Again no reply, and presently Wing Lee appeared at the foot of the stairs, and said, "That is not the way out. You must come this way."

"Where is my cousin?"

"He has gone."

The light disappeared and the curtains fell, so there was nothing to do but to retrace my steps. I did not like the look of things, but I was conscious of the necessity of turning a full front to the enemy. Moreover, I felt absolutely certain that most of the players had made their exit by the stairs. Why, then, had the honourable coffin-maker and master gamester lied to me?

Slowly I descended the stairs and withdrew the curtain. As I did so something flashed before my eyes and a thousand thunders seemed to rattle through my brain.

How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell, and even my waking seemed so like a dream that I have no conception when it occurred. My head throbbed painfully, while every bone in my body seemed to be broken. By degrees I grew conscious of the knowledge that I had been struck down, but in what manner I had not the least recollection. Enough, that the blow came swiftly and unexpectedly. I must have fallen without a moan.

But slowly-returning consciousness drove the blood coursing through my veins, and I began to move my limbs. Come, this was not so bad. No bones were broken, after all. Perhaps I was not so badly off as I imagined. I sat up.

Above me swung a lamp, from the dim light of which I could but vaguely distinguish the surrounding objects. All seemed black and impenetrable. I put out my hand. It touched something. I shivered with horror as I saw that the object was a coffin.

Then consciousness came back with a rush. I recollected the vault: Wing Lee the coffin-maker: the blow that brought me down. With an effort I reached the lamp and turned the light up. Everything was as

"THE UNFORTUNATE WAH FOO."

I had seen it last—except that I was upon the fan-tan table in company with a coffin. Mine, no doubt. What, then, had become of Wah Foo?

Out of an indefinite curiosity I leant over the coffin and looked in, and to my horror saw that it already had an inmate. A closer look disclosed the pallid face and staring eyes of the unfortunate Wah Foo. A blow on the side of the head, almost similar to mine, had sent him to join the shades of his

ancestors. Evidently these murderous coffin-makers were under the impression that they had dealt me a similar blow, as we were both laid out together.

With much difficulty I rolled off the table, and when, by its aid, I once more regained my feet, I felt for my flask, but it was gone. However, on a small table, a little to the left of me, I perceived a jug, and making for this I found it half full of water. Greatly refreshed by the draught, it gave me the energy to be anxious. My pulse quickened: I became conscious of the necessity to think. Thought brought its consequent action, but an examination of the exit disclosed the fact that an iron shutter, or screen, had been drawn across the curtains, completely blotting out the stairs. How this thing worked I could not discover. Vainly I tried to slide it back. It seemed as firmly fixed as though it were a part of the wall.

Recognising the futility of a further effort in that direction, I made a hasty examination of the coffin-like vault, but nothing in the shape of an exit presented itself. I sounded the walls for some secret passage, but became quite convinced that the only entrance was by the stairs.

The case was growing desperate. My watch was gone, so I could not tell the time. Why the murderers had left us I could not guess, but one thing was certain—they would come back. Once more my hand made a futile journey to my hip. The revolver was gone. If they came, how could I meet them? I thought of the putty-complexioned Wing Lee and his brawny attendants, and an uncongenial wave of feeling swept over me.

I returned to the table with its gruesome load, and a strange thought fluttered my blood. What would they do with the corpse? Obviously it mattered little to the corpse, but it meant a great deal to me; for I had conceived a project the very boldness of which made me pause. Arguing that Wing Lee was a bold man, and that his business offered certain facilities for the disposal of dead men, I did not believe that he would bury them on the premises, where suspicion might lay him open to an inspection from the authorities. I may also say that the wish was father to the thought, for I had conceived an idea no less repellent than that of changing places with the dead man.

It had been my practice always to carry a few ends of make-up with me, and these I found in my pocket, they, fortunately for me, being deemed worthless in the eyes of the murderers. With these I immediately set to work upon the dead man's face, and being rather skilful in the art of disguise soon had him a fair presentment of myself. Then I lifted him out of his coffin and, laying him upon the table, stripped him of his clothes and donned them myself, dressing him in mine. Next, with the aid of my small mirror, which had also been overlooked or ignored, I began the ghastly operation of painting myself to resemble him. The blood upon the side of my head had caked: my hair was saturated with blood. When I had finished with my face there was not much difference in the appearance of the dead and the living. What there was would escape him who never dreamt of a trick.

My intention was to take my place in the coffin, trusting to fortune for my release once we reached the upper air. But knowing that it would be impossible to breathe with the lid screwed down, I had previously examined the coffin very carefully, and I saw that it was constructed in the cheapest and flimsiest manner, a white cloth being tacked round it to hide its imperfections. With a knife, which I was fortunate enough to find in one of the pockets of Wah Foo's coat, I made a hole in the soft wood, the aforesaid white cloth hiding all traces of my handiwork. This hole I was careful to cut within reach of my nostrils, the cloth being so flimsy as freely to admit the air. Then I carefully laid the dead Wah Foo along the table, turned down the lamp, and with a throbbing brain and a beating heart crept into the coffin.

Fortunately for me, the dead man and I were of an equal length. As the coffin was also roomy I found that I could turn my head to the orifice without much trouble. If the worst came to the worst I had no doubt that I could burst the thing open. But what if I fainted? I was weak. My brain throbbed painfully; my body ached as though it was covered with bruises. What if the horror of the situation proved too strong for me?

It was a fearful thing to lie there staring up at the dim, black roof of the vault, my ears straining to catch every sound; silence about me, silence and the companionship of the dead! It was intolerable, insufferable; thought was fast driving me delirious. I longed for the coming of the wretches.

At last the iron door slid back and I heard the patter of steps upon the stairs. Then someone spoke in a whisper, another answered, and a shuffling of bare feet followed. Next, something was slid upon

the table, and I guessed that it was the coffin for Wah Foo. Noiselessly they went to work in the semi-gloom, for, peering through my eyelashes, I saw with joy that they had not turned up the light. Then a shadow seemed to pass before my eyes. The next moment I was being screwed down.

Sounds now became indistinct, but turning my nostrils to the hole which I had made I found that I could breathe with comparative comfort; but as the heat suddenly grew intense I pushed my finger through the cloth, having little fear of discovery.

I think Wah Foo must have been carried up first, for they seemed an unconscionable time in coming for me. But at last my turn came, and presently I was lifted off the table and carried up the stairs feet first, which was anything but a pleasant experience. Then, when we reached the shop, we were set down, and I heard Wing Lee say, "Quick, away with you, or the day will catch you before you reach the junk."

We were instantly picked up again and, I had no doubt, taken out into the street; and presently, by the peculiar motion of the men who carried us, I knew that we were being hurried forward at a rapid rate.

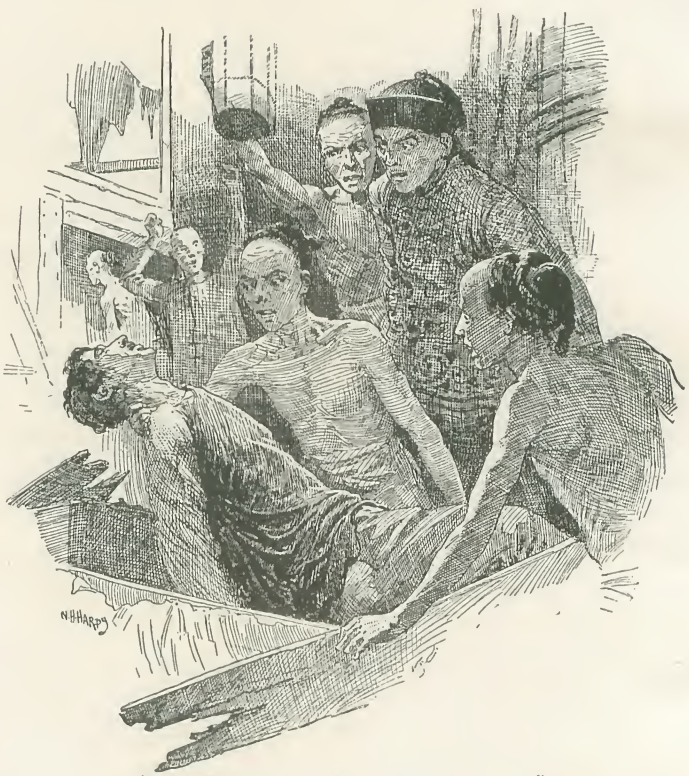
The word "junk" had given me an idea. I remembered how the Governor had told me that he even had the junks searched as they left the city. My non-appearance that night would put him more keenly upon the alert than ever. I would wait.

The journey was not a long one, and as, in my mind, I followed each movement of my bearers, I knew when we were set down in the junk. Then, to be sure, came a wait, filled with a horrible dread—a dread which increased when I heard sounds which proclaimed the getting ready for sea. Indeed, fearful that Chi's overseer might not come, I was about to shout and attempt to burst the coffin when I heard a man, speaking in authoritative tones, say, "What have you here?"

"Two honourable corpses which we are taking to their ancestral tomb at Wen-Choo," was the reply.

I put my mouth to the orifice and screamed with all my might: "No, no, I am not dead. These men are murderers. Seize them!"

For a few moments something like consternation ruled. Then there was much talking and hurrying of feet, and presently the lid of my coffin was wrenched off and I was dragged out, more dead than alive.



"I WAS DRAGGED OUT, MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE."

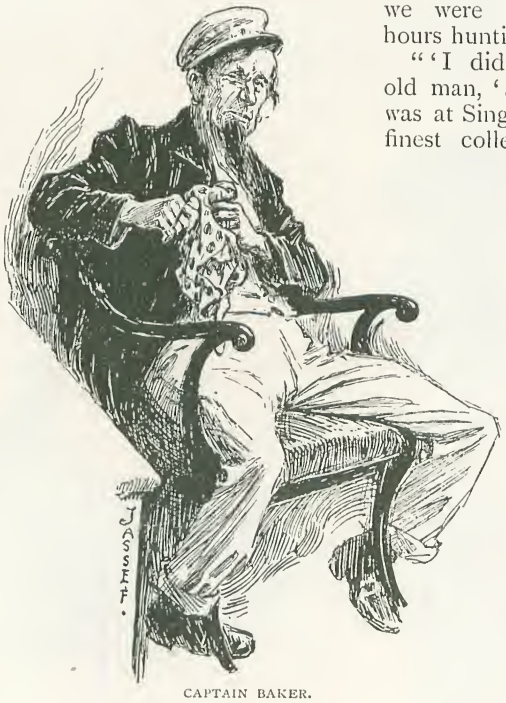
Well, there is not much more to tell. Wing Lee and his associates were arrested, and confessions, wrung from them in Chinese fashion, disclosed the fact that they were responsible for the disappearance of so many young men, whom they murdered for their money and then carried out to sea.

You may be sure that my friend Chi did not unnecessarily prolong the days of the coffin-maker of Hangchow.

Pratt's Cats.

By W. L. Alden.

"THERE'S some folks," remarked Captain Baker, reflectively, as he laid aside the *Nantucket Gazette* and wiped his spectacles, "that has ideas, and some that hasn't: and it's them that hasn't that are lucky. Now, I never had any ideas, beyond doing my duty as a sailorman in whatever situation I might happen to be. The consequence was that I got on peaceably with everybody, and never made more than a middling-sized ass of myself at any one time. Then there was Captain Hank Pratt, of the *Natchez*. Some people used to say that he didn't know anything whatever, except seamanship and the Bible; and so, in a way, he didn't. But he was chock-full of ideas, most of which went to show that he ought to have confined himself to seamanship and religion. He was, take him by and large, the best able-bodied A1 Christian I ever heard of, afloat or ashore; but when he tried to bend his ideas on to his innocence it was like bending a three-inch cable to the signal halliards and trying to anchor with the lot.



CAPTAIN BAKER.

"I often think of the time we had in the *Natchez* with Captain Pratt's cats. I was first mate of the ship at the time, and we were lying in Boston Harbour, filling up with New England rum and cotton goods for Singapore and Canton. We had taken in about all she would hold, when Captain Pratt says to me, 'Mr. Baker, you've been ashore several times at Singapore?'

"'It wasn't my fault, sir,' I says—for, next to Port Said, Singapore is the measliest place in the whole East, and I can't say worse than that.

"'I wasn't asking why you went ashore,' says the captain. 'What I want to know is just this: Did you ever see a cat in Singapore?'

"'Well, sir,' says I, 'I don't remember any particular cat, but then I haven't much opinion of cats, and I might pass half-a-dozen without noticing them. You'd better ask the carpenter: he was ashore at Singapore last voyage, for, if you remember, we were delayed twenty-four hours hunting him up.'

"'I did ask him,' says the old man, 'and he said while he was at Singapore he'd seen the finest collection of variegated monkeys, mostly blue, that any sailorman ever saw, even after a month ashore in London, but he couldn't swear to any cats.'

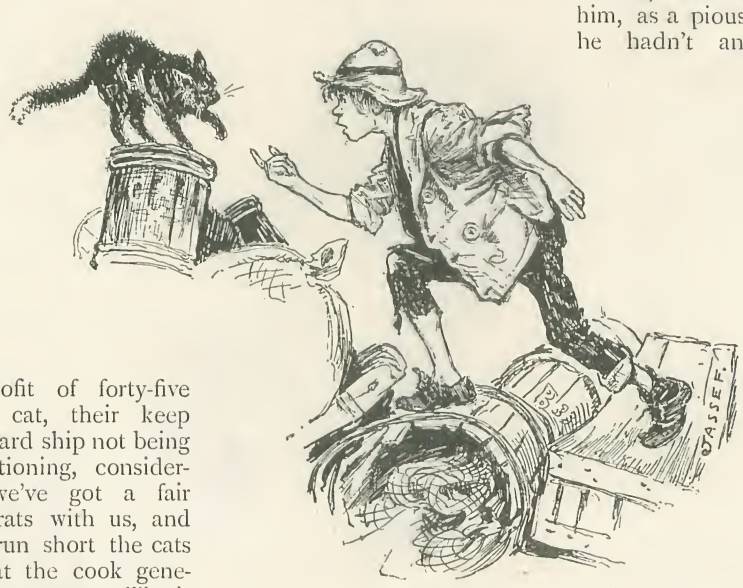
"'Might I ask,' said I, 'what your particular interest in Singapore cats is pointing to?'

"'It's this way,' says he. 'I know from what I've read that there ain't a single solitary individual cat in all Singapore. I've got it in print in a book down in my cabin, and you can't deny what's in a book. Now, Singapore is just overrun with rats and mice, and the dogs and some other small animal, whose name I can't lay my hand to at this particular minute, don't begin to do their duty toward the vermin. What Singapore needs the worst way is cats that have been brought up to know their duty in regard to rats and mice, and will do it. Why, if the Singapore people could lay in a good supply of cats their property would improve in value

at least 10 per cent. Now, I've been studying over this cat question for some time, and I've come to the conclusion that the man who carries a cargo of cats out to Singapore will make a lot of money.'

"'How so?' says I.

"'Look at it from a business point of view,' says the old man. 'What's the market value of a cat here in Boston? Just nothing at all, says you, and right you are. Now, what ought to be the market value of a cat in Singapore, where there ain't a cat of any kind, and where the mice and rats couldn't be reckoned up with any table of logarithms that was ever yet printed? My idea is that a good article of cat, laid down at Singapore, would fetch an average price of fifty cents in our money. Very good. I calculate to take in about a thousand cats between now and the day we sail. The boys on the wharf will catch them for me, and be glad to do it, for five cents a cat. I shall sell those cats at Singapore for fifty cents apiece, which will be a clean profit of forty-five cents per cat, their keep while on board ship not being worth mentioning, considering that we've got a fair supply of rats with us, and if the rats run short the cats will eat what the cook generally throws away. That's my little scheme for turning an honest penny in a new way, and I'd like to hear your opinion of it.'



"BOYS WERE MIGHTY SMART."

"'Begging your pardon, captain,' says I, 'I haven't any opinion of it whatsoever. Likewise the same is my opinion of cats, which are an animal that no man can trust. You'll find long before you're off the Cape that you've made the biggest mistake of your life in meddling with cats. I've heard my mother say that there ain't a cat mentioned in the whole Bible, from beginning to end. You just lay that to heart, and have nothing to do with cats.'

"This was speaking a good deal plainer to my superior officer than I generally spoke, but I knew his cat idea was the worst sort of foolishness, and I wanted to have him give it up. But, of course, he wouldn't do anything of the sort. He was determined to take a cargo of cats to Singapore, and, accordingly, the more I might say against it the more he'd stick to his idea.

"Well, that very day Captain Pratt went to work to collect cats. He agreed with a warehouse man on the wharf to keep his cats for him till the day we sailed, and he offered a reward of five cents to every boy who would get a cat for him. Cats were thick in Boston in those days, and boys were mighty smart. They turned to with a will, and cats fairly poured in, as you might say. I told the captain that there wasn't the least doubt that nine-tenths of the cats were private cats that the boys stole from their owners, and I put it to him, as a pious man, that he hadn't any right to encourage boys to steal. But he wouldn't listen to me. He said that the boys looked to him to be good, honest boys, and he wouldn't insult them by suspecting them of stealing.

"About an hour before we sailed the cats were all brought on board and dropped down the main hatchway to the 'tween decks, where the old man calculated that the beasts would be comfortable. We took away the ladder from the hatchway so that

the cats couldn't come on deck, and there were two or three pannikins of fresh water waiting for them below. The crew seemed considerable amused when they saw the cats coming aboard — that is, all except the carpenter. He was a good man, the carpenter, so long as he was at sea, though a bit grumpy in temper, but he always stopped ashore when we were in port, and I'm afraid that he wallowed a good deal in the intoxicating bowl.

"He came aboard just after we had taken in all the cats, and he happened to look down the hatchway and saw the cats. He sort of staggered back and took hold of the fife-rail to support himself. I asked him what was the matter, and he said he felt a little faint. 'By-the-bye, Mr. Baker,' said he, 'is there such a thing as a cat aboard this ship, for it would be mighty unlucky to go to sea without one?'

"'Cats!' said I. 'Why, man, there's a thousand of them in the 'tween decks, that the captain is taking to Singapore on speculation.'

"You never saw a man look so relieved.

"'Oh,' says he. 'If they're real cats, that's all right. I don't mind real cats.'

"Well, we got on very well with the cats for the first twenty-four hours, though the cabin-boy, whose bunk was close to the bulkhead that divided him from the cats, said he never slept a wink, owing to the awful fighting that went on among them. But the next day the second mate, who wanted something got up from below, had the ladder put down the hatchway, and the cats, supposing that it was meant for their accommodation, went on deck in such a hurry that, before anything could be done to stop them, the whole gang took possession of the main deck and the quarter-deck and the fo'c's'le, and the spars and rigging generally. The second mate ordered the men to catch the cats, but, beyond catching two or three that were either sick or particularly tame, not a cat was caught. Then our troubles began.

"You'll say that a cat isn't dangerous, but just you try going aloft, especially at night, and meeting cats in the tops and the cross-trees and on every blessed yard-arm — particularly if the cats have got the notion that the top hamper of the ship belongs to them, and that every man who goes aloft is trying to catch them. The moment a man's head came over the edge of the top he'd get two or three pairs of claws right in his face, and the wonder was that every man-jack didn't lose his eyes. If you laid out on a yard for any purpose there would be a cat waiting for you, and she'd swear and claw at you till you was glad to give it up and slide down by a backstay singing out that you were half-killed. Why, there was three of the heaviest and best fighters of the lot — wild toms that had been champion fighters along the wharves — that took possession of the main-topgallant yard, and for three days we couldn't furl that sail, though it was blowing altogether too hard for any prudent man to carry it. When the halliards were let go and the sail brailed up the cats sat in the slings of the yard and waited for the men to come up and furl the sail. There was no knocking them off the yard, for they'd hang on with their claws and teeth like grim death. Whenever a man tried to get on the foot-rope they were ready for him, and let him have it right in the eyes. The end of it was that the men refused to go on the yard, and we had to hoist the yard up and sheet the sail home to prevent it from being lashed into ribbons.

"The old man was the only one who wasn't in a rage with the cats. He said that the poor animals were only having a little innocent play, and that as soon as they got used to the ship they would be as gentle and polite as so many women. Perhaps they would have been had they been fed properly, but as it turned out there wasn't any proper food for them. The only fresh meat we had on board was three or four pigs and about a dozen chickens, and the old man wouldn't have any of them killed for the first fortnight, because, as he said, he had so much fresh meat ashore that he was tired of it and wanted nothing better than salt horse. Now, a cat will eat most anything that isn't salt, but hates salt worse than poison. But salt pork one day, and salt beef the other day, were all the provisions the captain would serve out to the cats. He said that what was good enough for him and his officers and men was good enough for cats, and if the cats didn't like it they could turn to and catch rats. That sounded fair enough, but the truth was that there wasn't a rat on board. They had all bolted in Boston as soon as they realized that we were filling up with cats.

"What with being half-starved, besides feeling themselves insulted by being offered salt meat, those cats got more and more savage every day. It wasn't safe to be on deck at night without a lantern in one hand and a belaying-pin in the other, for you were liable to have a cat jump out at you any

minute, and carry off a piece of your leg or your hand. They stole into the fo'c's'le and tried to bite the watch below, so that the men didn't dare to go to sleep without setting a man to watch the hatchway. After we had been about three weeks out, and had just passed the line, owing to having had fresh breezes on the port or starboard quarter ever since leaving port, the men came aft, all hands of them, in the first dog-watch, and told the old man that they'd had all the cat they could stand, and that it was the wish of all hands that he'd heave the cats overboard. The old man was as sweet as new milk. He told the men that the conduct of the cats had been regular outrageous, and he gave them permission to heave every cat overboard then and there. You see, he knew what he was about. There was no catching any of those cats, as I said a little while ago, and giving the crew permission to heave them overboard, while it sounded reasonable, didn't amount to anything.

"After we passed the line we stood over toward the South American coast, so as to get the trade wind. The cats kept making their usual disturbance, and never seemed to sleep while there was the least chance for any mischief. Luckily the wind had been pretty steady after the first three or four days, and we didn't have much to do, except to brace the yards up now and then. The men were terribly discontented, but they couldn't help themselves. You'll naturally ask why the captain didn't shoot the cats. Perhaps he would have tried it if it hadn't been that he had nothing to shoot with. You see, he was principled against carrying a revolver, and used to say that when he couldn't control his men by fair means he'd give up going to sea. We all came to the conclusion that there was nothing to be done but just to endure the cats until we got to Singapore; but the look-out wasn't a pleasant one. Those cats, as you might say, regularly besieged us, and we who lived aft never could leave the door of the companion-way, or any side-light that was near the mizzen chains, open for a minute, for fear that the cats would get down below. The old man had a bright idea one day. Says he to me: 'Mr. Baker, those cats are actually more than a Christian man is required to bear. I've made up my mind to poison them.'

"'All right,' says I. 'I'm glad to hear it. But where are you going to get your poison from?'

"'Ain't there a medicine-chest in the cabin?' says he. 'And ain't medicines mostly poison? I'll give them all a dose of horse salts to-night, and we'll see what that will do for them.'

"THE USUAL DISTURBANCE."

"Now, it's one thing to give a sailor medicine, and another thing to serve it out to a cat. A sailor has a natural taste for medicine, and will take anything you give him, from salts up to castor-oil—but a cat has more sense. The old man left pannikins of salts in all three of the tops that night, and calculated that the majority of the cats would be dead before morning, but they never turned a hair. Not one of them would touch the salts. So we had to give up the idea of poisoning them.

"We'd been out of Boston just about five weeks when the cats began to go mad. There wasn't any doubt that either the salt food or something else had given them the hydrocephalus, as those scientific doctors call it. Anyway, mad they were, and

behaved accordingly. They fought among themselves; they tried to bite every man who came within reach, and they rushed up and down the deck and up and down the rigging, yelling and cursing and spitting, as if they didn't believe there was any hereafter, and didn't care whether there was or not.

"Pretty soon the men understood what was the matter with the cats—which they found out through the second mate being foolish enough to tell them. I don't want to say anything against the second mate, but it can't be denied that he was young, and when a man is young he is naturally foolish. I was foolish myself when I was a young man, and I don't doubt that you were, too—begging your pardon, and not meaning any offence. Well, when the men knew that the cats had gone mad they were dead sure that they would all go mad, too, most of them having been chewed up considerable since the cats first came aboard, and it being well known that the bite of a mad animal is certain death. The captain did his best to quiet them by telling them that if they were bound to go mad there was no help for it, there being no medicine that could do them any good, and, consequently, the best thing they could do was to say their prayers regular and do their duty to him and the owners.

"THEY TRIED TO BITE EVERY MAN WHO CAME WITHIN REACH."

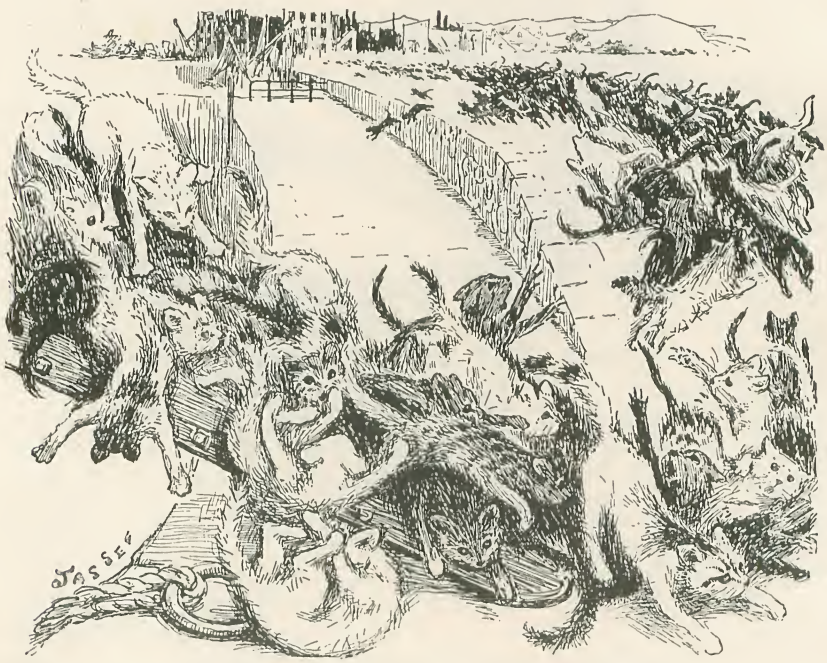
"I judged that he made a mistake in this. He ought to have told them that he had a medicine which was a certain cure for hydrocephalus, and then he ought to have ladled salts into them, with, say, a little tar mixed in with it to give it a flavour, and then the men would probably have been satisfied. But there's the inconvenience of not being able to tell a lie! I can't really blame the captain for it, but it would have been a sight handier if the *Natchez* had happened to have a captain who was a first-class liar, and could have quieted the men down and avoided any serious trouble with them.

"I don't say that I wasn't mightily afraid of those cats myself, for I never liked the idea of going mad; and to go mad in consequence of a cat was more aggravating than it would have been if the cats had been dogs. I never went on deck without a heavy bit of wood in my hand, and when I saw a cat coming my way I generally went the other way in double-quick time. Two of the men were caught by the mad cats, and the way they were bit up was a sight. Finally the men broke into open mutiny, and swore they would stop below in the fo'c's'le till the captain would promise to put into the nearest Brazilian port, which was then only about 300 miles to leeward. The old man gave in and promised, for there was nothing else for him to do, and we braced up on the starboard tack and headed for Pernambuco. The men seemed to be more or less satisfied; but that night, soon after the second mate came on deck in the middle watch, I having gone below and the old man taking all night in, three or four of them jumped on him from behind as he was leaning over the rail, and gagged him and made him fast to the wheel. Then they tossed some provisions and a breaker of water into one of the quarter-boats, and having backed the main-topsail, the breeze being light at the time, they got into the boat, all hands of them, and lowered away, and that was the last that any man ever saw or heard of them.

"The men had worked so quietly that neither the captain nor I woke up, but after a while, the old man happening to awake and look at the compass over his berth, saw the ship was heading about north, and knew that something was wrong. So he rushed on deck and loosed the second mate, and told him to call all hands. There was nobody to call except the carpenter and me and the nigger cook and the cabin-boy, but when we were all mustered on deck we braced the yards up again and put her on her course. The second mate was wild with anger and fright, for several times while he was bound hand and foot and couldn't help himself, or even sing out, cats had come up and investigated him; but, curious as it may seem, nobody bit him. I calculated that this was on account of the tobacco that he used to use, which was the worst that I ever smelt. Anyway, it showed the advantages of using tobacco, and I've often thought of it when my wife talked to me about the evils of smoking.

"In three days' time we ran into Pernambuco, and the minute the ship was fast to the quay the cats bolted. They went along that quay like a streak of black and tabby lightning, and the natives ran and yelled that a whole regiment of devils had been let loose on them. We never saw any more of those cats, though I did read in the *Boston Globe* after we got back to Boston that an epidemic of hydrocephalus had broken out at Pernambuco, and that the people were that scared they were leaving the town and going into the country.

"We shipped a new crew—and a scaly lot of Dagos they were—and pursued our voyage to Singapore and Canton. I never mentioned cats once to the old man, for I could see that he was a good deal cut up about the failure of his speculation; but one day, while we were lying at Singapore, he said: 'Mr. Baker, you warned me not to put my trust in cats, and I laughed you to scorn. You were right, and I beg your pardon. Cats are an irreligious and an unscrupulous animal, and no Christian man, let alone a Christian sailor, ought to have any dealings with them.'"



"THEY WENT ALONG THAT QUAY LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING."

A Glimpse of the Army.

By A. Conan Doyle

IF you want to enjoy God's fresh air, and the blue sky, and the heave and swing of a cantering horse, work in an enteric ward for a month, and then have a week's leave of absence amid the vast clear distances of the veldt, with the exhilarating atmosphere of the camp around you, and the intense living interest of war to fill your mind.

Such a holiday was mine last week, and ere the impression becomes blurred in my mind I would set my experience down on paper—though too near me, perhaps, to get the true focus of all that I have seen.

It was at Karee Siding that we overtook the army — or the centre column thereof. There, over a great olive green plain, heaving up into fantastic hills — there lay a portion of the greatest host which has ever marched under the British colours. These are the Guards' Brigade and Stephenson's Brigade (Welsh, Yorks, Essex, and Warwicks), the whole making the 11th Division. To think that we should have lived to see an English army with eleven divisions! From Kimberley to Elandslaagte, and from Karee to Burghersdorp, well over two hundred thousand sabres and bayonets were ready for the word to advance.

How we have chafed during these five weeks —the more so at the thought of how you must have chafed at home! But now we are well horsed and well fed and high of heart, and our little man is off again. There will be sore hearts if we stop again on this side of Pretoria.

Walk among the fierce brown infantry, see the splendid Colonials, mark the keenness of the cavalry, note the lines of the guns and the hard, savage faces of the men who will handle them. Who can stop this army on the open veldt, now that it has weeded out some of its incompetence and had time to learn in war a few of those lessons which should have been taught in peace? It makes one's heart bleed to think of the deaths and the mutilations and (worse than either) the humiliations which have come from our rotten military system, which has devoted years to teaching men to walk in step, and hours to teaching them to use their weapons.

DR. CONAN DOYLE AT BLOEMFONTEIN.
From a Photograph.

Stand in the pass at Karee, and look north in the clear, fresh morning air. Before you lies a great plain, dull green, with white farmhouses scattered here and there. One great donga slashes it across. Distant hills bound it on all sides, and at the base of those in front, dimly seen, are a line of houses and a steeple. This is Brandfort, ten miles off, and we are advancing to attack it.

The troops are moving forward, line after line of red face and khaki, with rumbling columns of guns. Two men sit their horses beside us on a knoll, and stare with their glasses at the distant houses. Gallant

KAREE SIDING, WHERE DR. CONAN DOYLE CAME UP WITH THE ARMY.
From a Photo. by a Military Officer.

figures both of them: the one spruce, *débonnaire*, well-groomed, with laughing eyes and upward-curved moustache, a suggestion of schoolboy mischief about his handsome face; the other, grim, fierce, all nose and eyebrow, white scales of sun-dried skin hanging from his brick-red face. The first is Pole-Carew, General of Division; the second is Brigadier Stephenson. We are finding our men, and these are among them.

Here is another man worth noting. You could not help noting him if you tried. A burly, broad-shouldered man, with full, square, black beard over his chest, his arm in a sling, his bearing a mediæval knight-errant. It is Crabbe, of the Grenadier Guards. He reins his horse for an instant while his Guardsmen stream past him.

"I've had my share—four bullets already. Hope I won't get another to-day."

"You should be in hospital."

"Ah, there I must venture to disagree with you." He rides on with his men.

Look at the young officers of the Guards, the dandies of Mayfair. No carpet soldiers, these, but men who have spent six months upon the veldt, and fought from Belmont to Bloemfontein. Their walk is dainty, their putties are well rolled—there is still the suggestion of the West-end.

If you look with your glasses on the left you may see movement on the farthest sky-line. That is Hutton's Mounted Infantry, some thousands of them, to turn the flank of any resistance. As far as you can see to the right is Tucker's Division (7th). Beyond that again are Ian Hamilton's Mounted Infantry and French's Cavalry. The whole front is a good thirty miles, and 35,000 men go to the making of it.

Now we advance over the great plain, the infantry in extended order, a single company covering half a mile. Look at the scouts and the flankers — we should not have advanced like that six months ago. It is not our additional numbers so much as our new warcraft which makes us irresistible. The big donga is only two thousand yards off now, so we halt and have a good look at it. Guns are unlimbered—just as well to be ready. Pole-Carew rides up like a schoolboy on a holiday.

"Who's seen old Tucker?" says he, with his glass to his eyes. He has sent a message to the scouts "There, now, look at that aide of mine. He has galloped along the donga to see if any Boers are in it. What right had he to do that? When I ask him he will say that he thought I was there. . . . Halloa, you, sir, why don't you come back straight?"

"I did, sir."

"You didn't. You rode along that donga."

"I thought you were there, sir."

"Don't add lying to your other vices."

The aide came grinning back. "I was fired at, but I dare not tell the old man."

Rap! Rap! Rap! Rifles in front,

"Who said 'rats'?" Everyone pricks up their ears. Is it the transient sniper or the first shot of a battle? The shots come from the farmhouse yonder. The 83rd Field Battery begins to fidget about their guns. The officer walks up and down and stares at the farmhouse. From either side two men pull out lines of string and give long, monotonous cries. They are the range-finders. A gunner on the limber is deep in a sixpenny magazine, absorbed, his chin on his hand.

"Our scouts are past the house," says an officer.

"That's all right," says the major.

The battery limbers up, and the whole force advances to the farmhouse. Off-saddle and a halt for luncheon.

Halloa! Here are new and sinister developments. A Tommy drives a smart buggy and pair out of the yard, looted for the use of the army. The farm is prize of war, for have they not fired at our troops? They could not help the firing, poor souls, but still this sniping must be discouraged. We are taking off our gloves at last over this war. But the details are not pretty.

From a Photo. by] PLUCKING THE LOOTED FOWLS. *[Mr. H. C. Shelley.*

A frightened girl runs out.

"Is it right that they kill the fowls?" Alas! the question is hardly worth debating, for the fowls are dead. Erect and indignant, the girl drives in her three young turkeys. Men stare at her curiously, but she and her birds are not molested.

Here is something worse. A fat white pig all smothered in blood runs past. A soldier meets it, his bayonet at the charge. He lunges and lunges again, and the pig screams horribly. I had rather see a man killed. Some are up in the loft throwing down the forage. Others root up the vegetables. One drinks milk out of a strange vessel, amid the laughter of his comrades. It is a grotesque and mediæval scene.

The General rides up, but he has no consolation for the women. "The farm has brought it upon itself." He rides away again.

A parson rides up. "I can't imagine why they don't burn it," says he.

The little Dutch boy stares with large, wondering grey eyes. He will tell all this to his grandchildren when we are in our graves.

"War is a terrible thing," says the mother, in Dutch. The Tommies, with curious eyes, cluster round the doors and windows, staring in at the family. There is no individual rudeness.

One Kaffir enters the room. "A Kaffir!" cried the girl, with blazing eyes.

"Yes, a Kaffir," said he, defiantly—but he left.

"They won't burn the house, will they?" cried the mother.

"No, no," we answered; "they will not burn the house."

We advance again after lunch, the houses and steeple much nearer.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Cannon at last!

But it is far away, over at Tucker's side. There are little white puffs on the distant green hills. Those are shells bursting. If you look through your glass you will see—eight miles off—a British battery in action. Sometimes a cloud of dust rises over it. That is a Boer shell which has knocked up the dust. No Boers can be seen from here.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

It becomes monotonous. "Old Tucker is getting it hot!" Bother old Tucker, let us push on to Brandfort.

On again over the great plain, the firing dying away on the right. We have had a gun knocked off its wheels and twelve men hit over there. But now Hutton's turning movement is complete, and they close in on the left of Brandfort. A pom-pom quacks like some horrid bird among the hills. Our horse artillery are banging away. White spurts of shrapnel rise along the ridge. The leading infantry bend their backs and quicken their pace. We gallop to the front,

but the resistance has collapsed. The mounted men are riding forward and the guns are silent. Long, sunlit hills stretch peacefully before us.

I ride through the infantry again. "The —— blister on my toe has bust." "This —— water-bottle!" Every second man has a pipe between his parched lips.

The town is to the right, and two miles of plain intervene. On the plain a horseman is rounding up some mares and foals. I recognise him as I pass—a well-known figure in society. A correspondent suggests that we ride to the town and chance it. "Our men are sure to be there." No sign of them across the plain, but we will try. He outrides me, but courteously waits, and we enter the town together. Yes, it's all right; there's a Rimington Scout in the main street—a group of them, in fact.

A young Boer, new caught, stands among the horsemen. He is discomposed—not much. A strong, rather coarse, face; well-dressed; might appear, as he stands, in an English hunting-field as a young yeoman farmer.

"Comes of being fond of the ladies," said the Australian sergeant.

"Wanted to get her out of the town," said the Boer.

Another was brought up. "I'd have got off in a minute," says he.

"You'd have got off as it was if you had the pluck of a louse," says his captor. The conversation languished after that.

In came the staff, galloping grandly. The town is ours.

A red-headed American Irishman is taken on the kopje. "What the —— is that to you?" he says to every question. He is haled away to gaol—a foul-mouthed blackguard.

We find the landlady of our small hotel in tears—her husband in gaol, because a rifle has been found. We try to get him out, and succeed. He charges us 4s. for half a bottle of beer, and we wonder whether we cannot get him back into gaol again.

"The house is not my own. I find great, burly men everywhere," he cries, with tears in his eyes. His bar is fitted with pornographic pictures to amuse our simple farmer friends—not the first or the second sign which I have seen that pastoral life and a Puritan creed do not mean a high public morality.

Sit on the stoep and smoke in the moonlight.

There comes a drunken inhabitant down the main street. A dingy Tommy stands on guard in front.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Give the countersign!"

"I'm a free-born Englishman!"

"Give the countersign!"

"I'm a freeborn——" With a rattle the sentry's rifle came to his shoulder and the moon glinted on his bayonet.

"Hi, stop!" cries a senior correspondent. "You Juggins, you'll be shot! Don't fire, sentry!"

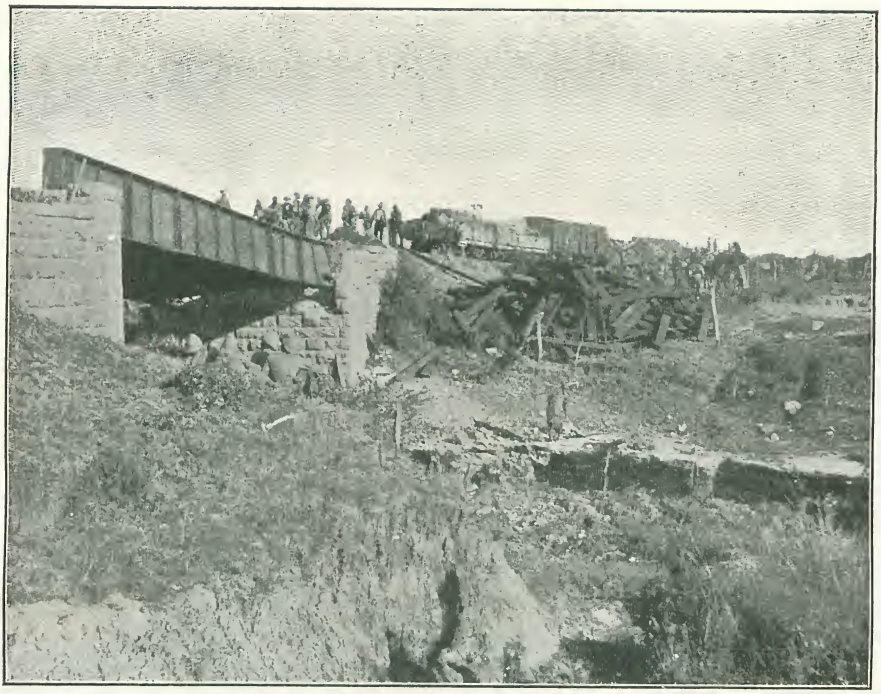
Tommy raised his rifle reluctantly and advanced to the man. "What shall I do with him, sir?" he asked the correspondent.

"Oh, what you like!" He vanished out of history.

I talk politics with Free Staters. The best opening is to begin, in an inquiring tone, "Why did you people declare war upon us?" They have got into such an injured-innocence state that it comes quite as a shock to them when they are reminded that they were the attackers. By this Socratic method one attains some interesting results. It is evident that they all thought they could win easily, and that they are very bitter now against the Transvaal. They are mortally sick of the war; but, for that matter, so are most of the British officers. It has seemed to me sometimes that it would be more judicious, and even more honourable, if some of the latter were less open about the extent to which they are "fed-up." It cannot be inspiriting for their men. At the same time there would be a mutiny in the Army if any conditions short of absolute surrender were accepted—and in spite of their talk, if a free pass were given to-day, I am convinced that very few officers would return until the job was done.

Our railway engineers are great. The train was in Brandfort next day, in spite of broken bridges, smashed culverts, twisted metals, every sort of wrecking. So now we are ready for another twenty miles Pretoria-wards. The Vet River is our goal this time, and off we go with the early morning.

Another great green plain, with dotted farms and the huge khaki column slowly spreading across it. The day was hot, and ten miles out the Guards had about enough. Stragglers lay thick among the grass, but the companies kept their double line formation, and plodded steadily along. Ten miles sounds very little, but try it in the dust of a column on a hot day, with a rifle over your shoulder, a hundred rounds of ammunition, a blanket, a canteen, an empty water-bottle, and a dry tongue.



REPAIRING RAILWAY NEAR BRANDFORT—"THE TRAIN WAS IN BRANDFORT NEXT DAY, IN SPITE OF BROKEN BRIDGES, SMASHED CULVERTS, TWISTED METALS, EVERY SORT OF WRECKING. *From a Photo. by]* [*Mr. H. C. Shelley.*

A grey-bearded padre limped bravely beside his men.

"No, no," says he, when offered a horse. "I must not spoil my record"

The men are silent on the march; no band, no singing. Grim and sullen, the column flows across the veldt. Officers and men are short in their tempers

"Why don't you," etc, etc, bleats a subaltern.

"Because I never can hear what you say," says the corporal.

They halt for a midday rest, and it seems to me, as I move among them, that there is too much nagging on the part of officers. We have paid too much attention to the German military methods. Our true model should have been the American, for it is what was evolved by the Anglo-Celtic race in the greatest experience of war which the Anglo-Celtic race has ever had.

On we go again over that great plain. Is there anything waiting for us down yonder where the low kopjes lie? The Boers have always held rivers. They held the Modder. They held the Tugela. Will they hold the Vet? Halloa, what's this?

A startled man in a night-cap on a dapple-grey horse. He gesticulates. "Fifty of them—hot corner—captain shot—lost my helmet." We catch bits of his talk. But what's that on the dapple-grey's side? The horse is shot through the body. He grazes quietly with black streaks running down the reeking hair.

"A West Australian, sir. They shot turble bad, for we were within fifty yards before they loosed off."

"Which kopje?"

"That one over yonder."

We gallop forward, and pass through the open ranks of the Guards' skirmishers. Behind us the two huge naval guns are coming majestically up, drawn by their thirty oxen, like great hock-bottles on wheels. In front a battery has unlimbered. We ride up to the side of it. Away in front lies a small, slate-roofed farm beside the kopje. The Mounted Infantry have coalesced into one body and are moving towards us. "Here's the circus. There is going to be a battle," was an infantry phrase in the American War. Our circus was coming in, and perhaps the other would follow.

The battery (84th R.F.A.) settles down to its work.

Bang! I saw the shell burst on a hillside far away. "3,500," says somebody. Bang! "3,250," says the voice. Bang! "3,300." A puff shoots up from the distant grey roof as if their chimney were on fire. "Got him that time!"

The game seems to us rather one-sided, but who is that shooting in the distance?

"Wheeeeee"—what a hungry whine, and then a dull, muffled "Ooof!" Up goes half a cartload of earth about a hundred yards ahead of the battery. The gunners take as much notice as if it were a potato.

"Wheeeeeee—ooof!" Fifty yards in front this time.

"Bang! Bang!" go the crisp English guns.

"Wheeeeee—ooof!" fifty yards behind the battery. They'll get it next time as sure as fate. Gunners go on unconcernedly.

"Wheeeeee—oof!" Right between the guns, by George! Two guns invisible for the dust. Good heavens, how many of our gunners are left? Dust settles, and they are all bending and straining and pulling the same as ever.

Another shell and another, and then a variety, for there comes a shell which breaks high up in the air—wheeeeeee—tang—with a musical, resonant note, like the snapping of a huge banjo-string, and a quarter of an acre of ground spurted into little dust-clouds under the shrapnel. The gunners take no interest in it. Percussion or shrapnel, fire what you will, you must knock the gun off its wheels or the man off his pins before you settle the R.F.A.

But every shell is bursting true, and it is mere luck that half the battery are not down. Once only did I see a man throw back his head a few inches as a shell burst before him. The others might have been parts of an automatic machine. But the officer decided to shift the guns—and they are shifted. They trot away for half a mile to the right and come into action again. Good old 84th Battery! Nothing the matter with it.

The lonely hero is the man to be admired. It is easy to be collectively brave. A man with any sense of proportion feels himself to be such a mite in the presence of the making of history that his own individual welfare seems for the moment too insignificant to think of. The unit is lost in the mass. But now we find ourselves alone on the plain with the battery away to the right. The nerves of the novice are strung up by the sound of the shells, but there is something of exhilaration in the feeling also.

There is a fence about two hundred yards off, and to this we tether our horses, and we walk up and down trying with our glasses to spot where the Boer guns are. We have suspicions, but nothing more. Our gunners may know, but we do not feel confident about it. Surely the stealthy, lurking gun is worth six guns which stand bravely forth in the open. These farmers have taught our riflemen their business, and they bid fair to alter the artillery systems of the world as well. Our guns and theirs are like a fight between a blind man and one who can see.

From a Photo. by] "GOOD OLD 84TH BATTERY!"—NEAR BRANDFORT. *[Mr. H. C. Shelley.*

An artillery colonel is wandering loose, and we talk. He has no job of his own, so he comes, like the coachman on a holiday, to watch some other man's guns at work. A shell falls some distance short of us.

"The next one," says the colonel, "will go over our heads. Come and stand over here." I do so, with many mental reservations. Wheeeeeeee——

"Here it comes!" says the colonel. "Here I go!" think I. It burst on our level, but forty yards to the right. I secure a piece as a souvenir.

"Shall we wait for another?" I began to be sorry that I met the colonel.

"WE SEE THAT THE TWO MONSTER NAVAL GUNS ARE COMING INTO ACTION."
From a Photo. by Mr. H. C. Shelley.

But a new sensation breaks upon us. Looking back we see that the two monster naval guns are coming into action not fifty yards off our tethered horses, which stand in a dead line before their huge muzzles. We only just got them clear in time. Bang! the father of all the bangs this time, and a pillar of white smoke with a black heart to it on the farther hill. I can see some riders, like ants, going across it—Boers on the trek. Our men take the huge brass cartridge-case out of the gun.

"Can I have that?"

"Certainly," says the lieutenant.

I tie it on to my saddle, and feel apologetic towards my long-suffering horse. The great gun roars and roars, and the malignant spouts of smoke rise on the farthest hill.

A line of infantry in very open order comes past the great guns, and I advance a little way with them. They are Scots Guards. The first line goes forward, the second is halted and lying down.

"That's right! Show where you are!" cries the second line, derisively. I seem to have missed the point, but the young officer in the first line is very angry.

"Hold your tongues!" he shouts, with his red face looking over his shoulder. "Too many orders. No one gives orders but me." His men lie down. The sun is sinking low, and it is evident that the contemplated infantry assault will not come off. One of the great naval shells passes high over our heads. It is the sound of a distant train in a tunnel.

A man canters past with a stretcher over his shoulder. His bay horse lollops along, but the stretcher makes him look very top-heavy. He passes the guns and the infantry, and rides on along the edge of a maize field. He is half a mile out now, heading for the kopje. Every instant I expect to see him drop from his horse. Then he vanishes in a dip of the ground.

After a time the stretcher appears again. This time two men are carrying it, and the horseman rides beside. I have bandages in my pocket, so I ride forward also.

"Has a surgeon seen him?"

"No, sir." They lay the man down. There is a handkerchief over his face.

"Where is it?"

"His stomach and his arm." Pull up his shirt, and there is the Mauser bullet lying obvious, under the skin. It has gone round instead of penetrating. A slit with a penknife would extract it, but that had better be left for chloroform and the field hospital. Nice, clean wound in the arm.

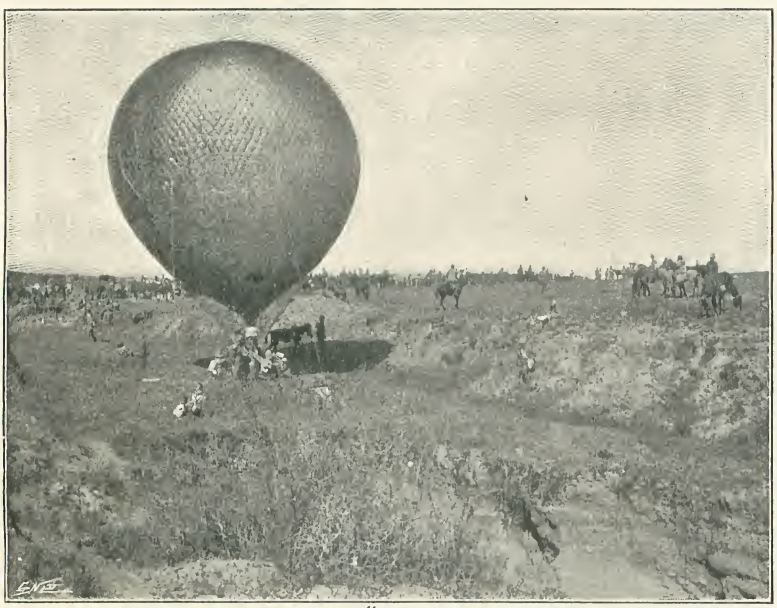
"You will do very well. What is your name?"

"Private Smith, sir. New Zealander." I mention my name and the Langman Hospital at Bloemfontein.

"I've read your books," says he, and is carried onwards.

There has been a lull in the firing and the sun is very low. Then after a long interval comes a last Boer shell. It is an obvious insult, aimed at nothing, a derisive good-night and good-bye. The two naval guns put up their long necks and both roared together. It was the last word of the Empire—the mighty angry voice calling over the veldt. The red rim had sunk and all was purple and crimson, with the white moon high in the west. What had happened? Who had won? Were other columns engaged? No one knew anything or seemed to care. But late at night as I lay under the stars I saw far on the left front signal flashes from over the river, and I knew that Hutton was there.

So it proved, for in the morning it was over the camp in an instant that the enemy had gone. But the troops were early afoot. Long before dawn came the weird, muffled tapping of the drums and the crackling of sticks as the camp-kettles were heated for breakfast. Then with the first light we saw a strange sight. A monstrous blister was rising slowly from the veldt. It was the balloon being inflated—our answer to the lurking guns. We would throw away no chances now, but play every card in our hand—another lesson which the war has driven into our proud hearts. The army moved on, with the absurd windbag flapping over the heads of the column. We climbed the kopjes where the enemy had crouched,



THE WAR-BALLOON NEAR BRANDFORT—"A MONSTROUS BLISTER WAS RISING SLOWLY FROM THE VELDT."
From a Photo. by] *[Mr. H. C. Shelley.*

and saw the litter of empty Mauser cases and the sangars so cunningly built. Among the stones lay a packet of the venomous-looking green cartridges still unfired. They talk of poison, but I doubt it. Verdigris would be an antiseptic rather than a poison in a wound. It is more likely that it is some decomposition of the wax in which the bullets are dipped. Brother Boer is not a Bushman, after all. He is a tough, stubborn fighter, who plays a close game, but does not cheat.

We say good-bye to the army, for our duty lies behind us and theirs in front. For them the bullets, for us the microbes, and both for the honour of the flag. Scattered trails of waggons, ambulance carts, private buggies, impediments of all kinds, radiate out from the army. It is a bad drift, and it will be nightfall before they are all over. We pass the last of them, and it seems strange to emerge from that great concourse and see the twenty miles of broad, lonely plain which lies between us and Brandfort. We shall look rather foolish if any Boer horsemen are hanging about the skirts of the army.

We passed the battlefield of last night, and stopped to examine the holes made by the shells. Three had fallen within ten yards, but the ant-heaps round had not been struck, showing how harmless the most severe shell fire must be to prostrate infantry. From the rifling marks in the clay the shells were large ones—forty-pounders, in all probability. In a little heap lay the complete kit of a guardsman — his canteen, water-bottle, cup, even his putties. He had stripped for action, with a vengeance. Poor devil, how uncomfortable he must be to-day!

A Kaffir on horseback is rounding up horses on the plain. He gallops towards us — a picturesque, black figure on his shaggy Basuto mount. He waves his hand excitedly towards the east.

"Englishman there—on veldt—hurt—Dutchman shoot him." He delivers his message clearly enough.

"Is he alive?" He nods.

"When did you see him?" He points to the sun and then farther east. About two hours ago apparently.

"Can you take us there?" We buy him for two shillings, and all canter off together.

Our road is through maize fields and then out on to the veldt. By Jove, what's that? There *is* a single black motionless figure in the middle of that clearing. We gallop up and spring from our horses. A short, muscular, dark man is lying there with a

From a Photo. by] "A CONVOY IS COMING UP." *[Mr. H. C. Shelley.*

yellow, waxen face, and a blood-clot over his mouth. A handsome man, black-haired, black-moustached, his expression serene. No. 410 New South Wales Mounted Infantry —shot, overlooked, and abandoned. There are evident signs that he was not alive when the Kaffir saw him. Rifle and horse are gone. His watch lies in front of him, dial upwards, run down at one in the morning. Poor chap, he had counted the hours until he could see them no longer.

We examine him for injuries. Obviously he had bled to death. There is a horrible wound in his stomach. His arm is shot through. Beside him lies his water-bottle—a little water still in it, so he was not tortured by thirst. And here is a singular point. On the water-bottle is balanced a red chess pawn. Has he died playing with it? It looks like it. Where are the other chessmen? We find them in a haversack out of his reach. A singular trooper this, who carries chessmen on a campaign. Or is it loot from a farmhouse? I shrewdly suspect it.

We collect the poor little effects of No. 410 — a bandolier, a stylographic pen, a silk handkerchief, a clasp-knife, a Waterbury watch, two pounds six-and-sixpence in a frayed purse. Then we lift him, our hands sticky with his blood, and get him over my saddle—horrible to see how the flies swarm instantly on to the saddle-flaps. His head hangs down on one side and his heels on the other. We lead the horse, and when from time to time he gives a horrid dive we clutch at his ankles. Thank Heaven, he never fell. It is two miles to the road, and there we lay our burden under a telegraph post. A convoy is coming up, and we can ask them to give him decent burial. No. 410 holds one rigid arm and clenched fist in the air. We lower it, but up it springs, menacing, aggressive. I put his mantle over him; but still, as we look back, we see the projection of that raised arm. So he met his end—somebody's boy. Fair fight, open air, and a great cause—I know no better death.

A long, long ride on tired horses over an endless plain. Here and there mounted Kaffirs circle and swoop. I have an idea that a few mounted police might be well employed in our rear. How do we know what these Kaffirs may do among lonely farms held by women and children? Very

GENERAL POLE-CAREW (IN THE CENTRE) OUTSIDE BRANDFORT.
From a Photo. by Mr. H. C. Shelley.

certain I am that it is not their own horses which they are rounding up so eagerly.

Ten miles have passed, and we leave the track to watch our horses at the dam. A black mare hard-by is rolling and kicking. Curious that she should be so playful. We look again, and she lies very quiet. One more has gone to poison the air of the veldt. We sit by the dam and smoke. Down the track there comes a Colonial corps of cavalry —a famous corps, as we see when our glasses show us the colour of the cockades. Good Here is a small convoy, with an escort of militia, only a mile or two out from Brandfort. They are heading wrong, so we set them right. The captain in charge is excited.

"There are Boers on that hill!" The hill is only half a mile or so away on our left; so we find the subject interesting. "Kaffirs!" we suggest.

"No, no, mounted men with bandoliers and rifles. Why, there they are now." We see moving figures, but again suggest Kaffirs.

From a Photo. by] THE BRITISH TROOPS ENTERING BRANDFORT. *[Mr. H. C. Shelley.*

heavens, will we never have sense beaten into us? How many disasters and humiliations must we endure before we learn how to soldier? The regiment passes without a vanguard, without scouts, without flankers, in an enemy's country intersected by dongas. Oh, for a Napoleon who might meet such a regiment, tear the epaulettes of the colonel from his shoulders, Stellenbosch him instantly without appeal or argument. Only such a man with such powers can ever thoroughly reorganize our army.

Another six miles over the great plain. It ends by our both departing, unconvinced. We thought the young officer jumpy over his first convoy, but we owe him an apology, for next morning we learned that the Mounted Infantry had been out all night chasing the very men whom we had seen. It is likely that the accidental presence of the convoy saved us from a somewhat longer journey than we had intended.

A day at Brandfort, a night in an open truck, and we were back at the Café Enterique, Boulevard des Microbes, which is our town address.

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A BICYCLE STILE.

We give here the photograph, sent by Mr. A. H. Johnson, the Marine Parade, Hastings, of an extremely ingenious stile, especially designed for cyclists, by a gentleman hailing from Rye. From the picture one may easily gather how this curious device is worked. The idea is to allow of a cycle to be taken through a gate without opening it. The "bike" is pushed half way through and may be left to itself with perfect security until the owner thereof walks through the swing gate to pull his machine through. This ingenious device will certainly save much trouble, and some loss of temper, to those who know what it means to push a bicycle through a gate that will persist in swinging back with great force ere the two-wheeled one is half-way through.

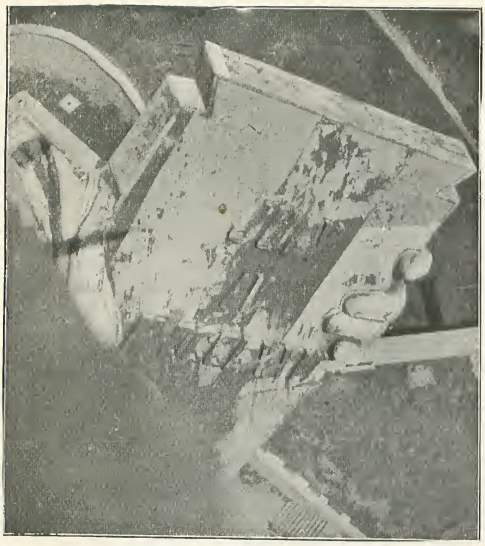
AN ALL-NIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.

Mr. C. Harrington, of the Custom House, Harwich, sends a peculiar example of amateur photography. The description of the picture is best given in his own words. He says: "I had been engaged in photographing my bedroom, and had found that my plate, a 'Sandell landscape plate,' was very much under-exposed at F. 32 after two hours' exposure. It then occurred to me to leave it exposed all night. I went to bed at 11 p.m., took off the cap, and went to sleep, never waking till 4.45 a.m., when I remembered my camera, and hastily jumped out and replaced the cap. On developing I found the room was fairly correctly exposed — the blind was down—but the face and bed being light were over-exposed. The face had been slightly blurred by breathing, but I do not remember any previous instance of an amateur photographer taking his own portrait whilst asleep."

A BLONDIN RELIC.

Mr. Orrin E. Dunlap, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., possesses a unique relic in the shape of a piece of the rope over which that renowned prince of high rope walkers, the late Mr. Blondin, crossed the Rapids of Niagara. Many readers will remember what an extraordinary sensation this daring feat created at the time, and it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Dunlap greatly cherishes this unique souvenir of a feat that in all probability will never be performed again.

* Copyright, 1900, by George Newnes, Limited.



TAKEN FROM ALOFT.

Readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will remember an extraordinary article on Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, which appeared nine months ago. We give here a photo. of the huge tablet which the statue is represented as holding in its left hand. The picture was taken from the forehead of the statue, around which a gallery runs for the convenience of visitors. The date, July 4, 1726, can be plainly seen, and the tablet, we may add, is about 12ft. by 18ft. This daring picture was taken and sent by Mr. J. E. Griffith, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

A WOODEN FLOWER.

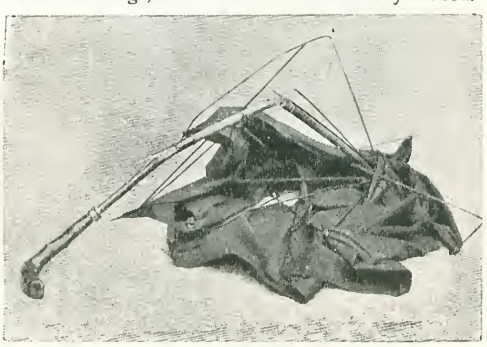
The wooden flower here shown is pronounced, by naturalists who have seen specimens, to be the strangest and rarest in the known world. It is called the "Rose of Hell" because of a legend of the Guatemalan Indians, and was discovered about a year ago in the rugged mountains of Central America, where it grows in crevasses on the sides of Mount Agua, and around the seared edges of the towering volcano of Fuego, in Guatemala. This unique blossom is rough, but beautiful and odd and wonderful in many respects, as the illustration shows. It is composed of four distinct petals, concave in form, and arranged much like the petals of a half-blown rose. The outside of these petals or divisions is covered with thick bark, like an ordinary tree; inside, the hard surface is indented with lines that follow each other in the most delicate tracery, like the veins in the petals of some flowers. The stem, usually about a foot long, is of solid wood, light and strong, covered with a heavy bark, and cracked as though by heat. Flower and stem are dark brown and as dry as tinder. The flower grows on a tree of great size and strength, and measures nearly 12in. across. The Indians have known this prodigy of Nature for a long time, and have always associated it with the fiery vengeance of the subterranean regions. They regard the steaming crater of Fuego as the doorway of hell, and this wonderful flower grows near its mouth, hence a strange legend which holds that it is the only flower or ornament produced in the nether world. This is the origin of its name. The Hon. Herman Silver, President of the City Council of Los Angeles, owns one of the finest of the very few specimens ever found. Mr. John L. Von Blon, of Los Angeles, Cal., sends this interesting contribution, the photo. having been taken by Mr. C. C. Pierce, of the same town.

NOT AN ACCIDENT.

The curious spiral in which the chimney which is shown in the next photograph was built is not the outcome of an accident; the owner of the stack took it into his head to have a chimney stack unlike any other in existence. The peculiar twist shown was attained by each layer of bricks being 3-16 of an inch out of place; thus it would require a height of 50yds. before the front of the chimney would travel once round. The locality is Bingley, near Bradford, and the photo. was sent by Mr. Wm. White, of 28, Studley Street, Holderness Road, Hull.

WHAT BECAME OF A "CHRISTMAS STRAND."

In sending this most extraordinary contribution, which will have a special interest for STRAND readers, Mr. William Gill, of 96, Aslett Street, Allfarthing Lane, Wandsworth, S.W., says: "This is, I believe, the first piece of work made with your Magazine. This novel tea-set is composed of 420 separate pieces of all shapes, and uses up entirely the whole of the Christmas number of the STRAND for 1899, including the advertisement pages. Only two additions are made in the whole lot, and they are the knob of the tea-pot and the wire through the hinge. Tinfoil and enamel are used with glue for adhesive purposes. To see what they are made of I have left the inside of the tea-pot unfinished. This is the work of three weeks' evenings, and I think it is a curiosity indeed."



A NARROW ESCAPE.

A violent thunderstorm visited Padiham, Lancs., in July last, and the most noteworthy circumstance is undoubtedly the case of Percy Wilkinson, around which there have been considerable complications. The facts of the case are that Wilkinson, who is about twenty years of age, and resides in Gawthorpe Street, was returning from Simonstone when he was overtaken by the storm. He naturally put up his umbrella, but he had not had it up for long when what may be described as an extraordinary flash of lightning struck the umbrella and shattered it. Wilkinson then realized, to his intense astonishment and dismay, that he had hold of the handle and could not let loose. His grip was like that of a vice, though his hand trembled; the electricity had spent part of its force on the unfortunate man's hand and arm. He wended his way homewards, but it was not until half-an-hour had elapsed that his hand loosened its grip — and this not without the help of force — on the handle of the umbrella. The photograph of the umbrella, or rather what remains of it, was sent us by Mr. J. Wilkinson, 133, Burnley Road, Padiham, Lancs.

A RELIC OF HAMPTON ROADS.

Mr. Will Schmoele, of Portsmouth, Ver., gives the following explanation of the photo. that follows: "This is a photo. of one of the latest curiosities found in these historic waters, while hauling the seine near the spot where the famous duel was fought between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* during the Civil War. There is no telling how long this bottle has been in the water. It is a champagne bottle filled with liquid, and the only cork is an oyster which has grown in the mouth of the bottle, as seen in the picture, and has so securely closed the neck that it became impossible for the liquid to escape. This oyster appears to be about five years old. Besides the large oyster at the neck of the bottle there are several others attached to the side and bottom. The spot in which this curio was found also lends a special interest to the relic, as it brings to mind the location where the world's finest oysters grow, and at the same time the memorable duel between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, which fight revolutionized modern warfare on sea, as all our war vessels of the present day comprise the elements of one or both of these boats.

A WORM WITH TWO TAILS.

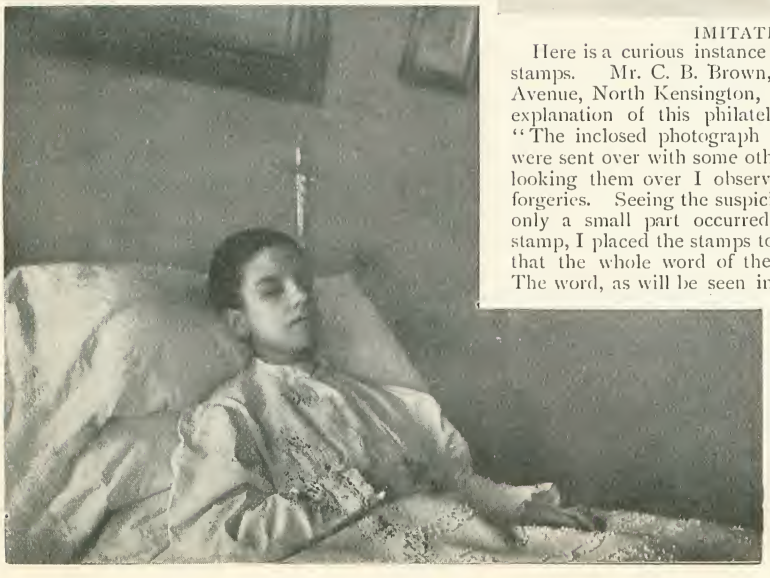
The remarkable worm of which we are able to give a photograph was found at Norwood recently by a gardener. For the first half of its body the worm is as worms usually are. Behind this, however, the creature is double, it forks like a Y, so that it has, as it were, two tail parts of about equal length. Mr. W. W. Webb, 7, Campbell Road, Hanwell, W., sends the photograph of this unique specimen.

STEADY HANDS.

Miss Darrock, of Cross Oak, Berkhampstead, vouches for the genuineness of the photograph that follows. Here are her own words: "This photo. illustrates the fact that any person with a steady hand can balance an ordinary billiard ball on the top of another. The feat was performed here by a friend staying in the house, and the balls remained in the position as shown until disturbed."

"THE FRENCH CANADIAN SLEEPING GIRL."

Mr. P. Spanjaardt, of the "Star," Montreal, sends the next photo. He says by way of explanation: "Montreal can boast of one of the most remarkable girls which Canada has produced for years. Her name is Eva Roch, she lives on Mary Anne Street, and she is known as 'The French Canadian Sleeping Girl.' A year ago last Christmas she complained of violent headaches, and suddenly went to sleep. Nothing could awaken her, and she slept for nearly two months. Then the doctors in charge of the case prepared some brushes, the bristles of which were sewing needles, with points brought to a white heat. With these brushes they beat her spine, and finally awoke her. She had not the slightest remembrance of anything that had happened during her sleep, but felt very weak, and has never been able to go out since. Scores of doctors from Canada and the United States visited her, but none could give any positive opinion as to the cause of the strange phenomena, and the most plausible explanation given was that of a doctor who suggested that her brain was too heavy at the base and pressed upon the spinal marrow. A day or so before last Christmas she again suffered severely from headaches, and then went to sleep. This time she slept nearly three months, with an interval of about six hours, when she awoke and asked for a drink of cider. When asleep she takes no food, but a teaspoonful of water is forced between her lips once a day. Strange to say, when awake she cannot remember anything from the time she falls asleep till the time she awakens, and has no dreams during her long slumbers."



IMITATION.

Here is a curious instance of fraudulent dealing in stamps. Mr. C. B. Brown, jun., of 41, St. Quintin Avenue, North Kensington, W., sends the following explanation of this philatelic curiosity. He says: "The inclosed photograph is of some stamps which were sent over with some others from Port Said. On looking them over I observed that the stamps were forgeries. Seeing the suspicious post-mark, of which only a small part occurred in the corner of each stamp, I placed the stamps together in such a manner that the whole word of the post-mark should show. The word, as will be seen in the photograph, turned out to be IMITATION. This, let me add, is a trick of the wily Egyptian, for suppose anyone accused him of selling forgeries, the vendor could say at once that had the purchaser put the stamps together he would have seen at once that their genuineness was in no way guaranteed."

A BORDER BRIDEGROOM'S COAT.

We have previously given specimens of the humorous decorative art exercised on the cast-off working garments of brides in Border factories, but it must not be thought that only the gentle sex are subject to this custom. A male worker on getting wed is treated in a similar manner, his jacket and cap being stolen and secretly decorated as the lassies' fancy suggests. We give a photo. of what was once an ordinary tweed jacket and cap, but now is brilliantly bedecked with gaudy ribbons, dolls, photos., feathers, lace, etc.; in fact, any odds and ends the girls had handy. The jacket is the property of a young man employed in a hosiery warehouse at Hawick, and is photographed just as it was returned to him by his work-mates. This photo. (taken by Richard Bell, Hawick) was sent in by Mr. John G. Galbraith, 300, Cumberland Street, Glasgow.

A TOWER MADE OF GOLOSHES.

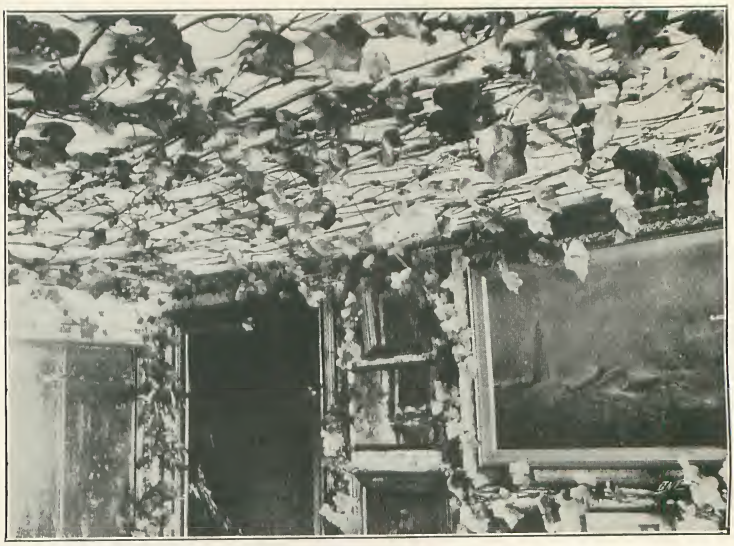
There are many curious buildings at the Paris Exhibition, but none more extraordinary, so far as composition is concerned, than that of which a photograph appears herewith. The tower in question stands some 40ft. or 50ft. high, and is composed entirely of goloshes, its object being to advertise the wares of a Russo-American india-rubber firm. While taking this photo. an onlooker was heard to refer to the structure as being "goloshall," but, as he promptly apologized, we forgave him. We are indebted to Mr. R. Davis Benn, of 11, Finsbury Square, for this Exhibition freak.

WHEN BOROUGHS FOUGHT WITH CANNON.

The story of the round shot embedded in the wall of a house, as reproduced below, is very curious. At the beginning of the century, so they say, Melcombe Regis and Wymouth fell out. It was no unusual occurrence in those days, and Melcombe Regis was getting the best of it. Weymouth, however, not to be defeated, got a cannon out upon the Nothe (or seized a cannon already there) and opened fire upon the sister borough. One result of their operations is recorded on the wall as shown below. The house, which is to be found behind the police-station at Weymouth, is shortly to be pulled down. Lieut. Floring, of H.M.S. *Alexandria*, is responsible for this contribution.

AN IVY-CLAD ROOM.

The house in which this picturesque room is to be found is situated on London Road, Sleaford. The dwelling appropriately belongs to a gardener, who has trained the ivy to cover the ceiling as well as the walls of the room, with the result shown in the photograph which we give here. The root is to be found outside the building, and the ivy grows through the door and into the room. The old gardener informed the sender that the plant was entirely free from insects, as he washed every leaf not less than once a week. A truly arduous undertaking. Mr. W. Smith, photographer, Priory Road, Spalding, sends this contribution.



A CURIOUS COLLECTION.

"The above unique collection of 'tobacco tins' was made by my sister Mabel and myself during two and a half years. There are no duplicates; each tin stands on its own merits and is the only one of its kind in the collection, which contains altogether 240 tins. The contents of so large a number of tins may be said to have solaced many a weary hour; and in memory of evanescent, fleeting joys, a monument is raised of these substantial, durable relics—empty, alas, but nevertheless still fragrant of that which, like many a worthless thing, has ended in smoke." Thus writes Miss Ella L. Young, of 39, Cromwell Grove, W., who sends us this photo.

A FOUR-FOOTED CHICK.

Mr. Henry G. Boyden, of Needham's School, Ely, Cambs., sends a remarkable instance of deformity in the chicken world. The poor little thing, though endowed with this excess of locomotive power, only made a very short journey along the road of life; it died only a few days after its birth, though it became sufficiently vigorous to stand on its four legs without toppling over. As a matter of fact the photographer had an easy task in taking his subject, as wherever the chick was placed there it had to remain, for the superfluous legs completely barred its progress by acting separately and oppositely to the fore-legs. Whether this chick was the outcome of a double-yolked egg the writer does not say.

"IT WAS THE BLACK MARE, BESS."

(*See page* 369.)

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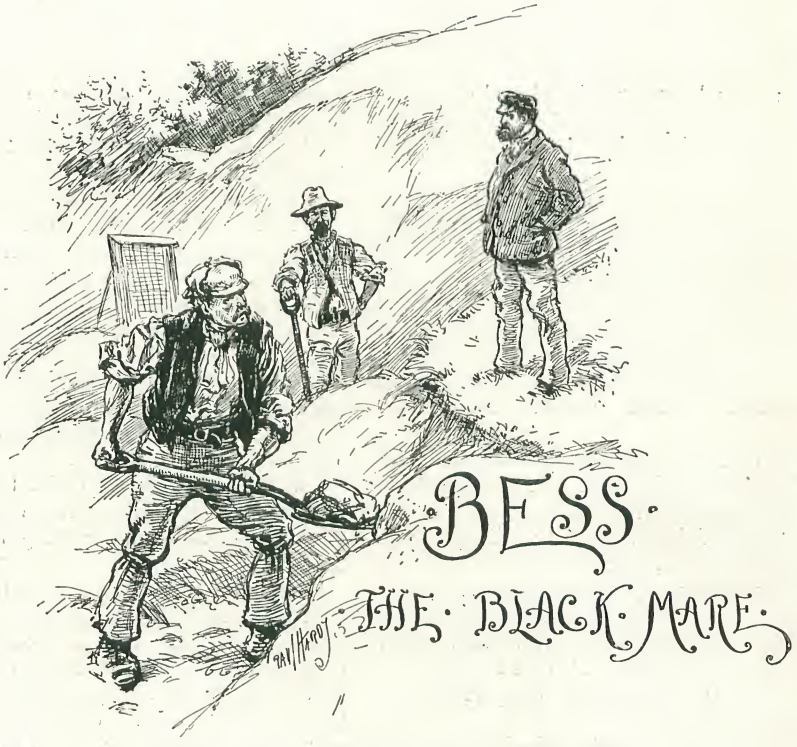


BESS.

THE BLACK MARE.

A TALE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

By Neil Wynn Williams.

Author of "The Bayonet that Came Home," "The Green Field," "Greek Peasant Stories," etc.

THE orders of the foreman were plain. "You men 'ull change mares from to-day," he said, addressing the two men as they loaded the heavy yellow carts from the same heap of gravel.

Dan spoke up immediately.

"I 'ud rather keep to Bess," he suggested. "I'm fond o' the old gal." And, turning to the black mare, the man patted her sleek, shining neck with his rough hand.

The foreman glanced at Alf Stubbs smilingly. The latter was swarthy and keen-eyed—almost a gipsy in appearance.

"That's 'is way! 'E makes a fule o' 'isself with the mare," Alf Stubbs remarked, contemptuously.

Dan turned on his heel. It was a single motion.

"I'm never one to put on dumb animals," he explained, with fire. "If you call *that* bein' a fule, Alf—well, I am."

The two men had never agreed. They now shot angry glances at each other.

But the foreman held up his hand.

"I don't want no words atween yer," he said, authoritatively. "You'll change mares becos I say so. Onnerstan'?"

The order was given. He walked away to

the wooden office at the centre of the great gravel-pit.

Dan Reeve had a round face, grey eyes, and a splotch of high colour in each cheek. Hard work left the fresh good humour of this countenance undisturbed. Its expression responded smilingly to the virtues with which Alf Stubbs had no sympathy. There was a steady balance about Dan Reeve that his fellow-workman had hitherto failed to upset. But a sensitive point was found in the opportunity which the change of mares presented. Now Dan showed life and temper: now he expostulated and chafed as the days wore by and Alf Stubbs bullied Black Bess with the harsh word and bitter blow.

"And if I did 'it 'er," said Alf Stubbs, facing round, his leathery cheeks wrinkling with the close folds of a vicious smile, "wot's it got to do wi' you?"

A perplexity showed itself in Dan's face; he paused before emptying a shovelful of gravel into an oblong sieve.

"But the mare wor standin' stiddy!" he expostulated. "She worn't a-doin' no 'arm!"

"You'll be understandin' 'er better than I, then, as 'as to drive her!" The suggestion was made mockingly.

The blade of Dan's shovel sank suddenly. Its gravel fell with a gritty rasp.

"Alf! will yer 'elp me persuade the boss to change as we wor afore? I'm fond o' old Bess. You 'ave the grey again! And I'll take it kind on yer. I wun't forget it."

Dan's round face showed deep feeling as he made the appeal.

Alf Stubbs had unhooked the leather reins from a point of the brass hames in order to strike the mare with their thong. Without deigning a reply, he threw them carelessly over his shoulder. It was the position for a new blow which would presently cut under the belly of the flinching mare.

"If you 'it 'er agen!" Dan exclaimed, hoarsely, and a fierce threat shone forth from his grey eyes.

"Wa-al, and if I 'its 'er agen! Wot then?" The question was drawlingly provocative, but the reins did not fall.

Dan took a step forwards, so that his words might surely carry.

"Jes' this! I'll goo to the *master*." He raised his voice passionately. "I say, I'll goo to the master. I'll see wot Mr. 'Arris says to his mare bein' knocked about."

It was a threat with which Dan thought to make the man quail.

"And yer think as that'll stop me! Yer think as two can't play that game. Ga'ane, yer stupid fule! I ain't afeared o' 'im, nor you, nor nuthin'. See! I'll——"

Alf Stubbs was turning to strike the mare again when a rumble of wheels upon the corduroy road which led down into the gravel-pit drew his attention in an upward glance.

"S—st!" he exclaimed, the expression of his face blanking with dismay; "I wor only jokin'. I worn't a-really goin' to 'it 'er." And throwing the reins lightly upon the mare's back, Alf Stubbs snatched up a shovel, to begin an ostentatiously busy work.

A look of disgust swept over Dan's countenance.

"I've *more* than 'arf a mind to——"

"Not on a *mate*, Dan!" Alf Stubbs urged, whiningly. "You wouldn't peach on a mate. . . . S—st, 'e 'ull 'ear yer."

The low pony-cart had scarcely come to a halt when Mr. Harris turned his head. His betrothed was walking her bicycle down the last half of the corduroy road. "Here!" said Mr. Harris, addressing the two men, indifferently, "one of yer just catch hold of the pony's head, will yer?"

Alf Stubbs ran to obey, fawningly. A second later Mr. Harris had descended from the vehicle and was walking back to meet Miss Betty.

Morne gravel-pit lies a mile from the town of Burslop. It is a valuable property, showing a "face" of some eight-and-twenty feet of gravel. Two years back George Harris had approached the proprietors with a proposal that he should work it on the royalty system. The offer appeared a good one. Mr. Harris was an enterprising builder of Burslop. He would be in a position to cart and place the gravel with the municipality, besides working up a connection through the ordinary channels of his business. In short, the proprietors thought that Mr. Harris would do more for them on the royalty system than they could do by working the pit themselves. And a very few months, with their enormously increased output, justified them in their acceptance of his offer.

"Let me carry your bag, Kate," said Mr. Harris, approaching Miss Betty, with a smile.

She made a little grimace of disapproval.

"I'd rather you'd wheel the machine!" she replied, crossing a shiny oil-skin bag over the handle-bar of her machine out of his reach.

He laughed, gazing admiringly into a nervously-sensitive countenance, whose

beauty was one of fresh colour and animated expression.

"What!" he presently exclaimed. "So precious as all that? You won't trust me with it?"

Miss Betty surrendered up the bicycle.

"Now, don't tease!" she murmured, adding, thoughtfully, "I want to—to look."

They had reached the bottom of the sloping road. Miss Betty paused. Her eye swept eagerly along the great face of gravel. Its yellow was dazzling in the morning sunshine. A heavy soil thrust downwards reddish tongues. This geometrical regularity of colour and form pleased but did not satisfy. She wandered forwards, looking to the right. Flat bevelled mounds of "natural" gravel, finer chinks, blue-grey flints, were grouped upon a level around a central hut of tarred timber. The rasp of shovels, the clearer clink of other tools, drew her attention from one group to another of shirt-sleeved labourers till it rested upon a green fringe of delicately pointing larches. "Oh! how pretty. I must have a bit of that," said Miss Betty, in a breath.

"If I were you, I'd draw where the men are going to work to-morrow," Mr. Harris suggested, moving to her left.

"Where?" she asked.

He pointed to an angle of the gravel face.

"No!" she said.

"Well, then—*there!*" he urged.

Miss Betty turned away, looking again at the wood.

"You are not going to take *that!*" he remarked, disdainfully. And he tried to take the bag from her hand.

"I shall," she said, resisting playfully.

"But——"

"I shall," she said.

And as usual Miss Betty had her way.

A couple of hours passed. Mr. Harris had quitted the gravel-pit with the understanding that he would meet his betrothed as she bicycled back to Burslop.

"It's time as we drew out, Dan," Alf Stubbs remarked.

A little later the heavily-loaded carts were climbing the corduroy road with creaking axles. The men paused to rest the mares at the summit of the ascent. Afterwards Dan, walking by the side of the grey, led the way. They took the road to Burslop.

Dan seemed sulky. He refused to talk, answering in monosyllables. Suddenly the long whip of Alf Stubbs went — crack! "Gee up! Wun't yer?" he shouted, savagely, to the black mare, whilst his eye watched the back of the man in front.

A muscle tightened tensely outwards at the angle of Dan's jaw. He did not turn, straining his gaze more straightly ahead.

Alf smiled. "It's 'ot, ain't it? he asked.

There was no reply.

The carts were rattling noisily; the locks of their axles jolted in and out of a black grease. "It's 'ot, ain't it?" Alf asked again.

There was no reply.

Crack! The report of the whip again exploded like a pistol.

Crack! Crack! There was a heavy plunging of the black mare; her harness jangled loosely. Crack! Crack! Dan's eyes came fiercely round. He saw a streak of hair rucked up athwart the belly of the mare. Springing upon Alf Stubbs, Dan gripped the whalebone handle of the whip.

"Give it up to me, yer cruel devil," he shouted, in an outburst of passion.

Face to face and hands by hands they held the whip, while the heavy carts went past and on.

"Drop it!" Dan said, passionately, pulling

"ALF RELEASED THE GRASP OF HIS RIGHT HAND AND ENDEAVOURED TO STRIKE WITH IT."

backwards with a sudden fierceness. "Let goo! Let goo!" He jerked furiously with his arms.

The strength of the two men was equal. Neither could obtain possession of the whip. Their passions rose as they struggled tramplingly over the surface of the dusty road. Alf released the grasp of his right hand, and endeavoured to strike with it. But the left of Dan was too quick for him, it fastened upon the cuff of his sleeve. The restraints maddened them. They tried to trip, and broke apart, to find the whip lying between them upon the roadway. They would have rushed back upon it, but at that moment there was a crash which drew their attention simultaneously towards the two carts. The grey mare, left to herself, had approached too nearly to a ditch bounding the road. A wheel of Dan's cart had sunk noisily into it. The vehicle was overturning. The load of gravel was rattling out in a hurrying stream. With a shout of alarm, Dan ran towards the grey mare, which was plunging against the shafts as their pressure came upon her sides more and more strongly. Before he could reach her she reared with a piercing neigh. For a moment her great fore-legs beat the air, her body strained every muscle. Then the cart drew her suddenly backwards and sideways. The thudding fall of the huge carcass was horrible. Dan was too late. His face went pale as paper when he presently looked down upon the tempest of her hoofs.

The mare was lying upon her back, wedged into the hollow of the ditch. In the first strenuousness of her terror it was impossible to do anything. The tremendous play of the glittering iron shoes was too threatening. Occasionally they would strike and dint the overturned cart with a violent blow.

But the furious energy of the mare's fright exhausted her. The struggles grew intermittent. Presently her head was resting still with staring eyes, the shag-fringed hoofs of her fore-legs were kinking helplessly downwards.

"It worn't my fault, Alf!" Dan gasped, entreating with his eyes for comfort under the responsibility of the accident.

Alf Stubbs bent cautiously over the now passive mare. He looked up again with a gleam in his eye.

"She 'as bruk 'er off 'ind!" he remarked.

"Never!" said Dan, lugubriously.

"She 'as, I tell yer!" He pointed. "Look!"

The fracture was high up. A thickness of flesh permitted it to be doubtful. And Dan would not allow himself to believe such a misfortune.

"You'll 'elp me get 'er up?" he suggested, coaxingly. "We'll cut what we can't undo."

Alf Stubbs drew himself slowly upright.

"You've made a fair job on't, this time," he remarked. "The master 'ull be in a nice ole takin' when 'e finds 'is mare 'as to be shot." He paused, adding, with a laugh, "I reckun 'e 'ull give yer the sack."

"But it worn't my fault!" Dan objected.

"'E 'ull b'lieve that, wun't 'e?"

"'E will. You'll tell 'im as you see it worn't," Dan replied, defiantly.

"Shall I?"

Alf Stubbs thrust his hands into his pockets and lounged towards the head of the black mare.

"You ain't a-goin'?" Dan said, blankly.

"Ain't I?" And leaving the sneer behind him, Alf Stubbs led the black mare away towards Burslop.

"It wor your fault as much as mine," Dan shouted, angrily.

There was no reply, save the crack of a whip. Presently Alf and the heavy jolting cart had passed out of sight around a curve of the road.

Miss Betty's mind was blank, save for the pleasures belonging to a swift bicycle transit, when she arrived at the scene of the accident. Its distress lay suddenly before her eyes; its shock came powerfully upon the sensitive fibre of her nature. In one moment pity, sympathy, and a generous desire to assist brought her to Dan's side. It was impossible to resist the warm impulsiveness which so honestly wished to share his trouble. Dan's confidences were drawn forth. They contained no sneaking intention of revenge upon Alf Stubbs. He spoke them upwards, as from an inferior to a superior. As Miss Betty kindled with a fierce indignation at the account of the men's struggle and of Alf Stubbs's subsequent desertion, Dan scarcely shared it. His relief was one of narration. His clearest object, that *she* should understand. There was the same childlike simplicity about the rough man when he accepted her offer of help.

"If yer wud, miss. Yes."

The assent was enough for Miss Betty. She mounted her bicycle to speed back to the gravel-pit for help.

The ride was slightly uphill. She had to explain to the men. When Miss Betty, accompanied by some of the latter in a cart,

again came within view, the distant figure of Dan Reeve was no longer solitary. A nearer approach showed Mr. Harris amongst a group gathered about the mare. Simultaneously she recognised that it was his pony

"MISS BETTY ARRIVED AT THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT."

cart standing in the roadway. Miss Betty waved her hand. The group stirred. "They see us coming," Miss Betty exclaimed, excitedly, to the men in the cart by her side. She was wrong. The cause of the agitation presently disclosed itself in a flash of fire and the dull report of a gun.

"Her leg was broken! I was obliged to," Mr. Harris explained.

"Poor, poor creature!" Miss Betty murmured, regretfully, glancing at the dead mare. Presently her eyes fell upon Dan Reeve. Touching Mr. Harris upon the sleeve, she drew him aside.

The cart was damaged. His valuable grey mare dead.

"I've dismissed him," Mr. Harris said, curtly, with temper.

"But it wasn't his fault," said Miss Betty, vivaciously. "It was the other man's. They quarrelled because he was beating it. And the cart went over while ——"

"A tale! One of their tales!" Mr. Harris interrupted, impatiently. "I met Stubbs on the road. He told me how it happened. Dan had gone to sleep on the gravel. That was breaking my strict rule. I have dismissed him."

The one was angry at a material loss. There was a high colour in his cheeks. The other was sensitive to what appeared to be an act of injustice. There were tears in her eyes.

"You're not going? Wait a moment for me," Mr. Harris said, suddenly.

Miss Betty rode away without reply.

Grace Street is one of the longest thoroughfares in Burslop. The sun was setting when Mr. Harris drove into it from Parr Road. The long vista scarcely took his attention. He was too accustomed to it. Besides, his mind was full; he had just quitted his betrothed. Flicking the pony lightly with his whip, Mr. Harris drove past small shops, small private residences, gaps of gardens, and cottages. Presently he turned sharply to the left, entering a yard over whose gateway there arched the black lettering: "Geo. Harris, Builder." As the pony trotted eagerly towards a long range of stables Mr. Harris turned his head. Pointing with his whip, he shouted back to a man, "Those poles are stacked too close to the tiles. Move 'em to-morrow . . . Yes! I'll have 'em nearer the planks . . . What? . . No . . . And Bill! Tell Stubbs to come to me at the office . . . Yes! Now."

A little later, Alf Stubbs understood that he was dismissed.

"And Dan?" Alf Stubbs inquired, scowling malevolently.

The interview had been unpleasant. Mr. Harris's cheeks flushed yet more warmly.

"I—I've changed my mind. Dan stays on," he replied, hesitatingly.

"But——"

"There's your money!" Mr. Harris interrupted, laying some silver down upon a desk.

And he took up his pen; he would engage in no further argument.

Alf Stubbs picked up the silver. He looked at it and his late master. His eye was very evil. Then he quitted the office At the gate of the yard he turned to shake his fist. Afterwards he crossed the roadway to two cottages. As he entered one Dan came out of the other.

"AT THE GATE OF THE YARD HE TURNED TO SHAKE HIS FIST."

There is not much traffic through Grace Street after the hour of eleven at night. It was at twelve that Dan Reeve, suddenly raising his head from the pillow, awoke his wife with the breathless remark: "Mary! Mary! Did yer hear anything?"

She was startled, and for the moment did not reply, amidst the stupor of the thick darkness which surrounded them.

He sat up in bed, rumpling the coverings unheedingly away from her.

"What's the matter, Dan?" she asked, a sudden shiver of cold and nervous consciousness taking her.

"I thought——" he said.

The sentence was left unfinished. A dreadful scream rang discordantly through the night without. Its intense terror seemed never-ending. It was animal, yet horribly human.

Dan's bare feet came to the floor with a thud. He rushed with outstretched arms to the window, pulling the curtains impetuously aside. A flare of light from the yard across the roadway met his gaze. He unbolted and dashed open a rickety window. Then his straining ear took in a heavy commotion, amidst which there was another and another shriek.

Dan dressed with a furious haste.

"Come out and help! The master's stable is afire," he shouted, knocking thunderously at the door of Alf Stubbs's cottage.

A window opened sluggishly above his head.

"The stable is afire! We must get the 'osses out," Dan shouted upwards.

"Tchar! And so it is," Alf Stubbs remarked; adding, coldly, "but I've 'ad the sack. It ain't my job."

"But they'll burn alive!" Dan urged, passionately.

"Get 'em out, then! You're the master's man. I ain't."

Dan turned away, rushing to the door of the yard. There was a clank of iron as he lifted and swung back a heavy bar. "Yes! it is inside 'ere," he explained to a crowd that was now streaming to his side; and, pushing open the gate, they rushed forward — those, on the darkly shadowed left, stumbling with curses or laughs amidst a miscellany of tiles, chimney-pots, and scaffolding-poles.

Mr. Harris's stable was a long building with an upper story. The entrance to it was under a gable at one end. There was shadow here. The flames were leaping upwards into the night from a hay-loft at the other end of the building. As the men waited, the human-like screams and the plunging of the panic-stricken horses within were appalling. Suddenly the delay was explained to them.

"I can't find the key!" Dan shouted, above the uproar. "I 'ooked it up 'ere afore I left last thing; but someone must a-took it —it is gone."

"Let's break it in!" a voice suggested.

And a man brought the thickness of his shoulder—thud, thud—against the wooden door.

Others helped.

But the lock would not break. The wood would not fracture.

"Come with me, some on 'yer!" Dan shouted; and he ran towards the pile of scaffolding-poles.

"Lift!" said Dan.

But they were in shadow. They had not each grasped the same pole.

There was a confusion. Afterwards—

"We're right now," they shouted. And ranged along the length of the pole which they were carrying between them, Dan and four men ran its butt forcefully against the door.

There was a crash. A plank was stove in. An upper hinge fractured.

"Again!" Dan ordered.

And the door went flatly down. A hell of furious noise and smoke burst forth.

A fearful scene disclosed itself when the smoke had cleared. A wooden ceiling was on fire at the end of a passage lying between a double row of low stalls. Its ruddy glow lit up an inferno of agonizing noise and strife. Terror was at no one point, it was everywhere—in the dilated nostrils, the protruding eyes, the laid-back ears. The furious struggle of the great carcasses was incessant, and carried fear to the heart with indescribable shriek, with rattle and rasp of chain, with thunder of hoof. It was a panic-madness of the animal. The men drew back aghast. Who would enter the narrow passage where the steel of hoofs was flashing in and out like fiery lightnings? The question was quaking in their hearts when a figure plunged desperately forwards, and, like an arrow from a bow, ran straight down the awful aisle. Beneath the very red of the fretting fire it turned to the right. They saw its head and shoulders in a stall. They saw Dan leap, and his rush to the neck. They saw his fingers at a cord, and the tugging of his arms. Suddenly something gave way as a stick will snap. The mare reared up. Her head and hoofs went high above the man. She seemed gigantic in the blow. Immediately afterwards the danger was passed. She turned round, and down she came.

There was a yell of warning at the door:—

"Look out! She is coming!"

The words had scarcely died upon the night when the mare was dashing through the stable door, her hoofs were thundering down the yard, and beating forth upon the outer road with the gathering passion of a rhythm.

A man felt that he was going to fight. He tore off his coat. "'Ere goes!" he shouted, addressing the trembling crowd, "'oo's a-goin' to follow?"

And he ran in to Dan's side.

Horse after horse was freed, and thundered forth. The shouts of the battling men rang stronger and stronger.

"They're going to take out the last, the black 'un," a voice shouted, joyously.

It was true.

She came down the passage with springily bending knees, her broad chest plunging. It was the black mare, Bess. The eyes were afire, the mane flowing wildly. She shot the door as an engine will shoot an arch. And with the force of an engine her broad breast struck a figure at the gate of the yard. It happened in a moment. Then the sound of her hoofs beat, beat away down the street.

They picked him up and sent for a doctor.

"Am I dying?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Yes."

His crushed breast heaved agonizingly for breath——

"I set the stable afire," he confessed.

And that was how the black mare killed Alf Stubbs.

The Rank-and-File of the British Navy.

By Lord Charles Beresford.

IN all that I have ever written with reference to the Naval Service, the question of its strength, organization, and efficiency has always been uppermost in my mind. It may be well that something should be told of its attractions, of the advantages it offers as a career to British youth—whether his lot may be to enter as a boy (bluejacket), with the prospect of a happy and vastly interesting life, ample opportunities of coming out of the crowd and becoming distinguished, respected, and popular, with perhaps in the near future the chance of obtaining a commission (although, in modern days, commissions have rarely been offered to the lower deck), or to enter the engine-room department, where the throb of the mighty machines may remind him that a page of fame has yet to be written on the sea-fights of the future, which will illustrate the all-important position the boilers, engines, and those who control them must have in determining the result of an action and a campaign.

The smartness, discipline, and fighting efficiency of a fleet depend upon the admiral and the officers under his command. Many books and articles have been written illustrating the career of a naval officer from the day he joined the Navy till by progressive stages he arrived at the rank of admiral and held a responsible position in the most glorious Service in the world. The charm of his life, the delightful episodes connected with carrying out his interesting and ever-varying duties have been fully dilated on, from the time he learns self-restraint and how to handle men when in command of a boat's crew, to the time when he puts all his acquired knowledge to use by manœuvring fleets or squadrons of the most powerful warships of the day.

From a Photo. by] A TYPE OF A BRITISH MAN-O'-WAR—H.M.S. "MAGNIFICENT." *[W. Gregory & Co.*

In this article I propose to deal with the "man behind the gun"—the man in the engine and boiler room, the artificer, and the marine, who all form the links of a chain, and who by their individual and collective loyalty, energy, and discipline work up a modern British man-of-war to its splendid state of perfection. It is only by the loyal aid of his men that an officer can

THE CREW OF A MAN-O'-WAR.
From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co. By permission of "Navy & Army Illustrated."

hope to do his duty efficiently for his country and achieve success either in peace or war.

A young man has other opportunities of serving his country besides those of enlisting as a bluejacket or stoker. He may volunteer for some of the numerous mechanical and artificer ratings which form part of the complement of every British man-of-war. It is necessary that the fleet and the vessels which form the fleet should be self-supporting. This depends upon the mechanical skill and knowledge of those who hold such ratings as:—

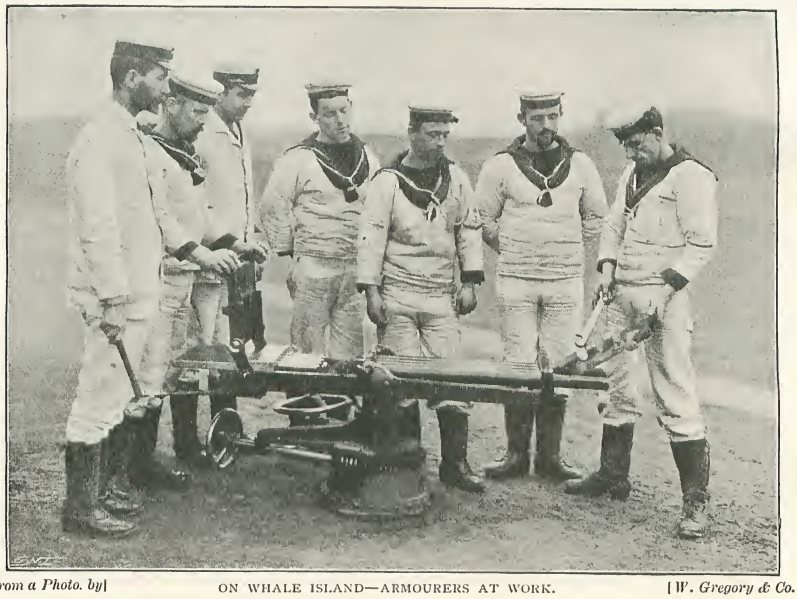
	Daily pay ranges from
Armourers ... . Armourer's mate ... ... Armourer's crew	2s. 4d. to 6s.
Carpenter's mate ... ... Leading shipwright ... Shipwright	4s. to 4s. 9d.
Leading carpenter's crew... Carpenter's crew	2s. 4d. to 2s. 8d.
Blacksmith ... .. Blacksmith's mate ... Blacksmith's crew... ...	1s. 8d. to 3s. 4d.
Plumber ... ... Plumber's mate ... ... Plumber's crew	1s. 8d. to 3s.
Painter, 1st or 2nd class ..	2s. 5d. to 3s.
Cooper ... ... Second cooper ... ... Cooper's crew, etc. ...	2s. 6d. to 3s. 2d.

A further opportunity of serving in the fleet is afforded by enlistment in the Royal Marines (either the Royal Marine Artillery or the Royal Marine Light Infantry). Of the Royal Marines Admiral Lord St. Vincent said: "There never was any appeal made to them for honour, courage, or loyalty that they did not more than realize my expectations. If ever the hour of real danger should come to England the marines will be found the country's sheet-anchor." These words have received thorough confirmation whenever and wherever that splendid corps has been called upon, ashore or afloat, no matter what duties have been assigned to it. The Army hails the marines as comrades; the Navy is proud to remember that they belong to the Naval Service.

If among the readers who peruse these pages there should be any who resent an attempt to arouse the warlike spirit in British boys, and lure them into that enthusiasm which has tempted so many generations of British-born youths to try their fortunes on the sea, let the lovers of peace be reminded of a truth which cannot too often be impressed upon them, namely, that "Peace, which is the greatest interest of the British Empire," can be best secured by maintaining

in all their traditional strength the floating bulwarks of these little sea-girt isles. There is nothing that is so excellent a check upon the predatory instincts of human nature as the ideal "strong man armed keeping watch over his goods."

In the old days when the press-gang scoured the streets of our seaside towns, and swept up anyone that was able-bodied, the lower deck could hardly have been the best place for a youth to commence life in. Bad food, harsh treatment, and but few kind words were the men's lot. To-day the life and surroundings of the lower deck have entirely changed, and the most careful parent may, without fear, let a sturdy boy enter the British Navy, secure in the knowledge that good food, good treatment, fair wages, an excellent education, and many opportunities of distinguishing himself will be afforded



From a Photo. by] ON WHALE ISLAND—ARMOURERS AT WORK. *[W. Gregory & Co.*

him, and the better bred the youngster and the sounder his education the more chance he has of getting on in his chosen profession. It is true that, by the force of circumstances which now present great difficulties, it is almost impossible at present for a youngster who chooses the Navy to emulate the example of such gallant soldiers as Major-General Macdonald, and many others who have gained the highest ranks of their profession after having started on the bottom rung of the ladder.

It is to be hoped that these circumstances may shortly be taken under consideration, and that it will become possible for more seamen to attain the rank of lieutenant.

There have only been three commissions offered to naval men who have entered the Service as bluejacket boys in the last fifty years.

When a lad intending to become a bluejacket joins the Navy he is provided with an outfit free, and is paid at the rate of sixpence a day, a sum which he can increase by good conduct. He is sent to one of the training ships, generally one of the old "wooden walls of England" like the *Impregnable*, the *Lion*, or the *Ganges*, or to one of the other training ships. Here he has an open-air life, plenty of good plain food, an excellent school where he can complete his education, and no lack of amusements. Part of his pay is remitted to his friends at home, if he so wishes, and part is punctually paid him as pocket-money.

In course of time he becomes a 1st class boy. He is sent in the brigs to learn seamanship, and possibly in the Training Squadron visits other countries and sees a good deal of life. If a picked lad, he may even for a time be attached to Nelson's old flagship the *Victory*, and wear on his hat-ribbon the name of the ship on board of which the immortal hero gave up his life in the hour of his country's triumph.

At eighteen years of age the boy has become a fine, well-filled-out young man and is rated ordinary seaman, with a man's pay and privileges. He now receives 1s. 3d. a

day, which may be increased to 1s. 7d. a day by his showing proficiency enough to be rated able seaman. After this comes a course at Whale Island, or at the Gunnery School at Plymouth or Sheerness, where he may pass as seaman gunner and perhaps be sent on to pass through a torpedo course in the *Vernon* or *Defiance*, which adds to his pay. Or he may elect to pass for a qualified signalman. As seaman gunner he receives the pay of an able seaman (1s. 7d. a day) plus 4d. (if he has a first-class certificate) — total 1s. 11d.—and plus 1d. a day for each good conduct badge. Or if he has qualified as a torpedo man, as well as seaman gunner, 6d. a day extra instead of 4d.

A PETTY OFFICER.
From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co.

If qualified and steady he can increase his pay and improve his position by being rated leading seaman (1s. 9d. a day), petty officer, 2nd class (2s. a day), petty officer, 1st class (2s. 2d. to 2s. 5d. a day), and eventually chief petty officer (2s. 8d. to 3s. 2d. a day). He may also qualify for, and become, an instructor, which gives him 8d. a day extra. These advancements depend entirely on his qualifications and merits. By this time the bluejacket is a splendid specimen of British manhood. He is sent on foreign service for three years. He sees more of the world and strange countries than many a gentleman with a private income can do. He has plenty of leave, quite as much liberty as is possible consistent with discipline, and, best of all, he has around him chums and comrades such as no life will produce better than a sea life. At sea each man's life may depend on the man next to him in a moment of emergency, even in the piping times of peace, and the result is that between bluejacket and bluejacket and between bluejacket and his officer there are ties which no other Service can equal or surpass.

A steady lad with his head screwed on right, and not too much of a "sea-lawyer," if he is the sort of man who makes the most of his abilities and opportunities and attends to his duty, may leave the Service at the

From a Photo. by] A MACHINE-GUN INSTRUCTOR. *[W. Gregory & Co.*

age of forty, a young man, in the prime of life and the best of health, with a few pounds in his pocket, a vast store of useful knowledge, and a pension for life of over £40 a year. Of course, it is not possible for everyone to do as well as this, but the chance is there, and the best man takes advantage of it.

After leaving the Service pensioned there is never any difficulty in getting employment. Employers are only too glad to get hold of a "handy man," and many have written to me at various times to send them a naval pensioner, while the Naval Employment Agency can always find work for men of good conduct and a first-class record in the Service.

A man has the option of retiring from the Navy (without pension) after twelve years' service, or if he wishes to leave before then he can purchase his discharge at a rate depending on the length of time he has served.

On the other hand, if he obtains warrant officer's rank and remains in the Service, he has the position and the treatment of a gentleman, and may earn the respect and goodwill of all his brother officers, who are only too proud to be shipmates with those men of merit who, starting on the lower rungs of the ladder, have reached the highest point the present rules of the Service permit them to attain.

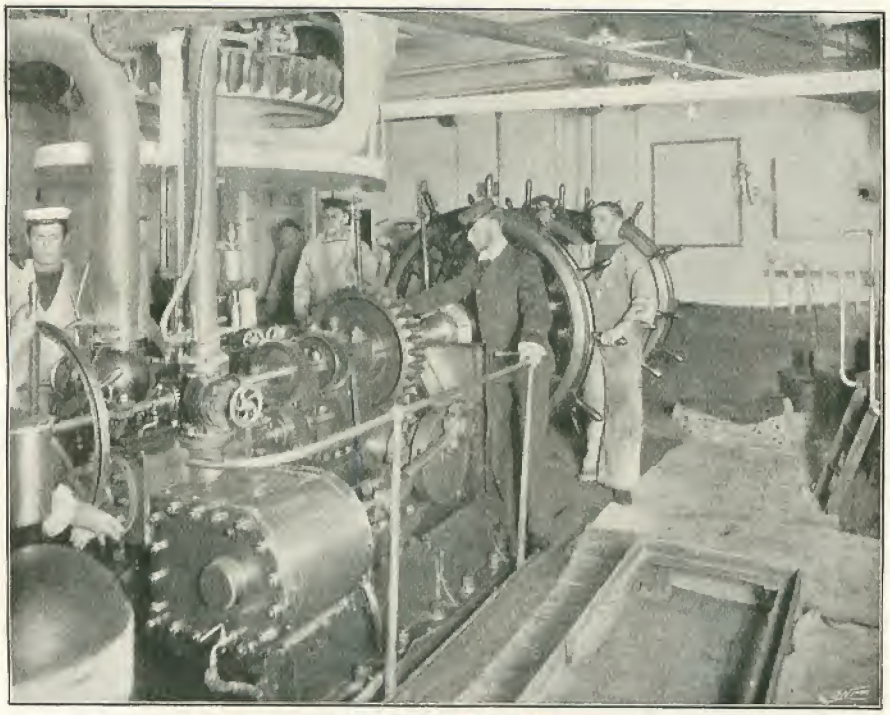
As a warrant officer his pay begins at 5s. 6d. and may rise to 12s. a day, and he has a prospect of retiring with the honorary rank of lieutenant and a pension of £150 a year.

Of course, there is another side to the picture. The trials, the vexations, and the disappointments inseparable from any career abound in that of a seaman. In many particulars much might yet be done to improve the prospects, the pay, the comfort, and the general well-being of many ranks in the Service. There is, however, a time and place for everything, and this is not the occasion upon which to discuss those points in which officers and men would like to see reform or alteration. It need only be mentioned in passing that perhaps the chief bar to the Naval Service securing full attention from a grateful country is that it is so little in the public eye: all its duty is done away from the public gaze, except on those rare occasions when it is able to help on shore in some operation which brings it into the glare of publicity.

From a Photo. by] WARRANT OFFICERS—H.M.S. "TERRIBLE." *[W. Gregory & Co.*

With all its drawbacks, however, which none of us would dignify with the name of grievances, there is no seaman worth his salt in the British Navy who would not confess that his life's work has a peculiar charm and variety which appertain to no billet on shore. There is something in "A life on the ocean wave" which has its own fascination. There is infinite variety on the sea and all connected with it. Even a landsman can appreciate the many changes of a seaman's

life. The difference in the ships he may serve in is alone remarkable. From the three-decked wooden walls of Nelson's day—now, alas! only hulks, but belonging to a class that some of the older seamen have sailed in—to the modern mobile floating fort, a lad may pass through such different types of craft as the *Alexandra*, or other of the early ironclads, to the latest battleship in commission, such as the *Magnificent*. He may serve in the thirty-knot torpedo-boat destroyer or the splendid cruiser *Powerful*, or navigate a Chinese river in the little gunboats which are the latest specimen of the ubiquitous nature of the British Navy.

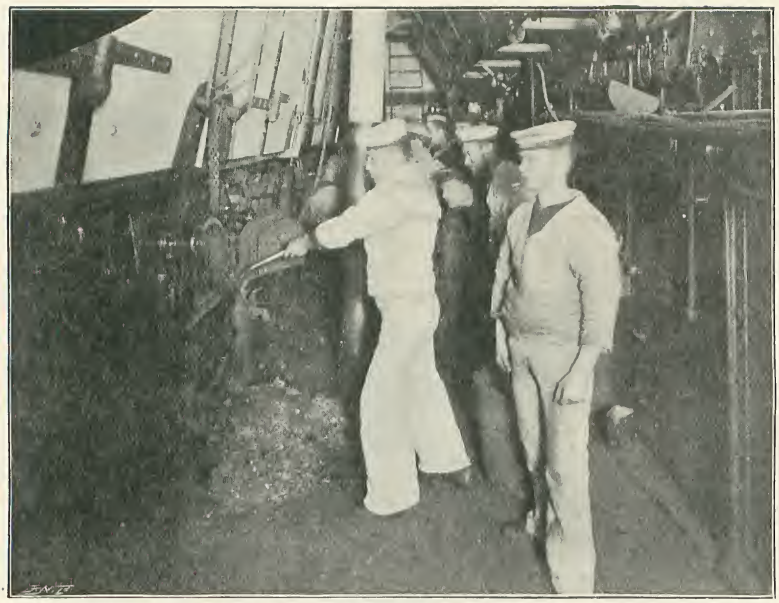


THE STEERING ENGINEERS.
From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co. By permission of "Navy & Army Illustrated."

Ashore at Plymouth or Portsmouth a bluejacket may find in Miss Weston's splendid buildings a cheap but luxurious club, which offers him advantages the value of which cannot be overrated. The times have changed, indeed, but the same spirit is still there. The men are cast in gentler moulds, and do not need the spur of harsh treatment to get the most out of them. Humanizing influences have been at work, and with all the old courage, energy, quickness of decision, readiness of resource, and rapidity of action the seamen of to-day have a better education and a wider knowledge of things ashore than in the days of sailing ships, when they spent six and nine months at sea at a stretch.

In the earlier days ships were sometimes the better part of a year without letters from home. They were at sea for months together; now mails are sent and received regularly at short intervals. The food formerly was bad compared with the rations of to-day; salt beef and pork and weevily biscuit, combined very often with a short allowance of water, have now been replaced by food better suited to the human appetite and by a free tank.

It is necessary in describing the change which has taken place since steam and screws have replaced masts and yards to say something of what has brought about this change. If the old seamen of Nelson's day could come back to revisit the British Navy, nothing would astonish them more than the engine-room on board a modern man-of-war. Steam is not only used for propelling the ship, but for steering it, loading the guns, hoisting ammunition, lighting the ship by electricity, and for every conceivable purpose where mechanical power can replace manual labour. The consequence is that in the last half century an



THE STOKERS.
From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co. By permission of "Navy & Army Illustrated."

entirely new department has been created in the Navy. The engineer and his officers and men take the place of those who worked their ships into action at Trafalgar.

The captain of to-day depends upon the courage and endurance of those in the engine and boiler rooms to put his ship into the position of advantage, the possession or loss of which may win or lose an action. To the qualities of courage and endurance these men must add discipline and prompt obedience to orders, although shut down with water-tight doors closed, and the chances of death by scalding steam added to the risks of being rammed or torpedoed. They will have none of the fun of the fight, or the delight and interest of watching the blows their ship is administering to the enemy. The engine-room staff will need to be made of the stuff of heroes. We shall want the best of British pluck, combined with the steadiest nerve in all parts of a ship, in the next naval war, but nowhere will such characteristics be so absolutely necessary as in the engine and boiler rooms. We may feel confident that the engine-room department of the fleet will maintain the traditional superiority of British man-of-war's men, and the officers and men "behind the guns" will always gratefully and gracefully acknowledge this.

From a Photo. by] PLUMBERS REPAIRING TOP-GALLANT-YARD. *[W. Gregory & Co.*

After the bombardment of Alexandria

BLACKSMITHS ON A MAN-O'-WAR.
From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co. By permission of "Navy & Army Illustrated."

the ship's company of the *Condor* were fallen in on deck, and the executive branch gave three hearty cheers for the men "down below," who had done so much to silence Fort Marabout.

In the action fought by the *Safia* with the fort of Wad-el-habeshi it was the engineer and his artificers who saved the ship and helped to beat the enemy and to rescue Sir Charles Wilson's party. The action of Mr. Benbow in repairing the boiler under fire was only in naval annals regarded as an act of duty, but a deed commensurate with it on shore would have undoubtedly won the Victoria Cross. Mr. Benbow's handiwork not only saved Sir Charles Wilson's party, but, it is reported, saved the column at Metemneh.

Some of the British youths who are fond of mechanical engineering, and intend to make it their profession, would do well to study the advantages of the British Navy as an opening. A man who enters the Navy as engine-room artificer, an easy task to any ordinary skilled mechanic, receives a chief

GUNNERS.
From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co. By permission of "Navy & Army Illustrated."

petty officer's rank at once and pay at the rate of over £100 a year to commence with. He may easily rise to warrant rank, and men of education and ability will find in the Service a sure employment, with prospects of promotion and pension equal to or better than anything the shore can offer them.

In other departments the engine-room offers attractions, and many a fine young man might do worse than accept the 1s. 8d. a day rising to 2s. of a stoker who enters the Navy for continuous service. By qualifying for stoker, mechanic, and diver he can increase his pay by 3d., and 1d. a day respectively, in addition to 1d. a day extra for each good conduct badge he may have earned. He may rise through the grades of leading stoker, 1st and 2nd class, to chief stoker at 3s. a day, with progressive pay reaching a possible rate of 5s. a day.

If he prefers it he can join the Service in one or other of the following ratings, representing other branches and departments, whose respective rates of pay, on entry, are quoted against them :—

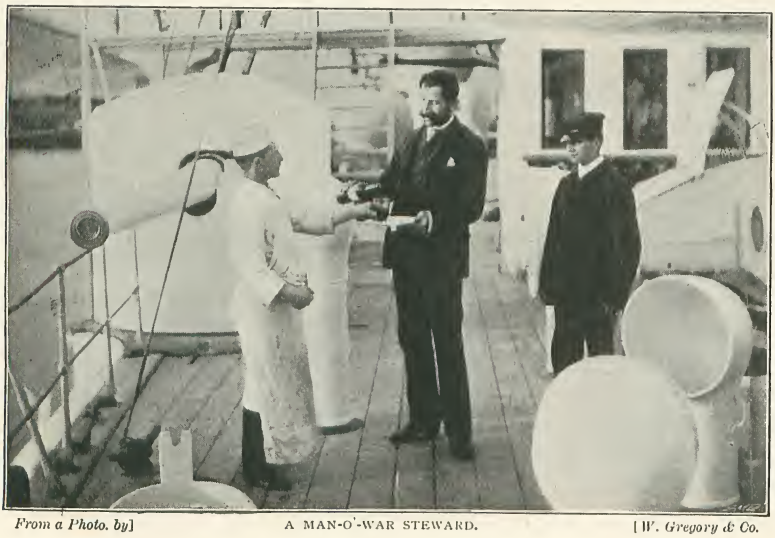
Cooper's crew	2s. 6d.	a day.
Plumber's crew	1s. 8d.	
Blacksmith's crew	1s. 8d.	
Armourer's crew	2s. 4d.	
Third writer.....	2s. 0d.	
Sick berth attendant	1s. 4d.	

The highest rating obtainable by a third writer is that of chief writer, with pay of 5s. a day, progressing to a possible 6s. a day.

From a Photo. by] A CHIEF WRITER. *[W. Gregory & Co.*

A sick berth attendant has a chance of eventually attaining warrant rank as head wardmaster in one of the naval hospitals, with pay rising from 5s. 6d. to 9s. a day.

The pay of a private R.M.L.I. is 1s. 2d. a day, to which he can add 1d. a day by proficiency in gunnery; and that of a gunner, R.M.A., is 1s. 5¼d. a day. Both branches of the Royal Marines are eligible to receive good conduct badge pay at 1d. a day for each badge worn, the greatest number of badges obtainable being six.



From a Photo. by] A MAN-O'-WAR STEWARD. *[W. Gregory & Co.*

A man, after serving as petty officer in the Navy or as non-com-

missioned officer in the Marines, may, if he chooses and provided he is found properly qualified, join the ship's police, with pay commencing at 2s. 4d. a day and rising by length of service to a possible 6s. a day.

Again, a youth desiring to serve in the accountant department may join the Service as a ship's steward's boy at 7d. a day, whence in course of time he may rise to be ship's steward, the pay of which rating ranges from 3s. to 7s. a day according to length of service.

To briefly touch on another branch, that of domestics, good cooks may get as much as £100 or more a year, including private pay from their admirals or captains, and stewards £60 or more, in addition to their quarters and rations.

Men of all ratings (except as stated below) who complete a period of twenty-two years' continuous service from the age of eighteen get a pension varying from £15 to £45 a year, according to the ratings they hold and the length of time they have been petty officers.

Marines and domestics are granted pensions after twenty-one years' service from the ages of eighteen and twenty respectively. For marines they range from £12 to £54 a year, and for domestics from £15 to £31 a year. These rates also depend on the rating held, and on extent of service as petty or non-commissioned officer.

After over forty years' service in the British Navy, and an intimate acquaintance with its little disadvantages, I can still find in it so many good points that they quite outweigh the drawbacks, and every year the Navy is being improved and made more attractive. In the new patriotic spirit of militarism which the nation is exhibiting it is to be hoped that the Senior Service will not be forgotten, and that the lads of the British Empire will be as ready in the future as in the past to sail under the flag which floated over Drake and Nelson, besides a host of other gallant seamen, who from the time when King Alfred created the British Navy down to the age of Queen Victoria have kept awake that pride of race which has been so worthily upheld by the mariners of our country.

In this short article it has not been possible to do more than briefly touch upon some of the ratings in the Service, and to emphasize only a few points little known to the British public, in the hope that they will appeal to the mothers of the Empire who hesitate to trust their sons to the fancied perils of a sea career.

RECRUITS, COMPARED WITH BOYS OF THREE MONTHS' TRAINING.
From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co.

By John Arthur Barry.

Author of "Steve Brown's Bunyip" and "In the Great Deep."

CHAPTER I.

AT BEZIL AND CARAT'S.

BY everyone concerned it was admitted that Mr. James Hunter, or the "Toff Bird"—which latter was the most popular of his many *aliases*—stood at the very head of his mixed profession. I use the adjective advisedly; for, in addition to being an accomplished burglar, he was—and the blend is most uncommon—a very competent and successful *chevalier d'industrie*. Forgery was a speciality of his; so was the "confidence trick" in all its varied branches; "faked" cards and dice, too, had received much attention at his hands. But so clever were his disguises, so consummate his impudence and skill in conducting his operations, that, although at times the Australian police laid hold of him, he invariably slipped through their fingers, owing generally to some defective link in the question of identity. Burglary the "Toff Bird" looked upon as an inferior and demoralizing form of excitement: one to be seldom practised, and then only when the booty was well worth the risk. "Stones" were the only things that appealed to him; and the melting-pot was rarely the richer by any contribution from his hands. This matter was probably another factor in his long immunity. Newspapers were, of course, his principal sources of information. No person in Mr. Hunter's line of business can have better or more reliable ones in these days. Thus when he noticed a reporter's glowing eulogy anent a parcel of fine gems—diamonds and sapphires—just received from London by Messrs Bezil and Carat, the big jewellers of Pitt Street, Sydney, New South Wales, he felt the time had arrived for one of his rare debauches—an irresistible craving sensation much the same as at intervals seizes upon the reformed dipsomaniac for spirits. So, hurriedly winding up his affairs in Adelaide, where he had been doing uncommonly well amongst returned miners from Coolgardie, he journeyed to the New South Wales capital. And then, after inspecting the jewels in the character of a lucky Westralian digger, and finding them well worthy of his attention, he at once went to work.

First adopting a precaution that more than once had served him in good stead, he booked a steerage passage by the outgoing mail steamer for San Francisco and sent a certain amount of luggage on board.

The steamer sailed on the fourth day from his arrival in the Eastern capital; and at midnight on the third the "Toff Bird" was taking the measure of the great safe in Messrs. Bezil and Carat's show-room, out of which he had on his previous visit seen the precious stones produced. Two hours later, before the combined forces of drill and jemmy, the door swung open. But it had been a tough contract even for that master of scientific entry, and the floor was wet with perspiration as his trembling hands wandered over the shelves, seeking the box whose shape and contents he had taken such strict cognizance of only a few days ago. But it was gone. In vain he flashed his lantern here and there. Nothing met his eager eyes except watches, bracelets, rings—all very well in their way, doubtless, but nothing to him. The parcel had vanished! Sold, perhaps. Not a loose stone could he see as he ransacked the safe, pulling its glittering contents out on to the floor beside him. In his deep disappointment he swore aloud. Then, presently, a very beautiful opal and diamond ring catching his eye, he absently put it on the index finger of his right hand and, leaning back, watched the iridescent gleaming of the big central stone—a Queensland opal of most exceptional lustre and size.

All the interest of his venture had departed. Five thousand pounds' worth of mixed jewellery lay around him, as he squatted there, gleaming in the light of his open bull's-eye. But he had missed his shot and cared little for aught besides. Still, after all, there were some stones that might be worth troubling about. And choosing from amongst his array of tools a peculiarly-shaped pair of pincers, he took up a bracelet set with two large rubies, and deftly—snip, snip—cut them out of their setting and let them drop on the floor beside him. As the last one fell he heard a noise at his back and screwed his head round. In a second he was on his feet, a short, thin, wiry, dark-faced, clean-shaven man confronting another—a burly, tall one, whose shadow ran huge and black along the shop as, waving his lantern, he exclaimed, in a harsh, ropy voice:—

"Aha, got yer, 'ave I? Nice little game this, ain't it? Well, yer'd better come along o' me. No larks now, 'cause I'm big enough and strong enough to eat yer. So——"

That was the last word he ever spoke, for the next instant a steel bar crashed full on his head, and he fell like a pithed bullock, shaking the whole place with the fall of him—fell right across the heap of jewellery, a thick stream of blood running slowly from the cleft skull amidst the scattered gold and silver. Almost unconsciously the "Toff Bird" stooped to rescue the rubies; but he was too late. Already the dark pool had surrounded them, and he drew his hand back with a gesture of repulsion and disgust as his fingers nearly came in contact with it.

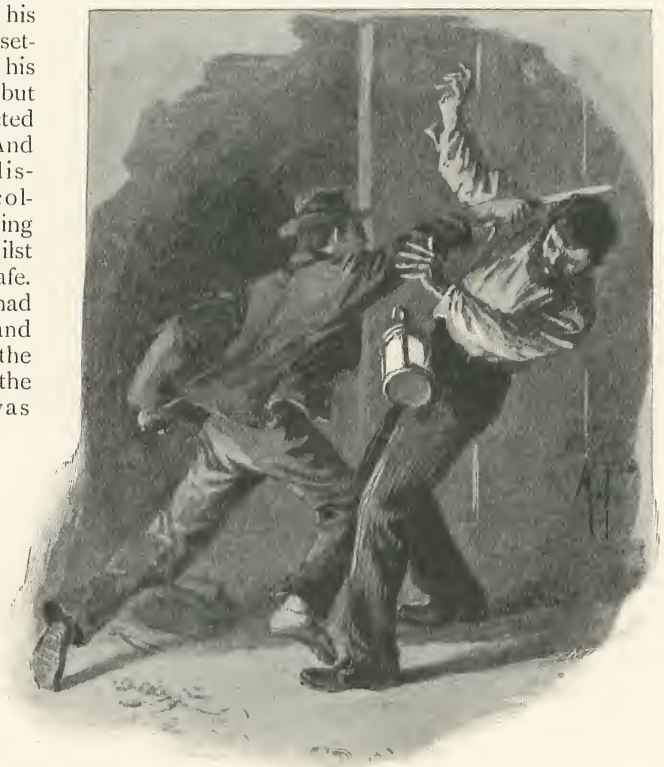
"Hang the luck!" he muttered, clicking tongue and teeth together irritably. "What a cursed mess! Snuffed out, I suppose, in one act!" And he bent down to listen at the prostrate figure. The man had fallen forward on his face, and all that could be seen by the strong light from the "Toff Bird's" lantern, resting on one of the safe shelves, was a mass of dark, curly hair, with a raw and gaping wound across it, from which blood oozed. The body gave no sign of life. Evidently the heavy "slice"—in shape something like a great paper-knife, and used for inserting and prising—had cut right through into the brain.

"What rotten luck!" exclaimed the "Toff Bird" again, as he began to gather his tools up. "Who'd ha' thought a tap like that would ha' spread him out in such fashion? It was not finding what I came for, I expect, that made me hit so hard—that and his cheek. A nice row there'll be to-morrow. There's a few stones here worth having," he continued, taking out his pliers. "But, no, I'll touch nothing. They can have the bag, too. It might work mischief outside." Then, after carefully examining his clothes, and giving a last glance of distaste and anger at the motionless form, he extinguished the light and made his way into the narrow alley from which he had effected an entrance.

It was an advantage that the police would never dream of suspecting him as the author of such a clumsy, half-completed piece of work. And as he let himself into his lodgings he doubted whether there would be any necessity for him to leave the Colony. Lighting the gas, his eye fell upon the ring—until now completely forgotten. With a curse he took it off and put it into his waistcoat-pocket.

Suddenly he started, hurriedly searched his other pockets, and turned out the contents of a small hand-bag. And then he remembered; and knew that the sooner he got away the

better. Already, indeed, he seemed to feel the fatal rope tightening about his neck. Yesterday he had bought a knife at a shop in George Street—a small, expensive, tortoise-shell-handled one with six blades. He had intended to leave this in his room when setting out on his expedition, but had neglected to do so. And now he distinctly recollected making use of it whilst busy at the safe. A blade had snapped, and he threw the knife into the bag. It was



"A STEEL BAR CRASHED FULL ON HIS HEAD."

there at this minute — a damning bit of evidence indeed! And, worse than all, he had in an idle moment scratched on the little silver plate, in sign of ownership, the figure of a bird. As he thought on this he hurriedly put on his cap and drew up the blinds. Alas, the dawn was breaking and noises came to his ears from the main thoroughfares! Too late to return!

The *Alaska* did not sail before midday, and would, of course, be watched. That fact, however, gave him little trouble. He had deceived the "D's" so many times with success that he held them cheap. All the same, murder was murder; and the change, he felt, would be healthier for him.

Never a great believer in the common mode of disguise by wigs, false whiskers, and such things—giving their wearer no end of trouble with a minimum of satisfaction—he had elaborated notions of his own, helped by much reading up on the subject. So now, going to the glass, he took out three front teeth in the upper jaw and replaced them by others so made that when the plate was in position they gave to his mouth the shape known as "overshot," and completely altered the expression of the face. From many experiments he had come to the conclusion that, with concealment of identity in view, the mouth was, perhaps of all, the most susceptible feature to work upon. Having fixed the upper jaw to his liking and extracted the middle tooth in the lower one, he grinned with satisfaction as he realized the wonderful transformation brought about by such simple means. Sixty guineas was the sum a clever American dentist had charged for the "fake." And as he stared in the glass the "Toff Bird" told himself that it was cheap at the price. His clear-cut features were naturally dark, but with a touch or two of some liquid on the cheek-bones and over the forehead as high as the hat-mark he gave to the skin a capital imitation of long exposure to sun and weather. By similar means his thick brown hair presently changed to jet black and took a curl in it. Finally adjusting a pair of blue spectacles and putting on a wide-brimmed felt hat, he looked to the life the character he was making up for—an Australian bushman from the hot Queensland interior, on his way to try the wonderful new diggings at Klondike, British Columbia. And it was with the utmost confidence that he presently appeared in the streets and entered a restaurant for an early breakfast.

Another hour, and he was calmly sitting smoking on the *Alaska's* rail, whilst within a few feet of him two detectives he knew well chatted together, and kept a perfunctory watch on the passengers until the last bell rang, and the cry arose of "All for the shore!"

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN WHO HAD THE RING.

THE murder at Bezil and Carat's came to light exactly twenty-four hours after the *Alaska* left the wharf. And it made a sensation. But the police were puzzled in spite of the clue of the new knife found in the bag of tools. They could not believe that the renowned "Toff Bird" would "give himself away" in such fashion. Nor was the job at all like one of his. Thus a fortnight went by before it was suspected that the murderer must really have got off in the *Alaska*, and the cable began to talk to the 'Frisco authorities. Then the arrival of the steamer was reported, and word flashed under the ocean that no person in the slightest degree resembling the criminal had been found amongst her passengers.

"Couldn't expect anything else," remarked Detective Barnes. "He was there, though, all the same. Good Lord! the beggar's a reg'lar genius! It ain't to be expected that those chaps yonder could twig him when he's done us times and again. Why, I saw the boat start, and I wouldn't like to swear that he didn't ask me for a light for his pipe. The only thing that might lag him is the ring. But I never knew the 'Toff' to collar set stones before. And the chances are that he's chucked the gold over the side long ago."

Great was the surprise, then, of those interested to receive word, a month or two afterwards, that the San Francisco police had actually arrested the man with the ring in his possession. And about the latter there could be no possible mistake as, besides its high value and striking appearance, it had not been the property of the firm—simply held by them for initial lettering around the inside of the circlet. This was just finished when the burglar slipped it on his finger. Now it seemed likely enough to be the means of slipping a rope around his neck.

Barnes, armed with full powers, was dispatched *viâ* London, where he was to procure extradition papers, the Australian Colonies not being considered able as yet to stand alone in that respect.

"I'm blessed if I think I'll be able to swear to him, sir," remarked the officer to the Inspector-General of Police as he started. "I don't know whether I ever saw his natural features. Once, I remember, he shaved himself bald; another time his hair'd be thick and woolly as a nigger's. His features and person he fakes, too, in such a way as to completely and permanently alter his appearance."

"Pooh, nonsense, Barnes," replied the I.-G.P., testily, "I'd pick the fellow out myself anywhere. Didn't we all see him for days together whilst his case against the *Advertiser* was going on?"

"We did, sir," answered Barnes, triumphantly, "and a week after he swindled a bushman out of £500 by the confidence dodge. I knew at once by the cut of the trick that it was the 'Toff's' doing. Still, the countryman swore hard and fast he'd been robbed by a very stout man with fat cheeks and thick lips, who walked lame and had a cast in the right eye. Can you conceive, sir, of anybody more unlike the plaintiff in Hunter *versus* the *Advertiser?* And, doubtless, whilst we were taking notes for future use, he was all made up."

"Well, well, Barnes," replied his superior, "you *must* bring somebody. These confounded newspapers keep on nagging me about the case at every opportunity. Bring the man who had the ring, and you can't go very far wrong. Remember that, Barnes —*bring the man who had the ring!*"

"I will, sir," replied the detective, rejoiced at finding his instructions compressed into a single explicit sentence, and happily ignorant of all that sentence held for him in the future.

Barnes's first introduction to his prisoner at San Francisco somewhat staggered him. He found him in a comfortable room, surrounded by flowers, boxes of cigars, and sweatmeats —a dark-complexioned, clean-shaven, rather handsome, middle-aged man, who seemed in the best of spirits, to be heartily enjoying himself, and who, despite a resemblance to the accepted official description, might or might not be the "Toff Bird" for all the detective could say.

"Well," remarked the prisoner, as he puffed a cloud of fragrant smoke into Barnes's amazed face, "I suppose the fun's all over now, eh? And I can tell you I've had a good time of it. Now you'd better set to work and find the real Simon Pure."

"Oh," said Barnes, "what do you call yourself, then? And what does all this funny business mean? Gad, it looks like a scene in a bloomin' burlesque!"

"It is—exactly—my friend," replied the other, as he lit a fresh cigar, "but you don't mean to say that you're going to carry it any farther?"

"You bet, Mr. James Hunter, that I am," replied the detective; "or, rather, I'm going to carry you on to Sydney, there to stand your trial for murder and robbery."

For a minute or two the other looked grave. Then, leaning back in his chair, he burst into shout after shout of laughter.

"Well," said he at last, growing calmer, "I've had some curious things happen to me in my time! But this bangs 'em all! Jove! What will Jack D'Arcy say? Yes, I'll see it through—dashed if I don't! I wonder if there's any damages hanging to the business?"

"HE BURST INTO SHOUT AFTER SHOUT OF LAUGHTER."

"It's no use gagging, 'Toff Bird,'" replied the detective, grimly. "We're pretty well up to your moves by this time. And I'm blest if I think much of this one—mistaken identity, of course. Why don't you say you're a bloomin' lord at once, and ha' done with it?"

But at this the prisoner nearly choked in an excess of merriment.

"So I am, you fool," he gasped at length. "I've told 'em so here over and over again. And now I tell you. I only took my family name of Brown so as to have a little peace amongst these democrats. I bought the ring you're making so much fuss about from a chap up yonder in Seattle. Go and find him. He might be your murderer."

"Too thin," replied Barnes, shaking his head. "You're the 'Toff Bird' right enough; and you're cornered at last. Still, I'd have expected you to strike out a better line than this. You were found with the ring in your possession, weren't you?"

"Wearing it at the 'Astor,'" said the other, promptly.

"Then back you come with me to Sydney," said Barnes, stolidly.

"All right," laughed the other. "I should probably have gone there in any case. Got a cousin over yonder I'd like to see. Ever hear of him—Captain D'Arcy, *aide-de-camp*, or something of the sort, to the Governor?"

But Barnes only smiled knowingly and winked at the chief gaoler, who just then entered to ask if the prisoner wished for anything in the shape of refreshments.

"Let me see," replied the latter, consulting a diary, "I have to receive a deputation of the Daughters of Zion at 3.15. At 3.30 Maroni, the photographer, is due; at 4 I'm to sit for my bust to Jenkins; at 5 I promised the sub-editor of the *Hawk* an interview. Then, till after dinner, I shall be busy writing autographs—the demand is increasing, and I've risen the price to a dollar each. So I'm sure, Mr.—ah—yes—Barnes, now you know how fully my time is occupied, that you'll excuse me, will you not? May I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again to-morrow?"

"Well, I'm blowed!" was all the reply the flabbergasted detective could make as the chief led the way out of the room.

"Yes," remarked the latter, admiringly, "he's real grit, ain't he? And good as gold. Not a darned mite of trouble does he give either. Fourteen offers of marriage sence he's been here to my own knowledge. Guess you ain't got many o' the sort at the Antip-podes?"

"No," replied Barnes, sourly, "nor, apparently, by the fuss you're making over the fellow, are they too plentiful on this side."

"That's so every time," said the other,

good-humouredly. "I can't call to mind just at the pree-cise moment anyone that's been as sandy and chipper as 'His Lordship' yonder."

"But his luggage?" asked the detective. "Any clues in it? Of course, you overhauled everything?"

"I should smile!" replied the other. "However, as a matter of fact, a big old gripsack about filled the bill. And there wasn't no clues worth betting on. Say, you're sure you ain't barkin' up the wrong tree?"

"He had the ring?" asked Barnes.

"You can gamble your bottom dollar right through on that," replied the chief. "I'm takin' you to see it and the rest o' the outfit."

"Then back he goes," replied Barnes, doggedly. "It's him right enough; and this is only one of his deep games. But I'll let him know that he can't act the goat with Bill Barnes the same as he seems to be doing here."

"You haven't got him yet," replied the chief, with a grin. "I reckon there's formalities to e-ventuate fust."

These took exactly a week of hard worry on Barnes's part to put through, working sixteen hours a day. And all the time the prisoner enjoyed himself mightily, and was made much of by crowds of visitors who flocked full-handed to view "The Great Australian Murderer," concerning whom the "snappy" papers manufactured columns of matter, whilst their stenographers hung eagerly on every word the prisoner uttered, ready to work up a few sentences into a "story."

But at last poor Barnes had the satisfaction of seeing "John Brown" safely lodged in the cabin specially prepared for him on the *Humboldt*. It not being "the season," there were few people travelling by the *Humboldt*, and most of these, even, left at Honolulu; so that, practically, Barnes and his prisoner had the ship to themselves after she left the Sandwich Islands and commenced to thread her way through Micronesia.

The *Humboldt* was a good sea-boat, and so far, from a weather point of view, the trip had been enjoyable. But on getting fairly amongst islet-dotted Micronesia the humours of the hurricane season began to make themselves felt in earnest, and gale after gale howled and tore at the big mail-cargo carrier as if trying to lift her clean out of the water. She was rigged as a barquentine, and the main and mizzen masts were each in one piece of steel. But for'ard everything above the foreyard was wood. Thus, in case of accident, she carried some spare spars lashed to ringbolts along the main deck. Naturally the blows, short-lived in their tropical intensity though they were, had by their quick succession raised a heavy sea, in which the *Humboldt* floundered at quarter-speed, and with her engines, as often as not, wildly racing. The last three or four squalls had caught her dead on end, sending tons of water over her fo'c's'le-head until the main deck was afloat. And one evening Brown and the detective, coming up for a breath of fresh air, perched themselves on the spare spars so as to be out of the way of the swirling seas that rolled along the deck.

"What's the matter with the chief?" asked Brown, suddenly pointing towards the bridge where the first officer was waving his arms towards them, and apparently trying to make his voice heard through the deafening turmoil.

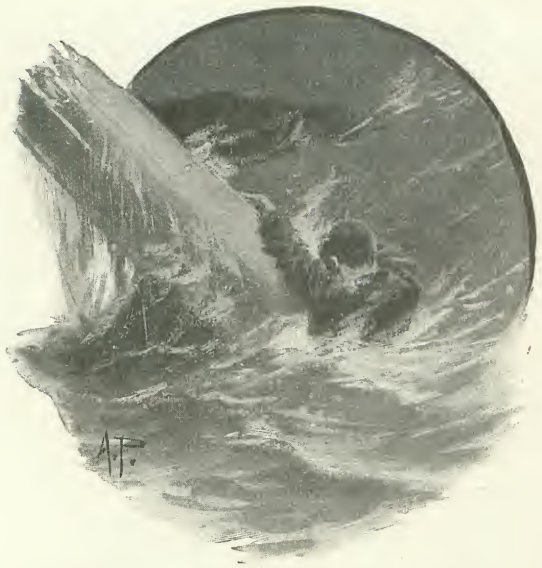
"Wants us to get out o' this, I fancy," replied Barnes, as the steamer's stern sunk down till it seemed as if she was trying to sit upright on it, whilst the great, sharp bows towered up and quivered in the dusky light like some huge fan clutched and shaken by giant hands below. Then, almost as he spoke, with a thundering roar they crashed in their turn down, down, until bridges and funnels and boats appeared about to topple over on the pair. Then, as they turned in dismay to run, a tremendous sea, high as the shear-pole of the fore-rigging, came rushing irresistibly aft, and tore them away like feathers and whirled them overboard.

As he struck out blindly amidst the smother Brown, choking and exhausted, presently felt his hands strike something, to which he clung with all the tenacity of a drowning man. Exerting his strength, he dragged himself astride of what he at once knew for one of the big spars on which he and Barnes had been standing. And as it was tossed hither and thither like a chip amongst the boiling, foaming seas he caught a glimpse of a grey mass far ahead, now seen for a second, then hidden altogether, that he knew must be the *Humboldt*.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE QUEEN'S NAME.

CLINGING to a round spar in a heavy sea is all very well to read about, but only when it comes to practice can the difficulty of the feat be fully realized. A score of times Brown thought he must let go and drown as



"HE CLUNG WITH ALL THE TENACITY OF A DROWNING MAN."

the seas broke over and hid him, stifling, for minutes together. Luckily the spar was long and heavy—intended, indeed, to make a new foreyard of—and therefore, although not as buoyant as a lighter one might have been, it did not toss about so much. And he knew that the furious squall would presently clear off, also that land could not be far away—several small islets having been visible at sundown. The knowledge of these things sustained him as he lay along the spar full length, with legs and arms clasped around it.

Sure enough, at midnight the weather cleared and the sea began to fall as suddenly as it had risen, enabling him to sit up and gaze around. There was a second-quarter moon shining placidly in the now blue sky, and the castaway thought that perhaps the *Humboldt* might have hove to and be still somewhere in sight. He saw nothing of the ship. Seemingly quite close at hand, however, was a group of dark objects that looked like a fleet of canoes under sail, but which he knew were coco palms springing from some atoll; and whose very crests the waves appeared to wash, so low was the land. He could hear, too, quite distinctly the long roll of surf on a reef, and soon became certain that his spar was travelling towards it. As the hours wore slowly by and dawn showed he saw, about a mile off, a large atoll against whose encircling barrier the sea looked like a wall of scoured wool. The wind was blowing fair for the island, and to his dismay he realized that in a few hours he would be in the breakers. All at once, turning his head, he caught sight of something white rising and falling between himself and the red round sun, just dipping its lower limb in the water. Something white, crowned by a black spot, that the next minute stood upright, straddling in forked human shape, with arms outspread and wildly waving, whilst a loud "Halloa!" came down the wind. Then the figure, evidently losing its balance, abruptly vanished in a splash of white water. But it soon re-appeared, and, squatting on top of what Brown made out to be a hencoop, desperately paddled with a long flat bar until near enough to disclose to the other's astounded view Detective Barnes, hatless, half-naked, and salt-incrusted, but otherwise apparently safe and sound.

"Better come on to my craft," panted Barnes, as he paddled alongside. "But what a night it's been, eh? Good Lord, I never expected to see you again. This is a bit of luck, if you like! We ain't out o' the wood yet, though. Look how the sea's boilin' over yonder."

"Well, you're a sticker, and no mistake," replied Brown, the grim humour of the thing appealing to him, as with a few strokes he gained the big double coop and drew himself on to it. "There no escaping you! I suppose I may consider myself in custody again, eh?"

"Why, yes, of course," replied the other, as the pair shook hands heartily. "But you bet your boots I didn't come after you of my own free will. Well, of all the rummy things I think this one takes the cake! Nobody livin' yonder, I suppose?"

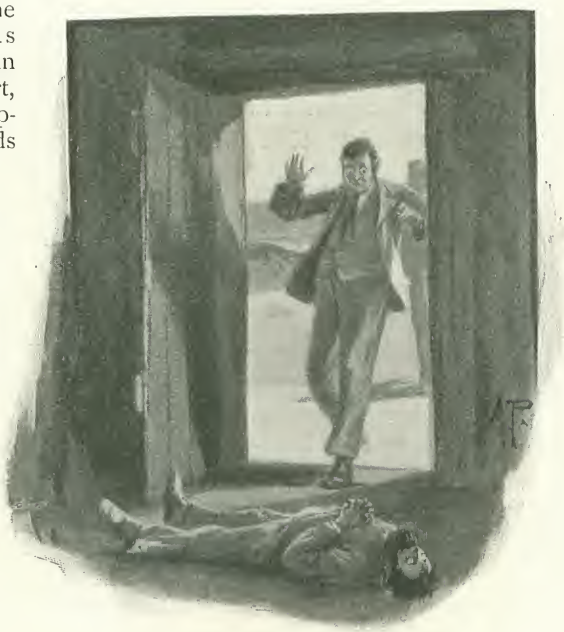
"I'm afraid not," said Brown, as he wrenched off a bar and began to paddle. "I expect we'd better make round to the other side and see if there's any entrance. There generally is."

Sure enough, as they dropped to leeward they saw a fairly wide gap in the reef, and steering for it were presently paddling between six-foot walls of roaring surf where the next minute an inrushing sea, hitting their craft broadside on, sent them head over heels into calm water, whence they easily swam to the shelving beach.

The first thing to catch their eyes as they dragged themselves up the shelving bank of white coral was a neat hut standing in a clump of palms.

"Thank the Lord!" exclaimed Barnes, devoutly, "there's somebody here. I'm fairly starving." And breaking into a trot he made for the hut and threw open the door, only to spring back the next minute with a look of horror on his still ruddy face. "A dead man!" he whispered, as Brown came up. "White, too!"

Looking in, his companion saw the body of a man stretched full length across the threshold. It was clothed in moleskin trousers and blue shirt, and lay staring upwards with the hands clasped across the breast. The features were those of an elderly man; the long brown hair and beard plentifully flecked with grey; and the pale face composed and calm. Near by stood a small blue phial which Barnes professionally pounced upon and put to his nose. "Chlorodyne!" he muttered. "Overdose, perhaps. Or got tired and pegged out purposely. Not so very long gone either. He gave me a start, though, at first. Lots o' tucker," continued the detective, pointing to strings of dried fish, an open cask of biscuits, and some tins of preserved meat. "Poor chap! Well, it must ha' been lonely. Wonder what his game was—hermetizing, eh?"



"HE THREW OPEN THE DOOR, ONLY TO SPRING BACK WITH A LOOK OF HORROR."

"Copra gatherer, I should say," replied the other. "And a lucky thing for us; as, sooner or later, a ship is bound to call here."

They buried the dead man before breaking their fast, soon digging a grave in the crumbly coral with a spade they found outside the house. Then, presently exploring, they found, farther towards the heart of the grove, a long, low building, roofed with iron and containing a few tons of coco-nut cut into pieces and dried in the sun—copra, in fact.

Buoyed up by the certain hope of ultimate rescue the castaways bore their lot patiently. Of food they had abundance, for there were pigs and fowls on the island; and in the sea turtle and fish. There was no fresh spring water; but an underground tank at one end of the copra-house contained enough to last them for years—replenished from the iron roofing as it was by every thunderstorm.

From papers in an old pocket-book they found that the man they had buried was a sailor who had figured in many ships' discharges, now by one name, now by another. There was also a memorandum of agreement between himself and a person in Honolulu in which for a certain wage the former agreed to stay on the island as caretaker, and to make copra, also look after the plantation of young coco trees. Thus, without doubt, the place was private property; and the pair, recognising the fact, and that they were bound to make some return for their keep, took upon themselves the dead man's duties as best they might, hoeing and weeding round the plants and maintaining the fences in pig-proof order. They, too, became experts at copra-making, a process that Brown had often seen before. And he even taught Barnes how to climb the trees and select the fittest nuts for the purpose. Thus the latter, to his immense delight, what with constant exercise and absence of "nips," found himself losing fat and gaining muscle. Inclined to corpulence, his greatest bugbear had long been what he called his "bingie," and to see not only this subsiding, but to find that he could do a mile run after a pig without getting winded, made the detective feel as if the days of his youth had been renewed.

Two months passed, and one morning at sunrise Brown sighted the first sail that had approached in all that time. It was a topsail

schooner, evidently arrived during the night, and now lying nearly becalmed not more than half a mile away.

The two men made a fire on the beach, and running round to the nearest point and waving the remnants of their shirts, soon had the satisfaction of seeing the vessel lower a boat, which at once pulled through the entrance in the reef.

"Well," asked a man in the stern-sheets, as she lay off some score of yards. "What do you want? And where's Ruggy Jim?"

"What do we want!" exclaimed Barnes, indignantly. "Why, to be taken away from this place, o' course. What d'ye think? Haven't we been Robinson Crusoeing long enough to please you? And as for 'Ruggy,' why, I expect that's the gent we buried some time ago. Come along and let's get on board."

The five Kanakas who composed the boat's crew showed all their teeth at this, whilst the white man laughed and shook his head, saying, "No, thanks, we've got no use for beach-combers aboard the *Lass o' Gowrie.* That island belongs to a fellow 'way up north in Oahu. His boat comes round regularly, and you'll be able to explain your business to him."

"But I tell you," shouted Barnes, "that I want to get away. I'm a detective officer in the service of the New South Wales Government. I see 'Sydney' on your boat's stern. And by Heaven, if you don't take us, I'll make it hot for you when I do get home!" And in his excitement he capered wildly along the beach, an extraordinary figure of flapping rags held together by coir-sennit, and wearing slippers made of the same material, whilst his hat was formed of native mat after the fashion of a sou'-wester.

"And who's the other chap?" suddenly asked the man, pointing to Brown, who sat silently awaiting events.

"Why, that's the—er—er—person I went to 'Frisco for, and was bringing home in the *Humboldt* when she washed us overboard," replied Barnes. "And now I call upon you in the Queen's name to assist me. If you don't, I'll bet you'll be sorry for it if I ever catch you in Sydney."

"The deuce!" exclaimed the other, staring open-eyed and mouthed. "If you're Barnes and the other cove's the 'Toff Bird' I reckon that alters things. You've been given up this long time. Why, I do believe we've got some papers aboard with your lives and pictures in 'em."

"No doubt," replied Barnes, grimly: "packs o' lies and libels! However, here I am, and here's the—er—'Toff Bird.' Now, in the Queen's name, once more, are you going to take us or are you not?"

"Well, I must ask the skipper," said the other, gazing in respectful admiration at Brown. "Give way, boys!" and, the Kanakas bending to their oars, off went the boat back to the schooner.

Its stay there, however, was short. And this time the captain himself came ashore. He was a quiet, elderly Sydney native, who already had their story at his fingers' ends, and at once recognised Barnes and agreed to give them a passage.

CHAPTER IV.

ON BOARD THE "ALASKA."

As Chinese Jimmie, one of the bedroom stewards of the mail steamer *Alaska,* concisely put it, there was "melly hell play up topside this boat." She was crowded with passengers, all, to again quote Jimmie, "first chop 'cep' one fellow—no gammon": and all bound for "Home" *viâ* Australia and New Zealand. To mention only a few of the distinguished tourists in charge of Captain Roberts on this especial trip, there were the Duke and Duchess of Plinlimmon (*née* Chitter of Chicago), Lord John Wardour, an elderly aristocrat on his travels; the Grenfell H. Joneses (oil); the Stoep van Boers (New York Six Hundred); the Pullman J. Boggses (railways); together with the whole of the celebrated Crystal Palace Opera Company.

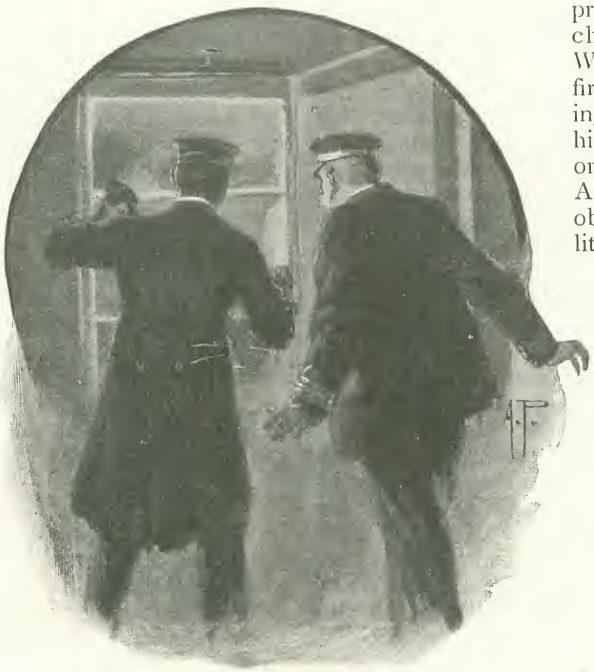
Try and imagine the commotion, then, amongst these fine people when, a couple of days after leaving Honolulu, it was discovered that all, or, at any rate, the best portion, of their jewellery was missing!

As usual on each trip, the *Alaska's* passengers had been directed to place their valuables in the ship's strong room, otherwise her owners would accept no responsibility. So the Plinlimmon family diamonds, the celebrated Grenfell H. Joneses pearls, the priceless Boggses emeralds and rubies, the historic opal necklace of the Van Boers, in addition to many other less celebrated gems, including those owned by the ladies of the opera company, were given over to the care of the purser for safe keeping.

Contrary to the usual custom in most British mail-boats, the captain of the American-Colonial *Alaska* held the only key to the strong room. Nor was there any duplicate. And every Saturday afternoon it was his custom to visit the big steel chamber with

the purser, and see that all was secure. On the very first occasion of carrying out this duty after leaving Honolulu it was discovered that the shelves were swept as bare as a tooth of every article except a garnet necklace belonging to Madame Francesca Perdita (soprano), which the thief had apparently declined to accept at its owner's description of "ruby."

Poor Captain Roberts nearly had an apoplectic fit when he realized the terrible thing that had happened to him. And there was nobody with whom to share the responsibility. Nor, if any purpose could have been served by so doing, was there any possibility of keeping the matter secret, as some of the passengers had made application for their jewels to appear with at a fancy ball that very night. So that, presently, the scene in the *Alaska's* saloon fully justified Chinese Jimmie's archaic criticism.



"POOR CAPTAIN ROBERTS NEARLY HAD AN APOPLECTIC FIT."

As for the men, they took refuge in the smoke-room whilst the captain was being baited below. And the only soul to take his part was the young and pretty newly-made duchess—also one of the heaviest losers.

"Oh," said she, to the clamouring crowd, "give the man a rest, can't you? What's the use of your all making such a song about the things? That won't bring 'em back, will it?. Let up awhile, and try get the hang of the contract before you drive the Cap. clean off his chump. Here, Duke," she cried to her husband, who was in their state-room, "you go with the captain and get that old Wardour and a couple of others and try and thrash out who's the smarty. You can bet there's some swell snide amongst us; and we'll have to fix him. Take it from me, I ain't going to lose those stones if I can help; but it's no use raising a bobbery and doing nothing, only break the skipper up worse'n he is already."

The Duke, a pale, anæmic-looking, young-old man, to whom the Chitter millions had come just in the nick of time to keep him out of the Bankruptcy Court, obediently stepped forward, and taking the captain's arm led him away from the raging babel of reproachings, sobbings, and wailings of which he had formed the objective centre.

At the council presently held in the chartroom Lord Wardour was the first to propose offering a reward, putting his name down at once for fifty pounds. As he very truly observed, it was of little use attempting more radical methods until all others had failed. A search, for instance, amongst some four hundred people would pretty surely be futile; might also only have the effect of frightening the thief into dropping his booty overboard. The reward, he thought, should be offered unconditionally. Probably the thief would be found amongst the stewards or other saloon servants; and he would be but too glad to get rid of the plunder for a round sum.

Pullman J. Boggs, on the contrary, was all for drastic measures—threats and a thorough searching—first of all the three classes, then the quarters of the crew and firemen. But, after a lot of talk, the majority came round to Lord Wardour's views, and it was determined to offer a reward of £500, which was subscribed on the spot—the Duke giving half the sum. Then the key of the strong room was handed round for inspection, the captain explaining that, to the best of his belief, it had never been out of his possession—at least, he had not missed it. And as those gentlemen present were aware—having

often seen him doing so when they honoured his state-room with their presence o' nights for a quiet game of euchre—it was his invariable custom to take the key out of his desk and place it beneath his pillow, always locking it up again in the morning.

"That," remarked Lord Wardour, amidst laughter, "seems to me to narrow down the inquiry somewhat."

His lordship was a man apparently well past middle age, whose thick brown hair looked as if it had been sprinkled with flour, some of which had stuck on in patches; his heavy moustache, too, was much greyer on one side than the other, whilst out of a yellow, bilious face a pair of dark eyes peered through gold-rimmed spectacles. He walked with a slight limp, and it was rumoured that, although in sole possession of a deck cabin, he was comparatively a poor man. Also that he had passed much of his time in the East, which fact was held to be accountable for the way in which he treated his bedroom steward, Chinese Jimmie, whom he swore at incessantly, and had once or twice even struck for some alleged carelessness. Naturally, Jimmie resented this sort of thing and complained to the purser. But as the "darned Chow" was only working his passage he got no redress. And to someone who had, out of mere curiosity, inquired the reason for his lordship's harsh treatment of the "boy," he explained succinctly and satisfactorily, "Because I do hate a dam Chinky!" Which statement, voicing that of all the Americans on board, met with especial approval as emanating from a member of the effete and prejudiced British aristocracy.

But, of course, all those minor incidents that bulk so big in daily shipboard life completely lost their interest in face of this last disaster, and people spoke of nothing else whatever during their waking moments. Even the firemen, coming off duty, wet and grimy, mockingly flourished their sweat-rags, and with much grimacing roared hoarsely to each other:—

"Hi, Bill, what did yer do with them jools?" "Now, Tom, fork out them dimons I seen yer tryin' on t'other night!"

The seamen, too, especially the quartermasters, whose duty called them amongst the passengers, grew excited over the business, and could be heard discussing it at every opportunity. Then when the notice of the reward appeared the excitement became intensified, and to each man's mind, fore and aft, it seemed as though his neighbour watched him.

"You can bet all you're worth, Duke," remarked his little wife, shrewdly, "that this is a put-up job, and that the smarty who worked at it ain't such a wonderful ways off rubbin' elbows against us every time we sit down to feed. Who used to go to the captain's room card-playin' o' nights 'sides yourself?"

"Well," replied the Duke, rather maliciously, "pretty well half-a-dozen of us, I think, and amongst them certainly all the gilt-edged American crowd."

"And your aristocratic friend, Lord Wardour, I reckon," added his wife, sharply. "I can't size up that chap nohow. Only I fancy that anyone who took him on face value'd get most almightily left."

"Pooh, Mattie," said the Duke, kissing her—he had not married altogether for the bacon-curing dollars—"Wardour's all right. There's a whole clan of 'em in Shropshire where he come's from. Besides, my dear, if this is the work of a practised hand, as you seem to think, might he not be found amongst the officers as likely as amongst the passengers? You must remember they all more or less have access to the captain's room through the night."

"Well," replied the Duchess, "I'm game to stake heavy that the joker, if he ever turns up, will be one of your especial clique."

CHAPTER V.

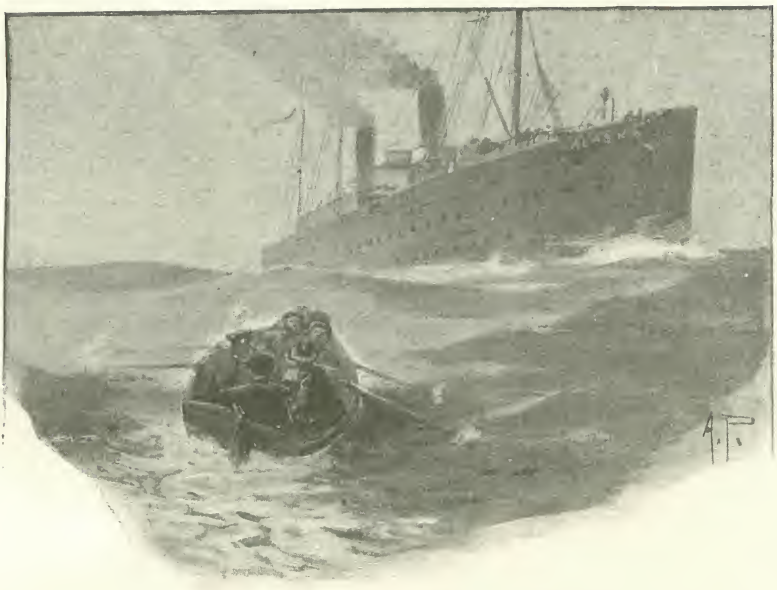
SNARED.

"THERE'S a schooner on the port bow, sir," said the mate of the *Alaska*, entering the captain's cabin one forenoon with the signal-book in his hand. "Reckon she wants us to stop. Made her number—*Lass o' Gowrie*—of Sydney—and hoisted the 'urgent' signal."

"All right," replied the captain, who looked weary and out of sorts, "you can go quarter-speed up to her; I'll be on deck in a minute." But before the *Alaska* approached near enough to speak her the schooner had a boat in the water making rapidly for the steamer.

And presently, on board the latter, when the news got about as to the identity of the two fresh passengers, the story of whose supposed loss and all that had gone before was, of course, familiar to everyone, even the great jewel robbery had to take a back seat for a while as a topic of argument and wonder.

Captain Roberts at once had a large berth in the second saloon allotted to the pair; also, before the *Lass o' Gowrie* filled on her course again, the skipper had given Barnes a full history of his loss and implored him to use all his skill in discovering the thief.



"THE SCHOONER HAD A BOAT IN THE WATER."

But at the end of a week's questioning, cross-examination, and general ferreting, all the detective could do was to advise doubling the reward.

"It's a rum go altogether!" he remarked, irritably, to Brown, who, with the moustache and beard he had allowed to grow whilst on the island, looked a very different man to the one who had left San Francisco. "Somebody's got the things planted all right," continued the detective, "and I've a good mind to try a thorough personal search."

"You'll most likely lose them if you do," replied the other. "What will you give me if I tell you who was the thief?"

Barnes stared at this, and remarked, meaningly, "Well, at least it can't be the 'Toff Bird' this time, although it certainly is clean and clever enough for his work."

"All the same," replied Brown, laughing, "I fancy, somehow, that gentleman has had a finger in the pie; and also that I can help you to put your hand upon him, if I please."

Such was the anxiety and scrambling on board to interview and gaze upon the supposed notorious murderer and burglar, that Brown, who appeared nothing loth to satisfy public curiosity, had been kept very busy almost from the moment of his arrival.

The detective, by this time, concerned himself little about his prisoner. They had been so long together and fallen so well into each other's ways, that for days Barnes appeared quite to forget their respective relations as warder and criminal. Occasionally, as just now, he allowed a reference to the fact to escape him. But Brown only laughed and continued, "Well, old man, I want to do you a good turn, and I think you won't be far wrong if you mark down this person as the one you want to get hold of," and he pointed to Lord Wardour's name on the list of passengers he had been consulting.

"Why, you've never even seen him," protested Barnes, contemptuously; "he's about the only man on the ship that hasn't been near you. I know that much, at any rate. And he's given me every possible help in this business during the last week."

"Shouldn't wonder," replied the other, drily. "However, there's my tip. Take it or leave it, as you please. I might tell you more, but then, you know, neither you nor anybody else would believe me."

Meanwhile, Chinese Jimmie was sorely puzzled. One morning, brushing the carpet of Lord Wardour's cabin, he had picked up a minute fragment of torn gold—an incident which, under the circumstances, to his comprehension, quickened by a very lively feeling of hate, seemed more than suspicious. Still, it would not do to make any mistake. His first idea had been to show the thing to the detective. On second thoughts he resolved to play detective himself, helped in his determination by the doing of a little sum that turned £500 sterling into dollars, and represented to him a huge fortune. But it was a big risk, and Jimmie took it, quite understanding such to be the case. The cabin Wardour had secured was a large one, containing two berths, of which he occupied the lower, whilst the upper was filled with a miscellaneous collection of clothes, dirty linen, etc. Under this Jimmie late that same night burrowed till only an eye was visible. His lordship never retired before twelve o'clock; and he trusted

to chance to make good his retreat towards morning. Something seemed to tell him that if discovered his days were numbered. Still, he knew the occupant of the cabin rarely disturbed the pile of odds and ends accumulated during the passage, and covered by which he could see everything that took place. Also he knew that a meeting was even now being held in the smoke-room to determine whether or not—the reward having failed—a search of all passengers' effects should be instituted. Therefore he chose this special night.

Untroubled with nerves, Jimmie's heart nevertheless beat a little quicker as the man he hated and suspected at last entered, locked the door behind him, and turned on the electric light. Then drawing a solid leather portmanteau from under the lower bunk he opened it with a Chubb key attached to a steel chain that he took from his pocket. From between the folds of an old mackintosh and some soiled sheets a long, black, opaque eye glared hungrily. Many a time since the discovery of that bit of ragged gold the eye's owner had itched to ransack the inside of that heavy flat box. At last! Sitting on the couch that ran along one side of the cabin, his lordship threw the lid back and drew forth a small, round, metal box. The eye winked with excitement. Then, throwing off his coat, the man took up his position in front of the looking-glass—the eye noticing as he walked that all sign of limp had vanished. Opening the box a pungent odour spread over the berth, tickling Jimmie's nostrils and forcing him to cram a lump of dirty sheet in his mouth to prevent a sneeze. Then the man dabbed his hair here and there with a sort of ointment from the box, paying careful attention, the watcher noticed, to the grey patches, after which he sponged it thoroughly in water. He then, taking off his glasses, critically inspected his face. Then, uncorking a bottle of yellowish liquid, he applied the contents carefully with a brush to his cheeks, forehead, and chin, muttering as he worked.

"Curse the luck!" the by this time disgusted Jimmie, understanding nothing, heard him say. "To think that, after all, they should have turned up again in such a fashion. It was worth a fortune to me to have got rid of the 'Toff Bird' and t'other fellow in one act. Hard lines, that's what I call it. However," and he grinned as he spoke, "old Barnes was duty bound to catch somebody, I suppose. The chap that bought the ring, of course—Brown, he gammoned his name was. As if I didn't know! Well, I don't think he'll recognise the seller in 'his lordship!' But what a mug he must have been to let Barnes lumber him like that! Won't there be a row when they find out they've made such a bloomin' mull?" And the speaker chuckled heartily at his own reflection in the mirror.

By now Jimmie's vision of the £500 had vanished. His only thought was to get away unperceived and kick himself. He also wanted to sneeze worse than ever. The pungent, penetrating, chemical odour still titillated his nose, and repression was causing him to suffer acutely. He had shut the watching eye, when a sharp clicking made him re-open it. And what he saw put new power of endurance into his nerves.

His lordship held in his hands a diamond bracelet, and plying a pair of nippers was with practised skill extracting the stones, flashing as he turned them in the electric light. Close to him lay a broad belt of stout flannel that he had just taken off. It contained many small pockets that bulged. And Jimmie needed no information as to their contents. Very rapidly the worker cut and snipped until the diamonds, six in all, were freed from their setting. Then, dropping them into one of the compartments of the belt, he took a needle and thread and stitched the mouth up. Then muttering, "They may search as much as they like now!" he made as though to fasten it around his waist again. But his eye falling on the torn and cut gold, he laid the belt on the couch, gathered up all the pieces, wrapped them in paper, and putting the parcel in the pocket of his pyjama coat, lit a cigar, opened the door, and stepped on deck.

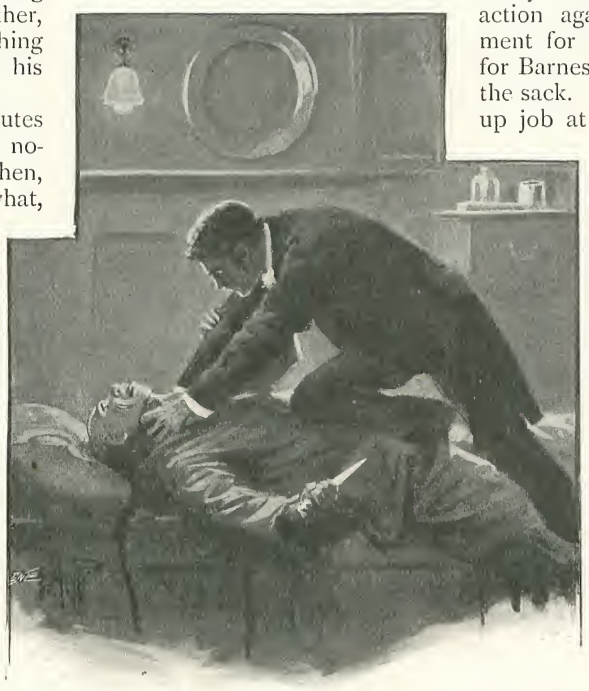
Hardly waiting for him to disappear, Jimmie leaped like a flash from his lair and snatched the precious parcel. But at that moment the long-repressed sneeze burst forth with a dreadful piercing sound that echoed high above the wash of water and thump of the engines. He darted at the door, threw it wide, and was actually over the sill when a pair of strong hands, gripping his throat, forced him back into the cabin, and a voice hoarse with rage muttered in his ear:—

"Oh, you clever beggar! Now, I'll kill you quietly and chuck you overboard, too!"

The yellow face grew black, and the narrow black sunken eyes came out of their sockets in an appalling fashion as the man, tightening his clutch, and intent only on finishing his work, jammed the Chinese

silently, grimly, on to the settee. Then all at once Jimmie remembered.

And ceasing to claw futilely at the rigid arms that throttled, he dropped his hand under his loose jumper, and, drawing his knife, struck with all his remaining strength deep between rib and hip. Instantly a change came over the flushed, dark face and the fierce eyes staring into his own; the iron grip relaxed, and Jimmie, tearing himself loose, drew a long, choking breath as the other, groaning, and coughing up blood, sank to his knees on the floor.



"DRAWING HIS KNIFE, HE STRUCK WITH ALL HIS REMAINING STRENGTH.'

For a few minutes Jimmie could do nothing but pant; then, recovering somewhat, he snatched up the belt, already in part stained crimson, and, without another glance at the figure bowed against the couch, he rushed on deck and along it and up the steps of the bridge, whence, eluding the grip of the officer of the watch, he darted into the captain's room and shook him as he lay in his cot and flourished his treasure, crying aloud, "All li, sah, me catchee! He try chokee me. No can do! Me stickee allee same pig. You savee me catchee dollar all li, sah?"

The wounded man lived for nearly two days, during most of which time he alternately jeered at the unhappy Barnes and cursed Jimmie for spoiling what he averred was one of his finest efforts.

"And what made you take my title?" asked Brown on one occasion. "Wasn't it enough to land me in all this trouble without adding to the obligation?"

"Well," replied the other, with a grin, "it was just a matter of chance. I saw you once a long time ago in Auckland, when you were staying at Government House there. Then when I sold you the ring up in Seattle, although you gammoned plain Brown, I recognised you at once. Well, then, I heard you were nabbed; then, after a while, came the news that you and good old Barnsey there were drowned. So, why, as I meant to work this Yankee boat for all she was worth, I thought I couldn't do better than do it as a lord—especially when the chances were that very few people except myself knew what had become of the said lord. See? But you've got a rattling good action against the Government for damages; and as for Barnes, he'll probably get the sack. That was a messed up job at Bezil and Carat's. So long! I don't feel, somehow, as if I could do any more talk."

No case of Brown or Wardour *v.* the Crown, however, came into any Colonial court of law. The matter was settled quietly by arbitration. And nobody for certain appeared to be aware of the exact amount awarded. Still, the hole made in the Treasury account with the Bank of Carpentaria must have been very considerable.

"Heaven knows, Jack," remarked his lordship afterwards to his cousin, Captain D'Arcy, "that although I wanted money badly enough, I didn't, as some people kindly hint, lay myself out to take advantage of the mistake. I told the beggars the truth, and that I was merely a poor devil of a titled Englishman travelling around under his family name. But when I saw how cursedly cocksure they were, the notion entered my mind to make them pay pretty dearly for the tune they danced me to. I have done so. And presently I'll give up wandering and go home and settle at Mount Wardour. I'm able to raise the mortgage now, and then have money to spare. Barnes comes with me. They made a scapegoat of him, but I can find him something better to do over yonder."

Artificial Rock Formation.

By Geo. A. Best.

THE fact that rocky gorges, really formidable precipices, and waterfalls of great beauty exist in many parts of this country where no natural rock is obtainable has very probably exercised the minds of the observant British tourist and traveller from time to time. In the grounds of private mansions situate near the craggy cliffs of Devon or Cornwall, or within sight of the picturesque glades of the Peak District, the appearance of huge boulders, stalactitic caverns, and mountain torrents is obviously consistent with the romantic surroundings and the geological strata of the district; but when an acre, or so, of bold and rugged scenery appears in the heart of the Black Country, in Battersea Park, or among the dreary marshes of Essex, or the monotonous fens of Lincolnshire, even the most expert geologist is occasionally deceived as to the nature and origin of boulder or crag.

"When Nature fails Art steps in," is an adage peculiarly applicable to the fascinating work of the rock-builder, whose art in not only imitating, but actually excelling, Nature in some of her most fantastic forms is surely of the highest possible order.

The "core" of each boulder is composed of the least expensive material obtainable near the scene of operation. In the vicinity of large towns, brick burrs and building material are largely used for this purpose; while shingle is frequently utilized for the foundation of marine crags or artificial cliffs. When the heart of the boulder has been formed in this way, a veneer of specially prepared cement is applied by skilled workmen. The necessary clefts and fissures are rapidly produced, with no more elaborate tools than an ordinary trowel and brush, while the surface is in a soft state, the form of the whole block depending on the will and fancy of the operator. The infinite variety of shape and contour; the worn and honeycombed appearance where the rock is touched by running water; the necessary stratifications, escarpment, and cleavage are all faithfully reproduced, with a consistent regard to natural formation, at the hands of the skilled artificer. All kinds of naturalistic sandstone and limestone rocks have been thus so closely simulated as to deceive the most practised eye, the distinctive colouring being produced by the amalgamation of a number of mineral products associated with specially-prepared cements and aggregates. The exact ingredients employed in this connection naturally form a "trade secret," which can scarcely be divulged in an article of this kind.

Our first photograph of a marine cliff is an interesting example of the more rugged and cavernous forms of artificial rock. It is a perfect and faithful imitation of the

AN ARTIFICIAL CLIFF.
From a Photo. by Pulham & Son, Finsbury Square.

local crag. The original cliff had become disintegrated by the action of rain and wind, and portions of the base were continually washed away by the waves below. As a large house was being built near the edge of the cliff a landslip was feared, and it became necessary to stop this destructive action of wind and wave. Instead of constructing unsightly groins or breakwaters for this purpose the landowner decided to have the crumbling bluff strengthened and faced with artificial rock of the same character. This really extensive undertaking (seeing that the new cliff is about 500yds. long and, in some cases, 50ft. high) was successfully accomplished, and the original character of the cliff preserved. The material employed was an amalgamation of brick burr, rubble stone, and shingle from the beach, faced with cement, the clefts and crags being produced by trained artisans in the manner already described. The face of the cliff is dotted here and there with shell; and the result of this novel experiment is a complete success, the entire work forming a perfect counterpart of the natural rock of the district.

A marine cliff of an entirely different character was accomplished at Ramsgate some years ago. Here we see large, stratified rocks of assimilated sandstone, the smooth and even nature of which affords a pleasing contrast to the rugged and cavernous aspect of the Suffolk Crag. The core of each of these rocks was formed of the remains of the old Custom House and other buildings at Ramsgate which were pulled down to make way for the new road. The cliff may possibly also contain a few "regulation" ink-pots and a quantity of red-tape, which unique fossils may afford the geologists of a future age material for much argument and speculation.

Before leaving the neighbourhood of Ramsgate I should like to divulge a secret in connection with a very interesting combination of cascade and rock-work which will be familiar to many readers of this Magazine. The Ramsgate waterfall is really one of the most imposing and attractive features of the town; but I wonder how many of the thousand visitors who daily contemplate that interminable rush of falling water are aware whence it comes or whither it goes! Here, then, is the somewhat unromantic solution of the mystery. In a small cave excavated in the rock immediately behind the cascade, a pump, governed by a gas-engine, is continually at work. This pump draws its supply from the pool at the foot of the fall, and throws the water up 17ft. into a concealed reservoir, from whence the torrent falls over the rocks, forming a very effective cascade. The same water is thus used over and over again with grand effect, the noise of the working machinery being completely lost in the roar of falling water.

Our next picture shows a delightful series of cascades falling over huge "rocks" in a district of the Black Country, which is quite innocent of anything in the form of natural bluff, boulder, or brook. This picture may be taken as an example of work to be seen in many parts of the country. Another was recently executed in the grounds of a private residence within three miles of the

A "HIGHLAND BURN" IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.
From a Photo. by Pulham & Son, Finsbury Square.

heart of Birmingham. In this instance the "torrent" is produced by a wind-mill-governed pump, which throws the water from a deep well, sunk at the foot of the falls, into an underground reservoir constructed for the purpose on the highest point. This particular "mountain torrent" is, therefore, never allowed to "join the brimming river" in the orthodox and natural fashion, and the rush and swirl of the waters are more or less dependent upon "the will of the wind." All the "rock" shown in this picture is artificial. Every cleft and fissure has been produced by the hand of man; every rugged boulder showed the water-worn effect of centuries even before it was touched by the first wave of a newly born brooklet. And the nakedness of the rocky water-course was soon hidden from sight behind a wealth of moss and aquatic plants which quickly clothed the boulders and removed every vestige of newness and artificiality. It is scarcely a matter for wonder that trout, imported into a rocky stream of this kind, should thrive as well as in their own native waters; while the luxuriant vegetation which follows the course of the brook is well illustrative of the harmony existing between the natural and the artificial.

But the work of the artist in rock is by no means confined entirely to the construction of cliffs, cascades, and rocky streams. Picturesque caves, stalactitic caverns, and such minor products as duplicates of famous rocks and rocking-stones are occasionally erected to order. In fact, there is no natural cavern in the United Kingdom, however intricate or difficult of imitation, which can defy the wondrous craft of the experienced cave-builder. Cavernous wells, stalactitic and stalagmitic formations, fantastic pillars of rock, and subterranean streams are all included in some of the more ambitious work in this connection; while in the smaller models a most imposing effect is frequently produced by the introduction of a cunning arrangement of mirrors.

Natural Tufa-stone—a light rock obtainable only in the neighbourhood of Matlock—is largely utilized in the construction of artificial caverns. This interesting substance is composed of petrified vegetation; and the grotesque and peculiar forms which it assumes are, in themselves, a capital imitation of the natural stalactite. Tufa-rock, however, is by no means the only substance

A SMALL CAVERN OF TUFA-ROCK, WITH AN EFFECT OF MIRRORS.
From a Photo. by Pulham & Son, Finsbury Square.

employed to produce the wonderfully naturalistic effect depicted in our illustration of this kind of work. It is supplemented by the introduction of purely artificial stalactites and assimilated crag; while the moisture which is allowed to percolate from the roof falls in heavy, irregular splashes, forming a picturesque dropping well and deep pool.

Boat-caves, for the accommodation of such pleasure craft as are confined to ornamental waters, make a most suitable and romantic home for skiff or launch.

An artificial "rocking-stone"—a huge boulder which responded to the slightest touch of the bystander—constituted one of a series of novelties in constructive rock-work which formed so unique a feature of the Irish Exhibition of 1888. The idea originated from the famous Logan Rock on the Cornish coast, and the duplicate was constructed on mechanical principles similar to those which govern that and other movable rocks of a like nature.

Referring to these particular exhibits, a visitor spontaneously concocted a pun which is so infinitely superior to the average effort in this direction that I cannot conscientiously make the orthodox apology for its repetition.

"What is the name of this Exhibition?" demanded the visitor, addressing one of the custodians of an artificial cavern.

"The Irish Exhibition, sir; everybody should know that," replied the custodian, gruffly.

"So they should, my friend," remarked the other, thoughtfully; "and your own exhibit is more characteristic of Ireland than anything else in the whole show."

"How?" asked the exhibitor.

"Because there is nothing but *sham-rock* to be seen," was the witty reply.

Photography plays a very prominent part in the business of the rock-builder, whose large and varied assortment of negatives may almost be described as the only "stock in trade" required for the production of innumerable duplicates of natural scenes, either in miniature or to scale. The crags of Devon and Cornwall; the rocky dells of Yorkshire and Derbyshire; the waterfalls of Wales, and the rock-bound torrents of Scotland each afford a multitude of models, and suggest an infinite variety of artistic combinations.

A BOAT-CAVE.
From a Photo. by Pulham & Son, Finsbury Square.

But with all this wealth of picturesque material before him, the astute rock-maker seldom blunders towards the incongruous or grotesque. A combination of "rocks" of different strata is never attempted, and the work is made to accord as nearly as possible with the natural site and surroundings. A stalactitic cavern constructed in a dell of light sandstone would form an execrable

parody on Nature; and a noisy cataract bounding over the naked summit of a cliff of "Suffolk Crag" would be even more inconsistent and grotesque. I need hardly say that such manifestly absurd combinations as these are altogether beyond the imagination of the most inexperienced manipulator of rocks; but less glaring mistakes, displaying an inconsistency of geological detail and stratification, are easily made by the artist whose knowledge of natural rock formation is limited, and whose only ambition is to produce a pleasing effect.

The ability of the rock-builder to produce a faithful counterpart of any natural scene of a bold and rugged character is certainly the most fascinating and interesting phase of this unique profession. Many a tourist possesses a cherished photograph of some rock-bound cascade or lonely gorge which forms the ideal Arcadia of his imagination. It may be a picture from the neighbourhood of Killarney, from Bettws-y-Coed, or the shores of Loch Lomond, or nothing more than a black and white representation of some sylvan scene which lies outside the beaten track of the ordinary tourist. From such a photograph the artist in rock formation is able to build up, in the most unpicturesque neighbourhood, and even among a wilderness of bricks and mortar, a correct model of the view depicted.

There is practically no limit to the possibilities of rock formation in this direction, where expense is no object and the builder can be given an absolutely free hand. Waterfalls have already been constructed with a clear drop of 25ft., and the caverns and marine cliffs already shown are by no means either insignificant miniatures of Nature or feeble parodies upon her own formations. I am firmly convinced that the enterprising rock-worker would cheerfully book an order for a full-sized model of the Giant's Causeway, or a counterpart of Fingal's Cave; although he might honourably refuse to undertake the construction of an exact duplicate of Niagara or the Rock of Gibraltar.

At Oswestry is a striking example of the art of duplicating Nature. For this work the builders employed as a model the celebrated falls of Geisbach, where a rocky footpath actually runs behind the waterfall itself. This remarkable feature is faithfully reproduced in the Oswestry cascade.

From a utilitarian point of view the value of artificial rock formations, when constructed as a picturesque and permanent method of combating the encroachments of the sea, can scarcely be over-estimated. Our eastern coast from Clacton to Cromer has suffered terribly in this respect, and the construction of some kind of protection for the adjacent lands is becoming, year by year, more necessary. The earth "cliffs" of Clacton, exposed during the winter months to the fury of the German Ocean, are manifestly unsafe as a promenade for summer visitors; the uplands of Felixstowe are supported by nothing more substantial than a slender facing of crumbling bluff; while the inroads of the sea in the neighbourhood of Cromer are a constant source of trouble to the local authorities and of apprehension to the inhabitants of the town.

The formation of artificial cliffs at such places, if the initial outlay were not beyond the limits of the local exchequer, would probably meet every requirement and prove the least expensive method in the end. Many an otherwise attractive beach is rendered hideous by a monotonous row of timber-built groins, which are generally laden with an accumulation of sea-refuse, and are always in a bad state of repair. Sea-walls and breakwaters seldom add to the attractiveness of a popular resort from an artistic standpoint. On the other hand, quaintly fashioned rocks and sea-girt cliffs invariably form a welcome adjunct to marine scenery, promoting the growth of huge masses of ozone-laden sea-weed, and attracting the sportive crab and the various many-hued anemone, which are always a source of wonder and delight to the younger generation of holiday-makers.

And now, having laid bare a few secrets in connection with the strata of sundry mysterious rocks and cliffs, I have some further disclosures to make on the subject of certain remarkable "ruins" which have suddenly and unexpectedly appeared in the grounds of several of the most modern mansions in this country. These choice "antiquarian relics" have been actually supplied to order, and left with the apparent effect of centuries of decay upon them to bear silent testimony to the fact that the artificiality characteristic of our own time is by no means confined to sham jewellery and imitation diamonds. While allowing that such work is undoubtedly of a deceptive nature, it cannot be denied that the fraud is entirely harmless in character; and, far from being the deplorable sham which certain outraged antiquarians would have us believe, the fictitious ruin is certainly a thing of beauty, fascinating in conception, and a picturesque adjunct to the best work of the artist in scenery.

At the same time, a ruined tower or gateway forms one of the best means of concealing unsightly objects from view, and is capable of serving a variety of useful purposes. For instance, the upper part of such a tower may inclose a water cistern; the lower portion being utilized as a garden retreat, tool-house, or stable.

One of the most interesting artificial ruins in the southern counties is the handicraft of an enthusiastic amateur who accomplished the entire work with no other assistance than that of an ordinary labourer. This building, of which we are enabled to give an illustration, is truly a "home-made abbey" of magnificent proportions. Unlike the majority of nineteenth-century "ruins," the "abbey" in question possesses a history which is not unworthy of repetition. The original scheme of the architect was to construct a ruined gateway, and when this was accomplished the effect was so pleasing, and the work exercised so extraordinary a fascination over the builders, that they were quite unable to leave it until further additions had been conceived and carried out. Thus, from a simple gateway, an abbey with ruined walls and dismantled cloisters gradually took shape; these, in turn, being eventually supplemented by the addition of a banqueting-hall and watch-tower. During the progress of the work the builders were wont to entertain each other with weird romances concerning the early inhabitants of the "abbey." They would picture the cloisters peopled by weird forms in cassock and cowl, describe the periodical assaults of wicked barons and gilded knights, and locate the hiding-places of fugitive kings and princes. As the building of the abbey was a work of many years we can almost fancy that the authors of these fascinating and oft-repeated legends eventually came to regard them as real and true traditions of the supposed period of construction.

But being composed chiefly of brick, our "home-made abbey" cannot by any stretch of imagination lay claim to a fictitious antiquity equal to that which characterizes the picture of similar work executed in stone. A close examination of this illustration will reveal a crumbling and weather-worn effect on the face of the building which is a marvellous imitation of natural decay. In the most exposed positions the surface of the stone has apparently succumbed to the hurricanes and tempests of a dozen centuries; while the more sheltered portions retain their surface with only an occasional mark of winter storm and gale. It is something of a disillusion to know that the weather stains have been all applied by the hand of man; that corners have been purposely broken away, and that the "decay of ages" was rapidly produced while the face of the building was in a soft state. But the interest and picturesqueness of the work

A "HOME-MADE ABBEY."
From a Photo. by Messrs. J. Cheal & Sons, Crawley.

may be justly said to make ample atonement for the innocent deception practised by the builder—a picturesqueness intensified by the natural growth of ivy, which, as the years roll on, never fails to remove the last vestige of artificiality from the fictitious ruin which it embraces.

Our photograph of a "Norman castle" is a magnificent example of the most finished work in this direction. This "ruin," which was constructed between the years 1835 and 1838, is situated in Hertfordshire, and comprises a large dining-hall, gateway with high tower on either side, corridor, and staircase, with buttressed walls, and an apartment used as a smoking-room. It is built entirely of flint dressed with artificial stone. Many an astute antiquarian has been deceived by the Hertfordshire "ruin," and it is by no means improbable that in the course of a century or two the secret of its construction will die out, and this "Norman castle," ivy clad, and bearing the genuine mark of time, may then be regarded as one of the most finely preserved specimens of early architecture in the kingdom.

A "NORMAN CASTLE," BUILT 1835—1838.
From a Photo. by Messrs. J. Cheal & Sons, Crawley.

As a rule, amateur work of this nature is apt to take incongruous and even ludicrous forms. Clinker-built castles are often constructed, and lath-and-plaster abbeys are not entirely unknown. At the Irish Exhibition of 1888 a pleasing model of Blarney Castle was constructed of the latter material, and most artistically coloured. Even the "ivy green" was, in this case, painted on the flimsy walls of the castle.

The amateur builder generally errs on the side of leniency, and neglects to ruin his production sufficiently at the outset, the result being that unless a cart is accidentally backed against the walls of the building it never becomes a ruin at all!

A writer in the *Journal of Horticulture* made an interesting statement to this effect many years ago. It ran as follows: "I went to see a fine piece of ruins, built at a great expense, which, on the day succeeding my visit, tumbled down for nothing. It was greatly improved by this fortunate incident. It is hardly possible to put stones together with that air of wild and magnificent disorder which they are sure to acquire by falling of their own accord."

In Painted Muslin.

By Winifred Graham.

I.

ELVIRA'S father was a politician, her mother a would-be Puritan. The latter, precise in thought and habit, rigidly disapproved the world in general, and society in particular. The former, a man of fervent enthusiasm, strong individuality, and oratorically clever, was given up to public life. At his feet Elvira grew wise, the little girl who from earliest days inherited her father's energetic, impressionable nature.

Mr. Lethbridge, in contrast to his wife, had no fervid Puritan faith, but in his love of simplicity, his hatred of show, his contempt for the ordinary pleasures of men, was a Puritan of the sternest order.

Ashurst, the home of Elvira, wore an air of sombre solidity. The hall, stretching from one end of the building to the other, still retained its mediæval characteristics, for the place had once been a religious institution. Here in winter the open hearth held burning logs of timber, as when the monks of old welcomed noblemen and beggars alike. Elvira was not pretty, though her face contained possibilities. Good features, and a whimsical expression; mobile lips, with pearls between them. Against these a dull, colourless skin, light eyebrows, and lank, nondescript hair. She was conscious of her external defects, and envied the beautiful. Often, for fun, she would practise before the glass little coquettish airs and graces, weapons of the fair, knowing well they sat grotesquely on the plain. She envied without rebelling, and was content to wear the homely attire provided by her Spartan mother.

The summer, radiant and leafy, gave even Ashurst a festive appearance. Flaming June sent its bold sun streaming through the windows and dancing on the walls—gay flowers burst into bloom, magnificent clusters of rhododendrons, crimson, yellow, and white. The shady walks, overhung with stately pines and chestnuts, suggested lovers' meetings, whispered vows, romance inseparable from summer—yet Elvira had no lover. She thought of the tender sentiment as one apart.

In this same June it happened that Mrs. Kenworthy, who represented the world, the flesh, and the devil in the eyes of Ashurst, by reason of her stylish appearance, came to call. A very small "happening" certainly, yet one of far-reaching consequence to Elvira. The visitor knew Ashurst and its inhabitants well, but never could quite shake off the feeling of restraint the place gave her. She was fond of Elvira, and pitied the girl sincerely: the one young heart in that ancient building, which spoke of a period when the master treated his family much as he treated his servants, regarding most joys and all luxury as temptations of the Evil One.

Mrs. Kenworthy, all sparkle and brightness, looked like a dazzling butterfly beside Mrs. Lethbridge and her daughter.

"We could not stay a day longer in London!" she assured them. "The heat was killing, and the season got stale directly, or I am rapidly ageing, I don't know which! Of course, I would rather put it on the season. Anyhow, we shut up the flat, and came down panting to Newberry Park."

"The repose of the country must be singularly refreshing after an empty round of social functions," said Mrs. Lethbridge, acridly.

"Yes, I rather like being a rustic, and so does my husband. Still, we have a little party on next week, quite a small affair—only for young people"—looking towards Elvira. Youth brightened at the thought of a possible frivolity, youth whose eyes were fixed on Mrs. Kenworthy's corn-straw hat, with its garlands of flowering clematis.

"I want to know if I may drive over that day and fetch Elvira. Of course she would stay the night with us, as it is an evening party. She need bring very little luggage: any simple frock will do—we shall be chiefly in the garden."

Mrs. Lethbridge thanked, and raised objections, which her visitor parried so cleverly that diplomacy won the day.

"It will be something to live for!" whispered Elvira, as she accompanied Mrs. Kenworthy to her carriage.

"I expect you are rather dull here—eh, Elvira?"

"Awfully!"

"Well, I have a surprise for you. No,

"MRS. KENWORTHY LOOKED LIKE A DAZZLING BUTTERFLY."

no, I'm not going to tell—not until I get you to Newberry Park."

Mrs. Kenworthy left a light kiss on Elvira's forehead, a laugh in her ears, and the vision of clematis under a corn sunshade before her eyes.

II.

"THE daily round, the common task," became tinged with expectation for Elvira. She looked forward. Her heart sang as she drove away from Ashurst, the prospect of amusement looming ahead—Mrs. Kenworthy and brightness, unweighed words, laughter, merry-making. It was like going into a new world.

"I should so love to be pretty," she confided, innocently, during that pleasant drive.

"Your turn will come," said Mrs. Kenworthy, mysteriously.

Elvira followed her own train of thought.

"In the Middle Ages," she continued, "beauty was always associated with virtue, and ugliness with sin."

"Bother the Middle Ages! Ashurst savours of them. You learn, but you don't live; it's all a mistake, that routine of prose. I wonder you even long to be pretty; I should have thought you would have clung to the 'skin deep' theory. It has been well and wisely stated that '*La nuit tous les chats sont gris!*'" So Mrs. Kenworthy's tongue ran away with her.

"It's a strange name, 'Elvira,'" she said, "and ought to have a history."

"Oh, but it has! Elvira was a Puritan's daughter, in love with a Cavalier, Lord Arthur Talbot. She thought him unfaithful and lost her reason. But it came back to her, for he came back! Just as they had vowed never to part again, Cromwell's soldiers arrested Lord Arthur for treason. As they led him to execution the Stuarts' defeat was announced and free pardon to all

political prisoners—so he married Elvira, after all! Wasn't that nice?"

"For Elvira? Well, I don't know; very likely they fought—or, worse still, nagged. Marriage does not always mean 'live happy ever after.' Still, I suppose in the beaten track of things you are looking for a Lord Arthur, a Cavalier, to make or mar your future!"

Mrs. Kenworthy had noted the eager working of Elvira's face as she told her namesake's story.

"If I had better eyes I might look," the girl replied, and the retort struck Mrs. Kenworthy as somewhat clever, and not a little sad.

The gates of Newberry Park came in sight, and the lodge-keeper appeared smiling as the carriage dashed by.

"What does it all mean?" Elvira was sitting bolt upright, staring up the drive. Festoons of coloured lanterns, myriads of fairy lights, gave Newberry Park quite an Earl's Court Exhibition air!

"My dear," laughed Mrs. Kenworthy, "we are giving a big ball to-night—that was the surprise I spoke of. Afterwards you can say the 'little party' grew, the 'small affair' developed, so many people asked to come at the last moment. I played the humbug just to get you, and now you are landed into a very hot-bed of worldly dissipation!"

Elvira looked rather blank. "Oh!" she gasped, "and I've only brought my black grenadine. I used to wear it before I put my hair up, but it has now been lengthened for second best."

A world of pathos trembled in her tone.

Again Mrs. Kenworthy laughed, just as she had done at Elvira's startled, "What does it all mean?"

"It is a fancy dress ball," she explained, "and I am going to amuse myself dressing you up, till you won't know your own reflection in the glass. Talk of beauty, I have only to wave my wand, and Cinderella is a Princess!"

Elvira lost her breath. When she found it again Mrs. Kenworthy was tenfold rewarded.

"You are to be 'Dresden China'! You must just give me your face, like a canvas, and let me work my artistic will upon it. I pride myself on being able to 'make people up.' At private theatricals I am a boon and a blessing. Your wig is a thing to dream of—soft white curls—dressed charmingly. I know the style will suit you. The little frock of painted muslin is distinctly quaint—I don't think you will be disappointed. Soft frills and furbelows always tell, if you know what I mean. But, there! I'm cracking up my own goods!"

Elvira could hardly believe it was not all some wonderful tale told in a dream. The painted muslin, exquisitely dainty, seemed symbolical of the new atmosphere in which she found herself. From a little brown mouse she was transformed into a radiant butterfly. Art gave her all that Nature withheld: the soft bloom of the rose, the dark eyebrows and lashes, which threw up her eyes, making them lustrous as stars, with a twinkle of excitement, a sparkle of daring in their depths. Her new beauty inspired self-confidence: she sallied forth to conquer—for one night only.

Her face in its frame of white curls and ribbons looked flower-like, her cherry lips were wreathed in smiles, she was as animated and attractive a figure as ever eye beheld. Even Mrs. Kenworthy's expectations were surpassed.

"You are a Miss Gunning — a Nell Gwynne!" she exclaimed, "and I've created you! Elvira, don't you feel bewitched? Haven't I breathed upon you the spell of a fascinating world? Are you the same Elvira, the very same who contemplated wearing black grenadine?"

"No," replied Elvira, "I am something queer and strange. Is it witchcraft, do you think? I feel I can look the world in the face, simply because my hair curls. I have a glorious colour, and a frock prettier than anything I ever imagined."

A sudden misgiving smote Mrs. Kenworthy. She had meant it all so well, and now a fear knocked at the door of her heart. What if her breath poisoned the butterfly after its brief summer? How would the to-morrows of black grenadine tally with to-night's masquerade?

"I want you to be happy, dear," she said. "But remember, it's only fancy dress. We can't always play with the picturesque side of life. I don't want my little piece of Dresden china broken by careless hands."

Elvira understood.

"You need not be afraid that I shall forget the *chat gris* under the mask."

Mrs. Kenworthy remembered the words as she watched Elvira's success. Not a man but looked twice at the delicate figure in painted muslin, and, looking again, sought her acquaintance.

"I've found you a Cavalier, a real Cavalier in curls," whispered the hostess in Elvira's ear, "and, strangely enough, his name is

"THE GIRL TURNED, TO FIND HERSELF FACING A TALL FIGURE."

Arthur. You see, I have not forgotten the story of Elvira!"

The girl turned, to find herself facing a tall figure.

"You must spare me a dance," he said, after the conventional bow. He spoke impressively, unawed by the sight of her full card.

"Must," she said; "must, indeed!" and showed her white teeth.

"Not one, but many," he persisted, exercising the magnetic charm of a strong personality. "I have so much I want to say to you."

Surprised at his tone she relinquished her will, fluttering with pleasure, and outwardly pouting.

"I can't think what you can have to say!"

It was more a question than a surmise. He smiled, and drew her among the dancers.

"It's like this," he murmured, "I've been watching you, and waiting till I could get Mrs. Kenworthy to introduce me. I feel the very fact of our dressing ourselves up like so many children should sweep away restraint and swamp conventionality. I didn't want to come to-night. I was dragged, coerced, enticed! I carried boredom with me into the room, writ big upon my features—I, a gay Cavalier of the Stuart period! Then I saw you, a dream of furbelows and powder—can you guess the sequel?"

"Your boredom burst like a ball of smoke, pouf! You saw, and the world changed. You came to scowl, you stayed to smile. And why? Because of these same furbelows. It's funny, isn't it—that we are none of us ourselves to-night?"

The music ceased, and they drifted away to the garden.

"I wish," he said, "we could put aside the masquerade and talk truth. I should like to hear about your life. You don't stand on a mantelpiece all day with a crook in your hands; you are not always 'Dresden China'?"

"What do you picture my life?" she asked.

"'Couleur de rose'—a sort of muslin haze, with flowers trailing over it, a summer existence, summer in your heart always, and love at your elbow constantly. In fact, I should think that love positively jostles you. Now own you have hosts of admirers buzzing round like bees to a flower? You are cruel to the majority, perhaps kind to the few—those who are fortunate in kindling pity. Tell me, 'Dresden China,' am I right?"

He scanned her eagerly with his deep blue eyes. She noticed the lashes were dark, but without paint upon them. Artifice had not touched a line of his face nor a shade of his skin, and his smile made her feel suddenly giddy, stupidly faint. He was handsome, there was no mistaking it; handsome enough to be dangerous.

"You paint a pretty picture," she replied, lightly. "You talk of my heart as if its doors were open to a levée."

"I—for one—would walk in——" He bent over her boldly, and caught her hand. His words came like the whispering wind.

"I really don't know what I should do with you!"

She was playing up to her part—"Dresden China" threw him a smile and a careless sally—but the real Elvira trembled, turning cold.

Remember the *chat gris*, she told herself,

under her breath, but did not draw away her hand. Just the "sweet" of the moment, the dawning of joys unrealized, the birth of a deep emotion—Elvira lent a listening ear. She drank in the flattery, while he, seeing her eyes glow and soften, let the flattery slide, becoming more serious, under the subtle magic of mutual attraction.

"'Dresden China,'" he said, after they had danced again, and discovered fresh paths in the garden of flowers, "need it be all play? When the white curls are laid aside, and the painted muslin is crushed—when we are modern man and woman again, can't we take up the thread of our story—can't this friendship go on? Little girl, why are you so sweet to a strange Cavalier unless—unless——"

"Oh, no," she gasped, "you misunderstand ——"

Her eyes fell.

"It can't end with to-night. We must meet again——"

"Impossible, it—it would not be the same."

"No, but perhaps better. You move me strangely; you make me care more than a little about a future meeting. Why do you say 'impossible'? There is no such word when love prompts—though probably you don't believe in love at first sight."

"I hardly believe in first sight love; second sight is the greater test. Our friendship must go out with the lights to-night. I don't want to see you again. I prefer the memory to the substance. We have mounted the hills this evening—been up in the clouds—we can't meet down in the valley without spoiling our dream."

Elvira's voice quivered—she was treading the borderland of tragedy.

"I'm not afraid of the descent, and I won't lose you altogether," he persisted.

"WE MIGHT MEET IN THE MORNING, YOU AND I."

"What would you suggest?" she asked. "How could we meet? I don't know the way; I have travelled so little!"

He thought a moment. In the brief pause Elvira counted her heart-beats.

"You are staying here?"

"Yes."

"I am not far away—perhaps half an hour's walk. Do you know the gate leading to the cornfields, just past the entrance to Newberry Park?"

"Where the poppies grow," murmured Elvira. "Poppies, like deadly nightshade, always remind me of death."

"Poppies," he said, ignoring her morbid fancy; "why, there are acres of them, fluttering streaks, that stretch for miles! We might meet by the thin red line, in the morning, you and I—think of it, 'Dresden China,' where the poppies grow."

"About what time?"

Her lips quivered. She could hardly frame the words.

"At noon."

She bowed her head.

"Will you promise?" He put the question eagerly.

"I promise."

She looked him full in the face, and there were tears in her glistening eyes.

"Little girl," he whispered, "why did God make you so beautiful? It was hard on us poor men!"

"Perhaps," she stammered, "God is not altogether to blame."

Mrs. Kenworthy passed at that moment; her shadow fell between them.

III.

THE morning came. Elvira's nerves seemed on wires. None of last night's beauty was visible, for her eyes, unaccustomed to late

hours, were heavy, and she looked even paler than usual. It was a morning of fear, tinged with regret and gowned in brown holland.

Mrs. Kenworthy busied herself with letter-writing, upon Elvira's earnest assurance she wanted no amusing. The afternoon meant a return drive to Ashurst, and the few hours remaining were fraught with destiny. Two plans formed in her mind—a possible way of escape from humiliation, if "he" failed to recognise "Dresden China" in her "earthenware" attire.

She walked down the drive with flagging, nervous steps; she opened the gate; her hand trembled; she looked for the blood-red poppies, and the cornfield swam before her eyes. A strange, sharp pang pierced her heart, a quickening of the breath, an overpowering emotion. She dared not own to herself how much hung upon the coming meeting. Instead of a Cavalier, up-to-date manhood in a light suit. Instead of powder and patches, an insignificant young person, like a field-mouse, shooting furtive glances along the corn. She came nearer, and though he saw her coming, he looked through the field-mouse, with eyes seeking a butterfly beyond, seeking only the pink cheeks and dark lashes of last night's infatuation.

"I'VE COME WITH A MESSAGE."

"I've come with a message," said a small voice at his elbow. "That is—if—if you are Mr. Carlisle?"

He started, raised his hat, and owned to the name.

"A message," continued Elvira, humbly, "from my cousin, Miss Lethbridge."

In a moment his face brightened with interest.

"She—can't—come—this morning," the words faltered, shivered, as they rang out with an odd, metallic sound. "She had to leave early, so she confided in me. I know all about it. She hopes you won't think her very ungrateful after your kindness."

"My kindness!" he laughed, bitterly; "it was she who was kind. And, you know, she told *you!*"

He looked down wonderingly at the messenger, so unlike the sparkling coquette.

"Did she care at all?" he asked. "Did she want to see me again?"

Elvira shook her head.

"You were just a passing episode! She will put aside the memory, and go on, as if last night had never been. She belongs to another world—she knows she can never be anything to you. She may have believed in you last night, just for a few minutes, but this morning her mind changed, as minds do! You need never give the matter another thought."

"You are very sure?" he said, sharply.

"I know her as well as I know myself."

"You are just—well, just a very little alike," he replied, "only——"

He checked himself, and bit his under-lip savagely.

"Are you disappointed?" Elvira asked the question timidly.

"Of course," he muttered. "I can't help myself—she was so wonderful, so bright, sparkling, and magnetic; there was something about her different to other people. Then she was so beautiful! I'm only human. We danced, and 'made believe,' till I suppose she turned my head. I thought perhaps she cared a little. I was a fool, that's all!"

"Probably she was a fool, too!"

"No, no," he interrupted, quickly; "not a word against her, please. I'm chucked, and there's an end of it—she had friends enough—lovers enough—I quite understand. It was nice of you to trouble to play messenger. I am afraid I must seem very gruff and rude. A man is often a bear when he can't get what he wants. Have you ever found yourself done out of something which meant everything? If so, you will be lenient towards me, and excuse."

Elvira nodded. She could not speak for a moment.

"Really?" he queried, in response to the silent assent. "I'm so sorry; shall we shake hands over it?" She gave him her little brown fingers.

"You are her cousin," he murmured, and the sentiment in the thought seemed to thrill him. "Do you see her often?"

"Oh! very, very often."

"I wonder if I dare ask you a favour!"

Elvira encouraged him with a flickering smile.

"You are sometimes with Mrs. Kenworthy. I often stay down here at my brother-in-law's. If occasionally we could arrange to meet you might, perhaps, tell me about Miss Lethbridge. When she hears I still think of her she may possibly come back to me. I would give much to see her again."

Elvira turned hot and then deadly cold. She was hurt, yet flattered — she glowed, she chilled — she promised her friendship. Gradually her reserve thawed: she actually tried to console him, though her own pain cried for solace.

He thanked Elvira; he gave his card; he walked back to the gate, talking of "the other Miss Lethbridge" who had faded out of his life—leaving her shadow vividly photographed in the foreground of his memory.

Elvira burst into Mrs. Kenworthy's presence, a pitiful object to see.

"My child, what has happened? You are as white as a sheet!"

The girl felt herself drawn into motherly arms.

"Tell me all about it. Something has worried you. Tell me, and don't mind. I never repeat, and I might be able to help you."

Elvira took courage. She buried her face in Mrs. Kenworthy's lap, gasping out the whole story, not holding back a single detail of conquest or failure. The confession demanded sympathy; she looked up when all was told, expecting it as her right. Wonder of wonders, Mrs. Kenworthy smiled!

"Oh!" she exclaimed; "oh! Elvira, I could shake you for these tears! Why, it's just a lovely romance; it scintillates with unlimited possibilities, which expand at a mere glance. What a little goose you are!"

Elvira's eyes grew larger; she sat on her heels, and sniffed back her woe.

"You poor, pitiful object! How ever am I to teach you sense if you run away and muddle things behind my back? Of course you should have told him last night you were painted like Jezebel, and bewigged out of knowledge! You should have made fun of yourself till he expected to see a perfect ogress by daylight. Don't you see you must be funny? Grief sits appallingly on you, while humour becomes your style to perfection. After all, it was still you. Personality can triumph at any time over mere flesh, if rightly used. But instead of retaining your vivacity you went to him with a long face and a message. Now to recover the lost ground! Elvira, are you up to it? Are you any good? Or will you just go back to Ashurst to sit over your needlework and listen to sermons?"

Elvira's eyes sparkled now; her smile met Mrs. Kenworthy's, and rivalled it in radiance.

"Oh! teach me," she said; "teach me. I am so tired of my vegetable life. I want to play a little in the sun!"

IV.

Mrs. Kenworthy was the worker of miracles. She had accustomed Ashurst to her constant "pouncings," in other words, visits, which meant carrying off Elvira to the garden of the Hesperides. Elvira, an apt pupil, answered to the touch of the magic hand. Arthur Carlisle — attracted — came often and stayed long. He found her original. Inquiries for "Dresden China" slackened, and the quaint little field-mouse began to outshine the butterfly.

"You are like her—really very like," he said one day.

"Who?" asked Elvira.

"Why, that cousin of yours."

"Oh! of course; for the moment I had forgotten! By the way, she is coming here to-night."

"Here?" he gasped; "to—to Newberry Park?"

"Yes, have you any objection? You ought to be so pleased."

Elvira's lips were suppressing a smile, but mischief lurked in her eyes.

"I believe you are joking."

"No, upon my word of honour. You see, I have always had your interests at heart."

She was seated in a hammock, swinging herself lazily.

"I don't want to see her," he said, almost fiercely.

"You are like a weathercock," Elvira declared, "always changing. You don't know what you *do* want!"

"Don't I!" he muttered, mysteriously.

"Well, she will be very disappointed after all I've been telling her if you look as sulky as you do now. There isn't the slightest chance of her falling in love with you. Besides, if you are not very civil you will make me appear so foolish. For the last month I have been trying to bring about this meeting, at great pains to myself and Mrs. Kenworthy. I must say I am not struck by your gratitude."

"HE GAVE CHASE TO THE RETREATING FIGURE."

"Can't you see how it is? Are you so blind? I could make pretty speeches to your cousin, but with you I seem tongue-tied. It's all so different. The one was a passing infatuation: her prettiness dazzled me; she was nothing but a wax doll. Now, you — well, you're worth a thousand of her! Elvira, before she comes, won't you promise——"

But Elvira slipped out of the hammock, with protest on tongue and feature.

"Wait," she said, "till after to-night. I hand you over to her, I——"

He gave chase to the retreating figure: laughter flitted through the groves of syringa. The apples in the orchard were golden—the garden of the Hesperides breathed love. And "Dresden China" was coming, Elvira told him so again and again.

The other Miss Lethbridge was not to arrive till after dinner.

Arthur Carlisle declared he should order his dog-cart early.

"It's a great shame," said Elvira, "but so like a man!"

"Half-past nine; I have sent word it is to be round punctually," he told her, ignoring the hard criticism. "Before I go, can't we have a word alone in the garden?"

"Ah! it was a poppy-field once — with somebody else——"

"Don't remind me of that."

Elvira treated his feelings ruthlessly. Nevertheless, she found herself in the garden. The moon shone, but there were no Japanese lanterns. Still, she thought of the fancy dress ball.

"Dearest," he whispered (for she was "dearest" to him now), "if that girl comes before half-past nine, do try and prevent our meeting. It would just spoil the brightest night in all my life."

"I am very sorry, Arthur" (she called him "Arthur" for the first time), "but I'm afraid it's quite impossible. There is no escape. Even now I feel her presence, and half suspect she hears us talking, or sees what we do. Can you remember the spot where you sat with her that evening? We are walking towards it now! You asked her whether it must end as it had begun — in play? You pictured the white curls laid aside, and the painted muslin crushed. You talked of the to-morrow, when you and she would be modern man and woman again. 'No such word as impossible,' you said, and asked if she believed in love at first sight. Perhaps you have forgotten her answer: 'Second sight is the greatest test.' After that you waited by 'the thin red line,' where the poppies grew, and I came to you with a message. History is repeating itself to-night. 'Dresden China' sends another message.

She is here already and entreats an interview. She wants to make a full explanation. She begs you will see her in the garden. For my sake you must consent—I will send her to you. If you still care for me after the meeting—when you hear from her lips how I have deceived you——"

"Elvira! What do you mean?"

"Stay where you are and you shall know—all in good time." She pointed to a rustic seat. "'Dresden China' must find you there, under the willow—the weeping willow—for tears."

With these mysterious words Elvira left him.

The moments crept by, the night seemed full of magic. Two faces haunted him: the face of the woman he loved, and the face of the woman who once failed him. What should he say to the new-comer? Tell her of Elvira? Claim the quiet garden for Elvira alone and send the intruder away? A moment of revenge, and then the shadow would pass, the shadow darkening the night's glory.

How the time dragged: five minutes, ten minutes passed, then he lit a cigarette. Presently a rustling in the trees behind him whispered of a presence. He would not turn, he cared so little. The light touch of a hand on his shoulder forced attention. He rose. The moon shone full on the figure before him, a fantastic form clad in painted muslin, the very same furbelowed lady of powder, patches, and smiles, shaking her white curls at him and toying with a crook.

"You thought I broke my promise, that mistaken morning," she said—and lo! the voice was Elvira's! "You so little understood your poor 'Dresden China'! How is it she has forgiven you?"

The words trembled. They sent music through every fibre of his being. They told the simple story in song. It was a wondrous glad awakening!

He held the little piece of "Dresden China" at arms' length and scanned her by the light of the moon. The stars twinkled less brightly than her laughing eyes. Time glided by unnoticed, like the silent stream of a river making its way unheeded to Destiny's vast sea.

"A FANTASTIC FORM CLAD IN PAINTED MUSLIN."

Mrs. Kenworthy sent the dog-cart away, and waited without a murmur. She was proud of her pupil. "What a night for a success!" she said, breathing in the scent of roses and gazing at the moon. She knew her labours were finished, and drew down the curtain with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Quite a commonplace ending," she thought. "But rather a pretty play, on the whole!"

Which is the Finest Building in the World?

THE CHOICE OF OUR LEADING ARCHITECTS.

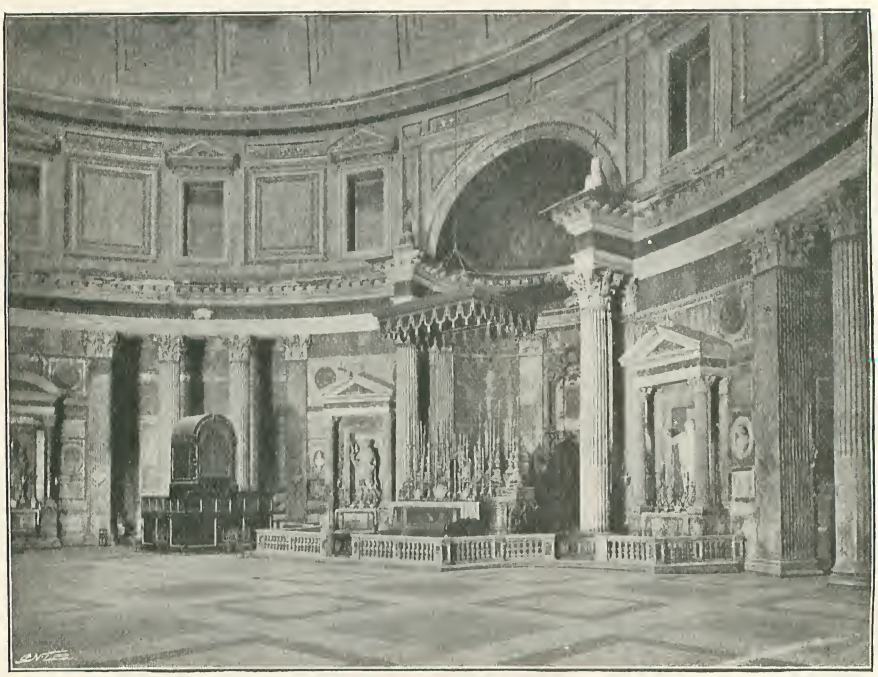
By Frederick Dolman.

WHAT is our present-day ideal in architecture? Every Cook's tourist knows from conventional guide-books that there are certain buildings in various countries which he is expected to admire, but it is pretty certain that the expectation is not always realized. The hundreds of edifices that are starred in Murray or Baedeker cannot all appeal with equal force to the cultivated taste of our living masters in the art of building beautifully. On the other hand, there must be some which more or less realize their highest ideals. Which are these poems in stone and marble?

Mr. George Aitchison, R.A., the Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy Schools, and the designer (among many other beautiful buildings) of the late Lord Leighton's house, devoted an hour at his residence in Harley Street one afternoon to the consideration of my question. To assist our conversation he had two large portfolios brought into the room, filled with photographs and engravings of European buildings which he had seen for himself at one time or the other.

As we rummaged over the contents of the portfolios Mr. Aitchison successively mentioned, with more or less admiration, the Pantheon at Rome, the Church of S. Maria della Saluta at Venice, Amiens and Milan Cathedrals, St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and the Opera House, Paris. But it was to the Pantheon that his thoughts again and again returned.

"Of course, I am speaking of the interior—the exterior is comparatively insignificant. I admire it mainly because of its exquisite simplicity. In architecture as in literature the art should never be visible. I remember reading somewhere in a book by Anatole France that purity of style was like a beam of light across a room. You can't see the colours in the light, although you know they



From a Photo. by] THE PANTHEON AT ROME. *[Brogi, Rome.*

(Selected by Mr. George Aitchison, R.A.)

The Pantheon, the best-preserved structure of Ancient Rome, is about 2,000 years old. Built as a temple by the Emperor Hadrian, it was consecrated in A.D. 609 as a Christian church. The interior, lighted by an aperture in the centre of the dome, is so beautiful that the name Pantheon is supposed to have been derived from its resemblance to the vault of Heaven. The dome is 140ft. both in height and diameter. The Pantheon contains, among other tombs, those of Raphael and the late King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel.

are there. So it is with the Pantheon—it produces an impression of perfect symmetry, but no effort on the part of the architect can be seen to produce this effect. In the Paris Opera House, on the other hand, beautiful though it is, there is too much labour apparent—the arrangement of the elaborate staircases, for instance, always gave me this feeling."

"The name of the architect of the Roman Pantheon cannot even be conjectured?"

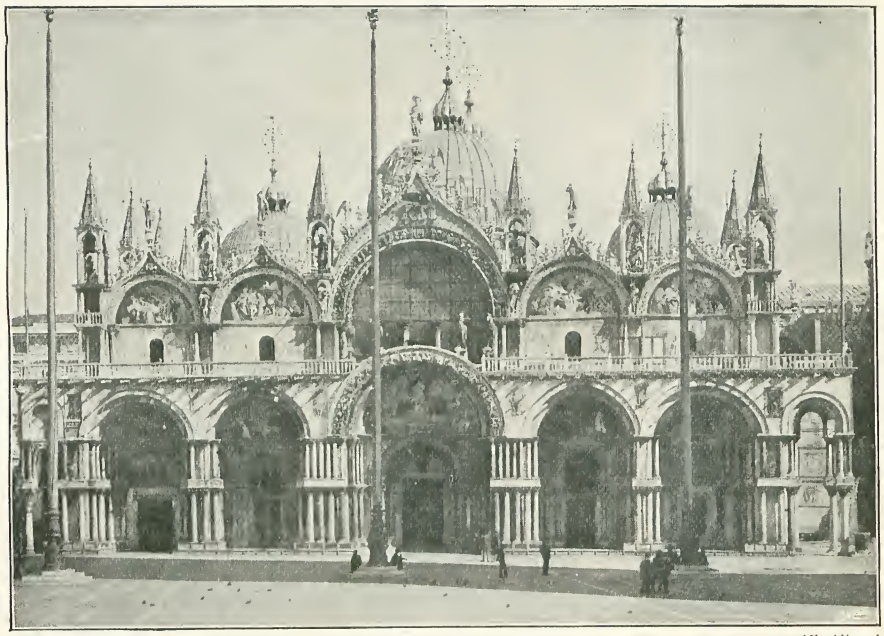
"No, unfortunately the Romans were very careless about the fame of their artists, who were mostly Greek slaves, and although making good use of their talents, never gave them the honours bestowed upon successful soldiers and administrators. Until a few years ago it was always supposed that the Pantheon was part of the baths built by Agrippa, but a Frenchman, who had obtained the permission of the Government to make a thorough examination of the building, found bricks in various parts of it that bore the stamp of the Emperor Hadrian. This discovery made it clear that the Pantheon could not have been built before Hadrian's reign, and it is now thought to have been designed as a kind of temple of heroes."

"Isn't it possible that further research, such as this Frenchman undertook, might reveal the architect's name?"

"It is possible that it may be hidden in the stone somewhere about the building, but hardly probable, I think. As I have said, the Roman emperors were indifferent to their architects' reputation. Hadrian himself has got the credit for several buildings, which were probably designed by him only in the sense in which a rich man of to-day is said to design his own house because he tells an architect what sort of house he wants. The name of only one of Hadrian's architects—Apollodorus—has come down to us, and he is said to have been put to death quite early in the reign because he criticised too severely one of the Emperor's architectural plans."

I appealed next to Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., the designer of the Manchester Town Hall, the Natural History Museum (South Kensington), the National Liberal Club, and other noteworthy buildings of our time, who shares with three other R.A.'s and three A.R.A.'s the representation of architecture at Burlington House.

"This question—which do I consider the best of the world's buildings?—is one, curiously enough, which has never been put



From a Photo. by] ST. MARK'S, VENICE—EXTERIOR. *[E. Alinari.*

(Selected by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A.)

There has been a church on this famous site since the ninth century. The present edifice may be said to have been built between the eleventh and the fifteenth centuries, by architects whose names have been mostly forgotten. Egypt, Greece, and the Orient generally were despoiled for the decoration of St. Mark's. Five hundred columns of porphyry and costly marbles adorn the interior and exterior. The bell-tower adjoining, which is 316ft. high, was built between 888 and 1150.

to me before," he remarked at the outset of my chat with him in his rooms at New Cavendish Street, W. "I admit its great interest, but at the same time it is exceedingly difficult—I am afraid I shall require still further time for its consideration.

"The names of so many different buildings occur to me as standing for certain qualities. For instance, I might mention St. Mark's, at Venice, for beauty of appearance, and St. Peter's, at Rome, for size. There is another stumbling-block in the difference of styles. When I was a youth, studying the architecture of France and Italy, everybody was for Gothic, and I would hardly look at a Renaissance building, although I have lived long enough to recognise that the Renaissance style has its beauties and merits. But if I were to suggest a Gothic building for illustration in your article, probably not one architect in 500 would agree with me. No, you must let me think the matter over for a few days."

In a few days, accordingly, Mr. Waterhouse wrote to me as follows:—

"Though I have thought about the subject, I have to report that I have come to no decision as to a building to be preferred by me before all others. It seems so difficult to judge of a building on its abstract merits, independently of its associations. Then again, architecture is not merely one of the fine arts. It has to do with the necessities and conveniences of life. These have both to be considered, and it is difficult, indeed, to judge between them in making such a choice as you would have me make."

Mr. Waterhouse, it will be seen, had taken the most stringent view of the question I had propounded to him. Of the other architects of eminence whom I had consulted in the meantime I doubt whether more than one or two would have committed themselves to one building as *the* finest in the world. The building they respectively nominated for illustration in this article must be regarded—unless it otherwise appears from their conversation with me—only as exemplifying the highest achievement in architecture which they had seen. In this sense, therefore, I am justified in associating St. Mark's with Mr. Waterhouse's name.

From a Photo. by] ST. MARK'S, VENICE—INTERIOR. *[Brogi, Rome.*
(Selected by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A.)

Mr. R. Phené Spiers, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., Master of the Architectural School at the Royal Academy, had a chat with me one evening as he presided over his class.

"You ask me," he remarked at the outset, with somewhat forbidding severity, as though I trifled with a great subject, "to make a choice of one building, regardless of time

Photo. by] THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE—EXTERIOR. *[Sebah & Joaillier.*
(Selected by Mr. R. Phené Spiers, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A.)

This, the most important of the ecclesiastical buildings of Constantinople, dates from 532, being built as a Christian church from the designs of Anthemius of Tralles and Isidorus of Miletus. Ten thousand workmen are said to have been engaged, and the cost reached a million sterling, although the most valuable materials were obtained by the plunder of ancient temples. The interior is generally the more admired. The dome is 180ft. high.

or country. Well, I might mention one of the pyramids, although you would probably reply that the pyramids are marvels of human labour rather than of human art, a triumph of building construction rather than of architecture. I am afraid that the best I can do is to give you a list of twelve buildings which may be regarded as best exemplifying successive periods and styles."

With these words, Mr. Spiers took out a sheet of note-paper from his desk and, with some deliberation over each name, wrote out the following list: The Temple of Theseus, Athens; Pantheon, Rome; St. Mark's, Venice; Haddon Hall, Derbyshire; Holland House, London; St. Paul's; Maison Carré, Nimes; St. Sophia, Constantinople; Amiens Cathe-

From a Photo. by] THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE—INTERIOR. *[Sebah & Joaillier.*
(Selected by Mr. R. Phené Spiers, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A.)

dral; St. Peter's, Rome; Blois Château; Houses of Parliament, Westminster.

"But can you not say which of these twelve you would spare if ruthless fate ordained that eleven were to perish?"

"As I would not have one destroyed I should hardly care to undertake that responsibility. But I daresay in general estimation the first place should be given to the Houses of Parliament—and Sir Charles Barry's work is certainly one of the best among that of modern architects. Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., has, I believe, measured the whole building, the Houses of Parliament being probably the only modern building to

From a Photo. by] GREENWICH HOSPITAL. *[F. Frith & Co.*

(Selected by Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A.)

Greenwich Hospital, which occupies the site of a Royal palace, was built partly in the reign of Charles II. (from designs by Inigo Jones) and partly in those of William and Mary and Queen Anne (from designs by Sir Christopher Wren). It was the residence of 3,000 naval pensioners until 1869, and is now known as the Royal Naval College.

which such a compliment has been paid. But my own dream, my own ideal, of architectural beauty has always been the church, now the Mosque, of St. Sophia at Constantinople, although I once spent a month drawing the Parthenon at Athens."

Mr. Spiers spoke with learned enthusiasm of the "Church of the Divine Wisdom," as the celebrated mosque was originally called when designed by Anthemius of Tralles and Isidorus of Miletus, the Emperor Justinian's architects, about 532 A.D.—of the bold span of the arches and the splendour of the dome, and of the rich variety of the decoration of the interior, with its marble pillars and mosaics.

Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A., had little hesitation in giving his verdict for Greenwich Hospital as an almost perfect example of architectural art. And this notwithstanding the fact that as a young man, when he shared the prevalent feeling for Gothic, Mr. Belcher travelled extensively in Germany; and in recent years, when his views have changed somewhat in favour of the Renaissance style of architecture, he has obtained a first-hand knowledge of the churches and palaces of Italy.

"Greenwich Hospital, or, as it is now called, the Royal Naval College," Mr. Belcher remarks as he sits in his chambers in Hanover Square, "has a most admirable combination of qualities. The building has both external and internal beauty, the grouping is splendid, and it was excellently adapted, I should say, to the purpose for which it was originally erected. Sometimes an American visitor comes to me in London, and I always tell him to go and see Greenwich Hospital as an example of the best in English architecture. For my own part, I am never tired of going to see it. I have drawn it many times, and I have seen it under almost every imaginable aspect. As you know, we have an Academy dinner every summer at the 'Old Ship,' and once or twice, looking at the Hospital in the moonlight from the hotel windows, its misty-grey Portland stone has had as fine an effect as anything in Venice."

"I suppose Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren may be said to have collaborated in the design of Greenwich Hospital?"

"Well, the west wing was built from designs by Inigo Jones in the reign of Charles II., and when Wren received his instructions under Queen Anne he had to plan a building with which this could be incorporated, and in doing this he showed, I think, extraordinary skill. Other architects have also had a hand in both exterior and interior. The oldest part, for instance, was rebuilt early in this century, and the chapel had to be rebuilt after a fire. But Wren's original design

has dominated the work of all his successors, and the different features of the building, the four separate blocks and the several quadrangles, the spacious frontage and the varying height, are still in perfect keeping with each other. On the other hand, the interior has suffered from the pulling-about caused by the change of purpose thirty years ago from a pensioners' abode to a naval college. The best general view of the building is undoubtedly to be obtained from the deck of a river steamer, and almost every Londoner is familiar with it, I suppose, from that standpoint. But it is necessary to go into the building to fully appreciate its external architecture, to say nothing of the handsome painted hall and other features of the interior."

I remind Mr. Belcher of the saying of one of our distinguished foreign visitors that "the English put their poor into palaces and their princes into poor-houses." The epigram had reference to Greenwich Hospital (when it was a home for superannuated sailors) and Buckingham Palace with its deplorable architecture.

Mr. Belcher, who was a pupil of Mr. Street, R.A., had illustrated his argument about Greenwich Hospital by several engravings of the building, taking them from a large cabinet full of such things. Among these souvenirs of his architectural studies at home and abroad are drawings of some of the many important buildings he has himself designed, such as the Institute of Chartered Accountants in the City, and Lord Eldon's country seat, Stowell Park. I am also interested in one or two of his models, such as the clock tower of the town hall he is building at Colchester, which give me a clearer idea of the method by which an architect's mental conceptions are translated into bricks and mortar, marble and stone.

It is as an architect of private houses mainly that Mr. R. Norman Shaw, R.A., made his reputation, and not the least interesting of the many he has designed is his own residence in Ellerdale Road, Hampstead, where I had an after-dinner chat with him one evening on the subject of this article.

"My choice," said Mr. Shaw, almost immediately, "is St. George's Hall, Liverpool. I don't see why one should not prefer a building in one's own country if this is possible. I have been all over the Continent, and I have certainly seen nothing finer in its way than St. George's Hall, if as fine. Of course, the Palace of Justice, in Brussels, for instance, is incomparably bigger; but St. George's Hall, although less ambitious in its design, is more successful than some of these Continental edifices. Its simplicity makes it the more impressive, and, whilst striking to the eye, the design is full of refinement. Although people generally don't seem to realize it — not even Liverpudlians — we have in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, a building for all

From a Photo. by] ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL. *[Brown, Barnes, & Bell.*

(Selected by Mr. R. Norman Shaw, R.A.)

St. George's Hall was erected in 1854, when the assizes were removed to Liverpool, and is one of the largest buildings in the country. The law courts open into a hall 169ft. long, 87ft. wide, and 74ft. high. It has granite columns and marble balustrades and pavements. The designs for St. George's Hall were open to competition, Mr. Harvey Lonsdale Elmes being the first prize-winner. Owing to his premature death, however, the building was finished by Mr. C. R. Cockerell, R.A.

time, one of the great edifices of the world."

"Of course, it enjoys a splendid site?"

"Yes, in that respect I suppose it must be said to be exceptional among our English buildings. But, on the other hand, it is to the credit of the two architects, Mr. H. L. Elmes and Mr. C. R. Cockerell, R.A., that they were able to erect a building worthy of so exceptional a site. The original design was by Elmes, who was successful in a competition, but he died before the building was far advanced—killed, it has been said, by the anxieties of the undertaking—and it was finished by Cockerell. It was originally intended to have two buildings—a music hall and law courts—and his plan for a combined building had not been fully worked out at the time of his death. But Cockerell in his ideas was in full sympathy with Elmes, and the building must be regarded as the joint work of both men."

"You have seen St. George's Hall many times, I suppose?"

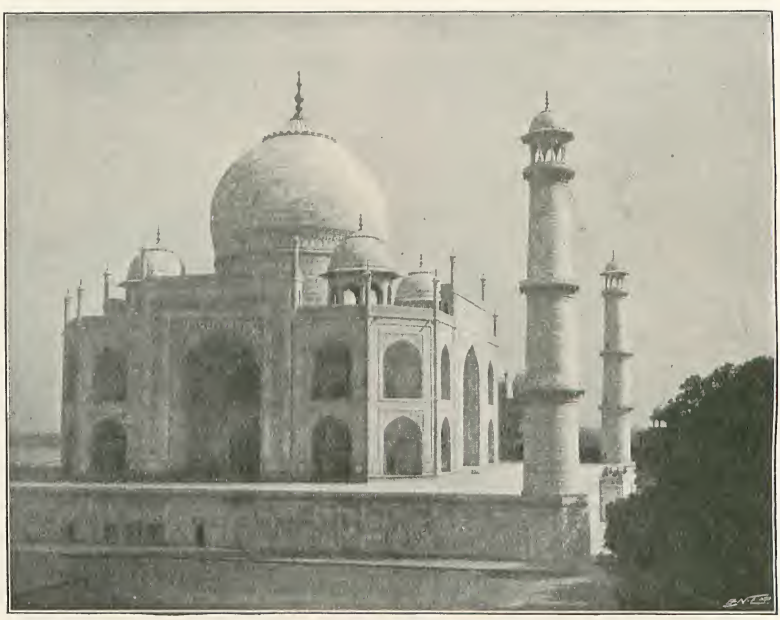
"Yes, and as recently as last year, when I took my son all round it and over it. The first time I saw it was forty years ago—about six years after its completion, when the stone was not so black as it is now. I was visiting the Manchester Exhibition, and I went over to Liverpool especially to see St. George's Hall. It was the day of the Gothic style, of course, and I was then regarded as a heretic by most of my professional friends, who could not understand why I should admire this Pagan thing so much. But I stuck to my opinion all the same, and made a point of getting a good look at St. George's Hall every time I went to Liverpool."

"Do you consider the interior equal to the exterior, Mr. Shaw?"

"Yes, I do. Yes, the different parts, law courts and music hall, are well arranged and well adapted to the purposes for which they were designed. The music hall is said to be bad for sound—that is, for the singing voice—but I believe that at first it was only intended to be used for organ recitals. Unfortunately it has been partly spoilt for the time being by some recent addition. I noticed on my last visit that a floor had been laid down for dancing, and this has injured the beautiful symmetry of the proportions, whilst the fine black marble at one end is now hidden by an orchestra. But these things could be removed in a day or two at the cost of a few pounds, and really do not affect the enduring value of St. George's Hall as our finest example of the Greek style."

Mr. William Emerson, the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, has enjoyed the advantage of becoming personally acquainted with the principal buildings of India as well as of Europe.

"I returned from India," he told me in his offices at the Sanctuary, Westminster, "convinced that the 'Tâj' at Agra was the finest building I had ever seen. This was twenty-four years ago, and when I revisited



From a] THE TÂJ MAHÂL, AGRA, INDIA. *[Photo.*

(Selected by Mr. William Emerson, P.R.I.B.A.)

This famous mausoleum, erected by the Emperor Shâh Jehân for his favourite wife, was begun in 1630, and is believed to have occupied 20,000 workmen for seventeen years at a cost of about thr e millions sterling. It is magnificently decorated with precious stones from various parts of India and the East. It has a charming fo eground of gardens and fountains. The name of the designer has not come down to us.

the country several years since I was of the same opinion, although I had travelled through all the European countries except Russia and Spain."

"What is it in the 'Tâj' which appeals to you so strongly?"

"The 'Tâj' is difficult to describe in a few words, although I spent a fortnight looking at it, and made drawings of large parts. But photographs give some idea of its unique beauty. The fascination of the building is greatest under moonlight. You feel then that there is nothing to compare with it in Western civilization."

From a Photo. by] ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—EXTERIOR. *[J. Valentine.*

(Selected by Mr. Thomas E. Collcutt, F.R.I.B.A.)

The present is the third cathedral erected on the site, the first being founded in 610. Sir Christopher Wren designed it in 1673, seven years after the Great Fire of London destroyed the second. The building was finished in 1697 at a cost of £747,954. The total length of the Cathedral is 500ft., its extreme height 404ft., and the width of the transepts 250ft.

Mr. Emerson, I may add, is by no means the first authority who, having seen the famous Indian mausoleum, has spoken of it in such terms. Architects who have seen it only in photographs are more sceptical, and attribute much of the enthusiasm it excites to the atmospheric effect of its environment.

"Why not St. Paul's?" was the question with which Mr. Thomas E. Collcutt, the designer of the Imperial Institute and other stately piles, met me at his house in Bloomsbury Square.

From a Photo. by] ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—INTERIOR. *[J. Valentine.*

(Selected by Mr. Thomas E. Collcutt, F.R.I.B.A.)

"I consider St. Paul's to be the finest Renaissance Church," said Mr. Collcutt. "Yes, finer than St. Peter's at Rome. Of course it cannot be compared with St. Peter's in size, but the detail is more perfect, and the proportions better. The dome of St. Peter's is dwarfed by the extent of the foreground. Apart from the site, St. Paul's is the more impressive building. And if any nation but ourselves had St. Paul's they would take care that it had a worthy site. If it were in Paris they would clear the ground around it of the drapers' shops and so forth, in order that the whole world might come to see it. You speak of the cost — but the French would take a more Imperial view of the whole matter."

"Perhaps a beginning has been made with the widening of Ludgate Hill," I ventured to suggest.

"Well, I am not sure that the view from Ludgate Hill was not better before. The widening was only half done, and I fancy that the narrow glimpse from the bottom of the hill, which I remember to have had when I first came to London as a boy of seventeen, was more picturesque than the larger but still partial view of the cathedral which one now has. Ludgate Hill should have been widened to the whole width of the cathedral front, just as the whole space should be cleared between it and Newgate Street, if the beauty of St. Paul's is to be seen to the best advantage."

"How do you think the interior compares with the exterior?"

"It is, perhaps, not quite so good. For one thing, as you know, the cathedral has a masked wall—a thing for which Wren has often been severely, and, as I think, unjustly criticised. I don't like the decoration which the interior has recently undergone — in my opinion the cathedral was best cared for by Penrose when he was architect to the Dean and Chapter. But speaking of both exterior and interior, and notwithstanding that I have seen a good deal of architecture on the Continent, I have no hesitation in suggesting St. Paul's. I am glad that nowadays students draw St. Paul's a good deal; in my student days it was comparatively neglected. I was with Mr. Street, and he always used to send his pupils to Westminster Abbey."

Chartres Cathedral, which is fifty-four miles from Paris, was the choice of Mr. Thomas Blashill, F.R.I.B.A., who lately resigned the position of Architect to the London County Council.

From a] CHARTRES CATHEDRAL. *[Photo.*

(Selected by Mr. Thomas Blashill, F.R.I.B.A.)

The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Chartres, fifty-five miles from Paris, was founded in the eleventh century. It suffered severely from fire in 1194, and was rebuilt in the main between that date and 1240. The Cathedral is 420ft. long, and one of the two spires measures 375ft., the other 350ft.

"I suggest Chartres Cathedral to you," said Mr. Blashill, in explaining this choice over a cup of coffee in his study at Tavistock Square, "because no other building I have seen has such an interesting variety—it may be said, in its several parts, to illustrate the best in architecture between the thirteenth and the sixteenth century. There has always been ample money for the building and maintenance of the cathedral, and it has always been judiciously spent.

"I first visited Chartres in 1871, and I

have seen the cathedral many times since. On our Continental holidays we have made a point of breaking the journey, not at Paris, where one has a rush night and morning between the station and the hotel, but at Chartres, which can easily be reached in good time the same night."

Mr. Blashill then proceeds to show me some of the numerous drawings which he has made on these visits of various parts of the cathedral. I am also permitted to look into a diary, illustrated by photographs, which he had kept of a French architectural tour. In this he speaks of the "unforgettable" day when he first saw Chartres Cathedral, whose principal merits he sums up as "massive, strong, and graceful in outline." He adds that it is "a school of art of the best kind," with its thousands of statues and 160 windows, "the like of them nowhere else to be seen."

"Of course, Chartres is Gothic," Mr. Blashill remarks as I lay down the volume, "and Gothic has gone out of fashion. More's the pity."

From a Photo. by] MICHAEL ANGELO'S CHAPEL, FLORENCE. *[Brogi, Rome.*
(Selected by Mr. Walter Emden, L.C.C.)

This example of the great painter's powers in architecture dates from about 1525. It was erected as part of the Church of San Lorenzo by order of the Pope Clement VII., one of the great Medici family, whose mausoleum he intended it to be. The chapel is adorned with statuary by the same artist.

Mr. Walter Emden, L.C.C., is widely known as a specialist in theatrical architecture, several London theatres having been built from his designs. But it was of a church, not a playhouse, that he spoke when I called upon him at his offices over Terry's Theatre.

"I don't think there is a theatre," he said, "which can be quoted as an example of the finest in architecture, and I have seen most of them in Germany, France, Austria, Holland, and Italy. On the Continent the theatres, of course, have been largely built with municipal or State aid, and some of them will certainly take rank with municipal buildings in this country. But I cannot mention one theatre great enough for the purpose of your article, not even the beautiful 'Pergola' in Florence.

"There are two buildings I must mention to you—the Palais de Justice, at Brussels, and Michael Angelo's Chapel in Florence. The Brussels Law Courts would be a perfect building, in my opinion, if they had not stuck a crown at the top. Of course, I have no objection to crowns, but a crown at the summit of such a building is atrociously out of place.

"The chapel in the Church of the Medici, designed by Michael Angelo, is very small in comparison with a building like the Brussels Palais de Justice. But although small it contains a great amount of beautiful detail, and every detail is perfect. There is nothing very striking, it is true, about the design—many people probably pass it by without giving it a second look. But then I think the best and most refined building never does 'hit' you, so to speak. In architecture, the highest excellence, in my opinion, is obtained when the style is suited to the occasion and the proportion to the surroundings."

Tug-of-War on Horseback.

By Meta Henn.

With Photographs taken by special arrangement at Aldershot.

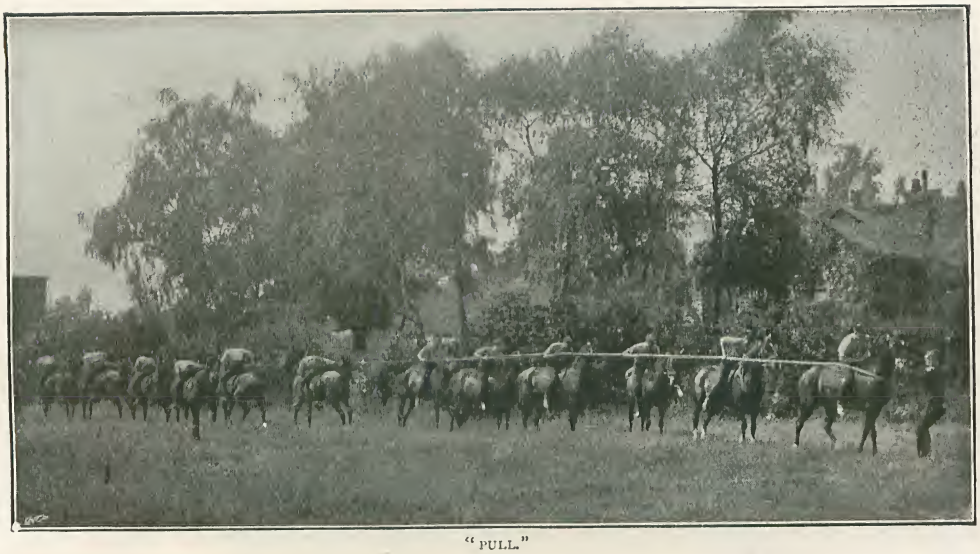
BEFORE THE CONTEST.

THE tug-of-war on horseback has been, as our readers well know, one of the most attractive features of the annual Royal Military Tournament, and it occurred to the writer that a great many readers who were unable to attend the beautiful military show in the Metropolis would find some satisfaction in seeing how this novel amusement among cavalrymen is carried out and arduously practised long before the multitude of admiring crowds are allowed to witness results in the arena of the Agricultural Hall.

Captain Dann, who for many years has been the leading light in the organization of one of the greatest military and naval shows in the world, was approached on the subject of an article which would, by the aid of skilful photography, enable Britons in all parts of Her Majesty's dominions to gain an idea as to how this novel equestrian sport is conducted. Captain Dann, who, by the way, has at all times been a very good friend indeed to the Press, very willingly lent his ear to the proposal, and informed the writer that Lieut. and Riding-Master J. F. Parr, of Aldershot, would, as an authority on the subject, be no doubt prepared to help us in every way.

Lieutenant Parr, who, let it be said, is well known in military circles as having raised Y Battery and as having trained a great number of men for the Royal Military Tournament in record time, proved to be a very willing

THE TEAMS IN READINESS.



"PULL."

helper in the interesting preparations which followed under his direction and that of his able right-hand man, Sergeant F. Carter, of Y Battery, R.H.A. The writer wishes to thank them for the kindly spirit in which their services were given, as well as the men who obligingly gave up a half-holiday for the benefit of STRAND MAGAZINE readers.

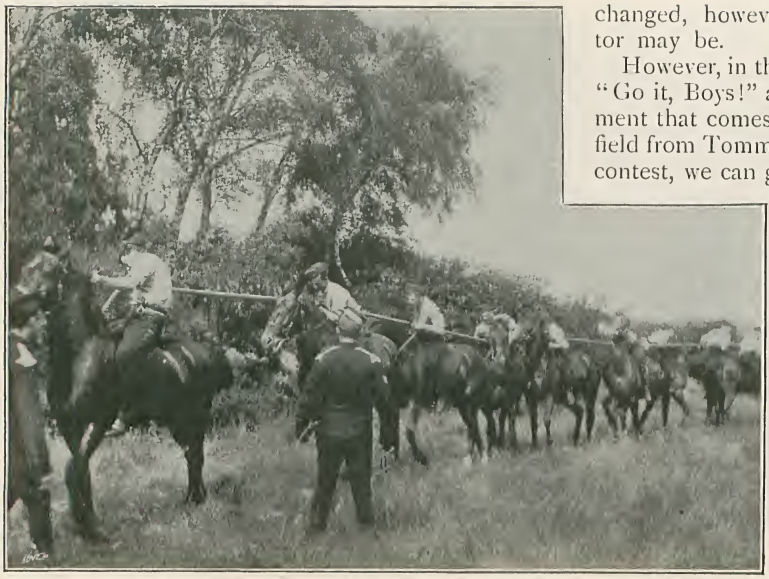
Sergeant Carter is a smart, well-set-up fellow, and the way he handles his men is a pleasure to behold. There is never any roughness in his manner, yet his subordinates seem to understand a movement of the hand or of the glance that shoots like an arrow.

If my readers will turn to the first picture in this article they will see the men, twelve in all, ranged up in double file before the actual contest takes place. In the ordinary course of things the teams consist of six each side, and they hold on to a rope of enormous weight, the size of which may be gauged by comparison with the men's arms. It took four Tommies to pull that rope along and place it in position in readiness for the teams.

The competing teams are placed, of course, back to back; the men wear jack-boots, riding-breeches, and flannel shirts, the sleeves of which are rolled up to the elbow. They ride practically bareback, a horse-rug and surcingle only being allowed. It will be understood by those having experience of matters equine that a great deal of equestrian skill is required to "stick on" at any price during the contest.

The rope, which can be plainly seen in

"PULLING."



"GO IT, BOYS!"

the second picture, should be wound once round the neck of the leading horse at each end, which arrangement gives more purchase than could otherwise be obtained.

The teams being in readiness, the rope brought under the right armpit of each man, the word "Pull" is given. The horses seem to know the word as well as the men, and they start pulling much quicker than the men; hence a general jumble follows: the reins are dropped, but the rope is stuck to like grim death; it seems that nothing short of absolute annihilation will make those Tommies let go; they grip it with a bulldog persistency that is truly wonderful; one hangs over the neck of his horse, another clings to the tail of his patient steed, who fully understands the gravity of the situation. Hence the extravagant attitudes which meet the eye on all sides.

Unfortunately it is impossible to be with the camera at a dozen places at once, hence, as the final break-up occurs, it is over before plates can be changed, however skilled the operator may be.

However, in the illustration entitled "Go it, Boys!" a favourite encouragement that comes from all parts of the field from Tommies who are not in the contest, we can gain a fair idea of the curious attitudes assumed by some of the contestants.

In "Confusion"—the last picture—we find the men and horses practically at sea; the rope is twisted anyhow. One man is leaning forward, another's right arm is nearly pulled out of joint backward, the third man's horse looks on in dismay, whilst the fourth man is all mixed up with the fifth.

Though the pictures which illustrate this subject, and which are the first that have ever been taken of a tug-of-war on horseback, may not appear as full of movement as might at first have been expected, it is a curious fact that it is practically impossible to show in shap-shot photography the slow and steady pull—give and take—which such a contest offers to the spectator, who. however, seems to feel more than he can actually see the enormous amount of strain and pulling that actually takes place in such a contest as this.

"CONFUSION."

EVEN in these prosaic days of palatial passenger steamers, running upon lines from port to port almost as definite as railway metals, and keeping time with far more regularity than some railway trains that it would be easy to name, there are many eddies and backwaters of commerce still remaining where the romance of sea traffic retains all the old pre-eminence, and events occur daily that are stranger than any fiction.

Notably is this the case on the Chinese coast, in whose innumerable creeks and bays there is a never-ceasing ebb and flow of queer craft, manned by a still queerer assortment of Eastern seafarers. And if it were not for that strange *Lingua Franca* of the Far East, to which our marvellous language lends itself with that ready adaptability which makes it one of the most widely spoken in the world, the difficulties awaiting the white man who is called upon to rule over one of those motley crews would be well-nigh insuperable. As it is, men of our race who spend any length of time "knocking about" in Eastern seas always acquire an amazing *mélange* of tongues, which they themselves are totally unable to assign to their several sources of origin, even if they ever were to seriously undertake such a task. Needless, perhaps, to say that they have always something more important on hand than that. At least I had when, after a much longer spell ashore in Bangkok than I cared for, I one day prevailed upon a sturdy German skipper to ship me as mate of the little barque he commanded. She flew the Siamese flag, and belonged, as far as I was ever able to ascertain, to a Chinese firm in

the humid Siamese capital, a sedate, taciturn trio of Celestials who found it well worth their while to have Europeans in charge of her, even though they had to pay a long price for their services. My predecessor had been a "towny" of the skipper's, a Norddeutscher from Rostock, who, with the second mate, a huge Dane, had been with the skipper in the same vessel for over two years. On the last voyage, however, during his watch on deck, while off the Paracels, he had silently disappeared, nor was the faintest inkling of his fate obtainable. When the skipper told me this in guttural German-English I fancied he looked as if his air of indifference was slightly overdone, but the fancy did not linger—I was too busy surmising by what one of the many possible avenues that hapless mate had strolled out of existence. I was glad, if the suggestion of gladness over such a grim business be admissible, to have even this scanty information, since any temptation to taking my position at all carelessly was thereby effectually removed. Before coming on board I invested a large portion of my advance in two beautiful six-shooters and a good supply of ammunition, asking no questions of the joss-like Chinaman I bought them from as to how he became possessed of two U.S. Navy weapons and cartridges to match. I had besides a frightfully dangerous-looking little kris, only about nine inches long altogether, but inlaid with gold, and tempered so that it would almost stab into iron. I picked it up on the beach at Hai-phong six months before, but had only thought of it as a handsome curio until now.

Thus armed, but with all my weapons well out of sight, I got aboard, determined to take no more chances than I could help, and to grow eyes in the back of my head if possible. The old man received me as cordially as he was able, which isn't saying very much, introduced me to Mr. Boyesen, the second mate, and proposed a glass of schnapps and a cheroot while we talked over business. I was by no means averse to this, for I wanted to be on good terms with my skipper, and I also had a strong desire upon me to know more about the kind of trade we were likely to be engaged in. For I didn't even know what the cargo was, or what port she was bound to—the only information the skipper gave me when I shipped being that she was going "up the coast," and this state of complete ignorance was not at all comfortable. I hate mystery, especially aboard ship; it takes away my appetite, and when a sailor's off his feed he isn't much good at his work. But my expectations were cruelly dashed, for, instead of becoming confidential, Captain Klenck gave me very clearly to understand that no one on board the *Phrabayat*—"der Frau" *he* called her—but himself ever knew what was the nature of the trade she was engaged in or what port she was bound to. More than that, he told me very plainly that he alone kept the reckoning; the second mate and myself had only to carry out his instructions as to courses, etc., and that so long as we kept her going through our respective watches as he desired, he was prepared to take all the risk. And all the time he was unloading this stupefying intelligence upon me he kept his beady eyes on mine as if he would read through my skull the nature of my thoughts. Had he been able so to do they would have afforded him little satisfaction, for they were in such a ferment that I "wanted out," as the Scotch say, to cool down a bit. I wanted badly to get away from Bangkok, but I would have given all I had to be ashore there again and well clear of the berth I had thought myself so lucky to get a day or two ago. But that was out of the question. The old man helped himself to another bosun's nip of square-face, and, rising as he shipped it, said:—

"Ve ked her onder vay mit vonce, Meesder Fawn, und mindt ju keeb dose verdammt schwein coin shtrong. Dey vants so mooch boot as dey can get, der schelm."

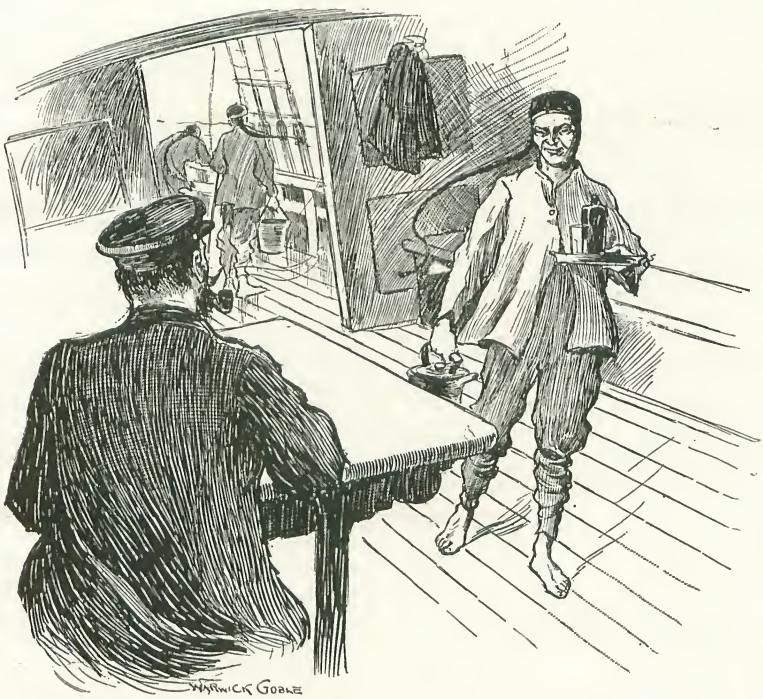
Glad of any chance of action to divert my mind, I answered cheerily, "Aye, aye, sir," and, striding out of the cabin, I shouted "Man the windlass," forgetting for the moment that I was not on board one of my own country's ships, free from mysteries of any kind. My mistake was soon rectified, and for the next hour or so I kept as busy as I knew how, getting the anchor and making sail. The black, olive, and yellow sailors worked splendidly, being bossed by a "serang" or "bosun" of herculean build and undiscoverable nationality. I think he must have been a Dyak. Now, it has always been my practice in dealing with natives of any tropical country to treat them as men, and not, as too many Europeans do to their loss, behave towards them as if they were unreasoning animals. I have always found a cheery word and a smile go a long way, especially with negroes, wherever they hail from, and goodness knows unless you are liverish it is just as easy to look pleasant as glum. At any rate, whether that was the

cause or not, the work went on greased wheels that forenoon, and I felt that if they were all the colours the human race can show I couldn't wish for a smarter or more willing crowd. When she was fairly under way and slipping down to the bar at a good rate I went aft for instructions, finding the old man looking but sourly as he conned her down stream. Before I had time to say anything he opened up with :—

"Bei Gott, Meesder Fawn, ju haf to do diffrunt mit dese crout ef ju vaunts to keep my schip coin. I tondt vant ter begin ter find fault, bud I ain't coin to haf no nickercottlin abordt de Frau. Ju dake id from me."

This riled me badly, for I knew no men could have worked smarter or more willingly than ours had, so I replied, quietly, "Every man knows his work and does it, Cap'n Klenck. I know mine and I'll do it, but I must do it my own way or not at all. If you've got any fault to find, find it, but don't expect me to spoil a decent crew and chance getting a kris between my brisket bones in the bargain."

He gave me one look, and his eyes were like those of a dead fish. Then he walked away, leaving me standing simmering with rage. But no more was said, and at dinner he seemed as if he had forgotten the circumstance. And I, like a fool, thought he had, for the wish was ever father to the thought with me, especially in a case of this kind, where what little comfort I hoped to enjoy was entirely dependent upon the skipper. He, astuteness itself, gave no sign of his feelings towards me, being as civil as he was able in all our business relations; but beyond those he erected a barrier between us, all the more impassable because indefinite. Thrown thus upon my own resources, I tried to cultivate an acquaintance with Mr. Boyesen; but here again I was baffled, for he was the greatest enigma of all. I never knew a man possessing the power of speech who was able to get along with less use of that essentially human faculty. He was more like a machine than a man, seeming to be incapable of exhibiting any of the passions or affections of humanity. I have seen him grasp a Siamese sailor by the belt and hurl him along the deck as if he were a mere bundle of rags; but for any expression of anger in his pale blue eyes or flush upon his broad face he might as well have been a figure-head. So that



"AH TOY."

after a brief struggle with his immobility I gave up the attempt to make a companion of him, coming to the conclusion that he was in some way mentally deficient.

Thus I was perforce driven to study my crew more than I perhaps should have done, particularly the neat-handed, velvet-footed Chinese steward, Ah Toy, who, although at ordinary times quite as expressionless as the majority of his countrymen, generally developed a quaint contortion of his yellow visage for me, which if not a smile was undoubtedly meant for one. We were the best of friends; so great, indeed, that whenever I heard the old man beating him, that is about once a day, I felt the greatest difficulty in restraining myself from interference. I was comforted, however, by noticing that Ah Toy seemed to heed these whackings no more than as if he had been made of rubber: he never uttered a cry or did anything but go on with his work as if nothing had happened. I had eight men in my watch: two Chinese, four Siamese, one Tagal, and a Malay; a queer medley enough, but all very willing and apparently contented. For some little time I was hard put to it to gain their confidence, their attitude being that of men prepared to meet with ill-treatment and to take the earliest opportunity of resenting it (although they accepted hearty blows from the Serang's colt with the greatest good-nature). But gradually this sullen, watchful demeanour wore off, and they became as cheerful a lot of fellows as I could wish, ready to anticipate my wishes if they could, and as anxious to understand me as I certainly was them. This state of things was so far satisfactory that the time, which had at first hung very heavily, now began to pass pleasantly and quickly, although I slept, as the saying is, with one eye open for fear of some development of hostility on the skipper's part. Because, in spite of my belief that he meant me no ill, having, indeed, no reason to do so as far as I knew, I could not rid myself of an uneasy feeling in my mind that all was not as it should be with him.

We had wonderfully fine weather, it being the N.E. monsoon, but made very slow progress, the vessel being not only a dull sailer at the best of times, but much hindered by the head wind. This tried my patience on account of my anxiety to get some inkling of our position, which the old man kept as profound a secret as if millions depended upon no one knowing it but himself. And although we sighted land occasionally I was not sufficiently well up in China coast navigation to do more than guess at the position of the ship. At last, when we had been a fortnight out, I was awakened suddenly in my watch below one night by the sound of strange voices alongside. I sprang out of my bunk in the dark, striking my head against the door, which I always left open, but which was now closed and locked. I felt as I should imagine a rat feels in a trap. But the first thrill of fear soon gave place to indignation at my treatment, and after striking a light I set my back against the door and strove with all my might to burst it open. Failing in the attempt, I remembered my little bag of tools, and in a few seconds had a screw-driver at work, which not only released me, but spoiled the lock for any future use. Of course, my revolvers were about me; I always carried *them*. Still hot with anger I marched on deck to find the ship hove-to, a couple of junks alongside, the hatches off, and a rapid exchange of cargo going on. Silence and haste were evidently the *mots d'ordre*, but, besides, the workers were the smartest I had ever seen; they handled the stuff, cases, bags, and bales of all sorts and sizes, with a celerity that was almost magical. I stood looking on like a fool for quite two or three minutes, in which every detail of the strange scene became indelibly stamped upon my brain. The brilliant flood of moonlight paling all the adjacent stars, the wide silvern path of the moon on the dark water broken by a glistening sand-bank over which the sullen swell broke with an occasional hollow moan, every item in the arrangement of the sails, and the gliding figures on deck; all helped to make a marvellous picture. The brief spell was broken by a hand upon my shoulder that made me leap three feet forward. It was the skipper, and in that moment I felt how helpless I was if this man desired to do me hurt. We stood facing each other silently for a breath or two, when he said, quietly:—

"Meesder Fawn, I tondt vant my offcers to keeb only dere own vatch. I nefer make dem vork oferdime. Ven ids your vatch an deg yu vill be gall as ushal. Goot nacht," and he stood aside to let me pass.

"But, Captain Klenck," I blurted out, "why did you lock me in my berth?"

"Ey good man, du bist nod vell, or ellas you bin hafin a—vat you call im—night-pig, ain'd it?" Then, suddenly changing his tone, he made a step towards me, and said, "Go below mid vonce, er I'm tamt ef yu see daylight any more dis foyge!"

To tell the truth I didn't quite see my way to defying him. I felt like a beastly cur, and I knew there was some devilish business going on, but the whole thing had come on me so suddenly that I was undecided how to act, and indecision in such a predicament spells defeat. So I just inclined my head and sauntered off to my cabin in a pretty fine state of mind. Needless to say, I got no more sleep. A thousand theories ran riot in my brain as to the nature of the business we were doing, and I worried myself almost into a fever wondering whether Boyesen was in it. By the time eight bells (4 a.m.) was struck I was almost crazy, a vile taste in my mouth, and my head throbbing like a piston. The quiet appearance of Ah Toy at my door murmuring "eight bell" gave me relief, for I took it as a sign that I might re-appear, and I wasted no time getting on deck. I found the watch trimming the yards under the skipper's direction, but no sign of the second mate. All trace of the junks had vanished. I went for'ard to trim the yards on the fore by way of slipping into my groove, and being in that curious mental state when in the presence of overwhelmingly serious problems the most trivial details demand attention, some small object that I kicked away in the darkness insisted upon being found before I did anything else. It only lay a yard or two in front of me, a key of barbarous make with intricate wards on either side. Mechanically I picked it up and dropped it in my pocket, imagining for the moment that it must belong to one of the seamen, who each had some sort of a box which they kept carefully locked. Then I went on with my work, getting everything ship-shape and returning to the poop. The skipper greeted me as if nothing had happened, giving me a N.N.E. course if she would lay it, and, bidding me call him at once in the event of any change taking place, went below.

Left alone upon the small poop with the vessel calmly gliding through the placid sea, and the steadfast stars eyeing me solemnly, I felt soothed and uplifted. I reviewed the situation from every possible point of view I could take of it, until sick and weary of the vain occupation I unslung a bucket and went to the lee-side with the intention of drawing some water to cool my aching head. As I leaned over the side I saw a sampan hanging alongside, and a figure just in the act of coming aboard. By this time I was almost proof against surprises of any kind, so I quietly waited until the visitor stepped over the rail, and saluted me as if boarding a vessel in the dark while she was working her way up the China Sea was the most ordinary occurrence in the world. He was a gigantic Chinaman, standing, I should think, fully 6ft. 6in. or 6ft. 7in., and built in proportion. In excellent English he informed me that he had business with Captain Klenck, who was expecting him, and without further preliminary walked aft and disappeared down the cabin-companion quietly as if he had been an apparition. In fact, some such idea flitted across my mind, and I stepped back to the rail and peered down into the dark-

"HE WAS A GIGANTIC CHINAMAN."

ness alongside to see if the sampan was a reality. It was no longer there. Like one in a dream I walked aft to where one of the Siamese stood at the wheel, and after a casual glance into the compass, from sheer force of habit, I asked the man if he had seen the visitor. He answered "Yes," in a tone of surprise as if wondering at the question. Satisfied that at least I was not the victim of some disorder of the brain, I went for'ard again, noting with a sense of utmost relief the paling of the eastern horizon foretelling the coming of the day.

No one realizes more than a sailor what a blessing daylight is. In a gale of wind the rising sun seems to lighten anxiety, and the prayer of Ajax trembles more frequently upon the lips of seafarers than any other. I watched the miracle of dawn with fervent thanksgiving, feeling that the hateful web of mystery that was hourly increasing in complexity around me would be less stifling with the sun upon it. And in the homely duties of washing decks, "sweating-up," etc., I almost forgot that I was not in an orderly, commonplace English ship, engaged in honest traffic. The time passed swiftly until eight bells, when a double portion of horror came upon me at the sight of Captain Klenck coming on deck to relieve me. Before I knew what I was saying I had blurted out, "Where's Mr. Boyesen?" The cold, expressionless eyes of the skipper rested full upon me as he replied, slowly :—

"Ju tondt seem to learn mooch, Meesder Fawn. I dells ju one dime more, undt only one dime, dat ju nodings to do mit der peezness auf dis scheep. Verdammt Englescher schweinhund, de nexd dime ju inderferes mit mein affaires will pe der lasd dime ju efer do anythings in dees vorl'. Co pelow!"

Again I had to own myself beaten, and the thought was just maddening. To be trampled on like a coolie, abused like a dog. Great heavens! how low had I fallen. I never seemed to be ready or able to keep end up when that man chose to put forth his will against mine. But unknown even to myself I was being educated up the work that was before me, and the training was just what was necessary for me. I ate my breakfast alone, Ah Toy waiting on me with almost affectionate care. Several times I caught his eye, and fancied that there was a new light therein. Once I opened my mouth to speak to him, but his finger flew to his lips and his look turned swiftly towards the skipper's berth, that closely-shut room of which I had never seen the inside. As soon as my meal was over I retreated to my cabin, closed the door, and busied myself devising some means of fastening it on the inside. For now I felt sure that for some reason or other Boyesen had been made away with, and in all probability my turn was fast approaching. Is it necessary to say that I felt no want of sleep? Perhaps not; at any rate, I spent the greater part of my watch below in such preparations as I could make for self-defence. My two revolvers now seemed precious beyond all computation as I carefully examined them in every detail, and made sure they were ready for immediate use.

While thus employed a sudden appalling uproar on deck sent my blood surging back to my heart, and, after about a second's doubt, I flung wide the door and rushed on deck, flinging off Ah Toy, who caught at me as I passed his pantry door. Springing out of the cabin, I saw the colossal Chinaman who had boarded us on the previous night standing calmly looking on, while the crew fought among themselves with a savagery awful to witness. I did not see the skipper at first, but glancing down I caught sight of his face distorted beyond recognition by the foot of the huge Celestial, which was planted on his throat. In that moment all my detestation of him vanished. He was a white man at the mercy of Mongols, and drawing my revolvers I sprang towards his foe. Click went the trigger, but there was no flash or report. Both were alike useless, and, my brain working quietly enough now, I realized that the man I would have saved had rendered my weapons useless while I slept, to his own bitter cost. Flinging them from me, I snatched at a hand-spike that lay at my feet; but before I could grasp it the combatants divided, half-a-dozen of my watch flung themselves upon me, and in a minute I was overpowered. Of course I was somewhat roughly handled, but there was no anger against me in the faces of my assailants. As for the giant, he might as well have been carved in stone for all the notice he appeared to take of what was going on.

Two Siamese carefully lashed me so that I could not move, then carried me, not at all roughly, aft to the cabin door and sat me on the grating, where they left me and returned to the fight, which seemed to be a life and death struggle between two parties into which the crew were divided. I have no taste for horrors, and do not propose serving up a dish of them here, although the

"IN A MINUTE I WAS OVERPOWERED."

temptation to describe the wild beast fury of those yellow and black men is very great. But it must suffice to say that those who were apparently friendly to me were the victors, and having disposed of the dead by summarily flinging them overboard, they busied themselves of their own accord in trimming sail so as to run the vessel in towards the coast.

Meanwhile, the gigantic Chinaman whose advent had so strangely disturbed the business of our skipper quietly lifted that unhappy German as if he had been a child and carried him into the cabin. Ah Toy, doubtless ordered by someone in authority, came and set me free, his face fairly beaming upon me as he told me that it was entirely owing to my humane treatment of the fellows that my life had been spared. To my eager questionings as to what was going to be done with the skipper and the ship he returned me but the Shibboleth of the East, "No shabee him; no b'long my pidgin."

I went on with the work of the ship as usual, finding the survivors quite as amenable to my orders as they had ever been, and contenting myself with keeping her on the course she was then making until some way of taking the initiative should present itself. I had given up studying the various problems that had so recently made me feel as if I had gone suddenly mad, and went about in a dull, animalized state, too bewildered to think, and prepared for any further freak of Fate. While thus moodily slouching about Ah Toy came on deck and informed me that the huge Chinaman was anxious to see me in the cabin. Instinctively I felt that whatever, whoever he was, I could not afford to offend him, so I went on the instant, finding him sitting in the main cabin contemplating the lifeless body of Captain Klenck, which lay on the deck by his side. Although prepared for anything, as I thought, I could not repress a shudder of horror at this spectacle, which did not pass unnoticed by the giant. Turning a grave look upon me he said, in easy, polished diction:—

"This piece of carrion at my feet had been my paid servant for the last two years. He was necessary to me, but not indispensable, and he fell into the fatal error of supposing that not only could I not do without him, but that, in spite of the enormous salary I paid him, he could rob me with impunity. I am the senior partner in the Bangkok firm owning this vessel, and also a fleet of piratical junks that range these seas from Singapore to Hong Kong, and prey upon other junks mostly, although wherever it is possible they have no scruples in attacking European vessels. It is a lucrative business, but a good deal of business acumen is needed in order to dispose of the plunder realized. In this the late Captain Klenck was a very useful man, and knowing this we paid him so well that he might very soon have realized a fortune from his salary alone. Now my men, who, as you have seen, without any assistance from me, have easily disposed of the gang Klenck had engaged to further his ends, tell me that they are very fond of you. They say that you have treated them like men, of your own free will, and I am prepared to offer you the command of the *Phrabayat* at the same salary as Klenck enjoyed. What do you say?"

For a moment I was stunned at the story told me, and besides very much annoyed because I hadn't seen it all before. It looked so simple now. But one thing dominated all the rest—who or what was this suave, English educated Celestial, who trafficked in piracy and yet spoke as if imbued with all the culture of the West? He actually seemed as if he read my thoughts, for with something approaching a smile he said:—

"I see you are wondering at my English. I am a graduate of Cambridge University, and was at one time rather lionized in certain fashionable circles in London. But circumstances made it necessary for me to go into this business, which pleases me very well. You have not yet answered my question, though."

"I am aware that I run considerable risk at present by so doing," I replied; "but, in spite of that, I must give you an unqualified refusal. I am rather surprised at your offer!"

A look of genuine astonishment came over his face as he said, "Why? Surely you are not so well off that you can afford to play fast and loose with such a prospect as I hold out to you?"

Then, as if it had suddenly dawned upon him, he shrugged his shoulders and murmured, "I suppose you have some moral scruples. Well, I do not understand them, but for the sake of my foolish men I suppose I must respect them. There is one other point, however, upon which I think you can enlighten me or help me. This carrion here," and he kicked contemptuously at the skipper's dead body, "has secreted quite a treasure in pearls and gold, and I cannot now compel him to tell me where. Did you enjoy his confidence at all?"

I hastened to assure my questioner that nothing could well be farther from the late skipper's thoughts than to place any confidence in me; but, as I was speaking, I suddenly remembered the odd-looking key I had picked up, and diving into my pocket I produced it, saying, "This may open some secret locker of his. I found it on deck last night just after the trans-shipment of cargo in the middle watch."

"THE GIANT LIFTED THE PRISONER OUT OF HIS HOLE."

His eyes gave one flash of recognition, and he said, quietly, "I know that key. Come, let us see what we can find by its aid."

Then, for the first time, I saw the inside of the skipper's state-room. No wonder he kept it fast closed. It was honeycombed with lockers of every shape and size. But, strangest of all, there were three rings in the deck as if to lift up level-fitting hatches. These took my eye at once, and upon my pointing them out the Chinaman stooped and essayed to lift one. He had hardly taken hold of the ring, though, when he saw a keyhole at one edge, and muttering, "I didn't know of this, though," he tried my key in it. It fitted, unlocking the hatch at once. But neither he nor I was prepared for what we found. There in a space not more than 4ft. square and 5ft. deep was a white man, a stranger to me. The giant at my side reached down and lifted the prisoner out of his hole as if he had been a child, and, placing him gently on a settee, regarded him with incurious eyes. He was just alive, and moaning softly. I called Ah Toy, who evinced no surprise at seeing the stranger; but after he had brought some water at my order and given the sufferer some drink, he told me that this was the missing mate. Ah Toy asisted me to get the unfortunate man into my berth, where I left him to the ministrations of the steward, while I hurried back to the skipper's state-room. When I reached it the calm searcher had laid bare almost all its secrets.

Boyesen, the second mate, was there, looking like a man just awaking from a furious debauch, and blinking at the light like a bat. And around him on the deck were heaped treasures beyond all my powers of assessment. But their glitter had no effect upon me. I suppose I must have been saturated with surprises, so that my clogged brain would absorb no more. I turned to Boyesen and offered him my hand, which he took, and by assistance crawled out of that infernal den, leaving the Chinaman to sort out his wealth.

I tried hard to get some explanation of the second mate's strange disappearance from him, but in addition to his habitual taciturnity he was in no condition to talk, so after a few minutes' ineffectual effort I left him and returned on deck. Ah, how delightful was the pure air. I drew in great draughts of it, as if to dispel the foulness of that place below; I looked up at the bright sky and down at the glittering sea, over which the *Phrabayat* was bounding at the rate of six or seven knots an hour, and blessed God that I was still alive, and for the moment forgot how great was the danger still remaining.

Far ahead I could see the loom of the China coast. By my reckoning she would be in touch with the land before nightfall if the present fresh breeze held—and what then? A sudden resolve came upon me to ask the evident master of my destinies; for although I felt quite sure that any compunction for whatever sufferings we white men might endure would be impossible to him, there would be a certain amount of satisfaction in knowing his intentions. I turned to go and seek him, but he was standing by my side. Without waiting for me to speak to him he said, gravely:—

"In a few hours I hope to reach the creek where my agents are waiting to trans-ship the cargo. What then will happen depends largely upon yourself. Should you persist in refusing to take command of this vessel it may be the easiest plan to cut your throat, as you would be greatly in the way. Of course, your two companions would be disposed of in the same manner. But for the present, if you will have the goodness to call the hands aft, there are some precautions to be taken with reference to the valuables you have seen, which represent the loot that Captain Klenck anticipated making off with presently. That reminds me——" and, disappearing from my side, he slid rather than walked below. I called the hands aft, walking to the break of the poop as I did so. As I stood looking down on to the main deck my late companion appeared with the skipper's body in his arms, which he cast over the lee-rail as if it had been a bundle of rags.

Then turning to the waiting crew he gave a few quiet orders, and at once they began preparing the two boats for lowering. Some of them dived below and brought up armfuls of small boxes, bags, and mats, within which coarse coverings I knew were concealed that mass of wealth lately exposed upon the deck of the state-room below.

Quite at a loss what to do, I stood listlessly watching the busy scene, until I suddenly remembered the two white men below, who had been so strangely rescued from an awful death. And as I was clearly not wanted on deck I went into the cabin, finding, with the first thrall of satisfaction I had felt for a long time, that they were both rapidly mending. It is hardly necessary to say that I soon found the stranger to be my

predecessor, whose mysterious disappearance had worried me not a little. Neither he nor Boyesen were able to talk much, had they been willing, but I learned that they had both incurred the wrath of the skipper from having obtained too much knowledge of his proceedings, that they had both been drugged (at least, only in that way could they account for his being able to deal with them as he had done), and they had suffered all the torments of the lost until the yellow giant had let in the blessed daylight upon them again. But neither they nor I could understand why the skipper had not killed them off-hand. That was a puzzle never likely to be unravelled now. Neither of them appeared to take a great deal of interest in the present state of affairs, certainly not enough to assist me in concerting my plans for our safety. I was quite satisfied that we were in no immediate danger, so that I was content, having established a bond of good-fellowship between us, to wait until they were more fit for active service.

We sat quietly smoking and dropping an occasional word, when a sudden hurried pattering of bare feet overhead startled me. I rushed on deck, roused at last into something like vigorous interest, to find that all hands were quitting the ship. We were now some twenty miles (by my estimate) from the land, and what this sudden manœuvre could mean was beyond me until, looking astern, I saw a long smoke-wreath lying like a soft pencil smudge along a low mass of cumulous cloud. Not one of the departing heathen took the slightest notice of me as they shoved off, so I darted out, snatched up the glasses, and focused them on the approaching steamer. I could not make her out, but I felt sure it was her advent that had rid us of our parti-coloured masters. Down I went and told the invalids what had happened, begging them, if they could, to come on deck and lend a hand to get her hove-to, so that the steamer might the more rapidly overhaul us. Boyesen managed to make a start, but the late mate was too feeble. And Ah Toy, to my surprise, also showed up. I had no time to ask him why he had not gone with the rest, but together we hurried on deck, finding that a thick column of smoke was rising from the main hatch—those animals had set her on fire! There were, of course, no boats, and unless that vessel astern got in some pretty good speed we stood no bad chance of being roasted alive. However, we rigged up an impromptu raft, after letting go all the halyards so that her way might be deadened —we knew better than to waste time trying to put out such a fire as was raging below.

Why enlarge upon the alternations of hope and fear until the *Ly-ee-moon*, Chinese gunboat, overhauled us? She did do so, but not until we were cowering on the taffrail watching the hungry flames licking up the mizzen-rigging. And when rescued I would not have given a dozen "cash" for our lives, but that the gunboat had an Englishman in command, to whom I was able to tell my story. He put the coping-stone upon my experiences when he told me that he had been watching for the *Phrabayat* for the past six months, having received much information as to her doings. And he used language that made the air smell brimstone when he realized that, after all, his prize had escaped him. I told him all I could, it was not much, of the disappearance of the crew, but he was indifferent. He "didn't expect to clap eyes on 'em any more," he said. Nor did he. Where they landed or whether they sank no one but themselves knew. And we three unfortunate wretches were landed in Hong Kong three weeks afterwards almost as bare of belongings as when we began the world. Ah Toy fell on his feet, for he shipped in the gunboat as the Commander's servant upon my recommendation.

I had all the experience of the China coast I wanted, and shipped before the mast in a "blue-funnelled" boat for home two days after, glad to get away on any terms. The two Danes went their way and I saw them no more.

A Wizard of Yesterday.

By Arthur Morrison.

Author of "Cunning Murrell," "Tales of Mean Streets," etc., etc.

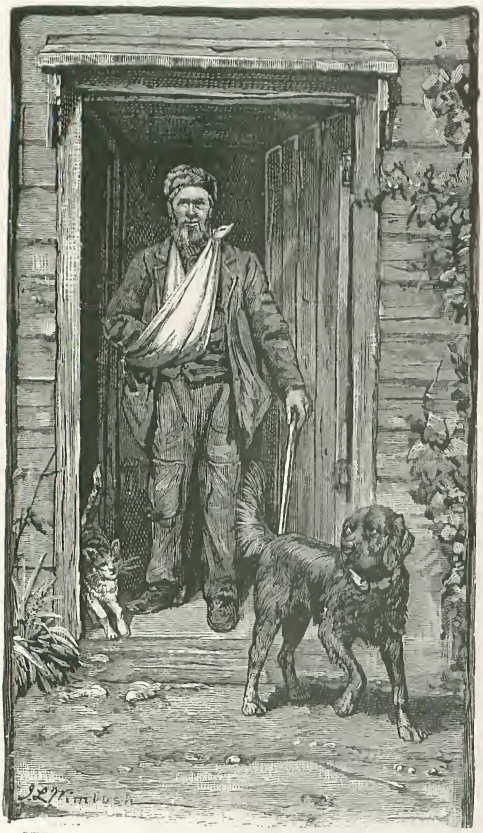
WHEN first I came upon the records and remembrances of Cunning Murrell, the Essex wizard who died forty years back, and when first I resolved to write a story about him, it seemed to me that some might find it hard to believe that such a man, practising such arts and wielding such influence, could have lived so recently within so short a distance of London. For I came upon those records at a time when we were all very much enlightened and very loftily scornful of all superstitions, as well as of our benighted fathers who believed in witches and the like. But that was ten years ago, or more, and now I see half-a-dozen business-like advertisements of astrologers and divers seers of other sorts on the front page of my morning paper, all through the London season. And I read in a law-case report that a lady can make an income of four figures in Bond Street by seizing her customers by the wrist, staring earnestly over their heads, and prophesying. So that perhaps my necromancer will not be voted an impossible monster, after all.

From a] CUNNING MURRELL'S COTTAGE. *[Photograph.*

Cunning Murrell lived at Hadleigh, then, and indeed till nine or ten years ago, a very different place from what the Salvation Army colony and rows of horrible yellow brick shops have since made it. I have made many holidays in remote parts of Essex, where, ten years ago, places and people were still in the eighteenth century as regards aspect, costume, habits, and modes of thought. One of these places was Hadleigh, where, making a sketching excursion with my friend, Mr. J. L. Wimbush, the painter, who illustrates this article, we came on the tales and relics of the wizard.

Witches, an old lady told us, were to exist in Leigh for a hundred years, but in Hadleigh there were to be three for ever, and in Canewdon as many as nine; and this was the prophecy of Cunning Murrell.

James Murrell died at Hadleigh in 1860. At different times he had followed the more common trades of shoemaker, surveyor, and chemist's still-man; but the most of his life was given to astrology, quack doctoring, exorcism, veterinary surgery, and the casting out of devils. He was the seventh son of a seventh son, he cured with charms, he divined the lurking places of lost property, he laid spells upon thieves until they restored their plunder. By the tales we heard there never was such a mighty magician before, out of the Arabian Nights Entertainments. He was miraculously transported from place to place in the night. He made a wonderful glass wherewith a man might see through a brick wall; he could do anything, cure anything, and know anything, past, present, or future, and it was his daily boast that he was the devil's master. In short, he was a white man-witch, and his powers many living men and women still testified to through all Essex.



STEPHEN CHOPPEN, WHO FORGED THE WITCH-BOTTLES.

The Castle Inn was at that time kept by a Mr. Cracknell, a very intelligent and obliging landlord, who I am sorry to say has now been dead some years, like too many more of my old Essex friends. He remembered Murrell well when he — Cracknell — was a boy, and he pointed out to us, among other things, the cottage which the cunning man had occupied. It was an ordinary, clap-boarded, two-floored little cottage, one of a row of half-a-dozen or so, and it was in the little room into which the front door opened, now bright and clean and comfortable, that the wizard had received his clients and pursued his works, amid walls hung about thick with the herbs that he was always gathering. The tenants, charming old people near the nineties, knew and believed in the wizard wholly. They told us of his marvellous cures, his amazing recoveries of linen stolen from hedges, his surprising prophecies by aid of the stars, and his triumphant overthrowal of the wicked designs of witches. For Cunning Murrell, they would have us know, was a white and lawful wizard, who warred against the powers of darkness with all his might, and it was no sin to employ the arts of a man like him. They told us, moreover, of the famous case of Sarah Mott, a young woman so devil-possessed and afflicted by witchcraft that she ran round tables without being able to stop, and walked about on the ceiling head downwards, like a bluebottle, till Cunning Murrell destroyed the witch's power over her and drove out the demon that possessed her. And, again, they told us of the iron witch-bottles made for Murrell by Choppen the smith, in which were placed blood, water, finger-nails, hair, and pins; which bottles, when screwed up air-tight, were set on the fire by way of process against witches, and frequently burst with great success and devastation, thus signalizing the destruction of the diabolical influence. How he prophesied that a descendant should arise endowed with his own mystic powers,

FORGING THE FIRST WITCH-BOTTLES.

and how his son still lived and worked on a farm at Thundersley, a peaceful and ignorant labourer, though he still owned many of his father's books and instruments.

It seemed that an interesting find might be before us in the way of books and records. The story of Murrell did not surprise me, for did I not know well that a woman was swum for a witch in Essex as late as 1876? There may, indeed, have been later cases. There is one case, however, only a dozen years earlier, which anybody can verify for himself, because there was a coroner's inquest on the victim, and a trial, reported in the newspapers. It was in 1864 that an old man suspected of witchcraft was swum at Castle Hedingham, and died from the violence.

On our way to discover the wizard's son we called on Mr. Stephen Choppen, the smith who had made the witch-bottles. He was long retired from the smithy, and was living in his own little house on the village outskirts. He is alive and well, I hope, still—I saw him so but a month or two back—but now he has left his pretty little house because his wife died and left him lonely. And the smithy wherein he made the bottles is gone and one of the terrible new shops stands on the site. Steve Choppen had no witch-bottle to show us, for the last had been exploded long ago, but he had the cunning man's spectacles—a quaint and clumsy instrument, with circular glasses and ponderously thick iron rims. The narrowness of the space between the sides showed the wizard's head to have been a small one, and, indeed, he was an extremely small man in every way, by the descriptions of a dozen people.

Steve Choppen had his anecdotes, also, told with a terse humour of his own. He was not a superstitious man, but he admitted that the first of the witch-bottles gave him trouble in the forging, for which he could not account. The iron wholly refused to be welded—till Cunning Murrell arrived and blew the fire, when all went well. I have made use of this incident in my recently-published story, together with others with which I became acquainted at various times. So much for the first of the bottles. The last vanished in a way that Steve Choppen described somewhat thus:—

"BANG! GOES THE BOTTLE."

"Old Buck Murrell—that's the son you're going to see; his name's Edward, but every-

one calls him Buck—old Buck Murrell, though he can't as much as read, after his father died he got an idea to do a bit o' hocus-pocus on his own account, just to keep up the family reputation. So he finds a chap as suspects a witch, an' he gets the last o' the bottles the old man had left, an' he makes it ready and fills it up just as his father used to do. 'You mustn't speak a word,' says he to the chap, 'else you'll spoil the charm,' an' with that he shoves the bottle on the fire. Now this bottle must ha' been one o' my best, an' it holds the bilin' stuff an' steam in for a long time, they two a-sittin' either side the grate a-waitin'. Presently the other chap gets impatient, and says he, 'I don't believe this here bottle's a good 'un.' 'Danged!' shouts Buck, 'you've spiled the charm!' An' at that 'BANG!' goes the bottle, an' bundles the pair on 'em over neck an' crop on the floor, down comes all the pots an' kettles with a run, an' when they gets enough sense in 'em to look round they finds the whole chimney-breast blowed up, mantelpiece, grate an' all, an' pretty nigh one side o' the house fetched out. That was the end o' the last bottle, an' old Buck Murrell, he aren't been in the witchcraft line since."

The bottle that ended in this ignominious devastation nevertheless had provided, soon after its making, a striking example of the overpowering influence of superstitious fear. Soon after it had cooled Steve Choppen and some of his friends disrespectfully christened it in beer. One after another took a pull from it, till it came to the turn of the bellows-boy. When he had drunk, some wag began solemnly to "chaff" the lad, and others took it up. "Nobody wouldn't give much for *your* chance o' bein' an old man, Jim," they said; "a-helpin' to make the thing first, an' now a-drinking bewitched beer out of it." It was an empty enough piece of chaff, lightly enough said, but it is a fact that it terrified the wretched boy, who went home, sickened, and never came to the smithy again; for in a little while he died.

In Mr. Cracknell's trap we drove to Thundersley to find Buck Murrell, and there, after something of a hunt, we sighted him at last, working in a field. He was a short, sturdy old fellow, with a shock head of loose, white hair, and nothing about him to betoken so near relationship to the formidable mystic who had held a county in awe for a long lifetime.

"BUCK MURRELL WAS FOUND WORKING IN A FIELD."

He was not a bit haughty, moreover; on the contrary, a hint of a pint of "mild" brought him away from his work with great alacrity, and soon Buck Murrell was the most important person in Thundersley, surrounded by admiring friends, and waxing eloquent on the exploits of his father. He defied us, or anybody else, to name anything that his father couldn't do—anything in the whole universe.

"My father, genelmen, knowed more'n any o' the doctors an' parsons in England. There warn't a witch as could stand him, where-ever he went. Books, sir—why, bless you, I've got books as nobody couldn't read—nobody but my father. Often they've tried—doctors an' genelmen as claims to read anythin'—but no. Herbs, sir? aye, my father knowed every herb as growed. Herbs? ah, that he did."

"He cured 'em, Buck, den't he?" observed an admirer. "Ague and rhematiz an' such, down in t' marshes, eh?"

"Cured 'em? Ay, there warn't nothin' as my father couldn't cure—just as you might be

a-sittin' there, sir. There was a Mr. Bird—he come to my father paralyzed an' eat up wi' scurvy. My father he says summat or does summat, an' Mr. Bird he stands up as healthy as me, an' gets a-hossback to ride home. Mr. Bird, sir, he puts down ten pound on the table—ten gold suvrens on the spot, genelmen. So says my father, 'No,' says he, 'it aren't cost me nothin', sir, an' it sha'n't cost you!' But says Mr. Bird, 'Take it, Mr. Murr'll,' says he—the gentry folk always respected my father—'Take it, Mr. Murr'll, I sha'n't touch it agen,' says he, 'an' if you don't take it it'll be lost'—an' out he goes." And Buck Murrell applied himself again to his mug.

Many queer reminiscences were pumped out of the depth of the old man's memory by the united force of the assembled company — strangely mingled anecdotes of the cunning man; totally impossible myths being mingled with narratives of the simplest and most natural performances—all seeming equally wonderful in the eyes of the simple rustics. How, in a case pronounced incurable, he effected a cure by a charm which took seven years in operation, the operator never seeing the patient, nor, indeed, knowing where he might be, in the meantime; and how he had astounded the village constable (who had received a tremendous "turn" on suddenly coming upon the wise man standing ghost-like in a field studying the heavens) by naming a star and pointing it out, catalogued in a book. All about the wonderful glass with which one could see through a brick wall, which glass his father had enjoined Buck to keep, but to obtain which some gentleman curiously inclined had basely tempted him with half a sovereign —successfully; and how this same gentleman afterwards met poetic justice by swallowing another half-sovereign, which killed him. This glass, by the way, had once been the subject of a private examination and taking apart at the hands of Steve Choppen, who informed me that it was nothing but a clumsily home-made arrangement of bits of looking-glass, such as might once have been bought at a toy-shop.

"STUDYING THE HEAVENS."

We brought the talk round to the matter of the present whereabouts of the books and papers, and it turned out, at last, that they were all in a chest, which chest was in a former lodging of Buck Murrell's at Hadleigh. And so we all went back to Mr. Cracknell's trap, to redeem the chest by payment of the debt that kept it from its owner. And on the way Buck Murrell undertook, by vague and complicated argument, to prove the existence of witchcraft now and for all time. The evil angels, said Buck, in effect, were cast out of Heaven, as we have it on indisputable authority. There is no record of their ever being received back again; consequently they must be somewhere—and there you are.

When at last the old wooden chest stood in the parlour of the Castle Inn, Buck Murrell unlocked it with a hushed and awful respect. All that was in this chest and other things as well had been circumspectly buried in the back garden of the cottage, after the cunning man's death, by his landlord. After this complete interment, the landlord, confident of having done a public service in putting out of the way for ever all the devilish and mischievous machinery of the departed wizard, went home, and Buck Murrell dug everything up again, and here most of it was.

The lid was lifted and set back. Within was the most confused jumble of dusty, heaped-up books and papers that mind's eye can picture; a jumble that the old man

regarded with as much awe as pride. Even as I afterwards found that many of the villagers regarded simple old Buck Murrell himself, whom they were ever careful to avoid displeasing.

Then came our plunge into that dusty old box, and our inspection of the heaps of

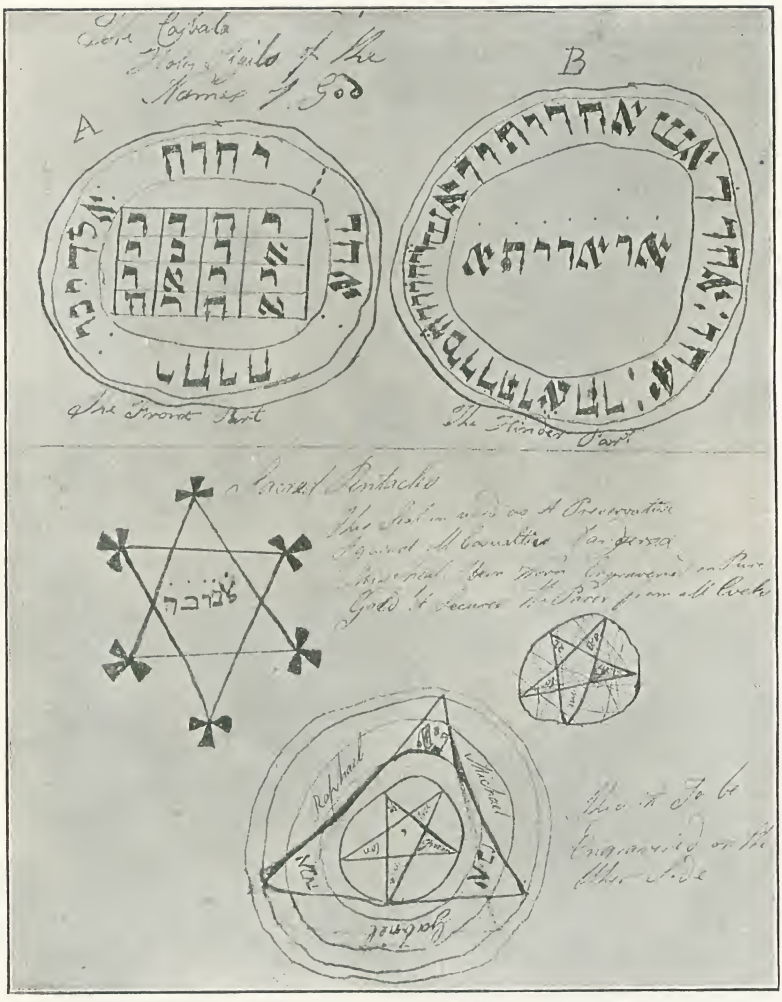
"THEN CAME OUR PLUNGE INTO THAT DUSTY OLD BOX."

letters and papers—all the sorrow and sickness and bedevilment of Essex any time from ninety to forty years ago. Not to mention much of that of Kent, and even some in London.

There were many books of astrology, astronomy, and tables of ascensions; many old medical books and botanical and anatomical plates. A Bible and a Prayer-book, "New Tables of the Motions of the Planets, 1728"; many more such books, all adorned with numerous manuscript notes; and on the fly-leaves of "Hackett's Astronomy" Cunning Murrell had worked out the times of eclipses of the sun to the year 1912.

In the books of medical and herbal recipes Murrell had made a very large number of additions and alterations. Nicholas Culpepper's knowledge and authority were freely challenged, and his statements as to quantity and preparation corrected, in the wizard's small and crabbed handwriting. Particular care had been taken in all these books to indicate exactly at what hour and on what day various herbs were to be gathered and at what time prepared. The old gentleman also evidently had the courage of his opinions in matters of astrology, for numerous copies of Raphael's almanac, dated between 1806 and 1850, were scrawled over and corrected in matters of prediction. If I spoke of one of these almanacs Buck Murrell would release his pipe from his mouth and say, "Almanacs, sir? Ah, my father could *make* almanacs, he could. He den't care for nobody, did my father; he was the devil's master, genelmen!"

But the main interest of the whole collection lay in the manuscripts. Of these the first and chief were certain unbound home-made books, dealing with conjurations, astrology, and geomancy. The largest of these was a good-sized quarto of about fifty pages, with the title, "The book of Magic and Conjurations." The book set out with a particularization of the various angels of the planets and their functions on different days. Then many pages were devoted to a setting forth in straggling diagram of the sigils, spirits, intelligences, seals, and characters of the planets, with sacred pentacles and other cabalistic signs. Accompanying these were notes directing how the figures should be employed as talismans and amulets, and upon what metals they must be engraved. Two of these pages are here reproduced in facsimile. The rest of the book was a recital of the conjurations to be used in different circumstances and on different days—the terms of which tended to confirm Buck



A PAGE OF THE BOOK OF CONJURATIONS, WITH SIGILS AND PENTACLES.

Murrell in his oft-repeated assurance that his father was a good wizard and not a dealer with the devil — "the devil's master," in fact, not his servant. Here is the general "conjuration of Wednesday," exactly as written and spelt:—

"I Conjure and Call upon you ye Strong and Holy Angels Good and Powerfull in a Strong Name of Fear and Praise, Ja, Adonay, Elohim, Saday, Saday, Saday; Eie, Eie, Eie; Asamie, Asamie; and in the Name of Adonay the God of Israel who hath made the Two Great Lights and Distinguished Day from Night for the benefit of his creatures and by the names of all the Discerning Angels Governing Openly in the Second House, before the great angel Tetra, Strong and Powerfull, and by the name of his star which is called Mercury and by the name of his Seal which is that of a Powerfull and Honoured God; and I call upon thee Raphael and by the names (abovementioned) thou Great Angel who presidest over the Fourth Day and by the Holy Name which is written in the front of Aaron created the Most High Priest and by the names of all the Angels who are constant in the Grace of Christ and by the name of Ammalium that you assist me in my labours."

Two other of these manuscript books were something of a large duodecimo in size, but much thicker than the book of magic and conjurations. When I opened the first of these, Buck Murrell, doubtless recognising an old friend, said: "Now, there's a book, sir—that's a bit beyond ye, I'll bet. Doctors can't read he, nor nobody. That's witchcraft, sir, that book!"

It was not witchcraft, but astrology. A great mass of observations and notes on almost every possible combination of the planets, all in the familiar crabbed handwriting, with here and there a horoscope in diagram.

The other small book was one of geomancy. This was the art which Murrell used to find lost property and coerce thieves into restitution. A great deal was claimed for this system of divination—so much, in fact, as to make one wonder that the wise man had any necessity for astrology. It would "resolve any question or doubt whatsoever"; it would "tell truth from falsehood and the place of anything." The system was a complicated and obscure one. The

names of the persons seeking information, of the articles lost, and of any other chief element in the "doubt or question," were written out, and various numerical values were assigned to the letters; these numerical values were manipulated until a symmetrical little group of noughts and crosses was evolved, and the shape, number, and disposition of these noughts and crosses conveyed to the eye of the seer the solution of the difficulty. The noughts seemed to convey the good and the crosses the bad auguries. The book contained a large number of examples of these signs, as they might occur in matters of fortune-telling, with their meanings. Here is a copy of one of these auguries—a pleasant one to read, being the most favourable the book contained—all noughts:

o o o o o o
 o   o o   o
o o   o o o o
 o   o o   o

Question.	Answer.
Life	Long.
Money	Very fortnte.
Honour	Good.
Busyness	Fortunate.
Marriage	Fortunate.
Children	Daughter.
Sickness	Health.
Journey	Good.
Things lost	Found.

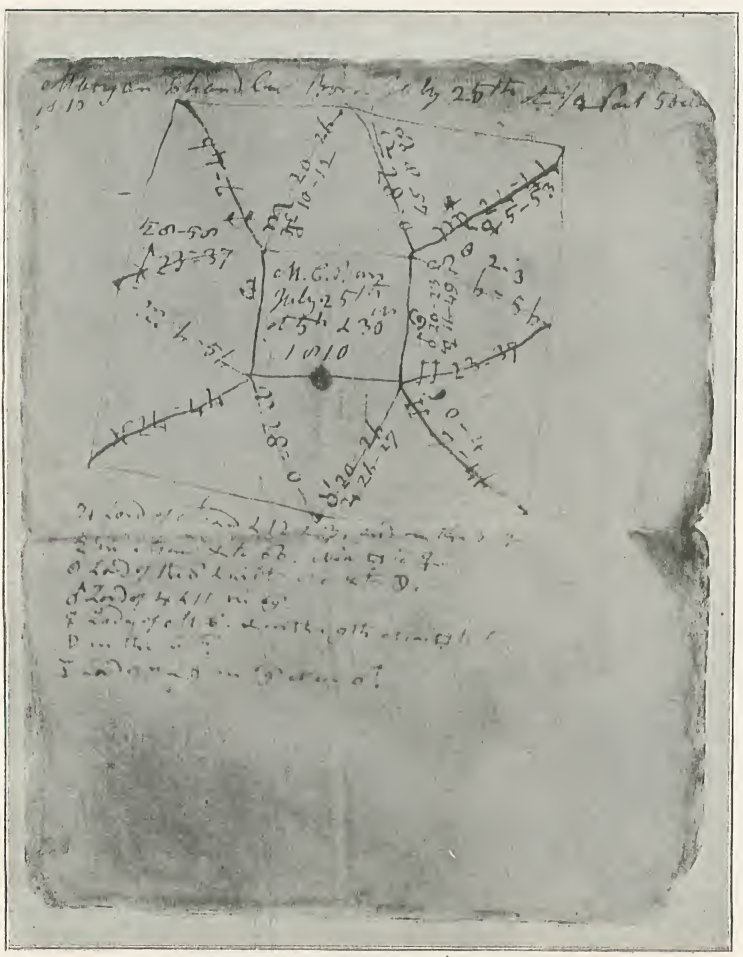
While I was copying this, and the form of conjuration previously set down, Buck Murrell neglected his beer and regarded my proceedings with respectful uneasiness. I have a notion that he rather feared that my copying might deprive the books of some part of their mystic virtues.

Among the immense heap of odd letters and scraps of paper there must have been hundreds of slips used for the geomantic process. One side of a piece of paper would be covered with strokes in groups of from two to six, each group being terminated by a dot, these strokes expressing the values of the letters in the question, and the whole being concluded by the result, something in this fashion:—

×
o o
× o
o o

Then there would follow, probably on the other side of the paper, an elaborate form of conjuration, calling upon all the angels of the day to afflict the thief (should it be a case of a thief) with miscellaneous discomforts until the plunder were restored.

In this same immense heap of odd scraps of paper there was a large and wonderful variety. Cunning Murrell did much writing and calculation, and he used whatever piece of paper came to hand—an envelope, the back of an old letter, a tradesman's bill, or



A SPECIMEN OF CUNNING MURRELL'S HOROSCOPES.

anything at all that was paper. Any number of loose sheets contained horoscopes — Murrell must have cast a scheme of nativity for almost everyone in South Essex in his time. Many other scraps, again, contained exorcisms and conjurations. Among them I came upon the "whole bag of tricks" employed in the case of Sarah Mott, as to whose bewitching and subsequent relief from evil influence I had heard from an old lady in the district. First there was Sarah Mott's scheme of nativity. Then there was another horoscope, cast for the exact moment of her first evil seizure. After this there was an immensely long conjuration calling upon the great Tetragrammaton and the whole host of Heaven to "drive out from Sarah Mott all evil spirits in the service of the Devil and to punish the witch who had put the harm upon her, but ten thousand times more to scarify and torture all the spirits of evil in bitterness of Great Wrath." The end of all this, apparently, having been satisfactory, an amulet was next provided for her subsequent protection, and on still another piece of paper appeared the "charm and conjuration to bless" this amulet, and "to prevent all evil spirits that have power to hurt said Sarah Mott, whether directed by Sarah Dropty or any other witch or wizard."

Marian Tretfords, too, had "tormented and bedevilled and bewitched and laid devilish powers on Benjamin Brown," wherefore mighty powers were called upon to "dispel all the wicked enchantments and spells, and scatter them like chaff and dust and feathers before the wind."

Then there were conjurations for any number of other purposes. George Abrams had promised to marry Susannah Sewell and failed of his pledge. Whereupon Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were adjured to bring the said George Abrams back, and allow him no peace on earth till he should marry said Susannah Sewell.

Cunning Murrell kept little bits of private information, too, in this chest. Any particulars of the life or circumstances of anybody whatsoever which came to his ears were carefully noted down, and then, should it ever chance that this person or any of his connections came for cunning advice, Mr. Murrell could startle his client with his knowledge, and secure another undoubting disciple.

And in the midst of all this hocus-pocus, all this extraordinary farrago of trickery and real knowledge of thaumaturgic systems, were two other carefully cherished manuscript books. They were two of Cunning Murrell's school books of a century back. One was "James Murrell his Copy Book," and the other "James Murrell's Ciphering." On the cover of the smudgy copy-book the guileless school-boy had stuck a picture of a Prussian hussar at full gallop, cut from a sheet of "penny plain and twopence coloured" figures, and on the unoccupied spaces of the ciphering book the man of mystic lore, years afterwards, had worked horoscopes and divinations by geomancy.

I had wondered at a mere village cobbler possessing the knowledge of mathematics, astronomy, and botany which many of Murrell's notes and manuscripts displayed, but my wonder had been somewhat lessened by Buck's information that his father had been a stillman at a London chemist's. Now I found an indenture which set forth that, after his release from school, James Murrell was bound, for a premium of £10, to a surveyor, Mr. G. Emans, of Burnham. I also found another paper, dated 1823, which showed that the wise man was not above the petty afflictions of common humanity, and, in fact, had "had the brokers in" for a year's rent — £4 — of the cottage at Hadleigh.

Then the letters! Never was raked together such a heap of superstition, credulity, anxiety, and touching faith. Who would expect to see among the correspondence of a "wise man" in a dark corner of Essex many letters from an educated woman living in Eaton Square, asking for astrological predictions, charms for sickness, and the fate of lost articles? Yet here they were. And after all, Cunning Murrell probably came cheaper than a Bond Street palmist or clairvoyant of to-day.

Marvellous faith in Murrell's healing powers was testified by long sequences of letters from all parts, often reporting either no change in the patient or one for the worse, yet breathing no syllable of doubt, but praying for more charms, more herbs, more spells, more anything to save the sick and dying. Many were the quaintnesses in the various letters. "I have took the powder it made me verrey quear in the stummuk pleas send sum more," said somebody, and another letter ran :—

"Mr. Murls i have rote these few lines to ask you if you can tell us weather their is aney mony or Not hid in my fathers garden he is bin ded 4 years name william duce of mayland pleas say how much and what to pay you."

Another letter, with a superscription to the

postman—"haste haste with all speed," was from someone who reported that the devils had not yet been driven out of the house, and there was still so heavy a smell and smoke of sulphur that all windows had to be left open.

Here is a quaintly pathetic letter from Mary Ann D——, whose name I will not print in full in case she or the one she so loved still lives in some quiet cottage in her part of the country, where few seem to die younger than eighty :—

"Sir,—The spring is nearly gone but no sign of happiness for me yet. Deceit deepens upon me. The one I most wish to see happy is unsettled ; some trouble presses upon his mind. Send me word whether I shall ever see him and tell him I am true.

"Speak openly to the person who brings this. Tell her the truth.

"And I will repay you,

"Mary Ann D——."

But to describe or even to catalogue half the queer notes and scraps in this old chest would fill a small book. The odd recipes, the memoranda of the character, ages, and circumstances of all kinds of people, the letters inclosing "some more hair and finger-nails," the entreaties of the true lovers upon whose feelings Cunning Murrell played as upon a dulcimer, the requests of farmers to destroy the bedevilment which was upon their cows and crops—all would defy enumeration within reasonable limits.

A phial or two of some sort of powder and one or two queer little tin instruments, the use whereof no man knows, were all else in the box beside the papers and books. Other memorials of Murrell have been scattered about the county ; Mr. Philip Benton, the historian of the district—now dead—had two human skulls phrenologically marked, and certain of the wizard's books ; and still, ten years ago among the old women and the farm servants of Rochford Hundred the name of Cunning Murrell was one of awe.

We closed the chest and turned to Buck—the simple heir to all the glamour and mystery, to a certain amount of the awe. There he sat, good simple soul, with his pipe and his mug of ale, and his shock head of white hair, placidly happy in the importance of his redoubtable father, and proud in the interest shown in him so long after his death.

Buck Murrell told us of this death, and still with pride. On his deathbed his father held learned disputations with the Reverend John Godson, the curate, and maintained the reality of his mystic powers to the last. He triumphed over spiritual advisers with Talmudic and cabalistic questions, and to his daughter he prophesied the moment of his death precisely, a day and a few hours before it came to pass.

There at the east side of the little Norman church of Hadleigh Cunning Murrell lay, with twenty of his children about him, and Buck Murrell showed us the place ; for it was marked by no stone—not even by the humblest wooden memorial. Even the mounds had sunk, and nothing but a brighter green in the turf marked the place of each grave. And now I believe not even that remains.

Many other things I learned of Cunning Murrell later, and of many of the people he lived with ; so many, indeed, that I wrote a story about it all, with Cunning Murrell's name for title, and I trust that if any of my old Essex friends recognise themselves in my book they will not think I have treated them unkindly ; for, indeed, they have all been very kind to me, and not least those who are now gone beyond reach of my thanks.

"You know now about my father, sir," said Buck Murrell. "Remember, sir, he were a good man—enemy to all witches, an' the devil's master. He never *put on*—he took off. Remember that, sir." And I have tried to remember it well.

The Night Run of the "Overland."

By Elmore Elliott Peake.

IT snowed. The switch-lamps at Valley Junction twinkled faintly through the swirling flakes. A broad band of light from the night-operator's room shot out into the gloom, and it, too, was thickly powdered. Aside from this, the scattered houses of the little hamlet slept in darkness—all save one.

Through the drawn curtains of a cottage which squatted in the right angle formed by the intersecting tracks, a hundred yards or more from the station, a light shone dully. Inside, a young woman with a book in her lap sat beside a sick-bed. On the bed lay a young man of perhaps thirty.

"ON THE BED LAY A YOUNG MAN."

They were not an ordinary couple, nor of the type which prevailed in Valley Junction. The rugged strength of the man, which shone through even the pallor of sickness, was touched and softened by an unmistakable gentleness of birth; and the dark eyes, which rested motionless upon the farther wall, were thoughtful and liquid with intelligence. The young woman was yet more striking. Her loose gown, girdled at the waist with a tasselled cord, only half concealed the sturdy, sweeping lines of the form beneath. Her placid, womanly face was crowned with a glorious mass of burnished auburn hair. Her blue eyes, now fixed solicitously upon her husband's face, were dark with what seemed an habitual earnestness of purpose, and her sweet mouth drooped seriously. After a moment, though, she shook off her pensive mood. "What are you thinking of, dear?" she asked, with a brightening face.

"Of you," answered her husband, gravely, tightening his grasp upon the hand she had slipped into his. "Comparing your life in this wretched place, Sylvia, with what it was before I married you; and thinking of that wonderful thing called 'love,' which can make you content with the change."

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The young woman bent forward with a little spasmodic movement, and laid her beautiful hair upon the pillow beside her husband's dark strands. For a little she held herself in a kind of breathless tension, her hand upon his farther temple, her full, passionate lips pressed tight against his cheek.

"Not content, my heart's husband, but happy!" she whispered, ecstatically. After a moment she lifted herself and quietly smoothed her ruffled hair. "I mustn't do that again," she said, demurely. "The doctor said you were not to be excited. I guess I won't allow you to think any more on that subject, either," she added, with pretty tyranny. "Only this, Ben—papa will forgive us some day. He's good. Just give him time. Some day you'll put away your dear, foolish pride, and let me write to him, and tell him where we are—no matter if he did forbid it. And he'll write back, take my word for it, and say, 'Come home, children, and be forgiven.' But whether he does or not, I tell you, sweetheart, I would sooner flutter about this little dovecote of ours, and ride on the engine with you on bright days, than be mistress of the finest palace papa's money could build."

For a moment the pair looked the love they could not speak. Then the spell was broken by the distant scream of a locomotive, half-drowned in the howling wind. Sylvia glanced at the clock.

"There's the 'Overland,'" she murmured. "She's three minutes late. The wind is dead against her. Some day, dear," she added, fondly, "you will hold the throttle of that engine, if you want to, and I shall be the proudest girl in the land."

With a fine unconscious loyalty to the corporation which gave them bread and butter they listened in silence to the dull roar of the on-coming train. But instead, a moment later, of the usual thunderous burst as the train swept by, and the trembling of earth, they heard the grinding of brakes, the whistle of the air, and then, in the lull which followed, the thumping of the pump, like some great, excited heart. At this unexampled occurrence the sick man threw his wife a startled glance, and she sprang to the front window and drew back the curtain. She was just turning away again, still unsatisfied, when there came a quick, imperative rap at the door. Instantly connecting this rap with the delayed train, Sylvia flung the door wide open, revealing three men, the foremost of whom she recognised as the night-operater at the Junction.

"Mrs. Fox," he began, with nervous haste, "this is the general superintendent, Mr. ——"

"My name is Howard, madam," said the official for himself, unceremoniously pushing forward. "We are in trouble. Our engineer had a stroke of apoplexy fifteen miles back, and I want your husband to take this train. I know he's sick, but——"

"But he's too sick, sir, to hold his head up!" Sylvia exclaimed, aghast.

"What's the trouble?" called Fox, sharply, from his bed.

An instant's hush fell over the little group at the door, and then they all, as if moved by one impulse, filed quickly into the sick room.

"Mr. Fox, I hate to ask a sick man to get out of bed and drive a train," began the general superintendent, hurriedly, before Sylvia could speak. "But we're tied up here hard and fast, with not another engine-driver in sight; and every minute that train stands there the company loses a thousand dollars. If you can drive her through to Stockton, and will, it will be the best two hours' work that you ever did. I will give you five hundred dollars."

Fox had at first risen to his elbow, but he now sank back, dizzy and trembling from weakness. In a moment, though, he was up again. "I can't do it, Mr. Howard! I'm too sick!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "If it weren't a physical impossibility—if I weren't too dizzy to hold my head up——"

He broke off abruptly, and pressed his hand in a dazed way to his brow. Then he fixed his excited eyes upon his wife. The other men followed his gaze, plainly regarding him as out of his head. But Sylvia turned pale, and leaned against the wall for support. She had caught her husband's meaning.

"She'll take the train, sir!" exclaimed Fox, eagerly; "and she'll take it through safe. She knows an engine as well as I, and every inch of the road. Sylvia, you must go. It is your duty."

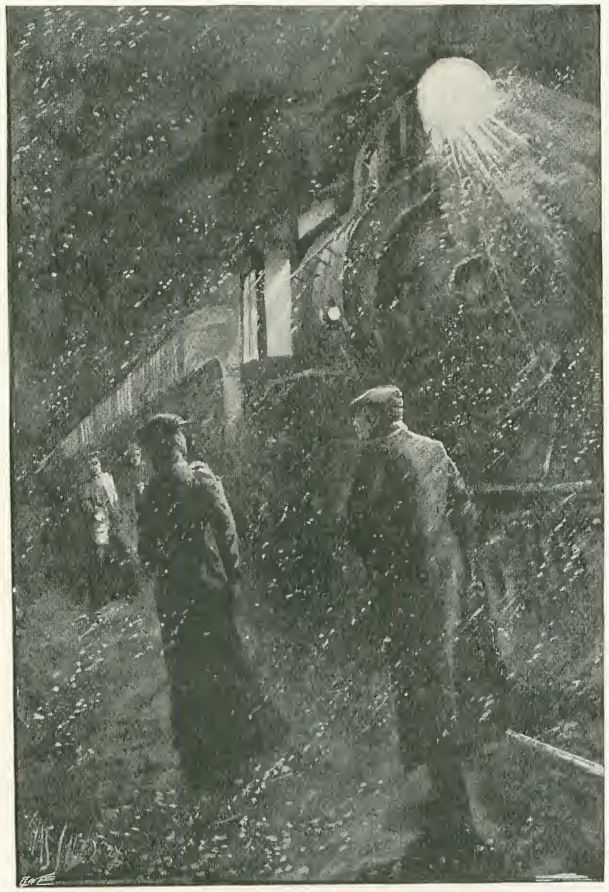
The superintendent, staggered at this amazing proposition, gasped, and stared at the young woman. She stood with her dilated eyes fastened upon her husband, her chest rising and falling, and blood-red tongues of returning colour shooting through her cheeks. Yet even in that crucial moment, when her little heart was fluttering like a wounded bird, something in Sylvia's eye—something hard and stubborn—fixed the sceptical superintendent's attention, and he drew a step nearer. Sylvia, with twitching

nostrils and swelling throat, turned upon him almost desperately.

"I will go," she said, in a low, resigned voice. "But someone must stay here with him."

"This young man will attend to all that, never fret," cried Howard, gaily, in his relief, turning to the night-operator.

Whatever doubts the superintendent may have harboured yet of the fair engine-driver's nerve and skill were plainly removed when Sylvia returned from an inner room, after an absence of scarcely sixty seconds. An indomitable courage was stamped upon her handsome features, and she bore herself with the firm, subdued mien of one who knows the gravity of her task, yet has faith in herself for its performance. One of her husband's caps was drawn down tightly over her thick hair. She had slipped into a short walking-skirt, and as she advanced she calmly but swiftly buttoned her jacket. Without hesitation she stepped to the bedside and kissed her husband good-bye.



"SYLVIA STOOD BENEATH THE GREAT, BLACK HULK OF IRON AND STEEL."

"Be brave, girl!" he said, encouragingly, though his own voice shook. "You have got to make seventy-five miles an hour, or better; but you've got the machine to do it with. Give her her head on all the grades except Four-Mile Creek—don't be afraid!—and give her a little sand on Beechtree Hill. Good-bye—and God keep you!"

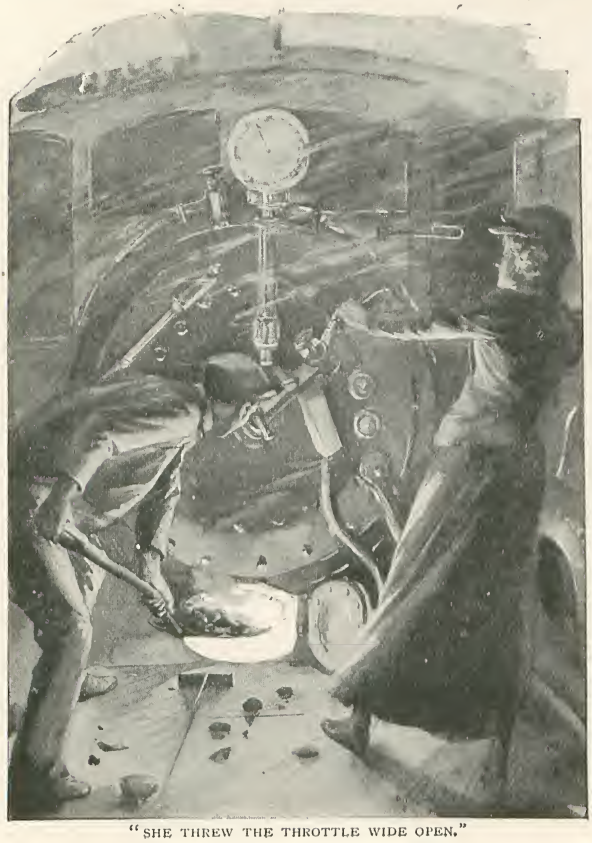
As Sylvia stood beneath the great, black hulk of iron and steel which drew the "Overland"—compared with which her husband's little local engine was but a toy—and glanced down the long line of mail, express, and sleeping-cars, laden with human freight, her heart almost failed her again. The mighty boiler towered high above her in the darkness like the body of some horrible antediluvian monster, and the steam rushed angrily from the dome, as though the great animal were fretting under the unaccountable delay, and longed again to be off on the wings of the wind, rending the tempest with its iron snout, and awakening the sleeping hills and hollows with its hoarse shriek.

"You are a brave little woman," she heard the superintendent saying at the cab-step: "don't lose your nerve—but make time, whatever else you do. Every minute you make up is money in the company's pocket, and they won't forget it. Besides," he added, familiarly, "we've got a big gun aboard, and I want to show him that a little thing like this don't flustrate *us* any. If you draw into Stockton on time, I'll add five hundred dollars to that cheque! Remember that." And he lifted her up to the cab.

The fireman, a young Irishman, stared at Sylvia as she stepped into the cab as though she were a banshee; but she made no explanations, and, after a glance at the steam and the water gauges, climbed up to the engineer's high seat. The hand she laid upon the throttle-lever trembled slightly—as well it might; the huge iron horse quivered and stiffened, as if bracing itself for its task;

noiselessly and imperceptibly it moved ahead, expelled one mighty breath, then another and another, quicker and quicker, shorter and shorter, until its respirations were lost in one continuous flow of steam. The "Overland" was once more under way.

The locomotive responded to Sylvia's touch with an alacrity which seemed almost human, and which, familiar though she was with the work, thrilled her through and through. She glanced at the time-table. They were twelve minutes behind time. The twenty miles between the Junction and Grafton lay in a straight, level line. Sylvia determined to use it to good purpose, and to harden herself at once — as, indeed, she must — to the dizzy speed required by the inexorable schedule. She threw the throttle wide open, and pushed the reverse-lever into the last notch. The great machine seemed suddenly animated with a demoniac energy, and soon they were shooting through the black, storm-beaten night like an avenging bolt from the hand of a colossal god. The head-light—so dazzling from in front, so insufficient from behind—



"SHE THREW THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN."

danced feebly ahead upon the driving cloud of snow. But that was all. The track was illuminated for scarcely fifty feet, and the night yawned beyond like some engulfing abyss. Sylvia momentarily closed her eyes and prayed that no unfortunate creature—human or brute—might wander that night between the rails.

The fireman danced attendance on the fire, watching his heat and water as jealously as a doctor might watch the pulse of a fevered patient. Now the furnace-door was closed, now it hung on its latch; now it was closed again, and now, when the ravenous maw within cried for more coal, it was flung wide open, lighting the driving cloud of steam and smoke above with a spectral glare.

Sylvia worked with the fireman with a fine intelligence which only the initiated could understand; for an engine is a steed whose speed depends upon its driver. She opened or closed the injector, to economize heat and water, and eased the steam when it could be spared. Thus together they coaxed, cajoled, threatened, and goaded the wheeled monster until, like a veritable thing of life, it seemed to strain every nerve to do their bidding, and whirled them faster and faster. Yet, as they flashed through Grafton — scarcely distinguishable in the darkness and the storm—they were still ten minutes behind time. Sylvia shut her lips tightly. If it were necessary to defy death on the curves and grades ahead, defy death she would.

The sticky snow on her glass now cut off Sylvia's vision ahead. It mattered little, for her life and the lives of the sleeping passengers behind were in higher hands than hers, and only the All-seeing Eye could see that night. Another train ahead, an open switch, a fallen rock or tree—one awful crash, and the engine would become a gridiron for her tender flesh, while the palatial cars behind, now so full of warmth and light and comfort, would suddenly be turned into mere shapeless heaps of death. Yet Sylvia cautiously opened her door a little, and held it firmly against the hurricane while she brushed off the snow. At the same time she noticed that the head-light was burning dim.

"The head-light is covered with snow!" she called to the fireman.

The young fellow instantly drew

his cap tighter, braced himself, and swung open his door. At the first cruel blast, the speed of which was that of the gale added to that of the train, he closed his eyes and held his breath; then, taking his life in his hands, he slipped out upon the wet, treacherous running-board of the pitching locomotive, made his way forward, and cleared the glass. Sylvia waited with bated breath until his head appeared in the door again.

"Fire up, please!" she exclaimed, nervously, for the steam had fallen off a pound.

As the twinkling street-lamps of Nancyville came into view Sylvia blew a long blast. But there was no tuneful reverberation among the hills that night, for the wind, like some ferocious beast of prey, pounced upon the sound and throttled it in the teeth of the whistle. The Foxes shopped in Nancyville—they could shop fifty miles from home as easily as fifty rods—and the town, by comparison with Valley Junction, was beginning to seem like a little city to Sylvia. But to-night, sitting at the helm of that trans-Continental train, which burst upon the town like a cyclone, with a shriek and a roar, and then was gone again all in a breath, she scarcely recognised the place; and it seemed little and rural and mean to her, a mere eddy in the world's great current.

"HE MADE HIS WAY FORWARD AND CLEARED THE GLASS."

One-third of the one hundred and forty-nine miles was now gone, and still the "Overland" was ten minutes behind, and it seemed as if no human power could make up the time. They were winding through the Tallahula Hills, where the road was as crooked as a serpent's trail. The engine jerked viciously from side to side, as if angrily resenting the pitiless goading from behind, and twice Sylvia was nearly thrown from her seat. The wheels savagely ground the rails at every curve, and made them shriek in agony. One side of the engine first mounted upward, like a ship upon a wave, then suddenly sank, as if engulfed. One instant Sylvia was lifted high above her fireman, the next dropped far below him.

Yet she dared not slacken speed. The cry of "Time! Time! Time!" was dinned into her ears with every stroke of the piston. Her train was but one wheel—nay, but one cog on one wheel—in the vast and complicated machine of transportation. Yet one slip of that cog would rudely jar the whole delicate mechanism from coast to coast. Indeed, in Sylvia's excited fancy, the spirit of world-wide commercialism seemed riding on the gale above her, like Odin of old in the Wildhunt, urging her on and on.

Something of all this was in the mind of the fireman, too, in a simpler way; and when he glanced at his gentle superior from time to time, as she clung desperately to the arm-rest with one hand and clutched the reverse-lever with the other, with white, set face, but firm mouth and fearless eye, his blue eyes flashed with a chivalric fire.

The train dashed into Carbondale, and Sylvia made out ahead the glowing head-light of the east-bound train, side-tracked and waiting for the belated "Overland," her engine-driver and conductor doubtless fuming and fretting. For the first time during the run Sylvia allowed a morbid, nervous fear to take

hold of her. Suppose the switch were open! She knew that it *must* be closed, but the sickening possibility presented itself over and over again, with its train of horrors, in the brief space of a few seconds. She held her breath and half closed her eyes as they thundered down upon the other train; and when the engine lurched a little as it struck the switch her heart leaped into her mouth. The suspense was mercifully short, though, for in an instant, as it were, they were past the danger, past the town, and once more scouring the open country.

In spite of the half-pipe of sand which she let run as they climbed Beechtree Hill—the last of the Tallahulas—it seemed to Sylvia as if they would never reach the summit and as if the locomotive had lost all its *vim*. Yet the speed was slow only by contrast, and in reality was terrific; and the tireless steed upon whose high haunch Sylvia was perched was doing the noblest work of the night. At last, though, the high level of the Barren Plains was gained, and for forty miles—which were reeled off in less than thirty minutes—they swept along like an albatross on the crest of a gale, smoothly and almost noiselessly in the deadening snow.

Sylvia suspected that the engine was doing no better here than it did every night of the year, and that when on time. Yet when she glanced from the time-table to the clock, as they clicked over the switch-points of Melrose with a force which seemed sufficient to snap them off like icicles, she was chagrined to discover that they were still eight minutes behind. They were now approaching the long twelve-mile descent of Four-Mile Creek, with a beautiful level stretch at the bottom through the Spirit River Valley. Sylvia came to a grim determination. Half-a-dozen times previously she had wondered, in her unfamiliarity with heavy trains and their magnificent speed, if she were falling short of or exceeding the safety limit; and half-a-dozen times she had been on the point of appealing to the fireman. But her pride, even in that momentous crisis, had restrained her; and, moreover, the time-table, mutely urging her faster and faster, seemed answer enough. But just before they struck the grade the responsibility of her determination—contrary, too, to her husband's advice—seemed too much to bear alone.

"I am going to let her have her head!" she cried out, in her distress.

The fireman did not answer—perhaps he did not hear—and, setting her teeth, Sylvia assumed the grim burden alone. The ponderous locomotive fell over the brow of the hill, with her throttle agape, and the fire seething in her vitals with volcanic fury. Then she lowered her head like a maddened bull in its charge. The long, heavy train, sweeping down the sharp descent, might fitly have been likened to some winged dragon flying low to earth, so appallingly flight-like was the motion. It seemed to Sylvia as though they dropped down the grade as an aerolite drops from heaven—silent, irresistible, awful, touched only by the circumambient air.

All Sylvia's familiar methods of gauging speed were now at fault, but she believed that for the moment they were running two miles to every minute. The thought that a puny human hand—a woman's hand, moreover, contrived for the soft offices of love—could stay that grand momentum, seemed wildly absurd; and as Sylvia, under the strange lassitude born of her deadly peril, relaxed her tense muscles and drowsily closed her eyes, she smiled, with a ghastly humour, at the trust of the sleeping passengers in *her!*

She was rudely shaken out of her lethargy as the train struck a slight curve half-way down the grade. The locomotive shied like a frightened steed, and shook in every iron muscle. The flanges shrieked against the rails, the cab swayed and cracked, and the very earth seemed to tremble. For a moment the startled girl was sure they were upon the ties, or at least had lost a wheel. But it was only the terrible momentum lifting them momentarily from the track, and in a few seconds—though every second meant 150ft.—the fire-eating behemoth righted itself. Yet its beautiful equilibrium was gone; and, as if abandoning itself to its driver's mad mood, the engine rolled and pitched, and rose and fell, like a water-logged vessel in a storm. The bell, catching the motion, began to toll; and the dolorous sound, twisted into weird discord by the gale, fell upon the ears of the pallid engine-driver and fireman like the notes of a storm-tossed bell-buoy sounding the knell of the doomed.

The young fireman, who up to this time had maintained a stoical calm, suddenly sprang to the floor of the cab, with a face torn by superstitious fear.

"What if she leaves the rails?" he cried.

But instantly recovering himself he sprang back to his seat, with the blood of shame on his cheeks.

"Am I running too fast?" shouted Sylvia.

"Not when we're behind time!" he doggedly shouted back.

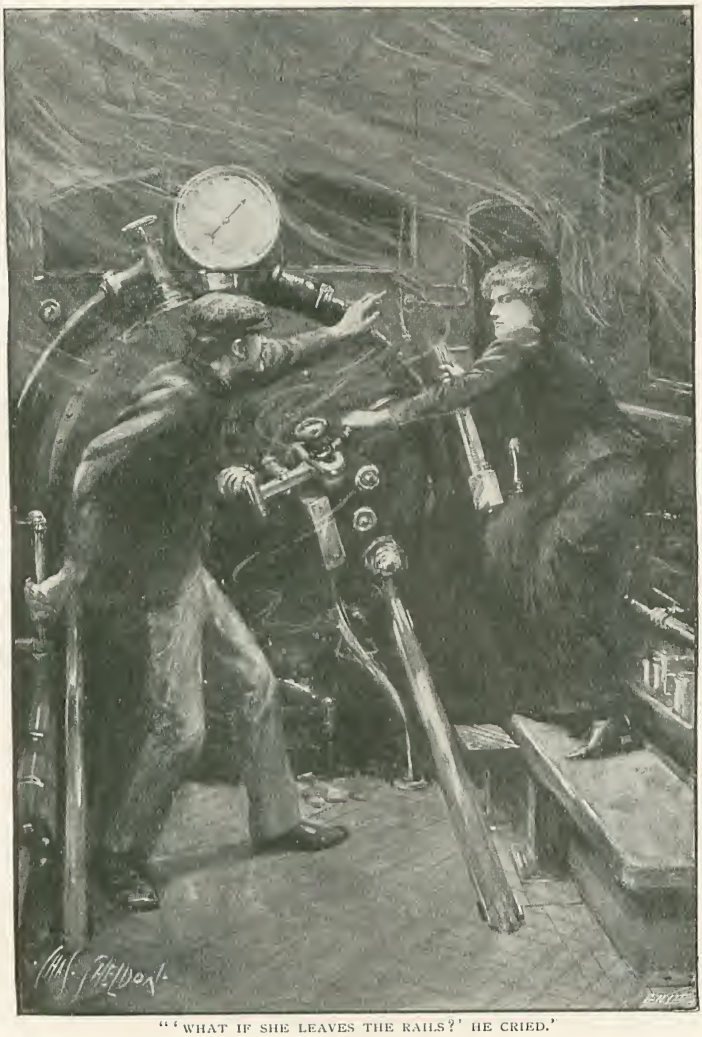
As the track became smoother the engine grew calmer; but its barred tongue licked up the flying space for many a mile before the momentum of that perilous descent was lost. As the roar of their passage over the long bridge spanning the Mattetunk, twenty miles from Stockton, died away, the fireman called out cheerily:—

"On time, madam!"

His voice reached Sylvia's swimming ears faint and distant as she nodded dizzily on her seat, bracing herself against the reverse-lever.

Meanwhile, in the general superintendent's private car, at the extreme rear of the train, a party of men still sat up, smoking their Havanas and sipping their wine. One member of this party was the "big gun" mentioned to Sylvia by the general superintendent – the president of the Mississippi Valley, Omaha, and Western Railway. He was a large man, with luxuriant, snow-white hair; and though his face was benevolent, even paternal, every line of it betrayed the inflexible will which had lifted its owner from the roof of a freight car to the presidential chair of a great road.

Mr. Howard, the general superintendent, was regaling the party with an account of his experience in securing a substitute engineer at Valley Junction. For reasons afterward divulged, he suppressed, though, the



"'WHAT IF SHE LEAVES THE RAILS?' HE CRIED."

most startling feature of his story: namely, the sex of the engine-runner he had secured. But he compensated his hearers for this omission with a most dramatic account of the heroism of the sick man, whom he unblushingly represented as having risen from his bed and taken charge of the engine.

Mr. Staniford, the distinguished guest, listened quietly until Howard was done. "Charlie, you are a heartless wretch," he observed, smiling; and when Howard protested, with a twinkle in his eye, that there was no other way, the president added: "If it had been on my road, I should have held the train all night rather than drag a sick man from his bed."

"We all know how many trains are held all night on your road, Staniford," answered Howard, laughing. "Do you happen to remember the story of an ambitious young engine-driver who picked himself up out of a wreck with a broken arm, and stepped into a new engine, and drove his train through to the end of the run?" he asked, significantly.

"I was young then and working for glory, and no superintendent ordered me to do it, or I should probably have refused," said Staniford, good-naturedly. He added, soberly: "These engineers are a heroic set, and, Charlie, sometimes I think we don't always do them justice."

"I'll do this one justice," answered Howard, warmly.

The party dropped off to bed, one by one. The general superintendent himself finally rose and looked at his watch. As he turned and made his way forward his careless expression gave way to one of concern. His mind was evidently on the gentle engine-runner. Possibly he had recurring doubts of her skill and courage; but perhaps the fact that he had daughters of his own gave his thoughts, as much as anything else, a graver turn. Three cars ahead he met the conductor, who also seemed a little nervous, and they talked together for some moments. The train, at the time, was snapping around the choppy curves in the Tallahula Hills like the lash of a whip, and the two men had difficulty in keeping their feet.

"Fast, but not too fast, Dackins?" observed the superintendent, half inquiringly.

"What I call a high safety," answered the conductor.

"But fearful in the cab, eh?"

"Nothing equal to it, sir," rejoined Dackins, drily.

Howard started back toward the private car about the time the train struck Beechtree Hill. He paused in a vestibule, opened the door, and laid his practised ear to the din outside. Then he gently closed the door, as if to slam it might break the spell, and complacently smiled. When the train reached the level of Barren Plains, and the sleepers ceased their swaying and settled down to a smooth, straightaway motion -- that sure annunciator of high speed—the superintendent rubbed his palms together very much like a man shaking hands with himself. When he got back to his car he found Mr. Staniford still up, smoking, and leaning back in the luxurious seat with half-closed eyes. Staniford motioned Howard to sit down beside him, and laid his hand familiarly on the latter's knee.

"Confound you, Charlie, you've got that sick engineer on my heart, with your inflammatory descriptions, for which you probably drew largely on your imagination. I have been sitting here thinking about him. Confess, now, that you exaggerated matters a little."

The superintendent chuckled like a man who knows a thing or two, if he only chose to tell. "Well, I did, in one respect; but in another I fell short." He paused for effect and then continued, exultingly: "Staniford, I've got the best railroad story to give the papers that has been brought out in years, and if I don't get several thousand dollars' worth of free advertising out of it, my name isn't C. W. Howard. The best of it is, it's the gospel truth."

"Let's have it," said Staniford, smiling.

"Well, between you and me, that man Fox was a mighty sick man—too sick to hold his head up, in fact." Howard paused inquiringly as Staniford turned sharply, and gave him a glance.

"Fox, did you say?" asked Staniford. "What is his first name?"

"I don't know. He's a tall, smooth-faced man, with dark hair and eyes. Rather intelligent-looking. What do you know about him? He's a comparatively new man with us."

The old man's fingers trembled slightly as he flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't know that I know him," he answered, in a constrained tone. "If he's the man I have in mind, he's all right. Go on."

"Ever run on your road?" inquired Howard, deliberately.

"Yes, yes. But that has nothing to do with it," returned Staniford, with strange impatience. "Go on."

"Well," continued the superintendent,

with a mildly curious glance at his companion, "he was altogether too sick to pull a plug. But it seems that his wife has been in the habit of riding with him, and knows the road and an engine as well as he does. To come to the point—and this is my story, which I didn't tell the boys for the sake of their nerves," he added, with sparkling eyes —"the 'Overland' at this moment is in the hands of a girl, sir—Fox's wife!"

It seemed a long time before either man spoke again. Howard stared in blank amazement at the pallid face of the president, unable to understand the old railroader's agitation, and unwilling to attribute it to fear from being in the hands of an engine-driver who might lose her head. Then Staniford took the other's hand, and held it in an iron grip.

"Charlie, it's my own little baby girl!" he said, huskily.

Howard was familiar with the story of the elopement of Staniford's daughter with one of the M. V., O., and W. engineers, and the situation flashed over him in an instant. After a moment — during which, as he afterwards confessed, he could not keep his mind off the added sensation this new fact would give his advertising story — he said, enthusiastically: "She's a heroine, Staniford, and worthy of her father!"

During the perilous descent of Four-Mile Creek the private car rocked like a cradle, and cracked and snapped in every joint. Staniford clung helplessly to Howard's hand, with the tears trickling down his cheeks. When the bottom was at last reached and the danger was over—the danger at the front —the president drew his handkerchief and wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow. The ex-engine-driver knew the agony through which his child had passed.

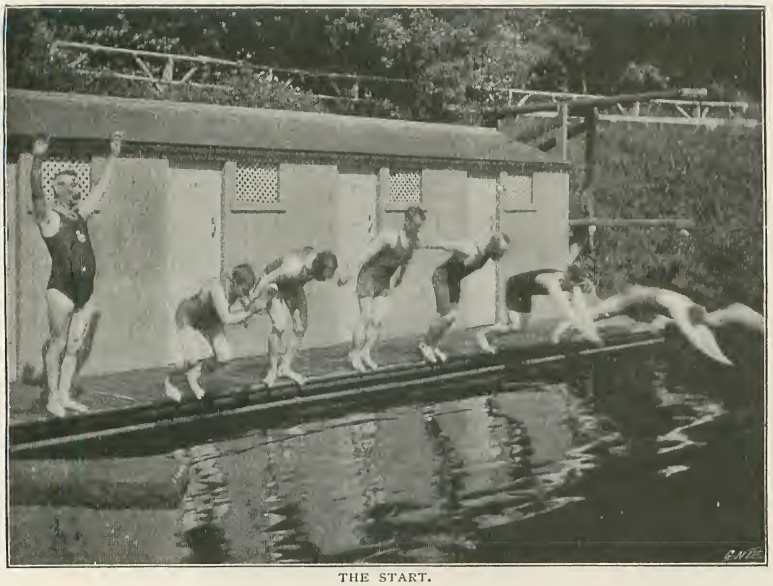
The operator at Valley Junction had flashed the news along the wire, and when the "Overland" steamed up to the union depôt in Stockton, at 1.07, twenty seconds ahead of time, a curious and enthusiastic throng of layover passengers and railroad men pressed around the engine. When Sylvia appeared in the gangway, her glorious, sun-kissed hair glistening with melted snow, and her pale face streaked with soot, the generous crowd burst into yells of applause. The husky old veteran runner who was to take the girl's place stepped forward by virtue of his office, as it were, and lifted Sylvia down. For a moment she reeled, partly from faintness, partly from the sickness caused by the pitching of the locomotive. Then she saw pushing unceremoniously through the throng the general superintendent and — she started and looked again — her father!

"SYLVIA APPEARED IN THE GANGWAY."

When President Staniford, struggling to control his emotion, clasped his daughter to his bosom, her overstrained nerves gave way under the double excitement; and, laying her head wearily upon his shoulder, and with her hands upon his neck, she began to cry in a choked, pitiful little way. "Oh, papa, call me your dear little red-head once more!" she sobbed.

An Extraordinary Swimming Race.

By Albert H. Broadwell.



THE START.

FOR downright enjoyment and exhilarating fun there are few things that will compare with the comic swimming race depicted here with all the graphic powers of an expert snap-shot photographer at his best.

To Mr. W. Tyrell Biggs, the moving spirit of the Tunbridge Wells "Cygnus" Swimming Club, belongs the fundamental idea of the "top-hat-clothes-and-umbrella-race," and he very kindly arranged for such a race to take place in order that "Strand" readers might enjoy the fun from afar, and, maybe, organize similar contests for the benefit of local charities or their own personal pleasure.

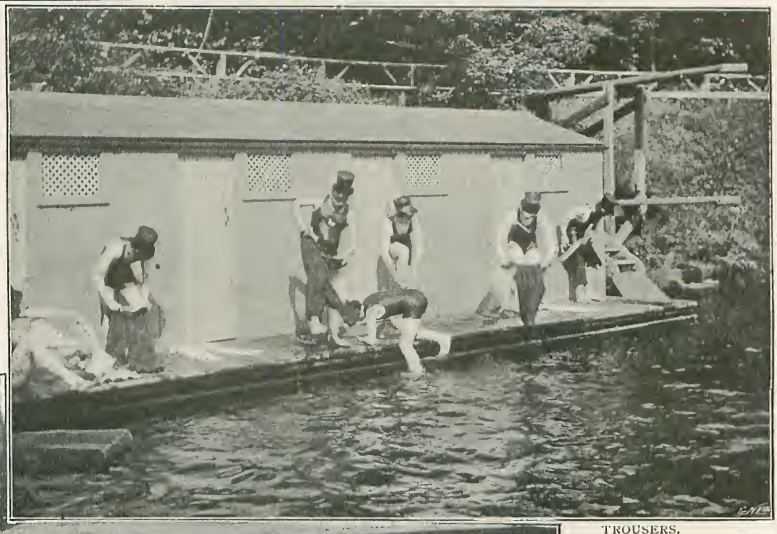
The rules of the game, as laid down by Mr. Biggs, are as follows: Competitors start from the deep end of the bath in which the contest takes place and swim to one end, where they scramble on to the bank or platform, whichever it may be, and where they have to put on their respective hats. With these on they dive into the water and swim to another side of the bath, where they must select their trousers, which latter have to be put on as securely as the hurried circumstances will allow, when they have to dive again and swim back to where their hats were formerly, in order to appropriate their respective coats. No sooner are these donned than another dive takes place, and competitors are required to swim to a fresh resting-place, where umbrellas are placed in readiness for them. These must be opened, another header must be taken with all accessories complete, and the swimmer who first reaches the shallow end—in this case the final goal—is awarded a prize.

HATS.

HATS ON.

"Competitors are not allowed to use steps, if any exist; they must scramble on to the platforms as best they can." This rule is evidently designed in order to make the race a fair one, as no sufficiency of steps would be found in any bath to allow of all competitors using them at the same time.

"Umbrellas have to be opened before the last dive takes place, otherwise the users thereof will be disqualified." This stringent rule, it may be added, generally results in the partial and often total wreck of the poor "gamp," to the huge merriment of the onlookers.



TROUSERS.

COATS.

The last rule reads: "Each article of wearing apparel has to be correctly put on before entering the water."

Now that the principal points of the race have been made clear we will proceed to explain the various photos,

OFF AGAIN.

In the first picture on the opening page of this article we have a splendid snap-shot of the first dive. Competitors are dressed in conventional bathing suits only, and they make a dash for dear life, or rather dear hats, at the bank opposite. There is much to be done in the few short minutes that follow, for each and everyone is eager to possess his hat at the very earliest possible moment. A hat is so easy to put on that much may be gained by securing it as soon as possible, so as to give more time for the heavier work of slipping on dry clothes upon a wet skin. The scramble for hats is, therefore, a tremendous affair. The coveted objects are plainly discernible almost within arm's reach of eager competitors.

Unlike the familiar cry of "hats off," this is distinctly a case of hats on, hence a quick turn, and a wild dive for the next halting-place. Lo, here floats one hat and there floats another. "Which is mine?" and "Which is the other man's?" Such are the cries heard on every side; it is like a second scramble for hats. The wretched things have such an awkward way of bobbing up and down, and just out of reach, that much bad temper would result were it not for the phenomenal good humour of the competitors.

Puffing heavily and almost dead-beat, yet laughing and chaffing each other unmercifully, the swimmers reach the "trouser bank." Some sit down, some stand up, others crouch in comical attitudes, all eager to slip on the resisting things in the shortest time on record. Here, however, it is again a case of "more haste less speed," for in the hurry of the business numerous entanglements take place and the loss of time is serious. In pops one and then another—and here we may well wonder at the artist's quickness; the attitude of the dive in mid air is really short of marvellous, considering the exciting circumstances under which the

UMBRELLAS.

picture was taken. The rest of the competitors follow, until the last has gone on his laborious way to the "coat bank."

UMBRELLAS UP.

On they plod, hard and panting, and finally the "coat bank" is reached; a scramble, a rush here and a rush there, the wrong garment is snapped up in a twinkling and thrown down again in half the time; the right one is secured—it sticks everywhere, and will not settle down as a decent coat should do. A pull, a stretch, and flop! another plunge.

A wild race from the bank ensues; coats grotesquely inflated with air give the swimmers the appearance of tortoises or whales, or other and more mysterious monsters of the deep, and, what is more, they handicap the wearers tremendously; in that case the punishment fits the crime, for had the garments been put on properly, as stated in the rules of the game, progress would have been easier.

Here the wild enthusiasm of the crowd knows no bounds; every group has its own

COMING HOME.

THE CONQUERING HERO.

favourite; they all expect him to win, of course, and the din of vociferous encouragements is well-nigh deafening. Up scramble the competing swimmers and back they splash into the water, for the bank here is difficult to negotiate. Yet within a yard or two stand the "gamps" unmoved in all their glory, stuck into the soft turf ready for the eager grasp which will wrench them out of their resting-place with scant ceremony.

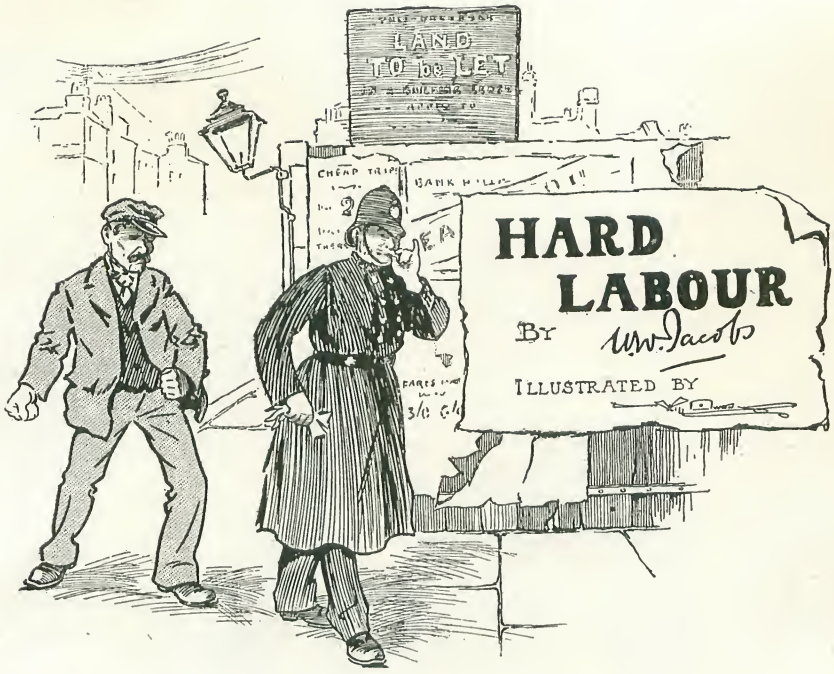
"Open them, open them," comes from all parts, and there is a reluctant pause, for some of the ancient things are rusty and will not spread as quickly as could be desired. Click, click, click, one after the other they snap and spread wide open, and then begins the most amusing period of the whole business. If my readers will pause for a moment or so, and imagine themselves diving into a bath with their clothing on and umbrellas opened, they may gain some idea of what the operation is like. By the way, I gathered that there are tricks of the trade in this business as in most, for there are several ways of diving with open umbrellas held aloft: these are the "dropping" process, the "tilting" process, the "let-go" process, the "hold-hard" process, and the "never-care-what-may-happen" process. Several of these interesting processes were used, but they nearly all resulted in havoc, distortion, and in some cases the utter disfigurement, of the umbrellas.

In the last picture but one we have a back view of the winner, who is appropriately called the "conquering hero." His coat has hardly the most fashionable fit, but his hat is well set, while his umbrella is a total wreck, though he has brought it—or rather, what remains of it—safely through its terrible ordeal.

The concluding photograph shows a group of our brave competitors "after the race," and they looked well pleased with themselves.

That the spectators of this exciting contest were hugely delighted goes without saying, and we cannot but recommend this amusing pastime to the secretaries of swimming clubs the world over; they in their turn will no doubt have reason to be grateful to Mr. Tyrell Biggs for his ingenuity.

THE COMPETITORS AFTER THE RACE.



POLICE-CONSTABLE C 49 paced slowly up Wapping High Street in the cool of the evening. The warehouses were closed, and the street almost denuded of traffic. He addressed a short and stern warning to a couple of youths struggling on the narrow pavement, and pointed out—with the toe of his boot—the undesirability of the curbstone as a seat to a small maiden of five. With his white gloves in his hand he swung slowly along, monarch of all he surveyed.

His complacency and the air with which he stroked his red moustache and side-whiskers were insufferable. Mr. Charles Pinner, ship's fireman, whose bosom friend C 49 had pinched, to use Mr. Pinner's own expressive phrase, a week before for causing a crowd to collect, eyed the exhibition with sneering wrath. The injustice of locking up Mr. Johnson, because a crowd of people whom he didn't know from Adam persisted in obstructing the pathway, had reduced Mr. Pinner to the verge of madness. For a time he kept behind C 49, and contented himself with insulting but inaudible remarks bearing upon the colour of his whiskers.

The constable turned up a little alley-way between two small pieces of waste ground, concerning the desirability and value of which as building sites a notice-board was lurid with adjectives. Mr. Pinner was still behind; he was a man who believed in taking what life could offer him at the moment, and something whispered to him that if he lived a hundred years he would never have such another chance of bonneting that red-whiskered policeman. There were two or three small houses at the end of the alley, but the only other living person in it was a boy of ten. He looked to be the sort of boy who might be trusted to smile approval on Mr. Pinner's contemplated performance.

C 49's first thought was that a chimney had fallen, and his one idea was to catch it in the act. He made a desperate grab even before pushing his helmet up, and caught Mr. Pinner by the arm.

"Leggo," said that gentleman, struggling.

"Ho," said C 49, crimson with wrath, as he pushed his helmet up. "Now you come along o' me, my lad."

Mr. Pinner, regretting the natural impulse which had led to his undoing, wrenched himself free and staggered against the fence which surrounded the waste ground. Then he ducked sideways, and as C 49 renewed his invitation coupled with a warning concerning the futility of resistance, struck him full and square on the temple.

The constable went down as though he had been shot. His helmet rolled off as he fell, and his head struck the pavement. Mr. Pinner, his taste for bonneting policemen all gone, passed the admiring small boy at the double, and then, turning the corner rapidly,

slackened his pace to something less conspicuous.

He reached his home, a small house in a narrow turning off Cable Street, safely, and, throwing himself into a chair, breathed heavily, while his wife, whose curiosity at seeing him home at that early hour would not be denied, plied him with questions.

"Spend a 'alf-hour with *me?*" she repeated, in a dazed voice. "Ain't you well, Charlie?"

"Well?" said the fireman, frowning, "o' course I'm well. But it struck me you ought to see a little of me sometimes when I'm ashore."

"That's generally what I do see," said Mrs. Pinner; "it's been a long time striking you, Charlie."

"Better late than never," murmured her husband, absently, as he listened in shuddering suspense to every footfall outside.

"Well, I'm glad you've turned over a new leaf," said Mrs. Pinner. "It ain't afore it was time, I'm sure. I'll go up and fetch the baby down."

"What for?" demanded her husband, shortly.

"So as it can see a little of you too," said his wife. "Up to the present, it calls every man it sees 'farver.' It ain't it's fault, pore little dear."

Mr. Pinner, still intent on footsteps, grumbled something beneath his breath, and the baby being awakened out of its first sleep and brought downstairs, they contemplated each other for some time with offensive curiosity.

Until next morning Mr. Pinner's odd reasons for his presence sufficed, but when he sat still after breakfast and showed clearly his intention to remain, his wife insisted upon others less insulting to her intelligence. Mr. Pinner, prefacing his remarks with an allusion to a life-long abhorrence of red whiskers, made a clean breast of it.

"THEY CONTEMPLATED EACH OTHER FOR SOME TIME."

"It served him right," said his wife, judicially, "but it'll be six months for you if they nab you, Charlie. You'll 'ave to make up your mind to a quiet spell indoors with me and baby till the ship sails."

Mr. Pinner looked at his son and heir disparagingly, and emitted a groan.

"He 'ad no witnesses," he remarked, "except a boy, that is, and 'e didn't look the sort to be fond o' policemen."

"You can't tell by looks," replied his wife, in whose brain a little plan to turn this escapade to good account was slowly maturing. "You mustn't get nabbed for my sake."

"I won't get nabbed for my own sake," rejoined Mr. Pinner, explicitly. "I wonder whether it's got into the papers?"

"Sure to," said his wife, shaking her head.

"Go and buy one and see," said the fireman, glancing at the baby. "I'll look after it, but don't be long."

His wife went out and got a paper, and Mr. Pinner, who was unable to read, watched her anxiously as she looked through it. It was evident, at length, that his prowess of the previous evening had escaped being immortalized in print, and his spirits rose.

"I don't s'pose he was much 'urt," he said. "I daresay he wouldn't like to tell 'em at the station he'd been knocked down. Some of 'em don't. I'll just keep my eyes open when I'm out."

"I don't think you ought to go out," said his wife.

She picked up the paper again, and regarded him furtively. Then she bent over it, and slowly scanned the pages, until a sudden horrified gasp drove the roses from Mr. Pinner's cheek and prepared him for the worst.

"Wot is it?" he stammered.

Mrs. Pinner folded the paper back and, motioning him to silence, read as follows:—

"A violent assault was committed last night on a policeman down at Wapping,

who was knocked down by a seafaring man until he got concussion of the brain. The injured constable states that he can identify the man what attacked him, and has given a full description of him at the police-station, where search is now being made for 'im. The public-houses are being watched."

"Ho, are they?" commented Mr. Pinner, much annoyed. "Ho, indeed."

"That's all," said his wife, putting down the paper.

"All!" echoed the indignant fireman. "'Ow much more do you want? I'm in a nice 'ole, I don't think. Seems to me I might as well be in quod as 'ere."

"You don't know when you're well off," retorted his wife.

Mr. Pinner sighed, and moved aimlessly about the room; then he resumed his chair, and, shaking his head slowly, lit his pipe.

"You'll be quite safe indoors," said his wife, whose plan was now perfected. "The only thing is, people 'll wonder what you're staying indoors all day for."

Mr. Pinner took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at her blankly.

"Seems to me you want a reason for staying indoors," she pursued.

"Well, I've got one, ain't I?" said the injured man.

"Yes, but you can't tell them that," said his wife. "You want a reason everybody can understand and keep 'em from talking."

"Yes, all very fine for you to talk," said Mr. Pinner; "if you could think of a reason it 'ud be more sensible."

Mrs. Pinner, who had got several ready, assumed an air of deep thoughtfulness, and softly scratched her cheek with her needle.

"Whitewash the kitchen ceiling," she said, suddenly.

"'Ow long would that take?" demanded her lord, who was not fond of whitewashing.

"Then you could put a bit of paper in this room," continued Mrs. Pinner, "and put them shelves in the corner what you said you'd do. That would take some time."

"It would," agreed Mr. Pinner, eyeing her disagreeably.

"And I was thinking," said his wife, "if I got a sugar-box from the grocer's and two pairs o' wheels you could make the baby a nice little perambulator."

"Seems to me——" began the astonished Mr. Pinner.

"While you're doing those things I'll try and think of some more," interrupted his wife.

Mr. Pinner stared at her for some time in silence; finally he said, "Thank'ee," in a voice slightly tinged with emotion, and fell into a sullen reverie.

"It's the safest plan," urged his wife, seriously; "there's so many things want doing that it's the most natural thing in the world for you to stay indoors doing them. Nobody'll think it strange."

She stitched on briskly and watched her husband from the corner of her eye. He smoked on for some time, and rising at last with a sigh, sent her out for the materials, and spent the day whitewashing.

He was so fatigued with the unwonted exertion that he was almost content to stay in that evening and smoke; but the following morning was so bright and inviting that his confinement appeared more galling than ever. Hoping for some miracle that should rescue him from these sordid tasks, he sent out for another paper.

"It don't say much about it," said his wife.

The baby was crying, the breakfast things were not washed, and there were several other hindrances to journalistic work.

"Read it," said the fireman, sternly.

"The injured constable," read Mrs. Pinner, glibly, "is still going on satisfactory, and the public-houses are still being watched."

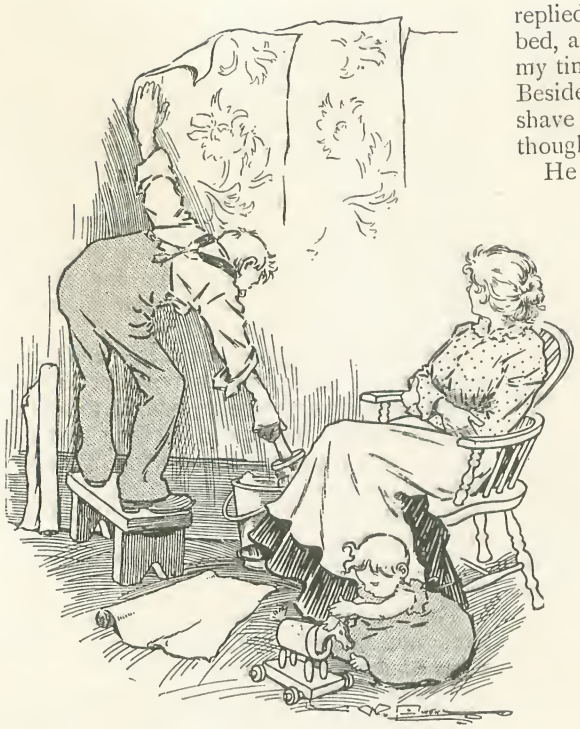
"They do seem fond o' them public-houses," remarked Mr. Pinner, impatiently. "I'm glad the chap's getting on all right, but I 'ope 'e won't be about afore I get to sea again."

"I shouldn't think he would," said his wife. "I'd better go out and get the wall-paper, 'adn't I? What colour would you like?"

Mr. Pinner said that all wall-papers were alike to him, and indulged in dreary speculations as to where the money was to come from. Mrs. Pinner, who knew that they were saving fast owing to his enforced seclusion, smiled at his misgivings.

He papered the room that day, after a few choice observations on the price of wall-paper, and expressed his opinion that in a properly governed country the birth of red-whiskered policemen would be rendered an impossibility. To the compliments on his workmanship bestowed by the gratified Mrs. Pinner he turned a deaf ear.

There was nothing in the paper next morning, Mrs. Pinner's invention being somewhat fatigued, but she promptly quelled her husband's joy by suggesting that the police authorities were lying low in the hope of lulling him into a sense of false security.



"HE PAPERED THE ROOM THAT DAY."

She drew such an amusing picture of the police searching streets and public-houses, while Mr. Pinner was blithely making a perambulator indoors, that she was fain to wipe the tears of merriment from her eyes, while Mr. Pinner sat regarding her in indignant astonishment.

It was no source of gratification to Mr. Pinner to find that the other ladies in the house were holding him up as a pattern to their husbands, and trying to incite those reluctant gentlemen to follow in his footsteps. Mrs. Smith, of the first floor, praised him in terms which made him blush with shame, and Mrs. Hawk, of the second, was so complimentary that Mr. Hawk, who had not long been married, came downstairs and gave him a pressing invitation to step out into the back yard.

By the time the perambulator was finished his patience was at an end, and he determined at all hazards to regain his liberty. Never had the street as surveyed from the small window appeared so inviting. He filled his pipe and communicated to the affrighted Mrs. Pinner his intention of going for a stroll.

"Wait till I've seen the paper," she protested.

"Wot's the good of seeing the paper?" replied Mr. Pinner. "We know as 'e's in bed, and it seems to me while 'e's in bed is my time to be out. I shall keep a look-out. Besides, I've just 'ad an idea; I'm going to shave my moustache off. I ought to ha' thought of it before."

He went upstairs, leaving his wife wringing her hands below. So far from the red policeman being in bed, she was only too well aware that he was on duty in the district, with every faculty strained to the utmost to avenge the outrage of which he had been the victim. It became necessary to save her husband at all costs, and while he was busy upstairs with the razor she slipped out and bought a paper.

He had just come down by the time she returned, and turned to confront her with a conscious grin; but at the sight of her face the smile vanished from his own, and he stood waiting nervously for ill news.

"Oh, dear," moaned his wife.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Pinner, anxiously.

Mrs. Pinner supported herself by the table and shook her head despondently.

"'Ave they found me out?" demanded Mr. Pinner.

"Worse than that," said his wife.

"Worse than that!" said her husband, whose imagination was not of a soaring description. "How can it be?"

"He's dead," said Mrs. Pinner, solemnly.

"*Dead!*" repeated her husband, starting violently.

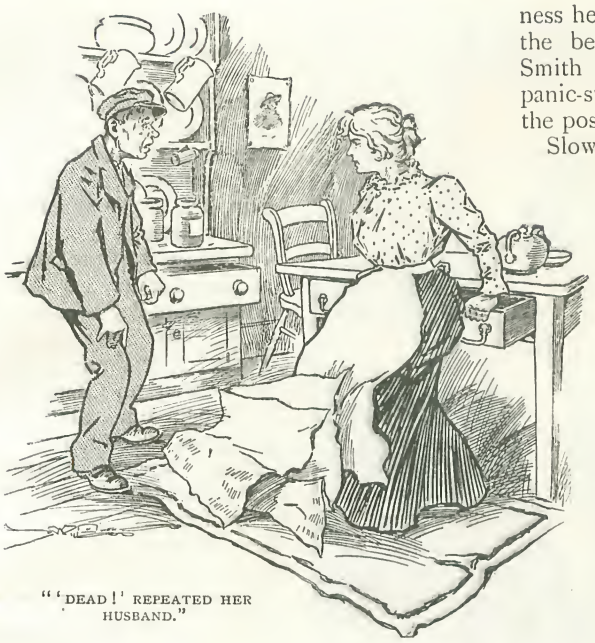
Mrs. Pinner, with a little sniff, took up the paper and read slowly, interrupted only by the broken ejaculations of her husband.

"The unfortunate policeman who was assaulted the other day down at Wapping passed away peacefully yesterday evening. Lady Verax is prostrate with grief and refuses to leave the death-chamber. Several members of the Royal family have telegraphed their——"

"*Wot?*" interrupted the astounded listener.

"I was reading the wrong bit," said Mrs. Pinner, who was too engrossed in her reading of the death of a well-known nobleman to remember to make all the corrections necessary to render them suitable for a policeman. "Here it is:—

"The unfortunate policeman who was assaulted the other day down at Wapping passed away peacefully yesterday evening in the arms of his wife and family. The ruffian is believed to be at sea."



"'DEAD!' REPEATED HER HUSBAND."

"I wish 'e was," said Mr. Pinner, mournfully. "I wish 'e was anywhere but 'ere. The idea o' making a delikit man like that a policeman. Why, I 'ardly touched 'im."

"Promise me you won't go out," said his wife, tearfully.

"*Out?* said Mr. Pinner, energetically; "*out?* D'ye think I'm mad, or wot? I'm going to stay 'ere till the ship sails, then I'm going down in a cab. Wot d'ye think I want to go out for?"

He sat in a frightened condition in the darkest corner of the room, and spoke only to his wife in terms of great bitterness concerning the extraordinary brittleness of members of the police force. "I'll never touch one on 'em agin as long as I live," he protested. "If you brought one to me asleep on a chair I wouldn't touch 'im."

"It's the drink as made you do it," said his wife.

"I'll never touch a drop agin," affirmed Mr. Pinner, shivering.

His pipe had lost its flavour, and he sat pondering in silence until the absolute necessity of finding more reasons for his continued presence in the house occurred to him. Mrs. Pinner agreed with the idea, and together they drew up a list of improvements which would occupy every minute of his spare time.

He worked so feverishly that he became a by-word in the mouths of the other lodgers, and the only moments of security and happiness he knew were when he was working in the bedroom with the door locked. Mr. Smith attributed it to disease, and for one panic-stricken hour discussed with Mr. Hawk the possibility of its being infectious.

Slowly the days passed until at length there were only two left, and he was in such a nervous and overwrought state that Mrs. Pinner was almost as anxious as he was for the date of departure. To comfort him she read a paragraph from the paper to the effect that the police had given up the search in despair. Mr. Pinner shook his head at this, and said it was a trap to get him out. He also, with a view of defeating the ends of justice, set to work upon a hood for the perambulator.

He was employed on this when his wife went out to do a little shopping. The house when she returned was quiet, and there were no signs of anything unusual having occurred; but when she entered the room she started back with a cry at the sight which met her eyes. Mr. Pinner was in a crouching attitude on the sofa, his face buried in the cushion, while one leg waved spasmodically in the air.

"Charlie," she cried; "Charlie."

There was a hollow groan from the cushion in reply.

"What's the matter?" she cried in alarm. "What's the matter?"

"I've seen it," said Mr. Pinner, in trembling tones. "I've seen a ghost. I was just peeping out of the winder behind the blind when it went by."

"Nonsense," said his wife.

"*His* ghost," said Mr. Pinner, regaining a more natural attitude and shivering violently, "red whiskers, white gloves and all. It's doing a beat up and down this street. I shall go mad. It's been by twice."

"'Magination," said his wife, aghast at this state of affairs.

"I'm afraid of its coming for me," said Mr. Pinner, staring wildly. "Every minnit I expect to see it come to the door and beckon me to foller it to the station. Every minnit I expect to see it with its white face stuck up agin the winder-pane staring in at me."

"You mustn't 'ave such fancies," said his wife.

"I see it as plain as I see you," persisted the trembling fireman. "It was prancing up and down in just the same stuck-up way as it did when it was alive."

"I'll draw the blind down," said his wife.

She crossed over to the window, and was about to lower the blind when she suddenly drew back with an involuntary exclamation.

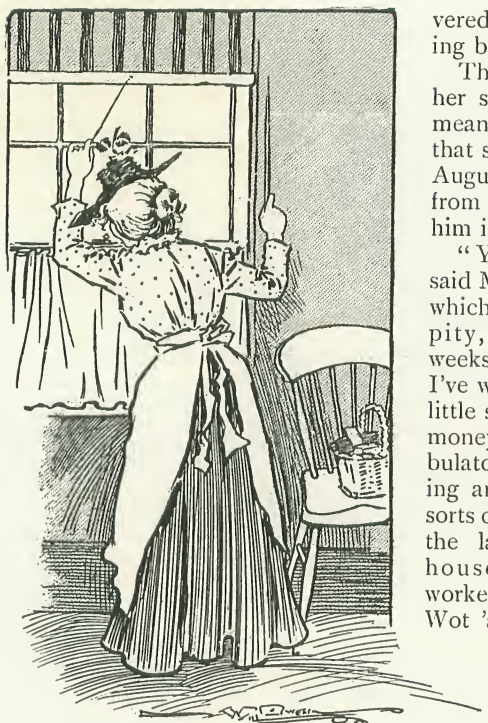
"Can you see it?" cried her husband.

"No," said Mrs. Pinner, recovering herself. "Shut your eyes."

The fireman sprang to his feet. "Keep back," said his wife, "don't look."

"I must," said the fireman.

His wife threw herself upon him, but he pushed her out of the way and rushed to the window. Then his jaw dropped and he murmured incoherently, for the ghost of the red policeman was plainly visible. Its lofty carriage of the head and pendulum-like swing of the arms were gone, and it was struggling in a most fleshly manner to lead a recalcitrant costermonger to the station. In the intervals of the wrestling bout it blew loudly upon a whistle.



"'CAN YOU SEE IT?' CRIED HER HUSBAND."

"Wonderful," said Mrs. Pinner, nervously. "Lifelike, I call it."

The fireman watched the crowd pass up the road, and then he turned and regarded her.

"Would you like to hear what I call it?" he thundered.

"Not before the baby, Charlie," quavered Mrs. Pinner, drawing back.

The fireman regarded her silently, and his demeanour was so alarming that she grabbed Charles Augustus Pinner suddenly from his cradle and held him in front of her.

"You've kep' me here," said Mr. Pinner, in a voice which trembled with self-pity, "for near three weeks. For three weeks I've wasted my time, my little spare time, and my money in making perambulators, and whitewashing and papering, and all sorts of things. I've been the larfing-stock o' this house, and I've been worked like a convict. Wot 'ave you got to say for yourself?"

"Wot do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Pinner, recovering herself. "I ain't to blame for what's in the paper, am I? How was I to know that the policeman as died wasn't your policeman?"

Mr. Pinner eyed her closely, but she met his gaze with eyes honest and clear as those of a child. Then, realizing that he was wasting precious time, he picked up his cap, and as C 49 turned the corner with his prize, set off in the opposite direction to spend in the usual manner the brief remnant of the leave which remained to him.

"C 49 TURNED THE CORNER WITH HIS PRIZE."

Animal Actualities.

THIS is a tale of the terrible consequences of lavish charity administered on economic principles. Let us hope that its recital may have some effect in improving the quality of the articles bought and sold "for charitable purposes." If it have but a small effect in thickening the blankets—*and* the soup—the story will not have been told in vain.

At Ripley Vicarage, in Surrey, a tame magpie was kept, as also were other pets. The magpie was amusing enough—or at least he seemed so to everybody who did not suffer by his exploits; but he was a sad plague. In common with most other living creatures about the place, a young hedgehog suffered. This half-grown pet, though he picked up much of his living himself, enjoyed a grant in aid in the shape of a daily saucer

APPEAL.

COMPASSION.

HERE'S——

of milk—a saucer of milk that irritated the jealous soul of Mag, who, although he could not drink it himself, took every possible means to keep the hedgehog from it, first by terrifying yells and dances, and then, when these failed, by snatching the hedgehog up by the spines and flapping away with it across the garden. But once a pet arrived that Mag did not torment—he even took pity on it. It was a young jackdaw, fresh from the nest, and helpless, and hungry, and noisy, as young jackdaws always are. If you have had much to do with a baby jackdaw, you will know how helpless, how hungry, and how maddeningly noisy such a creature can be, but otherwise you can have no conception. The hunger of this young jackdaw was altogether past appeasement. It would absorb ravenously twice its own bulk of food, and straightway yell for more. It insisted on being fed incessantly, and if the feeding ceased for a moment, it sat on its tail and screamed lamentably. Mag took pity on the never filled daw, and, after a little consideration, began to feed it from his own plate—possibly in the wild hope of moderating the noise. But the first gulp only encouraged the jackdaw, and those that succeeded strengthened and invigorated his voice and his digestion. Mag bustled back and forth between his plate and the motherless infant, growing more flustered as his dinner diminished, and at last becoming altogether frantic in his efforts to satisfy

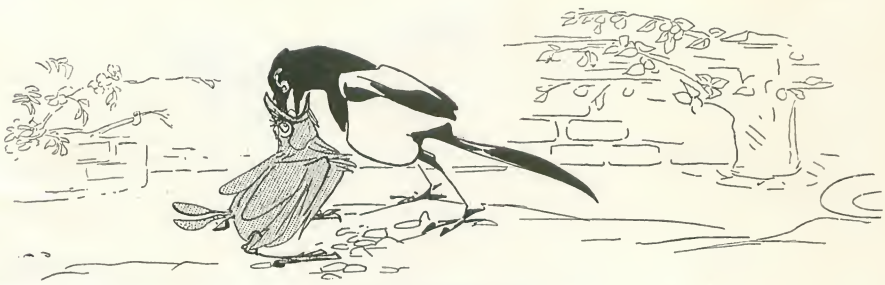
A BIT MORE!

WHAT, MORE?

the jackdaw's unholy cravings, and to stop that row. But his energy and his generosity availed nothing. No sooner had little good. The squawking went on just as ever, and the noisy jackdaw was quite as hungry now as in the beginning. There

WELL, HERE GOES!

he dropped a mouthful into that insatiable beak and turned to eat something himself, than a piercing squawk from the ravening infant startled him and brought him round seemed to be no filling him up, and in the attempt a large quantity of very excellent food had been used which Mag could have done very well with himself. At the same

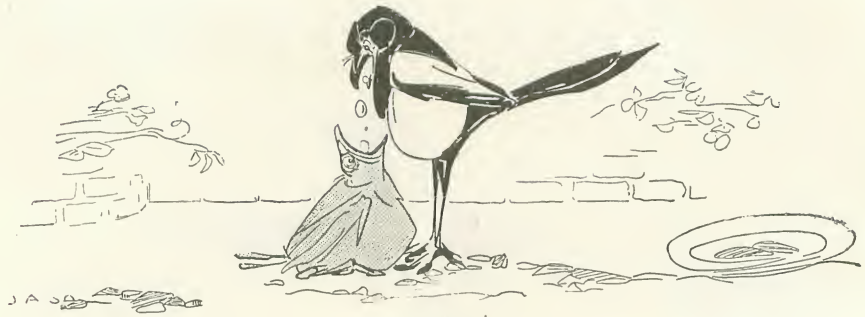


TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

again with another charitable donation. But this sort of thing could not go on for ever. Mag wanted *something* for himself, and when he had been all but totally deprived of two time, it would scarcely do to leave off now. It would be uncharitable, to begin with, and Mag had resolved to be charitable in this one instance, and would not change his

HOW'S THAT?

or three meals he began to reflect. This sort of benevolence was all very well, but it was too expensive. More, it seemed to do very mind; moreover, the yelling was intolerable, and the creature *did* stop yelling while it swallowed, even if it began again the

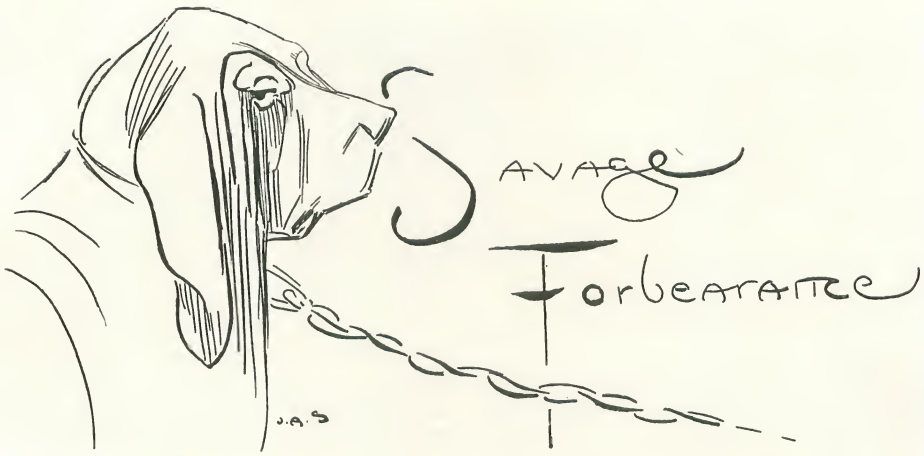


HERE—MORE!

moment after. The way out of the difficulty was obviously to discover some cheaper form of almsgiving—to feed the jackdaw still, but with something Mag didn't want himself. Pebbles from the garden path would come cheap enough, and probably it didn't matter much what the orphan was filled up with, so long as he *was* filled up. So Mag instantly snatching at the pebbles among the gravel and bestowing them on his *protégé* with a lavish beak. The orphan grew heavier and fuller and rounder as the pebbles increased, just as Mark Twain's jumping frog did with the small shot, but he was still hungry, and at last he sank to the ground and his toes turned skyward. He was satisfied at last. Then

NOW I'LL SEE ABOUT MYSELF!

set to work with little stones, dropping them down that ever-open throat as fast as he could gather them. Down they went, one after another, and plainly the orphan didn't know the difference, for he swallowed them just as eagerly as he had swallowed the meat. It was cheering to find the experiment so successful, and Mag pegged away zealously, Mag, full of the pride and consciousness of virtue, hopped gaily away to a pleasant meal from his own plate, in peace and quietness. It is sad to record that, notwithstanding all this generosity and solicitude, the jackdaw died. Mag was very sorry, of course, but he felt that he had done his best, and the reflection consoled him.

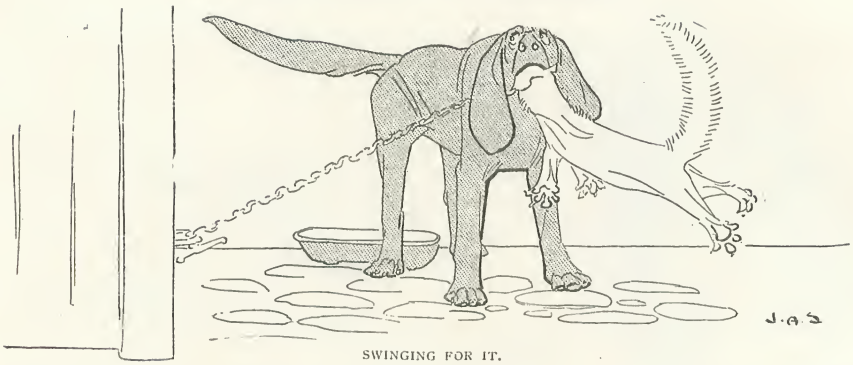


A BLOODHOUND, despite its alarming name, is not often vicious. Indeed, it may be taken as a rough rule that the more formidable the name of a dog's breed the gentler the dog; the bulldog, the bloodhound, and the Russian wolf-hound being conspicuous examples. But Dorsetshire once boasted a bloodhound that was considered a dangerous beast. He was the property of a cousin to the Rev. Richard Mead, of Balcombe Rectory, Hayward's Heath.

Certain burglars having made an attempt on the house, the dog was let loose to wander round the place at night. These vigils seemed to inflame his temper, till at last it was considered best to keep him chained all day. This was safer for visitors, but it sadly increased the savagery of the dog. A keeper had charge of him, and this keeper observed that his temper was by no means improved by the behaviour of a certain cat, which had a trick of constantly feeding at the dog's trough. The bloodhound growled, but the cat continued to filch his dinner, apparently unconscious of the risk it ran. Even a mild-mannered dog may be excused ill-temper prompted by an outrage on his feeding-trough, and this dog's manners were never

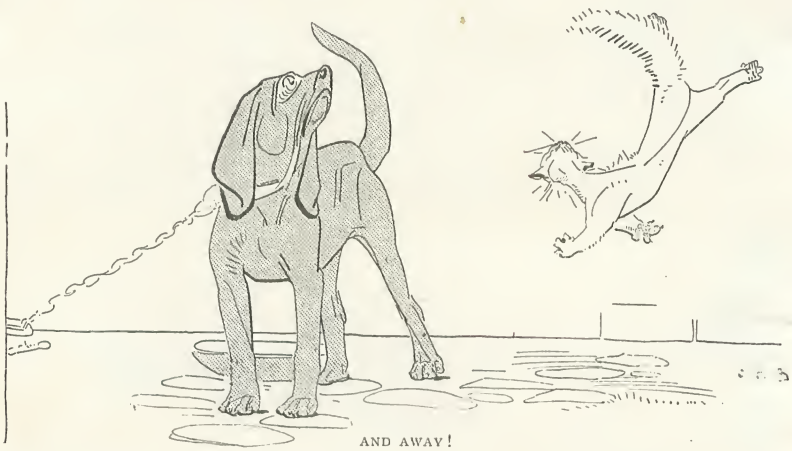
THEFT.

ARREST.

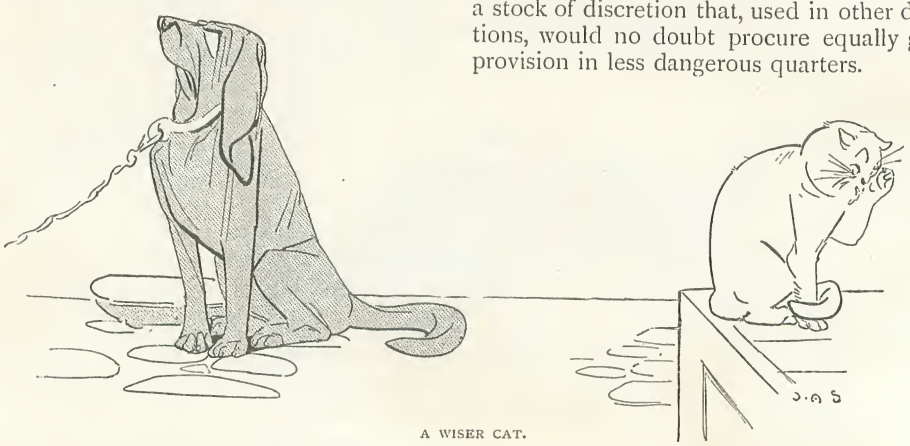


SWINGING FOR IT.

mild. Still the cat persisted, till at last the dog arose and sprang on the cat, and the keeper, who saw the incident, thought pussy's last moment had come. But, no—the blood-hound simply seized her head in his mouth and swung her, pendulum-fashion. It seemed that the adventurous cat, or at least her head, might any moment vanish down that cavernous throat, but the savage dog was not so savage as that, after all. He swung and swung, angrily and violently, it is true, and at last threw the culprit away, clawing and tumbling in the air. The cat alighted, terrified and demoralized, but otherwise unharmed, and, on the whole, a much wiser cat. From that time forth she lost whatever of the dog's dinner she had been in the habit of stealing, but in about ten seconds she had acquired a stock of discretion that, used in other directions, would no doubt procure equally good provision in less dangerous quarters.



AND AWAY!



A WISER CAT.

BULFSTROLL THE DWARF'S REVENGE.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By Charles Smith Cheltnam.

IN a very far-off country, a very long time ago, there was a King who had an incomparably beautiful daughter, to whom his people, in token of their boundless admiration of her charms and of the sweetness of her character, gave the name of Starbright, which suited her so well that nobody ever spoke of her by any other. Naturally, many charming Princes aspired to wed her, but, though she was gracious to all of them, she preferred Prince Constant, and, her father having freely given his consent to their marriage, she and her affianced, accompanied by a numerous and magnificent suite, took their way towards the church where their wedding was to be solemnized.

By that time several of the Princes whose suit had been unsuccessful had retired regretfully to their distant kingdoms, but one of them, a powerful Prince named Bulfstroll, a frightful dwarf in form, with a big hunch on his back and a beard 7ft. long, who was a magician, and malignant beyond expression, stayed behind, resolved to revenge himself for the slight put upon him.

To carry out this wicked purpose, just as the bridal procession reached the church door he changed himself into a whirlwind, and filled the air with blinding dust, from the midst of which he sprang upon Starbright and bore her away into the clouds, whence, after awhile, he descended to his palace underground, where he laid her upon a sofa and left her insensible.

When, on her recovering from her fainting fit and casting her eyes about her, the Princess was able to realize what had happened to her, she found herself in a splendidly-furnished room, forming one of a magnificent suite of apartments, as she discovered when she was able to rise and examine her surroundings.

Suddenly she became aware that, by some invisible means, a table had been spread with a profusion of gold and silver dishes containing food so appetizing in appearance that, in spite of her distress of mind, she could not refrain from tasting some of it. Having once tasted, she continued to eat until her hunger was thoroughly appeased ; after which she laid down and tried to go to sleep. But it was in vain that she attempted to close her eyes, which continued to wander from the door of the room to the brilliant lights burning upon the table with its sparkling furniture.

Presently the door opened and four armed negroes entered, bearing, upon a gold and jewelled throne, the dwarf with the big hunch upon his back and streaming from his chin the beard that was 7ft. long.

Descending from his throne, Bulfstroll approached the sofa and attempted to kiss the Princess ; but she repulsed him by the administration of so vigorous a box on the ear as made him stagger and see a thousand stars whirling about him, and, at the same time, hear the ringing of as many bells. He was unable to repress the utterance of a cry which made the palace tremble ; but, as he wished the Princess not to see that he was angry with her, he turned to quit the room : in his hurry, however, his feet became entangled with his long, trailing beard, and, in trying to recover his balance, he dropped the little cap which he was carrying in his hand, and which possessed the virtue of rendering him invisible whenever he wanted to be unseen. The negroes hastened to his assistance and, having replaced him on his throne, hurriedly bore him away.

As soon as the Princess saw that she was alone she sprang from the sofa, locked the door, picked up the little cap and hurried to a mirror, to see whether it would fit her head. What was her astonishment at not seeing anything of herself in the glass ! She snatched off the cap and looked again : then she discovered the secret of her invisibility and, replacing the marvellous cap on her head, walked about the room delightedly.

A short time afterwards the door was violently thrown open, and the dwarf, who had now flung his incommodious beard over his shoulders, entered the room furiously. Seeing neither the Princess nor the lost cap, and comprehending that she had appropriated it, he set to work to search in every corner, tapping all the furniture, and even peering under the carpet.

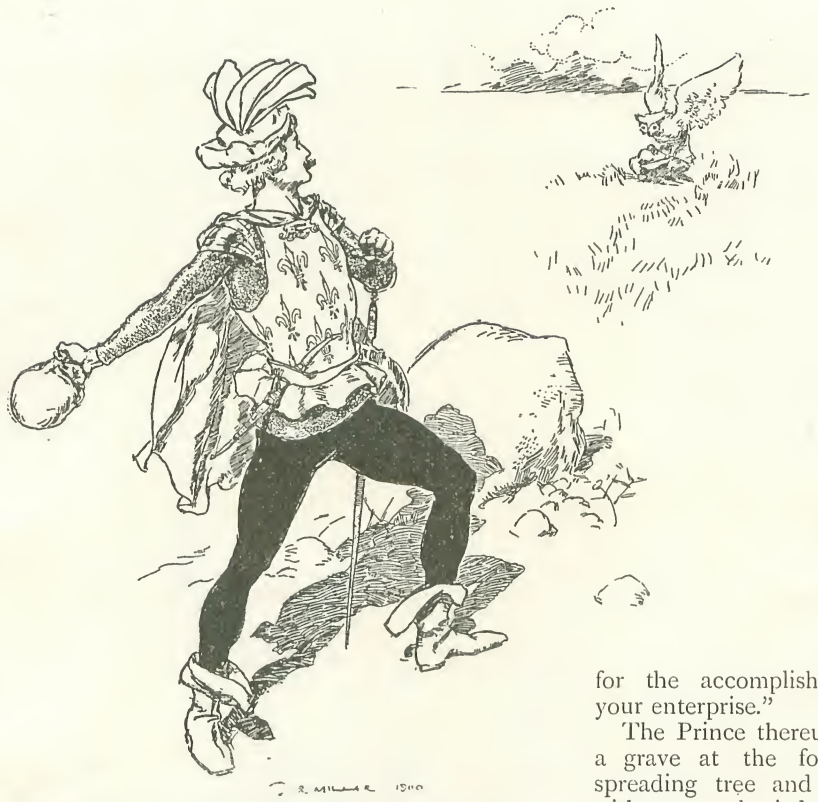
While he was thus fruitlessly engaged the Princess, rendered invisible, quitted the palace and fled into the garden, which was of vast extent and magnificence. There she lived in tranquillity, eating delicious fruits, drinking from a translucent spring, and enjoying the impotent fury of the dwarf in his unceasing search for her. Sometimes she even went so far as to pelt him with plum-stones, or to show herself to him for a moment by taking off her cap, and then, instantly replacing it on her head, disappearing with a shout of laughter at his rage.

One day, when she was amusing herself in this manner, the magic cap caught on the thorny branch of a gooseberry bush as she sped past it. In an instant the dwarf saw what had happened, seized her, and was in the act of recovering the cap, when the air of the garden was pierced by the warlike blast of a trumpet.

Uttering a thousand maledictions and trembling with anger, he breathed upon Starbright, to send her to sleep, and, drawing his double-edged sword, shot up into the clouds, so as to be able to pounce upon his challenger and slay him with a single stroke of the magic weapon.

Meanwhile, when the storm of wind and dust threw the wedding procession into confusion and dispersed the cavalcade, a great tumult arose among the Princes and their suites. The father of the vanished Princess and Prince Constant, her betrothed, searched for her everywhere, calling her by name, until, at length, the King, driven to despair by the non-success of their endeavours, issued a proclamation, promising that whoever found her and brought her safely back should become his son-in-law and the possessor of half of his kingdom. Without a moment's loss of time the suitors took to horse and galloped away in all directions in search of her.

During three days and nights Prince Constant rode without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until, on the evening of the third day, worn with fatigue, he reined in his horse in a meadow and dismounted with the intention of snatching a few moments' rest. But, as he did so, he heard plaintive cries, and perceived a poor little hare, on the back of which was an enormous owl, tearing it with its claws. The Prince instantly snatched up a large stone, as he thought, but which, in reality, was a skull, and threw it with such accuracy as to strike the owl dead. Delivered from its enemy, the hare ran to the Prince and caressed him for a moment, then skipped away. Whereupon the skull which the Prince had heedlessly flung at the owl thus addressed him :—



"HE THREW IT WITH SUCH ACCURACY AS TO STRIKE THE OWL DEAD."

"I thank you, Prince Constant, for the great service you have done me. I belong to an unfortunate man who has deprived himself of existence, and, for this crime of suicide, has been condemned to roll in the dust until it was made the means of saving the life of one of God's creatures. For seven hundred and seventy years I have lain miserably on the face of the earth without winning the least sign of compassion from any human being. You have released me from the penalty of my crime by using me to save the life of that poor hare. In gratitude for this service I will teach you how to call to you a marvellous horse which belonged to me in my lifetime, and which will render you a thousand services. When you want him you have but to go into the plain, without looking behind you, and call to him in these words :—

Wondrous steed with golden mane,
Hie to me across the plain,
Flying, like a wingéd bird,
Through the air with steps unheard !

Now, please, finish your work of charity by burying me here, so that I may repose in peace ; then, go on your way in good hope for the accomplishment of your enterprise."

The Prince thereupon dug a grave at the foot of a spreading tree and piously, with prayers, buried the skull. As he was casting the last clod of earth upon it he saw a tender blue flame ascend from the ground: it was the dead man's soul, happy in its release from its long-endured penalty, speeding heavenward.

His humane labour finished, the Prince went out into the plain, taking care not to look behind him, and—to test the efficacy of the invocation taught him by the skull—cried :—

Wondrous steed with golden mane,
Hie to me across the plain,
Flying, like a wingéd bird,
Through the air with steps unheard !

From the midst of lightnings, hissings, and the crash of thunder, there sped towards him a miracle in the form of a horse—light as the wind, with a dappled coat and golden mane, flames flashing from its eyes and nostrils, and clouds of vapour pouring from its mouth and ears ! It stopped before the Prince and addressed him in a human voice :—

"What are your commands, Prince Constant ?"

"I am unhappy," answered the Prince ; "come to my assistance." And he described the misfortune which had befallen him.

"Enter my left ear and pass out by the right," said the magic horse.

The Prince did as directed, and came out of the horse's right ear completely and magnificently armed: his breastplate was covered with ornaments wrought in gold and jewels, his casque was of glittering steel, and these, with his sword and mace, made of him a fully accoutred warrior. Moreover, he felt himself animated by superhuman strength and bravery. Stamping upon the ground, he found that it trembled under him, a sound as of thunder shook the air, and the leaves fell from the trees as in the passing of a storm. He then said to his steed:—

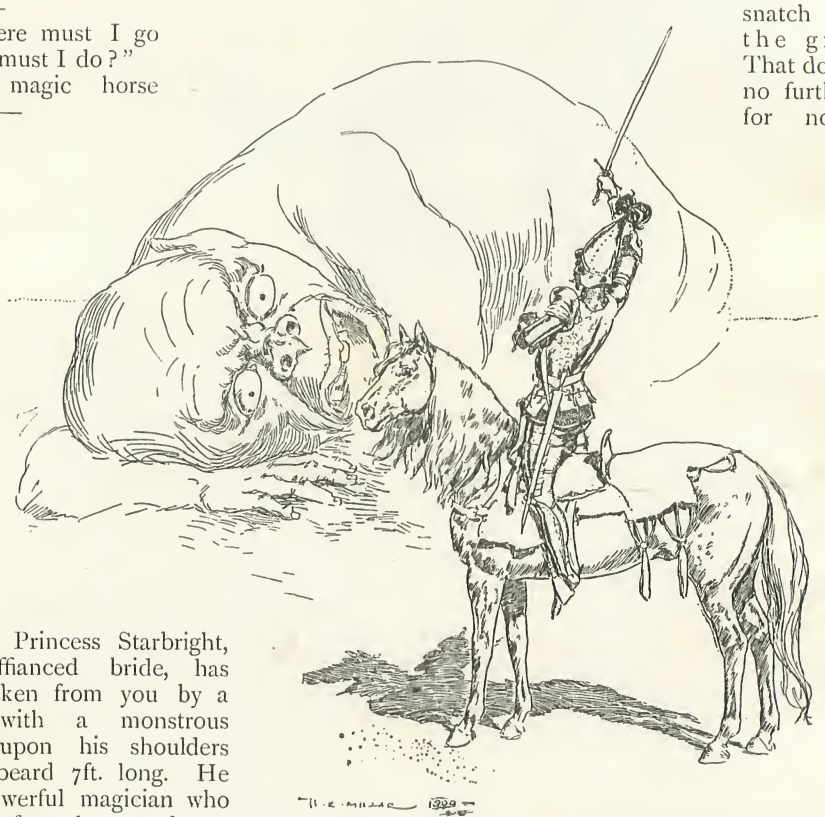
"Where must I go—what must I do?"

The magic horse replied:—

"The Princess Starbright, your affianced bride, has been taken from you by a dwarf with a monstrous hunch upon his shoulders and a beard 7ft. long. He is a powerful magician who lives far from here, and you must conquer him; but the only arm that can reach or wound him is the keen-edged sword possessed by his brother, the monster with the great head and basilisk eyes. It is with him that we must begin."

Prince Constant sprang fearlessly upon the back of the dappled steed with the golden mane, which at once started on its wondrous course, leaping over mountains, bounding across rivers, piercing dark forests, without crushing a blade of grass or raising a particle of dust on the road. At length they came to a wide stretching plain, strewn everywhere with human bones, at the foot of a trembling mountain. Here the steed stopped and said:—

"The moving mountain which you see before you, Prince, is the head of the monster with the basilisk eyes; so beware of meeting their glance, which is deadly, as all those whose bones you see lying about you have found. Fortunately, the heat of the noonday sun has sent the monster to sleep, with his keen-edged sword, which nothing can resist, resting beside him. Conceal yourself by bending down behind my neck until we are close upon the sword, then stoop and snatch it from the ground. That done, have no further fear, for not only will the monster be unable to do you any harm, but its life will be at your mercy."



"HE SHOUTED SO LOUDLY AS TO WAKE THE MONSTER."

Noiselessly the horse approached the sleeping monster; the Prince stooped and dexterously snatched up the sword, then rising in his saddle shouted so loudly as to wake the monster. Raising its head with a start, it infected the air with a long-drawn angry snort and turned its burning eyes upon the Prince; but seeing the keen-edged sword in his hands, it restrained its rage and said:—

"Have you determined on giving up your life that you have come here?"

"Speak less haughtily," replied the Prince, "for you are in my power; your basilisk eyes have lost their force, and you are going to perish by this sword. But first, I want to know who you are."

"It is true that I am in your power, Prince, but be generous, for I am worthy of your pity. I am a knight of the race of giants, and, but for the malevolence of my brother, should now be happy. He is Bulfstroll, the dwarf with the great hunch upon his back and the beard 7ft. long. Jealous of the grace of my form, he seeks by all means to injure me. His strength, which is prodigious, he owes to his beard, and that can only be severed by the keen-edged sword which you hold in your hand. One day he came to me and said:—

"'Dear brother, help me, I beg, to discover the keen-edged blade which was buried in the earth by a magician, one of our enemies, who, of all, is the only one who can destroy us both.'

"Fool that I was, I trusted what he said, and with a spade made of a great oak tree dug into the mountain until I found the sword. Then a dispute arose between us as to which of us should have it. At last my brother said: 'Let us each put an ear to the ground, and let the sword be his who first hears the ringing of the nearest church bells.' I at once bent down to listen, and instantly my brother sprang upon me and, with one traitorous stroke of the sword, severed my head from my body, and left me unburied to become an enormous mountain covered with forests.

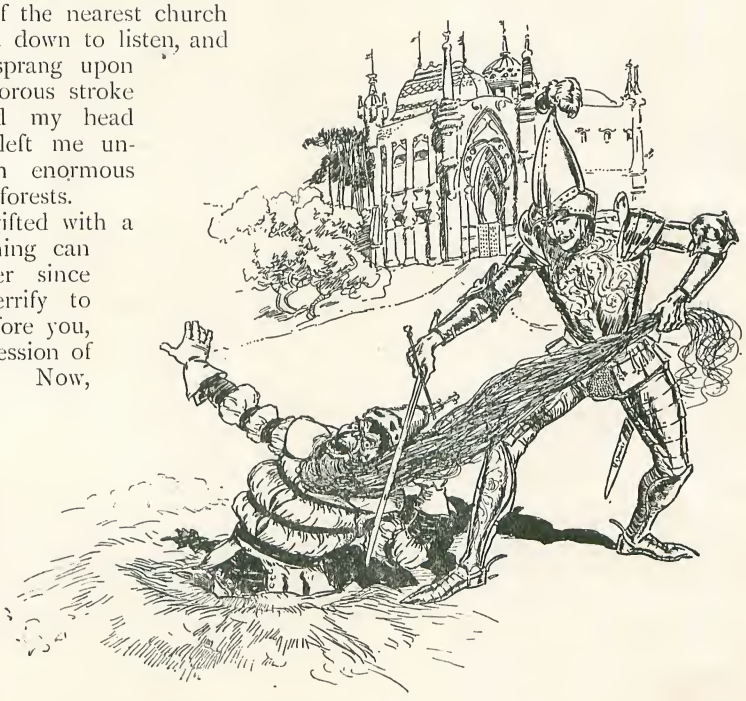
"As to my head—gifted with a vital force which nothing can overcome, it has ever since remained here to terrify to death all who have, before you, attempted to get possession of the keen-edged sword. Now, Prince, I beg of you to employ that magic weapon in cutting off my wicked brother's beard, which will at once destroy his malevolent power and avenge the terrible wrong he has inflicted upon me."

"Your desire shall speedily be accomplished, I promise you," replied the Prince.

Thereupon he commanded his dappled steed with the golden mane to bear him to Bulfstroll's palace. The words were scarcely spoken before they reached the garden-door, at the moment when the dwarf was pursuing the Princess Starbright. The sound of the warlike trumpet compelled him to desist; but, before quitting her, he took the precaution to replace the cap upon her head, so as to make her invisible.

The Prince was awaiting an answer to his challenge, when he heard a loud rumbling sound in the clouds above his head, caused by the dwarf, who, for the purpose of descending with crushing force upon his enemy, had risen to a great height above him. But he took his measures so carelessly that, on reaching the ground, he plunged into it up to his waist at the mercy of the Prince, who instantly seized hold of his beard and cut it off with the keen-edged sword.

After having tied the magician's severed beard to his casque and bound the helpless dwarf to the saddle behind him, he entered the palace, where the servants threw open all the doors the moment they saw that he was possessed of the beard which had so long held them in awe and bondage.



"THE PRINCE SEIZED HOLD OF HIS BEARD AND CUT IT OFF."

The Prince immediately began to search for the captive Princess; but it was in vain that he examined every portion of the palace and gardens, the malicious dwarf refusing to give him any aid. At last, however, and when he had almost given himself up to despair, he had the good fortune to take hold of the magic cap, and then perceived his *fiancée* sleeping as the dwarf had left her. Being unable to awaken her, he put the magic cap in his pocket, and, taking her in his arms, mounted his dappled steed, and carried the dwarf to the head of his brother the monster, which, after uttering a roar of satisfaction, instantly swallowed him.

Having remounted his steed, Prince Constant presently arrived at a wide-spread plain, where his horse stopped and said:—

"Prince, we must here part company. You are not far from your journey's end; your horse is near at hand awaiting you. Farewell! But before I leave you, enter my right ear and come forth by the left."

The Prince did as he was directed, and found himself dressed in his wedding suit of clothes, as he had been when Princess Starbright was carried off by the dwarf. The dappled steed with the golden mane then disappeared from his sight, and, in answer to his call, his own horse galloped to him from the opposite side of the plain.

Night having come by that time, he laid the still sleeping Princess on the ground, and, after carefully covering her with his mantle to protect her against the cold, lay down himself and fell asleep.

By ill-chance, one of the unsuccessful suitors for the Princess's hand passed that way, and, seeing Prince Constant sleeping, pierced him with his sword and rode away with the Princess to the palace of her father, to whom he said:—

"Here is your daughter, whom I claim as my wife, in accordance with your promise. She was carried off by a terrible sorcerer, against whom I had to contend during three days and three nights before I could conquer him."

The restoration of his daughter filled the King with joy; but observing that all his caresses failed to awaken her, he inquired anxiously as to the meaning of her strange condition.

"I do not in the least know what it means," answered the impostor. "You see her exactly in the same state as that in which I found her imprisoned in the sorcerer's brazen castle."

While this was passing in the King's palace, Prince Constant, pierced by the sword of his treacherous rival, awoke with hardly sufficient strength left him to murmur:—

> Wondrous steed with golden mane,
> Hie to me across the plain,
> Flying, like a wingéd bird,
> Through the air with steps unheard.

A moment later, and from the midst of a luminous cloud the magic steed returned to him.

Knowing what had happened to the Prince, the magic steed sought at a bound the Fountain of Life, whence it returned with three kinds of water—the water that revives, the water that cures, and the water that gives strength — with which, in turn, he sprinkled the Prince's pale forehead. At the first sprinkling life returned to his already cold body and the blood re-coursed through his veins; at the second his wound was cured; and at the third all his lost strength came back to him. Then he opened his eyes and cried:—

"Oh, what a sound and refreshing sleep I have had!"

"The sleep you have enjoyed was the eternal sleep," replied the dappled steed. "One of your rivals, finding you sleeping, murdered you, then carried the Princess Starbright to her father, representing himself to have been her preserver. But do not distress yourself, she is still sleeping, and you alone can dispel her sleep by touching her with the dwarf's beard. Mount your horse and hasten on your way."

In a swirl of light the magic steed once more disappeared. Prince Constant mounted his own horse and rode like the wind towards the home of his betrothed.

On nearing the capital he found it besieged by an army of enemies who had already captured part of the walls, and to whom the terrified inhabitants were on the point of appealing for mercy. Seeing this, he put on the invisible cap and, with the keen-edged sword, fell upon the besiegers with such irresistible energy that all who were not slain fled from the kingdom, only too glad to have escaped with their lives. This great feat achieved, he hastened—still remaining invisible—to the palace, where he heard the King expressing astonishment at the sudden and wholly unlooked-for flight of the enemy.

"Who can the valiant warrior be who has saved us?" asked the King, wonderingly.

For a moment nobody answered. Then

Prince Constant took off the magic cap and, kneeling at the King's feet, said :—

"It is I, King and father, who have had the good fortune to overcome your enemies, and it is I who rescued the Princess, my betrothed, from the great peril she was in, and was bringing her back to your arms, when my rival here traitorously assassinated me while I was sleeping, and next, deceived you, by passing himself off as her preserver. Take me to her, and I will awaken her."

On hearing these words the impostor fled as quickly as he could get away, while Prince Constant, hastening to the sleeping Princess, touched her forehead with the dwarf's beard, whereupon she instantly opened her eyes and smiled, as if awaking from a pleasant dream.

Transported with joy, the King overwhelmed her with caresses, and, that same evening, married her to Prince Constant, himself leading her to the altar and making over to his son-in-law the promised half of his kingdom.

What can be said of the festivities which followed? Only that no eye ever saw, no ear ever heard tell of, greater magnificence than was displayed in their celebration.

"PRINCE CONSTANT TOUCHED HER FOREHEAD WITH THE DWARF'S BEARD."

*Curiosities.**

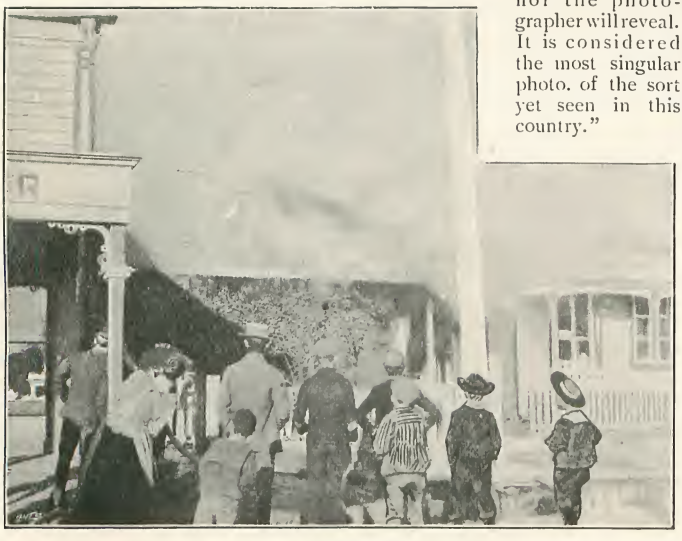
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

"BLOSSOM AND DECAY."

Such is the appropriate title given by the owner of the illustration which opens our Curiosities this month. Two young people are seen sitting near a window which opens on a landscape. Place the picture, however, at arm's length, and you will be surprised at the sudden change. An ugly skull is revealed—a strong contrast, indeed, to the first subject of the picture. Miss E. Andrews, of Fleetlands, Fareham, Hants, is responsible for this contribution.

LEGAL INCENDIARISM.

New Zealand took every advantage of the fear of a visitation of the plague from Australia to have a "spring cleaning" throughout her borders. Sanitary inspectors were appointed in every city and town, and as a result of their reports many insanitary buildings were destroyed. The photograph here reproduced shows the risky methods adopted by the Napier authorities. Members of the Municipal Fire Brigade set fire to the condemned house at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the photograph was taken by Mr. Arthur Howe, who was one of the few persons who got wind of the coming event, and was able to catch the shadow before his camera. It was a risky venture on the part of the firemen, as neither the shop on the left nor the house on the right of the place that was fired was more than 15ft. distant! Furthermore, that side of the shop nearest to the fire was piled high inside with tins of kerosene! Little wonder that the lady caught in the photo. should display such interest in the conflagration, for she is the shopkeeper. The condemned building had a more than usually interesting history. Situated on White Road, it was known as "the old Maori Club House." It was erected by the Government in the sixties as a resort for Maoris visiting Napier, being in those days a considerable distance away from other dwellings. No one being responsible for keeping up the house, it soon fell into a dirty and untidy condition. The town extended beyond its locality, and the building became an eyesore, and of late years had been a blot upon a closely-populated neighbourhood. It may be added that the work of the municipal fire-raisers was altogether successful in destroying the old place, the adjoining house and shop only getting scorched, thanks to a liberal application of water. Mr. T. L. Mills, of Wellington, N.Z., sends these particulars.



HOW WAS THIS DONE?

Here is a photograph, which was taken by Sam Bristowe, with a mystery attached to it. Mr. C. Culver Johnson, of 150, Nassau Street, New York, writes: "I am sending you by this post a most singular photograph taken at Topeka, Kansas. The man whose face is seen is W. H. Karns. Just how the photograph was taken neither Mr. Karns nor the photographer will reveal. It is considered the most singular photo. of the sort yet seen in this country."

* Copyright, 1900, by George Newnes, Limited.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

"My photo. represents an envelope with stamps of five different countries, which were all available on the spot the letter was posted, on board of a ship on the Bodensee or Lac de Constance. On the borders of this lake are situated Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Bavaria, and Würtemberg. The gentleman who sent the letter was not quite sure in which country he was when posting same, and in order to offend none he affixed a stamp of each of the countries mentioned." Mr. Erich Roopmann, of 198, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, sends the above particulars, together with the photo.

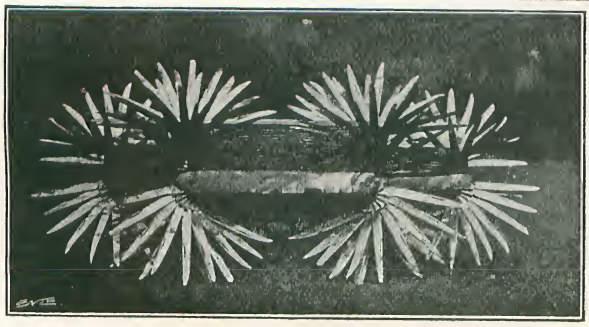
THE YOUNGEST STATION-MASTER IN ENGLAND.

Mr. T. C. Beynon, of Cheriton, Pyle Hill, Newbury, sends a photo. of a lad who is probably

the youngest station-master in England. He is only thirteen years old, and is in charge of Welford Park Station, on the Lambourne Valley Railway, in Berkshire.

A KNIFE WITH TWO HUNDRED BLADES.

The extraordinary photo. which follows is that of a knife with no fewer than two hundred blades, no two of which are exactly similar, as may be seen by a close examination of the photograph. It was bought at a shop in Dawson Street, Dublin, and has been in the present owner's possession for seven years. When new it cost no less than £10 sterling, rather a high price for a penknife! Mr. R. Dashwood Tandy, of The Grove, Hadlow Road, Tonbridge, is responsible for this contribution.



STUCK FAST IN A BOG.

"While on my holidays last month in Swaledale I climbed up a hill to see the tarn. When I reached

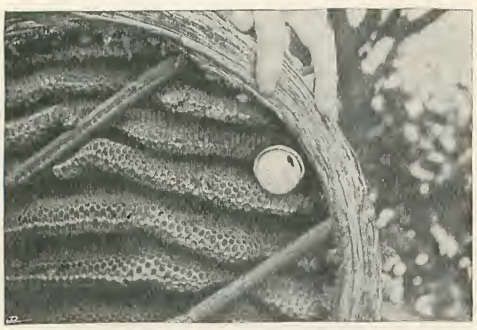
the top of the hill I found a sheep fast in a peat-bog by the side of the tarn. It had apparently been tempted by the green grass, which was growing at the water side, and in its endeavours to reach it it had sunk into the bog. Its little lamb not knowing what to do would run backwards and forwards to its mother (it being too light to sink into the bog when running) and very often would get on her back. The photograph inclosed is of the lamb on its mother's back." This from Mr. John F. Stirling, of 81, North Road, Darlington.

THE "BELLMAN OF PEEBLES."

Mr. D. Guilgault, of 11, Herbert Place, Dublin, in sending the next photo., says: "I inclose a photo. of the 'Bellman of Peebles' in charge of a scolding woman sentenced to the punishment of the 'Branks.' I am not aware that this has been photographed before, and it is, I believe, well worthy of attention. The punishment of the Branks was a mode of degrading scolding women. The Branks was fixed on the woman's head, a portion being forced into her mouth, completely preventing her from speaking. In this state of enforced silence she was led through the town by the 'crier,' who proclaimed her misdemeanour at the Cross and other public places." The Bellman and his charge are of course modelled in wax.

INTRUDERS.

Here is a photograph showing an open beehive between the combs of which some impudent wasps have built their nests. Mr. Richard Giles, Vice-Chairman of the Derbyshire Bee-Keepers' Association, in sending the photograph says that not only did he discover this instance of intrusion in a straw skep in his garden, but the occurrence was repeated in the case of a wooden hive; this proves conclusively that the wasps must have gained entrance through the usual channel, evidently unmolested by the rightful owners. Mr. E. H. Giles, of Blakeley Lodge, Etwall, near Derby, took the photo.

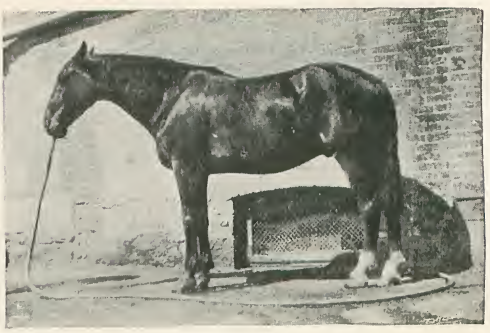


A NARROW ESCAPE.

The next photograph is a striking instance of a lucky escape from instant death. A huge tree some 4ft. in diameter was razed close to the ground by a terrific gale, which lifted and balanced it neatly on the roof of an adjoining stable. The roof itself was smashed, but fortunately the walls on either side were strong enough to support the tree, thus saving the lives of a number of valuable horses who were in the stable at the time. This alarming incident occurred on the estate of Lylestone Cardross, and the photo. was sent by Mr. R. Hutchinson, of Greenfield House, Dumbarton.

A VERY CLEVER HORSE.

The subject of this picture is a dray-horse belonging to Massey, Harris, and Co., Limited, Winnipeg, Canada, which, through the clever training of its driver, Wm. Eddie, drinks from a hose. He follows his master from the stable, several blocks away, and, unassisted, picks up the hose and proceeds to satisfy his thirst. When in harness, should he be driven up to the curb, and the end of the hose be run out to him, he will pick it up for sport, even when not thirsty. After getting a proper hold of it he will throw out his nose, cast a glance towards the building with a knowing look, as much as to say, "Turn that water on," and allow the stream to fill his mouth and gush out again, evidently as much amused as the crowd of onlookers who stop as they are passing. Mr. Massey, of Winnipeg, has sent us the photo. of this clever horse in the act of drinking in his own peculiar way, which was taken by J. W. Housser, Winnipeg.



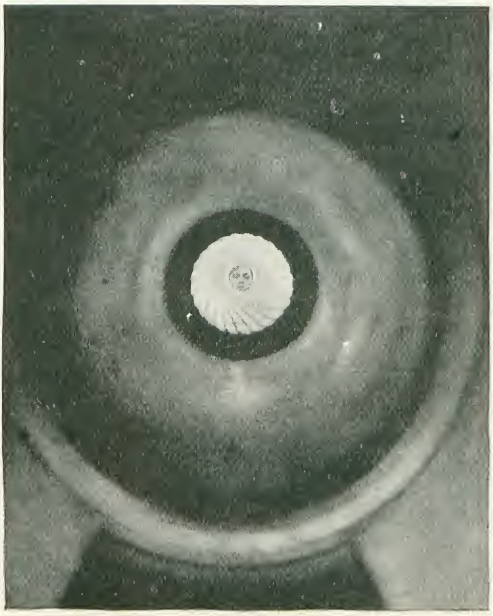
A NOVEL USE FOR COCKLE-SHELLS.

Here is a photograph of a perfect little cockle-shell, inside of which Miss Maggie L. Walker, of Bridge

Street, Dumbarton, Scotland, has "printed" one of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Miss Walker writes to say that the printing was done with a fine pen and Indian ink. The feat, we imagine, required a great deal of patience, not to mention considerable ability.

NOT TAKEN "AT THE FRONT."

The peculiar picture that follows is one taken through the inside of a 6in. breech-loading gun. Mr. Hubert C. Holmes, who took the photo., arranged his camera at the breech end, whilst a friend of his stood at the muzzle end, looking down the bore. Apart from its striking originality, the photograph shows very plainly how beautifully clean this weapon has been kept by those in charge of it. Mr. Holmes's address is "St. Winifred's," Norbury, near Streatham, S.W.



PHOTOGRAPHED HIS OWN JUMP.

"I send you a photograph which I took of myself," says Mr. S. Walter, of The Fernery, Queen's Terrace, Canterbury Road, Margate, "and I consider it a curiosity. I took it when jumping out of a window some time ago at Bournemouth. I focused the camera on the window first, and then passed the string attached to the shutter up through the window. I then entered the room, took the string in my hand, and pulled it very gently just as I leapt from the sill, taking care not to upset the camera in doing so. The drop, which, however, I did not measure, was something like 13ft."

A "SPLIT BASS."

Mrs. F. Crompton Brown, of "Upuaghur," Parkwood Road, Boscombe, sends the photograph of an extraordinary occurrence which took place in the fore-saloon of the ss. *Brodick Castle*, Bournemouth. The bottle was standing on the counter, and suddenly, without anyone touching it, it split exactly in halves, as can be seen in the picture which we reproduce.

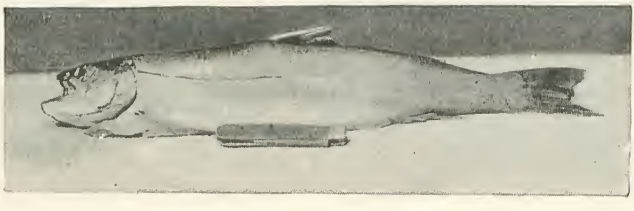
AN EXTRAORDINARY BOWLING FEAT.

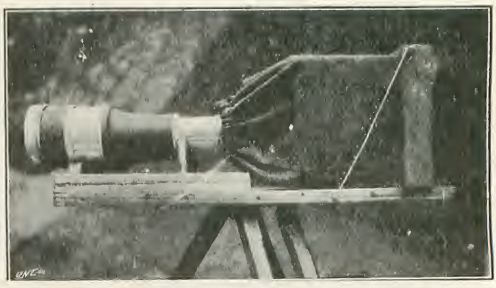
Master T. R. Ponsford, of Clarence School, Weston-super-Mare, sends an excellent photograph of a very curious occurrence at cricket. The particulars are vouched for by Mr. Ponsford himself, Mr. E. J. Smith, assistant master of the school, and a number of eye-witnesses. Mr. Ponsford writes: "We (Clarence School) were playing a strong Weston XI. when Parker, our professional, a very fast bowler, clean bowled one of the Westonians. The middle stump was knocked down; the ball, instead of continuing its wild flight, came back a few yards, and the two bails were discovered about

four yards *in front* of the batting crease, directly opposite the middle stump, lying lengthways, almost touching, and exactly opposite each other. They could not have been placed better than they fell."

A FISH STORY.

The accompanying photo. represents a trout which was caught in Nova Scotia, and which contained the knife now lying beside it. One day, in the month of May, 1900, two gentlemen of Halifax, Nova Scotia—Mr. Frank C. Simson, of the firm of Simson Bros. and Co., and Mr. H. W. Cameron—went on a trout-fishing trip to Wallace's Falls, on a lake about nine miles from Halifax. Several trout were taken, and nothing peculiar was noticed about them. However, when the fish were brought in, and about to be dressed for cooking, something hard was found in one of them, which, on being taken out, proved to be a white-handled jack-knife, about 2½in. long. The supposition is that the knife had been dropped overboard from a boat, and the hungry fish seized it as it was descending. The truth of this extraordinary fish story is vouched for by the above gentlemen, and the photo. was sent in by Mr. M. A. Condon, of 22, Smith Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.





AN AMATEUR TELEPHOTOGRAPHER.

Mr. R. B. Robinson, of Geraldine Lodge, East Hill, Wandsworth, S.W., sends the photos. which follow, and he describes his ingenious attempt at telephotography as follows: "Having heard a lot about telescopic cameras I made up my mind to make one for myself, with the result which you see in the first photo. The lens consists of a pair of

ordinary field-glasses, which move on a slide for focusing purposes, and the box with cloth over it holds the slide for the plates, the slide being the only thing I had to buy. The cloth part, which is stiffened, is not fastened on to the box, but fits into a groove. The second photo. is that of the clock of the Board of Works at Wandsworth, taken by my telescopic camera at a distance at which, if taken with an ordinary camera, it would be about the size of a pin's head."

CAPTAIN SENTIMENTAL AND THE BABY.

(*See page* 485.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xx. NOVEMBER, 1900. No. 119.

Captain Sentimental and the Baby.

By Edgar Jepson.

WHEN the Transvaal War broke out six of us irregulars were up in Montsioa's country recovering cattle stolen from a farmer on the northern border of Bechuanaland; and for our sins Captain Sentimental himself had come in command of us. Despenser had given him the name after overhearing him one night, when he was on sentry-go, talking about women to Captain Warrender, of the Mounted Police, whom he had dined.

Despenser said that he had never heard such shrivelling and sulphurous talk; it had made him feel squeamish—which was very hard to believe—and should have blighted every woman within ten miles. He gave us a few examples of it, and when he said that Captain Sentimental was his name, we felt that he was right. Before that we had called him Captain Satan, sometimes the Devil for short, for many reasons, most of them good. He was a big black man, the blackest white man I ever saw: his skin was white enough when he turned his sleeves up; but his face and neck and hands and wrists burned in the hot weather to as dark a brown as you can imagine; his eyes were black, and his hair, moustache, and beard were coal-black.

For all his blackness he was of a neatness that in a campaign or on an expedition was truly diabolical: no matter how rough the work, or how long it had lasted, you always saw him with his hair short, his beard neatly clipped to a point, and his hands fit for a dinner at Marlborough House; and Jam, his Kaffir boy, would brush at him while he smoked his last pipe at night and his first pipe in the morning, till he started the day with the cleanest uniform and boots in the expedition.

His temper was, if anything, blacker than his face: he was for ever bully-ragging us; he hazed us perpetually with hundreds of needless little jobs, and called it keeping us in condition; he took ten times as much care of our horses as he did of us, and told us so. He never had a civil word for anyone; he never smiled; and Urquhart, the only man who had ever heard his laugh, said that he never wanted to hear it again. But after Despenser told Baring, Urquhart, and me of his talk about women, we called him Captain Sentimental, and grinned at his temper. He might grind out the rasping, unfair jeers which made the hardest-bitten old roustabout in the squadron squirm, at us, and we only grinned. We knew all about women; we had been there ourselves, poor beggars!

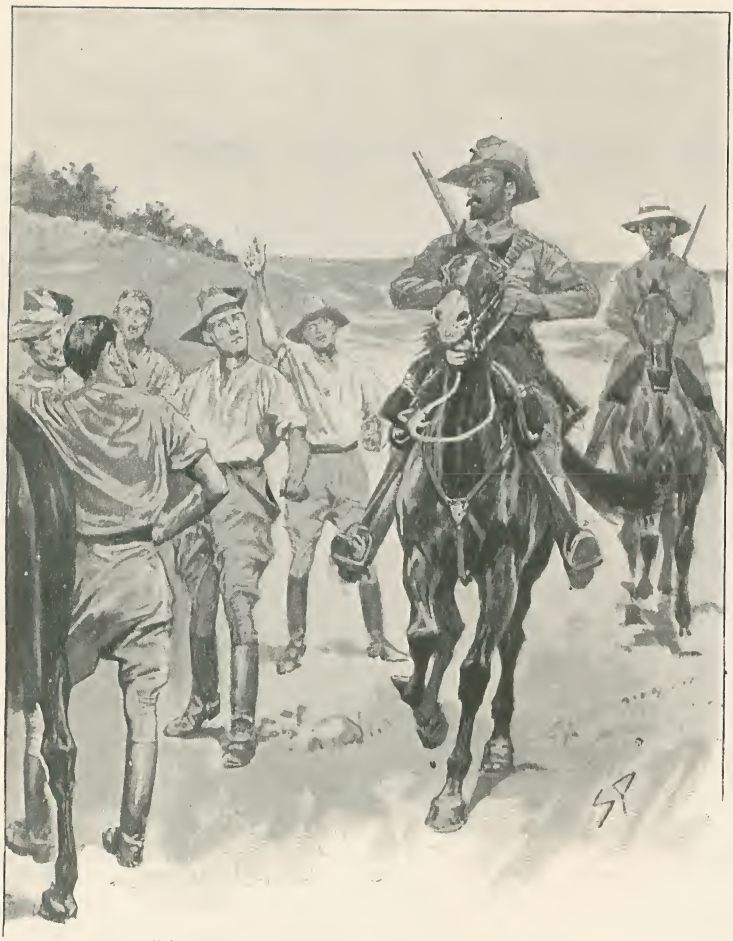
But he was a leader. He had the finest knack of nursing his command and bringing it fitter into action than any other. He knew the exact moment when to let us out to hit our hardest and when to draw us gently out of a tight place. And when we did come out, we knew that we had done every bit of damage possible. Nothing else could have induced a squadron of such wastrels to stand his hazing.

By the last days of October we had gathered into our camp, a head or two at a time, the stolen cattle, and were feeding them up and resting them for the long journey south. We had nine prisoners whom Captain Sentimental proposed to take back with him to civilization, because he said that a civilized flogging with the proper ceremonies was better reported, and more soothing to the tribes, than a flogging ten times as severe at the back-end of the world.

He had been away from us for some days, shooting big game with a chief, and his absence had not damped our spirits. One morning he rode into camp with Jam, just as we had finished grooming our horses; reined up before us, and said, dropping out his words one by one as though they were too good to waste on such as us, "Scum of the world"—his pretty way of addressing us—"the Transvaal and Free State have declared war against England!"

We shouted, and he went on, "I'm going to let the trackers try and drive the cattle back—not that they can. And I'm going to take you to Mafeking. Be smart!"

We shouted again, rushed to fill our haversacks and water-bottles, and in five minutes were in our saddles and riding slowly south. We did not even wait to punish the prisoners.



"I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO MAFEKING. BE SMART!"

We raged at the pace Captain Sentimental set; but there was very little grass, and any hard work would surely founder our horses. We talked and talked of the war, where the fighting would be, what it would be like, and how long it would last. By noon on the third day we had gone some seventy miles, and expected to reach the Molopo River next morning, when we should find more fodder and, therefore, faster going.

On the day before we had passed two or three kraals and found them humming like angry beehives. It looked as if trouble was brewing; but the niggers did not go beyond yelling at us. About noon we were riding up a long, stony ridge, hoping to see beyond it a likely shady place for our midday meal, when there came over it the sound of rifle-shots and yelling.

"Open order!" shouted Captain Sentimental, and led us at a hand-gallop to the top of the ridge.

We looked down the farther slope on a waggon surrounded by a hundred joyful, yelling niggers looting it.

"This is the kind of devilry I've been looking for," Captain Sentimental growled, savagely. "Pick your men! Six hundred yards! Fire!"

We fired a volley, which bowled over three or four; the others yelled, and began to fire at us. We knew their shooting: they could not have hit a liner at the distance; and we walked our horses quietly down the ridge, halting every few yards to fire. Before we had gone a hundred and fifty yards we had them on the run; we quickened our pace to a trot, and then to a canter that we might keep them at a comfortable range; and we dotted their line of flight with sprawling bodies. As we passed the waggon Captain Sentimental called to me to look to it. I cantered up to it, the common, well-worn, and rather rickety waggon of the small trader, and, as I pulled up, heard the wailing of a baby. The oxen, out-spanned, were scattered over the plain; by a newly-kindled fire lay the bodies of the trader and two Kaffir drivers, riddled with bullets from a shallow donga sixty yards away, where the ambush had lain.

I dismounted and looked into the waggon. A glance showed me the body of a woman huddled in the far corner, her head half-severed from her body, among the folds of a roll of bright blue cloth which the niggers had unwound; and across her feet lay a little baby, screaming. I climbed into the waggon, swearing under my breath, but very fully. It smelt like a butcher's shop in hot weather;

and I wanted to get out of it, quickly. I picked up the child and climbed down with it. It screamed dismally, wriggling.

I stood looking about, feeling sick, when Captain Sentimental came trotting up with the others. "Anyone left alive?" he cried.

"Only a baby, sir," I answered.

He pulled up, looked at me and the child, which I was what you would call dandling, and burst into a storm of swearing. I stared at him, still stupid from the sight under the waggon-tent and not understanding. He ended with, "You dunder-headed, bottle-nosed baboon! Is that how you hold a baby? Support its back!" pitched himself off his horse; dashed at me; snatched it from me; balanced it somehow on the flat of his big hand; swung it to and fro very gently; and in about a minute it had stopped screaming and was blinking. We looked at one another; and a kind of gasp went round.

He propped the baby on his arm somehow; went and peered under the waggon-tent; and swore. One by one the others did the same. Then we stood in an undecided group, waiting for him to speak, and the baby began to wail.

He thought a moment, and said, "Bury the man and his wife. Be smart! We may have a thousand niggers on our track in an hour; and the sooner we're out of this the better!"

Despenser found a spade in the forepart of the waggon; Baring and Capell let down the back, and lifted the dead woman out.

Captain Sentimental glanced at her face, said "Scotch," and drew off her wedding-ring. They wound a blanket round the body and brought it to the place, about fifty yards away, where Despenser had already broken ground. Captain Sentimental climbed into the waggon, and we heard him rummaging.

Digging quickly by turns we soon had a grave dug, and lowered the man and woman into it. Then, since it was a woman we were burying, Despenser—the corner of his eye turned uncomfortably back towards the waggon, in fear of Captain Sentimental hearing him—said a prayer and some texts out of the Burial Service; we filled up the grave, and piled a dozen big stones on it—it took three of us to move each.

We came back to the waggon and found Captain Sentimental watching a tin pot full of milk on the fire. A small pile of baby clothes, little, three-cornered pieces of blanket, a sponge, and a puff-box lay beside it, and on them lay the baby, sleeping.

He looked at us thoughtfully for a moment and said, "You may as well be useful for once. Take these things, and keep them dry, or I'll ask you why they're not." And he divided the little pile among us, two or three pieces to a man.

While we were stowing them away the milk boiled, and he poured it into his water-bottle. Then he fastened the tin pot to his saddle, rolled the baby in a blanket, and mounted, carrying it before him. We rode away at a good pace, Jam hanging a couple of miles in our rear, Montgomery and Urquhart half a mile in front, to look out for niggers. We had ridden for an hour when the baby began to howl; and we drew up nearer to Captain Sentimental to see what would happen. He shifted it on to his other arm, and it was quiet. Presently it began again, and he shifted it back. But at the end of another mile, for all his shifting it, it was howling steadily, and he bade us halt and eat our meal. We dismounted; sat or sprawled twenty yards away from him; and began to chew our biltong, with an eye on his doings.

He poured some milk into the silver cup of his flask, set the baby on his left arm, and began to feed it with a teaspoon. Plainly it was not used to being fed in that way, for it howled and choked piteously, and howled and choked again. It was dreadful to see it choke. Every time he propped it forward, and patted its back, swearing; and once, turning a raging eye upon us, he growled across to us, "Just like a woman! Senseless jades! Here she is in a wild country, and never teaches it to drink! Senseless jades, all of them!"

"Yes, sir!" we cried together: it was so seldom that he came so far out of his sulkiness as to speak to us, that we were in a hurry to say the right thing.

He was a good half-hour feeding it; and when he stood up he stamped up and down as though it had cramped him, and mopped the sweat from his forehead. It fell asleep in a few minutes; and we rode on. But presently it awoke, and screamed for nearly an hour with indigestion; do what he would he could not quiet it, and again and again he cursed all women for senseless jades who did not teach their children to drink cow's milk. Its wails got on the nerves of Capell and Baring, and they dropped a hundred yards behind. At last it fell asleep; but in another hour it awoke, howling with hunger, and we

halted while it was fed. It seemed to choke less; but we had not ridden far before it was wailing again with indigestion.

There was a bright moon; we rode on through the night and came down into the bed of the Molopo at about ten o'clock. There was not much water in the river, and what there was was muddy; but by good luck we struck a little spring bubbling out of the bank and made our fire by it. As soon as it burned up Captain Sentimental put a big handful of meal into his tin pot, and let it boil and boil. Then, when it was half boiled away, he strained the liquor from it through his handkerchief into his bottle of milk. Twice he did it, eating his supper the while; and when he strained in the second potful he said: "There, it'll digest that all right!"

The order of our watch had been fixed; rolled in our blankets we were drowsing over our last pipes, when we were set wide awake by the doings of Captain Sentimental. With the aid of Jam he made a very fair screen by setting up a couple of blankets on sticks; poked the fire to a great blaze; took the baby on his knee, and began to change it. We sat up and stared at him with the eyes of a party of children in a box at a pantomime. It was a wonderful sight: plainly enough he had the theory of the thing, but not the practice; he had seen it done many times but had never done it, for his fingers were all thumbs. Yet it was wonderful how gently his big hands handled the little, soft body. He sponged him all over with hot water out of the pot, dried him, powdered him, tied him up, and dressed him. And all the while his face was anxious and painstaking. The child stared at the fire, and let him turn him about with never a howl. Then he rolled him in a blanket and began to walk up and down with him, crooning; I give you my word, crooning!

It was too much: Baring said, "Well, I'm hanged!" Capell spat viciously into the fire; Urquhart and Montgomery buried their heads in their blankets and choked; Despenser, who was on guard, walked quickly away. I got up and went after him. He was leaning against a boulder, shaking.

"Wasn't I right? Wasn't I right?" he said. "Captain Sentimental, by all that's holy!"

"I'm not sure you're not a blamed fool," I said, trying to work it out in my mind.

He turned quiet; and presently he said, "Well, I believe you're right. After all, some beast of a woman lost a good thing there."

We went back to the fire and found Captain Sentimental rolled in his blanket, cuddling the sleeping child to him.

"Despenser," he said, sleepily, "if I stir just come and shake me awake. I might overlay him."

He made but a poor night of it. Three times I awoke to find him feeding the child, or walking up and down, hushing him to sleep; and all my two hours' watch he did not get twenty minutes' rest.

At dawn we breakfasted and rode east, keeping along the hills on the southern bank of the Molopo. All the while we kept dropping back by twos to discuss how Captain Sentimental had learned to deal with babies. The child's appetite regulated our march: every two hours we halted while he was fed. At noon he had another wash and change in the warm sun. He took his meals now with no more than three chokes, and those not bad ones, in each, and he wailed very little with indigestion. Capell and Montgomery grumbled continually at the delay, but out of Captain Sentimental's hearing. His nights were very bad, and whenever we halted for our noon rest he would fall dead asleep, if the baby would let him. But he was happy enough: his face cleared of its scowl as he tended the child, and he would ride along over smooth ground looking down at him in a curious, hungry way that made us uncomfortable.

Now and again we got information from parties of niggers, or at a farm, but very little, and that vague. But at last the day came when we should be in Mafeking by night, and we rode along very cheerful. In the afternoon, when we were some fifteen miles away, a faint boom came over the hills from the east. At no word of command we pulled up our horses, and, looking at one another, listened. We heard nothing, and were just moving on, when the boom came again: we knew it for the report of a big gun. But there were no guns in Mafeking of a size to be heard at that distance. The town was besieged!

Jam was sent on a mile ahead, Despenser rode half a mile behind him; I rode half a mile out on the right flank, Montgomery on the left; and we moved forward slowly and cautiously. We were three hours going seven miles; and all the while the booming grew louder. Just before nightfall I saw Jam and Despenser coming back to the others with three niggers, and rode in to hear the news. The town was surrounded and being bombarded.

"WE PULLED UP OUR HORSES AND LISTENED."

We burst into a debate as to what we had better do—try and sneak through the Boer lines or move down the Free State frontier. Suddenly Captain Sentimental cried, "Milk! I must have milk! I used up the last in the bottle, thinking we should be in Mafeking to-night!" And he turned and led us south-east.

The night fell very dark; the moon, in its last quarter, would not rise for hours; the black veldt sucked up the starlight. We travelled slowly. There was more need than ever to save our horses, for we might be chased. Except Captain Sentimental, we raged at the slowness; he was absorbed in his baby and quite happy. Presently we came to the end of the fine weather, and rode and slept in a continuous cold rain; the effort to keep the baby dry kept Captain Sentimental for ever wet, but he showed no sign of discomfort. Twenty miles from Vryburg we chanced on the farm of an Englishman of the name of Morris, and there we learned of Scott's suicide and the occupation of the town by the Boers. There was nothing for it but to push on to Kimberley. We took twelve hours' rest; filled up our flasks with whisky; took as much bread as we could carry, trusting to the cattle of the disloyal Dutch for meat. Captain Sentimental was made happier than ever by a small bag of oatmeal—he said that oatmeal-water would be far better to mix with the baby's milk than the maize-water he had been using; and we set out again. Mrs. Morris begged hard to be allowed to take charge of the baby till the war was over; but Captain Sentimental would not hear of it. We were not sorry that he refused: we were growing interested in the child, and keen on bringing him through.

We travelled more slowly than ever, mostly by night; for the country swarmed with parties of Boers; often they were within a mile of us. We awoke one wet and chilly dawn ten miles away from Kimberley to find a strong investing force between us and the town. We lay where we were, in good covert, all the day; and at night made a long circuit, and tried to get into it from the east through Free State Territory. We got within four miles of it, and stirred up a Boer commando. They chased us a good twenty miles east; and, for all that we had kept our horses in good condition, we did not shake them off till an hour before dawn. Then we turned at right angles to our course, and rode slowly due south, breathing our horses. But at last we halted on the top of a kopje: our horses were done, and we had had enough. We ate some food, ravenously; rolled ourselves in our blankets, and went to sleep in such shelter as the boulders would give us from the pouring rain.

The sun was setting when Captain Sentimental awoke us; and we found ourselves in a bad case, out of our reckoning in ar

enemy's country, with very little food. In the clear air, the clearer that it had been raining, we could see the smoke of five homesteads, the nearest three miles away to the south. Captain Sentimental was strangely restless, for him, and kept going to look at the baby, who was sleeping in its blanket under a boulder. It seemed best to stay where we were; we hung up our blankets in the level sun-rays, and ate the very little food we had left. For an hour after sunset we smoked gloomily. Of a sudden there came a savage curse from Captain Sentimental. "The child's got a touch of dysentery!" he cried, in a curious, trembling voice.

We jumped up and crowded round him, cursing softly.

"It—it—kills them in three days—unless—they're treated," he said, and struck us silent.

Despenser found voice first, and said that we must ride to the nearest town and find a doctor, even though it meant surrendering.

"Surrender? Not I! I should lose the child!" cried Captain Sentimental. "I don't want a doctor! I can treat him myself with medicine and warmth, and—and eggs."

"There's no medicine nearer than a doctor, sir; and no doctor nearer than a town. We must surrender," said Despenser.

"And lose the child? Ah, you never had a child of your own—or thought you had," groaned Captain Sentimental. "Besides, where's there a town?" he snapped. And he took the child on his knee.

We said nothing, and presently he said: "We will wait an hour, that won't make any difference."

We stood about, fidgeting. After a while the child broke into short bursts of wailing: not the wailing of hunger, which we knew, but a different kind. We had to keep walking away, kicking at the stones, and cursing.

"It's like a corkscrew turning in your vitals," said Despenser, and he was right.

"WE TUMBLED PELL-MELL INTO THE BIG KITCHEN."

At the end of half an hour Captain Sentimental, who was bent over the child and gnawing at his fingers, said, sharply, "Come along!"

We scuttled to our horses, gasping with relief, bridled them, and were in our saddles in half a minute; and he bade Jam lead us straight to the nearest homestead. We pushed on through the darkness, over the rough ground as quickly as our stumbling horses could. But we were nearly an hour going that three miles. We came to a big, low building; halted fifty yards away from it. Despenser held the baby, Jam the horses. We crept up to within twenty yards of the house before the dogs barked. At their noise the door half-opened, and a woman peered out. We dashed forward, and tumbled pell-mell into the big kitchen and living room. An old Dutch vrouw, by the fire, and two younger ones, by the door, frouzy slatterns, yelled out at our bursting in; then huddled together

on the hearth, muttering, "Das rooineks! Das rooineks!" and staring at us with the vicious eyes of trapped wild cats. Then there came a howling of frightened children from one of the side-rooms, and tousled heads, and shining, just-awakened eyes at the door of it.

"You won't be harmed! Medicine! Have you any medicine?" cried Captain Sentimental, and shouted to Despenser to bring the baby.

The old vrouw growled something in her throat, spat on the floor, and turned sullenly away. He wasted no more words, but hurried to the shelves at the end of the room and began to search them feverishly. Despenser brought in the baby and carried him to the fire; we crowded round him to look at him. He blinked at the fire a moment, and then began to wail and squirm. His cheeks looked less round already. Captain Sentimental caught up a candle and dashed into the nearest side-room. We heard him rummage about; then he came out, and hurried into the next; out again, and into the room of the children, who screamed loudly; and then came a shout, and he came forth bearing a large bottle of castor-oil.

In three minutes the baby had swallowed a teaspoonful as though he liked it. No sooner was it swallowed than Captain Sentimental undressed him, and set him on his knee in the full heat of the fire; pulled a flannel shirt out of his knapsack; cut a long strip about four inches wide from it; and called to me to bring him needle and cotton from the dilapidated work-box of the family which stood on the table. I brought them, and after a lot of trouble he threaded the needle, wound the strip of flannel round the child's body, and began to sew it on. I was so afraid of his running the needle into the child's body that I held my breath over some of the stitches. It was done at last, and I breathed easily. He rolled him in his blanket and set him in the big arm-chair before the fire. The women watched his doings with the same savage, sullen stare.

He rose with a deep sigh and began to give orders. Jan was to go down to the nigger huts, and see that none of them stole away to tell of our raid; two of us, in turn, were to ride round the house for two hours through the night. Montgomery showed the women into the children's room, made sure that the window was too small for them to escape through, and shut them in; the rest of us went foraging. Captain Sentimental put some oatmeal and water into a pot and set it to boil. We found a joint of cold beef, bread, coffee, and eggs, and made a luxurious meal. In the middle of it he strained off the oatmeal-water and set it to cool. When we had finished it was cool enough; he broke three eggs and mixed the whites of them with it. He looked at the mixture and said, "If we can hold on here for twenty-four hours I'll cure him all right!"

We soon made arrangements for the night, dragging the mattresses and bedding out of the empty rooms; then we went to sleep. We did sleep, but, tired as we were, we awoke every time the baby cried for food. Captain Sentimental fed him on his new mixture, a very little at a time. We awoke fresh and fit in the morning; and it was a pleasure to awake warm, with our limbs supple. Captain Sentimental further brightened our spirits by telling us that the baby was on the mend. The Kaffir maid-servants coming early to the house were amazed to find us there; we set them to clean up and get our breakfast. When we had finished we sent them away, and let out the Boer women and children to have theirs. Capell, Baring, Urquhart, and Montgomery rode up into the kopjes, north, south, east, and west, to watch the approaches to the house. The day wore pleasantly through, sunny, since we had good shelter; Despenser and I smoked, kept an eye on the Kaffirs, and played with the little Boer children. They were dirty, unkempt, shock-haired little beggars, and long getting over their fear and shyness of us. The women only stirred out of their room for meals, and stared at us always with the same sullen savageness. Captain Sentimental hovered about his baby. In the afternoon he brought him out into the sun, and Despenser was snapping his fingers at him.

"By Jove!" cried Captain Sentimental; "he crowed!"

"Well," said Despenser, with more truth than tact, "he certainly squeaked."

"What!" roared Captain Sentimental. "Here am I, wandering about Africa with the scum of the Universities, and they haven't even the sense to know a baby's crow from a squeak!"

"Oh, if you put it like that, he crowed," said Despenser, agreeably; and Captain Sentimental grunted.

It was dusk; we had stuffed the haversacks with biltong and bread, for we might not get the chance of taking any more hospitality; a big round of roast beef smoked on the table; Baring and Montgomery had already

come in; then Urquhart galloped in from the north with the news that a party of Boers were coming straight to the homestead about four miles away. We fell upon the beef, cutting great slices, and sticking them between hunks of bread to eat as we rode. Captain Sentimental called the old vrouw from the bedroom; and, laying a couple of sovereigns on the table, told her that that was to pay for what we had taken. She gripped on to them, and stared at him with the stupidest wonder I ever saw on human face. We mounted, and started through the quickly gathering darkness down the southward track. I came last; and we had gone a hundred yards when I heard a cry behind me. I pulled up, and in a minute or two there floundered out of the gloom one of the young vrouws. She came up to me, thrust a little bundle into my hand, and said, "Voor de kleine." I don't know Dutch, but I knew it meant, "For the child."

She turned and went back. I rode on after the others, and at the first halt we examined the bundle. It contained little flannel garments.

"It must take a deuced lot of practice to hide a good heart under that sullenness," growled Captain Sentimental.

"Expert's opinion," said Despenser, softly.

"VOOR DE KLEINE."

We rode hour after hour due south, Jan guiding us, for all the darkness, as straight as a compass. Soon a chill rain began to fall; and we cursed the luck which had given us two fine nights for that warm kitchen, and a drenching for the open air. The baby was the only dry one of the party. We slept from three till dawn, and then pressed on, steadily but cautiously, for we knew that we were very near the frontier. At noon we caught sight of the Orange River, and at about five o'clock, after a long hunt for a drift, and a dangerous crossing, we were riding cheerfully on British soil. We soon struck a road, and overtook two Dutchmen driving a waggon; they seemed surprised to see us, and told us that we were on the road to Colesburg. The road ran up a sharp rise into a nek between two kopjes; we came through the nek, and looked down on a long train of waggons crawling along the plain, escorted by bodies of armed horsemen.

Captain Sentimental took one look at them; cried, "Boers!" swung his horse round; and we galloped through the nek, and down along the kopje to the west. We

had gone a mile when Captain Sentimental cried, "Here they come!" and, looking back, I saw a crowd of horsemen pouring through the nek. We were down on the level veldt; and we put another half a mile between us before they were off the kopje side. We sat down to ride all we knew, saving our horses. They did not save theirs: they raced, and at the end of five miles were no more than eight hundred yards off. Some of them pulled up and fired; the bullets came singing among us, but no one was hit. "Open order!" cried Captain Sentimental, and we spread out.

They fired now and again; but presently we rode into a wood at the foot of a line of low kopjes. We halted, waited till the first dozen Boers were within four hundred yards, emptied three saddles, and, as they galloped back, bowled over two more. They did not stop before they were two thousand yards away, and, without waiting to see what they would do, we walked our horses through the wood, slipped between two kopjes, turned south-west, and rode like demons across another plain. Once through another group of kopjes we cantered gently on till it was dark. We must have put five or six miles between us and our pursuers when we halted on the top of a wooded kopje.

The moment he was off his horse Captain Sentimental slung round his water-bottle to feed the wailing, hungry baby. An angry curse broke from him: an unlucky bullet had gone clean through it, and the food had run out.

"Quick, Jam!" he cried, "a fire! I must give him thick oatmeal-water!"

It was the most dangerous thing possible, if our pursuers were still hunting us; but though we might pay for it with our lives, not a man said a word. We set to work to gather fuel; and the tin pot was soon steaming.

Then Captain Sentimental said, "I'm taking this risk. It will take me two hours to boil enough for the night. Jam will take the rest of you three miles south and come back to me. I'll join you in the morning—if I can. Off you go."

I sat down, opened my haversack, and took out my supper. Despenser, Urquhart, and Baring did the same.

"Well, well," said Captain Sentimental, looking at us, "if you will—there will be more to look after the baby."

Capell and Montgomery shuffled to their horses and rode off into the darkness. The liquor was long boiling thick enough, and the baby wailed continuously. At last he was fed. By the time enough to last the night had been boiled we agreed that it was too late to move: either we were surrounded, or we were not. Two of us kept watch at a time, and towards morning we heard movements in the valley beneath. We lay around the hill-top, our eyes straining into the darkness. At last the dawn came, and the darkness crept slowly down the kopje side into the valley; half-a-dozen cows were feeding in the bottom.

"Milk, by Jove!" cried Captain Sentimental, and, dropping his rifle, he caught up the tin pot and went scrambling down the hill.

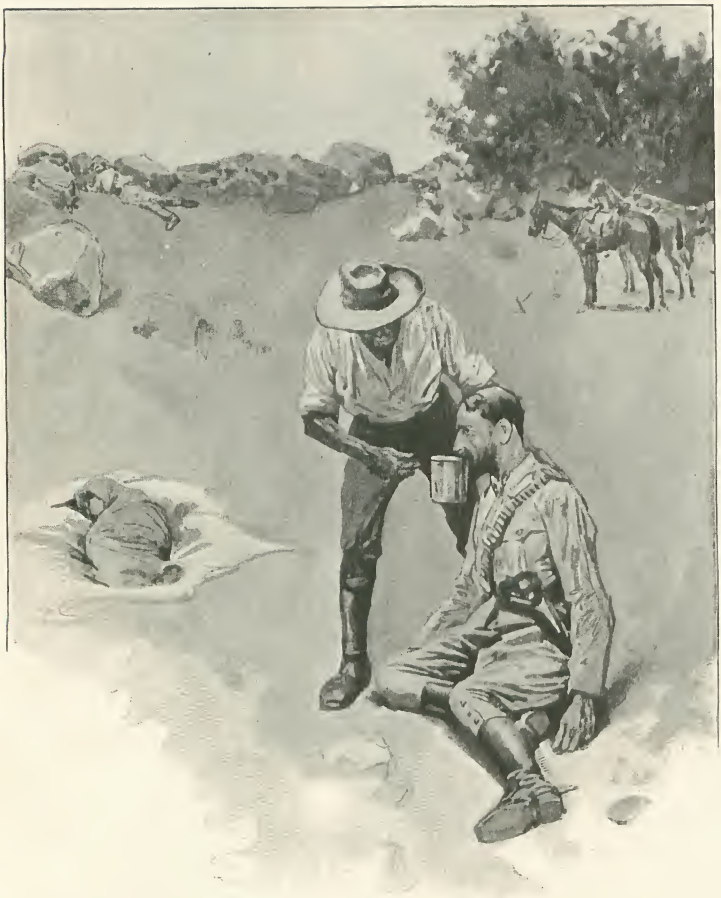
The cows were tame enough, and he filled the pot. He rose up from milking, and came hurrying back as fast as he could without spilling the milk. He had taken but a few steps when there came a guttural cry from the facing kopje, and a dozen rifles cracked. He stumbled, dropped on his knees, set down the pot, and fell forward on his face.

We stiffened as we lay, scouring the facing kopje with our eyes. I saw a bush quiver, and fired into it very carefully. With a squeal a Boer jumped high out of it, and fell back. A dozen rifles flashed in answer, and the bullets z-z-z-zipped about us. Once started, the Boers emptied their magazines. We fired at the flashes, and twice we got a yell. There came a pause, and I looked down for Captain Sentimental's body. It had gone. I fired at once to keep the Boers busy, and drew their fire. We shuffled back to the hollow in the middle of the crown of the hill, out of fire, and were debating how to get down to him and help him, when we heard a rustling down a donga on the left, and caught sight of him staggering painfully up.

"Get to your master and help him up, Jam!" I cried, and we crawled forward to keep the Boers busy. They were moving down, and Urquhart got one as he crawled from one boulder to another.

Looking back I saw Captain Sentimental, supported by Jam, stagger into the hollow, the pot of milk gripped by the rim in his teeth. The blood was trickling fast over both his hands, and his arms hung limp to his side. He sank down; Jam took the pot from his teeth. He muttered, "Feed the baby first!" and fainted.

Suddenly Despenser yelled, twisted to the right, and fired hurriedly. I was just in



"HE SANK DOWN."

time to see a score of Boers bolting into the timber at the foot of our kopje.

"We shall have to chuck it!" cried Despenser. "But we'll have a shot or two first!"

"I'll hold these gentry! You chaps take those!" said I, and very carefully put a bullet through what looked like a boot sticking out behind a boulder. It was a boot.

The others shuffled away, and presently were firing merrily. The Boers facing me, encouraged, moved down quicker, never firing twice from the same spot: they knew our shooting. I spent a cartridge or two without a hit.

"Der are Boers all roun' de kopje," Jam yelled.

The game was up, and I shouted to Despenser that we'd better surrender. As I spoke the top of the kopje in front was ringed with rifle-flashes; and Montgomery roared across: "Hold on, boys! There are plenty of us here!" And on his words there came another burst of firing on the left.

I cheered; scrambled out of fire, and ran to feed the baby. Despenser was there first, and already had him on his knee; Captain Sentimental lay scowling at him; Jam was binding up his master's arm. I went disconsolately to get another shot.

There was a continuous cracking of rifles and shouting on the left and front, and suddenly the Boers bolted out of the wood at the back. That was our chance; we dropped three before they were under cover. Presently, twenty or thirty of Montmorenci's Scouts came pushing up the hill. I was begging that greedy beast, Despenser, to let me finish feeding the baby. He refused.

There was no more shooting. The Boers had got to their horses, and presently the scouts began scouring the kopjes. They found four dead and five wounded, and had taken five prisoners. We set off at once with Captain Sentimental, and it was weary work getting him to camp: he had three wounds in the arms and a nasty one in the shoulder. Despenser stuck to the baby all the way.

We were drafted into Montmorenci's Scouts; and a few days later I went to see Captain Sentimental in hospital. He was on the mend, but he kept fidgeting about, and seemed absent-minded. Presently a nurse brought in the baby, and his eyes shone. He scowled at her as she set him, face downwards, on a pillow half-way down the bed, chirping to him. The baby gazed about, and then stared seriously at the wounded man.

"Ugly little beggar, isn't he?" said Captain Sentimental; and he smiled.

The First Moon-Photographs Taken with the Great Paris Telescope.

By François Deloncle.

I AM a firm believer in the great *rôle* played by International exhibitions in the general advancement of the human race and in impressing peoples with a notion of their mutual solidarity. Prince Albert, who was the first to tenaciously follow up the idea that culminated in the gathering together of the nations in Hyde Park fifty years ago, deserves, in my opinion, to be ranked with the greatest inventors and benefactors of mankind.

In July, 1892, therefore, when I brought forward my motion in the Chamber of Deputies that France should celebrate the dawn of the twentieth century by holding another such exhibition in Paris, I was but obeying my most intimate conviction. Both in Parliament and in the country the proposition encountered at first, for one reason and another, marked hostility; but, eventually, all its most bitter opponents were won over. A fear, universally expressed, was that Paris would never be able to eclipse the Exhibition of 1889, the success of which was so enormous. I am free to confess, now, in the apotheosis of its successor, that I myself was not entirely without misgivings of this kind at times. From an artistic standpoint I had no such fear. I do not think I shall be charged with unjustifiable national bias when I say that I never doubted that France would once more be able to extort the admiration of the universe.

I felt, however, that it was not sufficient that the Exhibition of 1900 should be exclusively an artistic triumph; it must also, if possible, mark an epoch in history by bringing science, which bids fair to completely revolutionize the world in the near future, home to the popular mind. For a long time I revolved various schemes in my mind, rejecting one after another as impracticable. A chance visit I paid one day to the Paris Observatory was the means of deciding the point for me.

At this celebrated establishment, as most people who are interested in the question are aware, M. Lœwy has been engaged for some years past in compiling an elaborate atlas of the moon's surface from photographs taken by the large jointed equatorial telescope. Astronomy having long been one of my favourite distractions, M. Lœwy's work possessed a special charm for me.

"With an instrument of double the power of this you could, no doubt, obtain even better results?" I said to M. Lœwy.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"And if the telescope were three or four or six times as powerful, better still, no doubt?"

"Naturally; but such an instrument is not likely to be forthcoming for a long time."

At that moment my resolution was taken.

"Why," I asked myself, as I left the Observatory, "should I not have a telescope made for the Exhibition on a larger scale than has ever yet been attempted?—a telescope that would bring the celestial bodies almost to our doors? What could possibly be more calculated than such an instrument to enlarge the horizon of human understanding?"

Before I reached home I was determined that, if energy and perseverance could do what I thought they could, the dream should be converted into a reality.

I lost no time in drawing up the first preliminary outline of the scheme. As I anticipated, the project at once captured the popular imagination, and "La Lune à un mètre!" became in a day one of those catchwords that fly round the world as fast as the electric telegraph can take them.

If the public was sympathetic, however, it was far otherwise with most of the specialists, who almost stigmatized the whole scheme as the wild dream of a visionary, incapable of being realized in practice. At first, in my enthusiasm, I was inclined to pooh-pooh all these objections, but the farther I pursued

DIRECT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON, OBTAINED WITH THE GREAT PARIS TELESCOPE, AUGUST 15TH, 1900, AT 3 A.M.
From a Photo. by M. O. Le Morvan.
The white circle in the lower corner is a shilling, which gives an idea of the size of the original negative, here reduced to ¼ size.

my investigations the more clearly did I perceive how well grounded some, if not all of them, were.

At every door at which I knocked I obtained a similar answer.

"Impossible to make lenses such as you require," I was assured in Paris, in Dublin, and in New York.

"Impossible to polish such lenses, even supposing they could be made."

"Impossible to poise such a telescope as you describe."

"Impossible to see anything through it if it were poised."

We Bretons, however, are an obstinate race. When we are persuaded we are on

the right track nothing will make us swerve from it. Obstacles serve but to increase our determination to surmount them. Rather will we go to the bottom with our ideas and our principles, as did my poor brother when in command of the ill-fated *Bourgogne*, than turn traitor to our convictions or our duties. The long series of "impossibles," in a word, only served to stimulate my ardour. One by one I demonstrated their falseness.

The lenses were made of the size I wished, though, it is true, they were polished by machinery which had to be specially invented for the purpose, instead of by hand as had always hitherto been the case.

Breton though I be, however, I was not

From a Photo. by] QUARTER-SIZE REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTO. TAKEN AUGUST 16TH, 1900, AT 3.30 A.M. *[M. C. Le Morvan.*

From a Photo. by] QUARTER-SIZE REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTO. TAKEN AUGUST 17TH, 1900, AT 4 A.M. *[M. C. Le Morvan.*

so obstinate as to run counter to reason, and I very early saw the force of the objection which said it would be out of the question to poise a telescope, 200ft. in length, in the usual way. The difficulty was met by utilizing the siderostat, that invention of the renowned physicist, Foucault. The siderostat is a mirror that can be turned in any direction, and in which the celestial bodies are reflected, their images and not themselves being thus observed. While the telescope remains always fixed, the mirror turns, in fact.

Readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE have had all these material difficulties described to

them at length by the pen of an English journalist who has followed the growth of the telescope from its birth, so I will not enlarge further on them.

What, however, they do not equally well realize, perhaps, are the moral difficulties I had to encounter, both in the shape of active opposition and passive inertia, and my own frequent fits of discouragement, when I had nothing to oppose to what was apparently well-grounded argument but my firm conviction in ultimate success.

At last the day came when the telescope was finally completed and in place ready for the first trial of its capabilities.

What reader is there who will not sympathize with my feelings on this occasion, or with those of the men who had collaborated with me and stood faithfully by me from the first?

As is invariably the case, whenever an innovation that sets at naught old-established theories is brought forward, the prophecies of failure were many and loud, and I had more than a suspicion that my success would cause less satisfaction to others than to myself. Better than anyone else I myself was cognizant of the unpropitious conditions in which my instrument had to work. The proximity of the river, the dust raised by hundreds of thousands of trampling feet, the trepidation of the soil from the working of the machinery, the changes in temperature, the glare from the thousands of electric lamps in close proximity—each of these circumstances, and many others of a more technical nature, which it would be tedious to enumerate, but which were no less important, would have been more than sufficient to make any astronomer despair of success, even in observatories where all the surroundings are chosen with the utmost care.

"In regions pure of calm and serene air" large new instruments take months, more often years, to regulate properly.

In spite of everything, however, I still felt confident. Our calculations had been gone over again and again, and I could see nothing that, in my opinion, warranted the worst apprehensions of my kind critics.

It was with ill-restrained impatience I waited for the first night when the moon should show herself in a suitable position for being observed; but the night arrived in due course.

Everything was in readiness. The movable portion of the roof of the building had been slid back and the mirror of the siderostat stood bared to the sky.

In the dark, square chamber at the other end of the instrument, 200ft. away, into which the eye-piece of the instrument opened I had taken my station with two or three friends. An attendant at the telephone stood waiting at my elbow to transmit my orders to his colleague in charge of the levers that regulated the siderostat and its mirror.

The moon had risen now, and her silvery glory shone and sparkled in the mirror.

"A right declension," I ordered.

The telephone bell rang in reply.

"Slowly—still slower—now to the left—enough—again a right declension—slower—stop now—very, very slowly."

On the square ground-glass plate before our eyes the moon's image gradually crept up from one corner until it had overspread the glass completely.

And there we stood in the centre of Paris examining the surface of our satellite, with all its craters and valleys and bleak desolation! I had won the day!

On August 14th the first of a successful series of direct photographs, 2ft. square, three times as large as the largest that had ever hitherto been taken, was obtained by M. C. Le Morvan, the distinguished astronomer who has long been M. Lœwy's right hand at the Paris Observatory. These epoch-marking photographs are here reproduced for the first time.

For me, at least, the appearances noted in these photographs completely re-establish and confirm the old theory that the moon is but a mass of volcanic basalt, without atmosphere and without life, another proof of the universality of the law of growth and decay, and an awe-inspiring example of what our own planet may some day be when more cycles of millions of years have rolled by.

What other discoveries the siderostat of 1900 may be destined to make the future alone can show, but that it will immeasurably increase our knowledge of the worlds by which we are surrounded there can now, I think, be no doubt.

I have at least the satisfaction of telling myself I have been the means of taking a great step towards bringing the oldest, the most comprehensive, and the most stupendous of the sciences down to the level of the least educated mind.

In Terrorem.

By Mrs. Newman.

Author of "With Costs," "The Last of the Haddons," "His Vindication," etc., etc.

"AN inquest in the house to which she had been brought, a happy, young wife, barely a twelvemonth previously! That this trouble should have come upon them, or that it should have come about through her husband's love for her!" thought Dorothy Langton, as she sat in the darkened morning-room of her pretty riverside cottage home near Hampton, waiting to hear what the verdict had been.

A few months previously her father's brother — her only remaining relation — had lost all he possessed by over-speculation on the Stock Exchange. Resorting to stimulants in order to deaden the remembrance of his ruin he had brought on paralysis, and had become permanently incapable, the doctors giving no hope of his recovery, although he might live for years.

"DOROTHY LANGTON WAS THINKING AS SHE SAT."

On ascertaining the state of affairs Gilbert Langton had decided that his wife's uncle must not be left destitute, and gave him a home in their house.

He appeared to have brought misfortune with him. A few months after the invalid's arrival Gilbert Langton had been roughly awakened to the fact that his own resources were failing. It was found that the old-established bank in which he had succeeded his father as partner, drawing a good income, was in difficulties. There was said to be a possibility of reconstruction, but meantime he would have to put his own shoulder to the wheel in the matter of earning daily bread.

He had fair ability; and until he began to seek employment had anticipated no difficulty in obtaining it. His lack of training in any special direction was, he very quickly discovered, much against him; and, being over the age for competitive examinations, he was beginning to fear that most appointments worth having were barred against him.

Meanwhile, house expenses were running on, to say nothing of the outlay entailed for the invalid, requiring the attendance of a doctor as well as a nurse.

Gilbert Langton knew that a crisis was at hand, and that the pretty riverside home his wife and he had been so proud of would have to be given up. To make things harder for him his wife, who under other circumstances would have bravely faced the difficulty with him, was just then not in a state of health to be told the worst. But she knew enough to feel that matters were getting serious for them.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, and somewhat mysteriously, the end had come. Her uncle's death had relieved them from a great responsibility, and, but for the manner of it, was hardly to be regretted. Stephen Welford had lost all interest in what was going on in the world, and had only been kept alive by the unceasing care of those about him.

"What would the verdict be?" Dorothy was wondering. An inquiry had to be made in consequence of the nurse having found

the bottle which had contained the morphia in the dying man's hand. Suicide? Oh, surely not so bad as that? Her uncle, always craving for narcotics, must have got at the morphia in some way, and unintentionally have taken an overdose, but it could not have been worse than that. The doctor had said people in his state were so eager to make the most of an opportunity for obtaining anything which might deaden the senses. He had got possession of the morphia on the day that Nurse Howden had taken her monthly holiday, and during the momentary absence of either the husband or wife, who had taken it in turn to watch by his side; but none knew how. The catastrophe took place after Nurse Howden's return, while the husband and wife were at dinner.

Awestruck by the knowledge of what was going on in the house, Dorothy Langton was all too conscious of the sounds which now and again made themselves heard from outside the room. The creak of a stealthy footstep, the deep-drawn breath or whispered word of those who came and went, were more intolerable to her just then than would have been the loudest sound.

Presently she heard the welcome sounds of departure, the wheels of the doctor's carriage, and heavy steps crunching the gravel outside. It was over, and Gilbert would soon be there to tell her what the verdict had been.

The minutes went slowly by, and he came not. The only sound which now reached her ears was the monotonous drip, drip of the rain on the terrace outside. At last she heard a step. Slowly it aproached, then stopped for a few moments outside the door as though there were some hesitation about entering. "Not Gilbert," she was telling herself; "but who, then?"

There was a tap at the door; it was slowly opened and Nurse Howden looked in, then entered, closed it and, to Dorothy's surprise, turned the key in the lock.

"Why do you do that? What is it?" she nervously asked.

"Jane told me you were here, and I wanted to see you alone, Mrs. Langton."

"It is over, is it not?"

"Yes."

"And the verdict?"

"Death by misadventure."

Dorothy breathed a sigh of relief. It was something to know it was not suicide. "Where is Mr. Langton?"

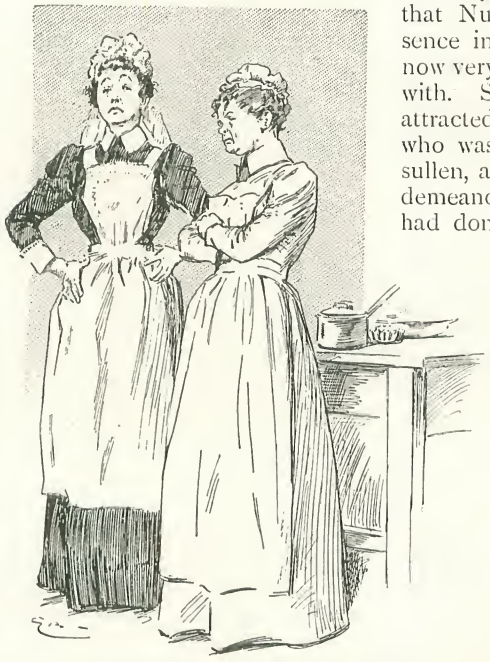
"I was to tell you that he has business to attend to which may detain him rather late, ma'am."

"Oh, very well"; wondering a little that he had not come to tell her this himself.

Nurse Howden made no movement to quit the room, and after a moment or two recommenced speaking, slowly, as though measuring her words.

"I mentioned yesterday that I should be glad if you could allow me to leave as soon as the inquest was over, and I should like to go now if there is no objection. My services are not required here, and there is another situation open for me if I can apply at once."

"Oh, yes, certainly, if you wish it," replied Dorothy, feeling in truth that Nurse Howden's presence in the house could now very well be dispensed with. She had never been attracted to the woman, who was cold, not to say sullen, and reserved in her demeanour; although she had done her duty in the sick room—not onerous, nor demanding the attention of a more trained nurse of superior class. Nor was Dorothy alone in the prejudice she felt. The servants disliked Nurse Howden, complaining that she was very mysterious in her ways and difficult to get on with.



"THE SERVANTS DISLIKED NURSE HOWDEN."

Still the woman made no movement towards quitting the room, and after some apparent hesitation she said, in a low voice:—

"I wished to see you alone, because there is something I must say."

"Was it that the woman meant that she would not go till she was paid the money due to her?" wondered Dorothy. Annoyed at not having the money to pay her, and still more so by her impertinence in locking the door, Dorothy said, with some hauteur :—

"Mr. Langton will settle with you very shortly, Mrs. Howden, if that is what you are waiting for."

"No, not that."

"Then why—I do not understand."

"If you will try to listen calmly I will explain why it is necessary I should see you alone, Mrs. Langton."

Dorothy met her eyes for a moment.

"What are you going to tell me?" she faltered. "Has anything happened? Where is my husband?"

"He is well. It is not what you fear, Mrs. Langton."

"Then why are you so mysterious? Tell me what you have to say at once."

"I told you just now that the verdict was 'Death by misadventure.' I was wrong, or I should say the verdict was wrong."

"Wrong? In what way?"

"You can, of course, see that death may be brought about in another way."

"Sudden death, do you mean?"

"No, it was not that"—the words falling from the woman's lips with pitiless distinctness.

"Suicide?"

"No."

"It—it must have been one or the other," ejaculated Dorothy, striving to overcome the fear that was creeping upon her as she gazed at the woman's cold, inscrutable face.

"You forget there is still another way. Yes, I think you are beginning to see what I mean now."

"No! no!" still striving to thrust from her mind what the other was suggesting. "Woman, what are you trying to make me think?"

"I told you it would require all the courage you could muster to hear it."

"What you say sounds like a charge against someone, and you must wait until my husband is present before you tell me more."

"I cannot do that, and you shall know why if you will command yourself sufficiently to hear it. Will you do this for the sake of the man you love? You will be able if you care for him as we women do sometimes care for men"; breaking off with a catch in her breath, and then adding: "at the risk of our own souls."

"You can have nothing to tell me that I need fear to hear," said Dorothy, turning her eyes upon the woman with proud defiance. But her heart was throbbing heavily, and her hand closed with a tighter hold over the back of the chair it rested upon, as though she were half-conscious of needing some support, as she went on: "I see you fancy you have discovered some terrible secret, and that you are going to use it against—someone."

"It is not fancy, Mrs. Langton. If I can prove to you that I myself have done no wrong, and that I only want to help those who have to escape consequences, will you give your word that you will not betray my confidence?"

"I would accept no confidence that I could not impart to Mr. Langton."

"I am not afraid of that."

"In that case say what you please."

"You must please to bear it in mind that I am not asking you to spare me, Mrs. Langton. What I have to tell is that I have just given evidence which, although true so far as it goes, is only part of the truth; and I did so not to shield myself, but another."

"I—I do not understand."

"I said I found the bottle that had contained the morphia in the dying man's hand, but I did not say that I had seen it put into his hand by—someone. I think that no one knew I had returned. You had gone up to dress, and Mr. Langton had taken your place in the sick room. He was alone with Mr. Welford. I was taking off my bonnet and cloak in the next room, and the door was partly open, when I saw—what took place. It was too late to prevent consequences, and I made up my mind to say nothing which might incriminate him."

"Him?"

"Mr. Langton. I saw it done, and I saw him hurry out of the room afterwards."

"It is false—horribly, wickedly false! My husband! How dare you say it to me?"

"Because it is true."

"You shall answer to him. He shall know the terrible accusation you have made the moment he returns."

"You will not tell him," slowly returned Nurse Howden, her eyes fixed upon the other, it seemed now a little pitifully.

"The moment I see him."

"You will not, because he himself will give you proof that what I have said is true without knowing that he is doing so. But you must remember that although he gave

the bottle it was Mr. Welford who chose to take the stuff; and, after all, it was sure to come sooner or later, cunning as he was, and determined to get hold of it."

"It is not true."

"You will be able to judge for yourself when you meet him, and I think you will spare your husband by keeping silent, as I have done to all but you. Just now you gave me leave to go, and I shall be glad to do so for the reason I have given. My boxes are already packed, and Mr. Langton paid me this morning."

"IT IS NOT TRUE."

"You are——"

"Not so bad as you give me credit for, perhaps. When you come to think, you will recognise that I left unsaid what I did to spare your husband, and you will judge me fairly."

"I will tell him as soon as——"

"You will find it is not necessary to do that when you see what the effects upon him already are. You will have evidence enough that what I have stated is true, and will not drive him to desperation by letting him see what you have heard."

And walking towards the door Nurse Howden quietly unlocked it, passed out, and closed it behind her.

Alone with her misery, Dorothy sank on to the couch, incapable for a few moments of thought or action. Then her senses came back; she sprang to her feet and walked wildly to and fro, her hands pressed to her temples.

"It is not true! It could not possibly be true—not if the whole world said it. Gilbert—my Gilbert a—oh, too ridiculous!" attempting a laugh, but breaking into a wild sob. "No," she added, defiantly, as if in reply to some terrible fear creeping upon her again; "impossible! I know him."

There was a tap at the door and a servant looked in. "Nurse is gone, ma'am, and Susan wants to know——"

"Has Mr. Langton returned? Where is he?"

"I saw him go into the library just now, ma'am. He seemed ill, I thought."

"Ill!" shrinking back and gazing wide-eyed at the girl. In another moment she hurriedly added, endeavouring to conceal her agitation and to speak in an everyday tone: "It was a great shock to us, and—and—all the worry since. I am far from well myself. In the library, do you say?"

"Yes, ma'am"; noting with surprise the change in her mistress's face—a change which not even death and an inquest in the house seemed quite to account for.

Dorothy was already on her way to the library. Crossing the hall, she stood for a moment before the closed door, half fearing to enter, then turned the handle and looked in.

Her husband sat with his arms flung out upon the table and his face buried upon them; his strong frame shaking as if with the violence of some uncontrollable emotion.

"HER HUSBAND SAT WITH HIS ARMS FLUNG OUT UPON THE TABLE."

She softly closed the door, took a step forwards, then stopped, the tension of nerve and feeling almost too great for endurance.

"Gilbert!"

He sprang to his feet, and the two stood facing each other with dilated eyes.

"Gilbert," she repeated, in a low, faint voice, the anguish in her eyes as evident as was the anguish in his.

"Poor Dorothy—my poor wife."

Even at that moment she could see that he was thinking more of her than of himself. His tone was full of sorrow and deep pity for her. But he made no movement towards her, and this told more than words could have done. The shadow of death was between them, a formidable though impalpable barrier not to be overpassed. She put out her hands as though to ward off the horror of the thought forcing itself upon her, swayed blindly to and fro for a moment or two, and fell at his feet bereft of sense and motion.

That night Dorothy Langton lay at the gates of death, through which had passed the frail little being to which she had given birth.

It was some time before she was pronounced out of danger; and when convalescence set in it progressed very slowly. The doctor began to think that she had not sufficient interest in life to make any effort, and this was not natural at her age.

It was understood that a sudden death and inquest in the house had given the young wife a shock which had brought on her illness, and that the disappointment of her hopes afterwards had tended to render her recovery slower than it might otherwise have been. But as time went on and complete restoration might have been looked for, there was still no improvement. It was noticed too that Gilbert Langton looked quite as much out of health and spirits as did his wife.

This, it seemed easy enough to comprehend, might arise from the anxiety he had gone through on his wife's account. Moreover, it was whispered about that Gilbert Langton was in difficulties, and that their pretty home was to be given up as soon as arrangements could be made.

No sooner was the problem supposed to be solved in this way than another presented itself, and curiosity was as rife again as ever. A sudden change of fortune came to Langton. By the death of a distant relative he came into property sufficiently large to free him from all anxiety for the future. All liabilities were met; and he found himself possessed of an income which would have warranted their increasing the establishment, and living in some luxury, had they cared to do so.

No change was made, and to everyone's surprise the cloud which seemed to hang over the husband and wife did not lift. Both seemed to have entirely lost interest in life, while at the same time each in a nervous, constrained way appeared equally anxious about the other.

Dorothy remained partly an invalid in her room, and he was constantly by her side, anticipating every want, and doing all that might be expected of an anxious husband;

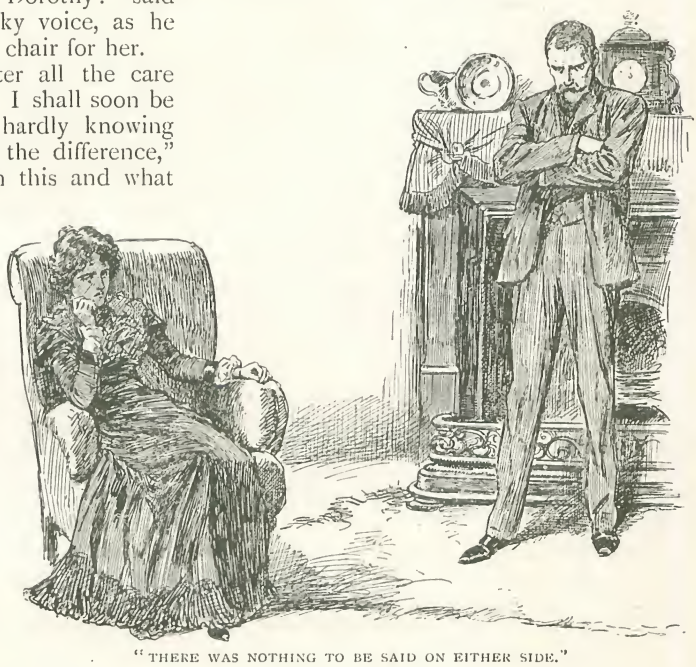
but the two most concerned knew that an insurmountable barrier was between them. Each also knew that had circumstances been different she would have been out of her room long before.

Knowing all too well there could be no taking up their lives in the old way again, they not a little dreaded the time when, "so far and yet so near," they would have to keep up appearances before the world and, worse still, before each other.

When at length she could no longer delay, and went down to the morning-room, it was with the consciousness that the trial before her would be worse than any she had yet gone through.

"You are feeling stronger, Dorothy?" said her husband, in a low, husky voice, as he arranged the pillows in a big chair for her.

"Yes, I ought to be, after all the care that has been taken of me. I shall soon be well now," she murmured, hardly knowing what she was saying. "Ah, the difference," she was thinking, "between this and what might have been"—the first going downstairs as, before that terrible revelation, she had imagined it might be. To see the misery in his white, drawn face, and yet not even to be able to wish it otherwise. No words but those he evidently could not speak would smooth away the terrible knowledge which, like a flaming sword, must divide them as long as they lived. It was because he recognised this that he abstained from any expression of feeling, which could only add to her suffering. But it gave the death-blow to a last lingering hope which she had half-consciously indulged.



"THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE SAID ON EITHER SIDE."

As she glanced towards him where he stood, his elbow on the mantelshelf, his eyes downcast, and his face white and haggard, the remembrance of Nurse Howden's words that the strongest evidence against him would be given by himself forced itself upon her. With it all in his great suffering and remorse, which could not be less in one of his nature, he evinced such deep pity for her. If he had, in a moment of weakness, yielded to the invalid's entreaties for the means of deadening feeling, he had not afterwards used any sophistry with himself as to what might have been expected to follow. He had said nothing, because there had been nothing to say. There was nothing to be said on either side. They knew that it would be one long expiation—suffering greater that the sternest of human laws could inflict for both so long as they lived. She could only endeavour to make him see that she meant to stand by his side and take her share of what had to be gone through, and that nothing could kill her love.

"Gilbert," she murmured, rising and moving towards him with unsteady feet, "I will try to be strong if you will let me help you to bear what is before us. I know what we have to say 'Good-bye' to, until—until——" She broke down with a sob. But she saw he understood her—saw the answering farewell in his eyes as he put his arms about her. He strained her to his heart; then, yielding to her slight movement of withdrawal, let her go, drawing a deep breath as though the effort rent his very soul.

She broke down for a moment, then made a pathetic little attempt to excuse herself. "I must not boast of my strength yet, you see, and—and coming down the first time has made me feel a little tired, I think"; feeling as though life itself were slipping away as she turned towards the chair.

He sprang towards her, but with a great effort overcame and did not take her in his

arms again—simply assisted her to her seat, and then returned to where he had been standing. Presently he said, trying to speak more calmly: "I find that we shall have a larger income than I expected, Dorothy. It will be at least two thousand; not counting three or four hundred a year I shall want for business purposes." He was silent a few moments, gazing abstractedly from the window as the shadow deepened on his face.

Her eyes were turned sorrowfully towards him. She quite understood for what business the three or four hundred was wanted. He had not taken into account that the window of the room where she had sat during her convalescence commanded a view of the drive, and that she might have been a witness to the meetings he had had with Nurse Howden in the dusk of the evening. There was no mistaking her; she was taller and stouter than any of the servants, and they said she was always hovering about the place; and once she herself had seen her husband put an envelope which probably contained a cheque into the woman's hand as they stood at the gate. His access of fortune would enable him to pay the woman to keep silent, and thus render the burden so much the easier, but it would be there as long as he lived.

"Two thousand will enable us to do a great deal," she replied, in a low voice; "and—we have much to do."

"Yes; my poor wife, a heavy debt to pay—which will require ourselves as well as our money."

"The cost! ah, Gilbert, the cost. How can I see you suffer? How can I?" a little wildly adding, as she rose again and drew nearer to him, her face white and drawn, and a too brilliant light in her eyes: "Would not death be better—easier for us?"

"Hush, poor Dorothy. It is not for us to choose the easier way. What atonement would that be? We were to help each other, you know, and I thought we were going to try to do that in a better and braver manner than this. There can be but one way open to us, and I know that you will strive to keep in it, but we must do all we can to spare each other, and—I am very human, Dorothy, and—not sure of myself unless you help me."

"I will," she murmured, with downcast eyes.

He looked yearningly at her for a moment, then, unable to endure more, went out of the room.

"How long?" she was thinking. "How long would they be able to go on like this?"

The door opened and a servant looked in.

"Nurse Howden wishes to see you, ma'am. She inquired whether Mr. Langton was in, and says she wishes to see him too—on business."

Dorothy shrank back. "No, I cannot. I am not well enough to see anyone. Show her into the library, and tell Mr. Langton she is there."

"Excuse me, ma'am, I must see you both," said Nurse Howden, who had followed Jane to the door and now advanced into the room.

"This is the first time my mistress has come down, and she is not able to see anyone," angrily put in Jane. "You had better come to the library."

Dorothy was seized with a sudden fear as to what might be the consequence of offending the woman, and said: "No matter, Jane. Leave Mrs. Howden here, since she wishes it. I daresay I can tell her what she wants to know."

Jane reluctantly departed, and at once set off to find her master and give him a hint not to let the woman worry her mistress.

"Why have you come here—what do you want?" faintly inquired Dorothy, as soon as they were alone.

"I was told that Mr. Langton was at home, and what I have to say must be said in his presence," returned the woman; adding, as she recognised the change that had taken place in the other's appearance since she had last seen her, "You need not fear, Mrs. Langton."

"Spare him, he has suffered so much. You know it."

"Not more than you have."

"For myself I ask nothing—but for him—have mercy. The suffering is so great! Ah, believe it, greater than any mere justice might demand."

The woman looked sullenly at her. "You are one of them can love a man, spite of the worst in him. Once I thought I could, but I don't now. It depends upon what the worst is, I suppose," with a short, bitter laugh. "Anyhow, I've found out there's something sweeter than love, and what that is you will know when your husband—ah, here he is!"

The door was flung open. Gilbert Langton entered and went hurriedly to his wife's side, a grey tint stealing over his face as he

"I'VE FOUND OUT THERE'S SOMETHING SWEETER THAN LOVE."

addressed Nurse Howden: "How dare you come here? How dare you break your promise?"

"There's going to be a breaking of that all round," roughly returned the woman.

A great change was noticeable in Nurse Howden, hitherto so quiet and undemonstrative in her speech and bearing. The mask she habitually wore was off her face now, and the real nature of the woman was terribly apparent.

"Go away, Dorothy. Leave her to me," said Gilbert, in a low voice. "It's only a question of money and——"

"Money has nothing to do with it this time, and I advise you to remain, Mrs. Langton. I came to speak before you both, and it's better for you to listen to what I have to say."

Dorothy rose and drew nearer to her husband, her eyes pleading for permission to remain.

"I don't say," went on the woman, "that I wasn't sorry for you both when I saw what you went through, and how hard and fast you held to each other through it all."

"Spare her!" ejaculated Gilbert, breaking down.

"Spare him! Have mercy!" entreated Dorothy.

"Ah, you can both say that now, because you think you are so sure of each other. But what if you found all your love and faithfulness went for nothing? Suppose," turning fiercely upon Dorothy, "you had had to stand by and see him turn to another who had the power to make him forget all that his wife had ever done for him — what then?"

"What are you talking about, woman — are you mad?" ejaculated Gilbert.

"Look you here. He's taken your money as soon as it came into my hands to spend it upon another, and I am fooled all along the line."

"Of whom are you speaking? You said your husband was dead."

"I said anything he wanted me to, and when he saw money might be made out of it I fell in with it, though I pleaded hard for her. Yes, I did. But he said it wouldn't work that way."

Gilbert put his arms about his wife, gazing fixedly at the woman as she went on.

"It must be both, he said, so we made up the story together. I told you, Mr. Langton, that I saw your wife put the bottle of morphia into Mr. Welford's hand."

"Saw me!" ejaculated Dorothy, staring wide-eyed at the woman. "*Me!*"

"And," stolidly went on the woman, taking no heed of the interruption, "I told Mrs. Langton that I saw you do it."

"*What?*"

"Yes; I led each of you to believe the other had done it. I told both the same tale, and said you would each see evidence of the truth of what I stated in the change that took place in the other. I told Sam you would both keep silent about it out of pity for the other—and so you did."

What a revelation! Husband and wife were gazing at each other as though just awakening from some horrible dream, and hardly able as yet to quite realize that it was not true.

"You lied—to both!" presently gasped out Gilbert, drawing his wife's drooping head on to his breast. Never had anyone thirsted to hear that a lie had been told as he did now.

"What I took my Bible oath to at the inquest was true," said Nurse Howden. Even she had her limitations as to how far she might go after taking a Bible oath. "But what I told you both about seeing the other giving the bottle to Mr. Welford was a lie, and I don't care who knows it now. He told me he got it himself when he was left alone for a few minutes. I knew he was more able to move than he pretended to be. I told the lie at Sam's bidding, and he said it would be no use if I didn't put it strong enough. He depended upon your not telling each other what you had heard, though you might eat your hearts out in secret. If I'd known what I do about what you've gone through——but there, it's no use saying that now—what's done is done."

"Wretched woman! you have nearly killed her!" ejaculated Gilbert.

"She'll soon be better now. I have done no more than many another fool would do for a man's sake, and I didn't mean it to go on longer than to get a little money to set up in business with, little thinking it was all to be spent on another, and, of course, we knew we couldn't go on too long. Look you here, Mr. Langton, I've sold my soul for him, and I mean now to make him pay the price. There is only one thing I care about now, and that's revenge. Wait a bit," as Gilbert was about to speak; "I know what I've done. Getting money by intimidation and false pretences is punishable by law. He told me that often enough, and warned me to be careful, but—well, I'm ready to take my punishment so that he gets his"—repeating, with a cold smile, "so that he gets his."

Langton had himself in hand now, and, rapidly reviewing the situation, saw what he ought to do, and that it must be done at once, before there was time for a reconciliation to come about between the woman and her husband. With a whispered word to his wife, still almost incapable of realizing that he had been given back to her, he placed her in the low chair from which she had risen, and turning to the woman sternly said:—

"You are, I suppose, prepared to substantiate the truth of what you have just stated as to the fraud you have perpetrated? It must be put into writing in order that the necessary steps may be taken for our vindication."

"Yes, I'm ready for that. I'll make it plain enough, and let him deny it if he can. He took care to change the cheques you gave me himself, and that will tell against him." As Langton hurriedly got out writing materials and put them before her she added: "You can have us watched and taken when he meets me to-morrow and takes the cheque you have given me. He's always close at hand. When he knows I have confessed he'll make a fight for it, I expect, but you can prepare for that."

Langton pointed to the sheet of paper on the blotting-pad before her. "Begin, and write plainly."

"Oh, yes; I'll make it plain enough, no fear. You can tell me what to write yourself, and make it as strong against him as you like," with a grim smile.

"Go on, then."

"I, Sarah Howden, hereby affirm that I was induced by my husband to make a false declaration against Mr. and Mrs. Langton, stating to each separately that I had seen the other give to Mr. Welford the morphia which caused his death, and that I made the accusation in order to obtain money from them. Mr. Welford told me before he became insensible that he himself contrived to obtain possession of the morphia, and what I stated on oath at the inquest, that I found the bottle in his hand, was true."

He caught up the sheet of paper, and ran his eye through what she had written to make sure she had used the precise words he had dictated.

"Ring, Dorothy."

But she lay back in the chair white and motionless, incapable of realizing anything but the one fact that her husband had been given back to her.

He rang the bell.

"Jane," he began to the servant who obeyed the summons, and was looking not a little curiously at the three showing signs, each in a different way, of having just passed through some great crisis, "two witnesses are required immediately to something this—person"—he had almost said "fiend"—"has written. Someone outside, if possible," his eyes turning towards the window. "That is Dr. Broadhurst's carriage; run down and ask him to oblige me by coming here at once—and—the gardener there. There is not a moment to spare."

Jane went hurriedly off to do his bidding. Nurse Howden stood quietly waiting, determination in her eyes and a hard smile upon her lips. On the entrance of Dr. Broadhurst and the gardener Langton said a few words to them and then turned towards the woman.

"You have made the statement you have written voluntarily, without any pressure being put upon you or any inducement being offered either by myself or Mrs. Langton?"

"Yes; I wrote it of my own free will, and it is true."

"Sign your name here."

She signed in a large, bold hand, "Sarah Howden."

"Will you be good enough to sign your name as witness?" he went on, turning to Dr. Broadhurst and the gardener.

There was silence a few moments, broken only by the sound of the pen travelling over the paper.

"Thank you." Drawing a sigh of relief, Gilbert caught up the paper and turned towards Nurse Howden.

"Out of my house, woman!"

"I have done what I wanted to do," she replied, with the smile still upon her lips, "and I shall have my revenge."

"I may not choose to assist you to that."

"Do you mean to say——"

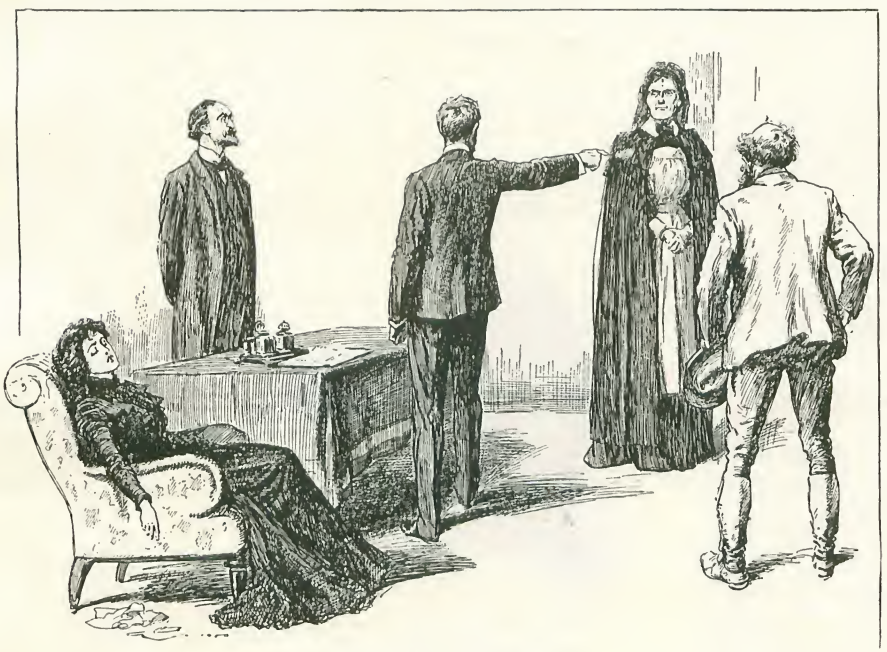
"Out of my house."

She stood glaring at him for a moment or two in impotent rage, recognising that, now he had the evidence of her guilt in his hands, he might choose to take no further steps in the matter. Perhaps he saw that in not giving her the revenge she wanted he was punishing her in the only way she could be touched.

He sternly pointed to the door, adding to the gardener: "See her off the premises, Grant, or I shall forget she is a woman."

Forced to obey she went out, watched by Grant, who, like the servants, gave her credit for evil intentions without knowing in what precise way.

Dr. Broadhurst was bending over Dorothy, a little puzzled by the radiant joy in her white, worn face, in such contrast with the settled dejection which had been so noticeable of late. He glanced towards her husband. Yes, relief and happiness had come to them both.



"OUT OF MY HOUSE, WOMAN!"

Langton put the paper into his hand. Dr. Broadhurst glanced through it, and understood something of what the two had gone through. With a word or two about looking in later on he went out of the room. To be alone together would do them more good than anything he could do just then.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

IN THE DARK.

WHEN, in good time for grouse, Parliament was prorogued, the vast majority of members left Westminster with the conviction that as members of the Queen's fourteenth Parliament they would see its face no more. There was, in view of the Septennial Act, no reason why it should be dissolved in the year 1900. Having assembled for a brief Session on the 12th of August, 1895, it was still a few days short of its fifth year when it stood prorogued. As far as the Statute is concerned there is no reason why it should not sit through the first year of the new century, being dissolved in the early spring of 1902.

The condition of parties in the House of Commons suggested no reason for hastening the dissolution by a twelvemonth. For fighting purposes the Opposition was non-existent. With respect to the questions that absorbed public attention there was not a whisper of discontent with Ministerial policy in China. As to the war in South Africa, on a critical division the Opposition showed itself hopelessly rent. Something like forty walked out without voting. Another forty, including prominent members of the Front Opposition Bench, supported the Government. A section, comprehending the Radicals, following training and deeply-rooted habits, went out with the Irish members to vote "agin the Government."

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, AFTERWARDS LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.
From a Sketch in the House of Commons.

There was certainly nothing here to drive the master of legions in the House of Commons to appeal to the country out of due course. All the same, members, like Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted. There would, they insisted, be dissolution either in October or September, and the cloth of hardly-earned holidays must be cut accordingly. It is interesting to record the state of mind prevalent in the House of Commons on the eve of the prorogation, and watching how it worked out regarded as a forecast.

RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

Did the late Lord Chief Justice pass any early portion of his journalistic career in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons? No mention of the circumstance is made in accessible biographical notes. I have reason to believe that the answer to the question is in the affirmative. Talking one day of his Parliamentary experience Lord Russell dropped the remark that his first acquaintance with the House of Commons was made from the Press Gallery. I asked when it happened, but he evidently did not desire to pursue a subject he had accidentally alluded to, and talked of something else. The Press Gallery of the House of Commons is one of the most exclusive places in the world. It is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a man not duly authorized as a working journalist to cross its trebly-guarded portals. Since Russell was there he must have gone either to report speeches or to write leading articles.

One of Lord Russell's most distinguished contemporaries at the Bar certainly gained his earliest personal knowledge of the House of Commons as viewed from the Press Gallery. Forty years ago Sir Edward Clarke was on the regular reporting staff of the *Standard*, possibly not dreaming that in days to come he would give his successors in the old box many an hour's work reporting his Parliamentary speeches.

LAWYERS IN THE HOUSE.

The great advocate and judge who in August last suddenly passed away, followed by a rare burst of national lamentation, was a striking example of the familiar Parliamentary truism that a successful lawyer is not necessarily, is indeed rarely, a power in

Parliamentary debate. When twenty years ago Charles Russell in the prime of vigorous life, with high reputation as leader of the Northern Circuit, took his seat for Dundalk, if anyone had been asked what his chances were of making a position in the House of Commons the answer would have been that they were assured. So it proved; Russell, from the position of private member, rising through the Attorney-Generalship to the highest seat on the judicial Bench. But the prize was won by sheer force of personal character, not by oratorical art or debating facility.

Yet Russell was equipped by Nature with all the gifts that ordinarily go to make Parliamentary reputation. A great lawyer, he was not tied and bound by the manner or tradition of the Courts. In addition to a piercing intellect, long training, a ready wit and gift of speech that occasionally rose to height of genuine eloquence, he was a many-sided man of the world. He loved cards and horses, was a constant diner-out, was even frequently seen at the "at homes" which in some big houses follow upon little State dinners. His sympathies were essentially human. He resembled Mr. Gladstone in the quick interest he took in any topic started in conversation. In short, he seemed to be just the man who would captivate and command the House of Commons. Yet, with one exception, I do not remember his ever attaining a position to reach which was a desire perhaps more warmly cherished than that of presiding over the Queen's Bench Division. The exception was the delivery of a speech in support of the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.

MR. MATTHEWS, NOW LORD LLANDAFF.

MRS. MAYBRICK.

The most remarkable episode in Charles Russell's career at the Bar undoubtedly was his defence of Mrs. Maybrick. I happened to find myself in the same hotel with him at Liverpool on the morning of the day set down for the opening of the trial. At breakfast he spoke in confident terms of his client's innocence and of the surety of her acquittal. He did not take into account the passing mood of the judge who tried the case, and so found himself out of his reckoning. But the verdict of the jury, still less the summing-up of Fitzjames Stephen, did not shake his conviction that, whatever other sins might lie to her charge, the unhappy woman was guiltless of murder.

It was chiefly out of respect for the conclusion formed by this judicial mind, illumined by the keenest intellect, that led two successive Home Secretaries on accession to office to devote days and nights to patient reconsideration of the evidence. Lord Llandaff told me that when the matter came before him as Home Secretary he approached it with an absolutely impartial mind, biased only by natural desire to find a loophole through which the hapless woman might crawl back to liberty. He read and weighed every scrap of evidence, shutting himself up with the papers for three days. At the end of that time he, slowly but surely drifting, was landed in unshakable conviction of Mrs. Maybrick's guilt. When Sir Matthew White Ridley went to the Home Office he, in the same impartial frame of mind, moved by the same impulse towards mercy, arrived at the same conclusion.

It is impossible to conceive two men more widely differing in constitution and training than the Home Secretary who was best known as Henry Matthews and the present incumbent of the office. Yet, travelling by varying ways, they arrived at the same spot. On the other hand, Charles Russell, of all men least likely to be misled by appearances or deliberate deception, having probed the case to the bottom, having turned his piercing eyes on the frail creature in the dock, having talked to her in private and studied her in public, was convinced of her innocence. He was not the kind of man to abandon man or woman because the universe had deserted them. He paid Mrs. Maybrick regular visits in her prison house, a custom not intermitted when he put on the ermine and the dignity of Lord Chief Justice of England.

17TH CENTURY LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

Lord Mostyn is the proud possessor of the earliest, most comprehensive, and on the whole the most valuable collection of what in these days are widely popular in the provincial

Press as London Letters. The London Correspondent, as all who read his contributions suspect, was not born yesterday. The Letters bound in ten volumes that have an honoured place in the library at Mostyn Hall are dated from 1673 to 1692.

At that epoch, whilst as yet newspapers were few, the news-letter-writer was an important person. He attended the coffee-houses, where he picked up the gossip of the day. For Parliamentary news he suborned the clerks, who gave him an inkling of what happened in the House, sometimes even supplied him with extracts from its journal. This practice became so common that there will be found in the journals themselves an account of how certain coffee-house-keepers were summoned to the Bar of the House and reprimanded for the heinous offence of adding to the attractions of their parlour by publicly reading minutes of the proceedings.

NELL GWYNNE.

The more enterprising of these early fathers among London correspondents forestalled Baron Reuter. They had correspondents in some of the capitals of Europe who sent them scraps of gossip, which they embodied in their letters. Each letter-writer had his list of subscribers, who, I trust, made up a handsome aggregate of fee. Of the varied topics dealt with in the Mostyn news-letters it will suffice to quote notices of Titus Oates standing in the pillory of Tyburn; of Nell Gwynne at the height of her fame; of the execution in Pall Mall of the murderers of Edward Thynne; of the arrest of the Duke of Monmouth; of the trial of the Seven Bishops; of the birth of the Prince of Wales, son of James II.; of the fee of 500 guineas paid to the fortunate midwife, one Mrs. Wilkins; of King James's going, and of the Prince of Orange's coming.

A WAGGISH SPEAKER.

The stern forbidding of the Clerks of Parliaments to furnish to the outside world information of what took place within the barred doors of the House of Commons did not extend to members. Stored in ancient houses throughout the country are innumerable more or less graphic panels from Pictures in Parliament. One, in the possession of Sir John Trelawney, recalls a curious scene in the House early in the Session of 1753. "Your countryman Sydenham, member for Exeter," writes a fellow-member addressing his uncle in the country, "wanted a tax on swords and full-bottomed wigs, which last do not amount to forty in the kingdom. The Speaker and the Attorney-General, who were the only wearers of them in the House, made him due reverence."

As the visitor to the Strangers' Gallery knows, the Speaker of the House of Commons to this day wears a full-bottomed wig. The Attorney-General long ago finally took off his.

THE ELDER PITT.

At Dunster Castle, in Somersetshire, there is a bundle of letters written 140 years ago by Henry Chiffner, M.P. for Minehead. He has long ago answered to the cry, "Who goes home?" and we may look in vain for Minehead in the list of Parliamentary boroughs. The letters remain, including one giving lengthy account of the opening of Parliament by the King, George III., in the Session of 1762. In the same year, under date 11th of December, the Parliamentary summary-writer gives an account of Pitt's speech in opposition to what is known in history as The Peace of Paris. "The speech," Mr. Chiffner reports, "occupied three hours and twenty-six minutes, and was the worst I ever heard." It certainly did not capture the House, for on a division whilst 319 declared for peace only sixty-five followed Pitt into the division lobby.

A FIVE HOURS' SPEECH.

The letter-writer mentions that "by leave of the House Pitt delivered this speech alternately standing and sitting." In later days, as all the world knows, Mr. Gladstone on one occasion occupied five hours in the exposition of an historic Budget. It was his first Budget speech, delivered on the 18th April, 1853. The late Sir John Mowbray, one of the few members of the last Parliament who heard the speech, vividly recalled the occasion. He told me how surprised he was when it was over to find that five hours had sped. Mr. Gladstone, then in the prime of a magnificent physique, showed no sign of fatigue or of failing voice. It was long

before the epoch of the pomatum-pot, and his sole refreshment was a tumbler of water.

TWO CORNETS.

It was, of course, the elder Pitt who is described as having occasion from time to time to sit down during delivery of a three hours' speech. He was at the date only in his fifty-fourth year. Whence it would appear that he was either temporarily indisposed or constitutionally frail. Possibly he was recovering from an attack of his constant enemy, the gout. Not quite sixteen years later he—in the meantime having become Earl of Chatham—fell back in a faint whilst passionately addressing the House of Lords, was carried out, driven to his Kentish home, and a month later died.

A PRECIOUS LITTLE FAT BOOK.

I always think of the elder Pitt when my eye falls on the flexible figure of the member for the Wellington Division of Shropshire. Mr. Brown, it is true, though he is reaching the status of one of the oldest members of the House of Commons—he took his seat thirty-two years ago—has not, either as a statesman or an orator, yet made his mark in equal measure with the Great Commoner. But like the elder Pitt he, before he turned his attention to politics, held the rank of cornet in the Army. Cornet Pitt was in the Horse Guards Blue; Cornet Brown favoured the 5th Dragoon Guards.

A PREHISTORIC "DOD."

I have been looking up Minehead, the borough represented a century and a half ago by Mr. Chiffner. I have the good fortune to find all about it in a precious little fat book presented to me some time ago by a kindly prejudiced reader of these pages, who came upon it on a top shelf of his grandfather's library, and thought it would be "just the thing I should like." His intuition was unerring. "Biographical Memoirs of the Members of the Present House of Commons" is the title of the work. Price, in boards, 12s. It is carefully compiled by Joshua Wilson, M.A., and is corrected to February, 1808.

At that time George III. was King. In October of the following year he celebrated the jubilee of his accession. Pitt was two years later followed to the grave, after an interval of eight months, by his great adversary, Fox. The Duke of Portland was Prime Minister; Lord Eldon sat on the Woolsack; Spencer Perceval was Chancellor of the Exchequer, unconscious of the dark shadow that haunted and followed him in the lobby of the House of Commons; Sir Arthur Wellesley was Irish Secretary, and —greatest of all in a mediocre Ministry— Canning was Foreign Secretary.

The book is the precursor of the familiar "Dod" of the later half of the century, but is fuller of the charm of personal narrative than is permissible in the frigid pages of a work where the only glowing period flashes forth in the autobiography of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, with its picturesque background of the Pilgrim Fathers.

OLD SARUM.

On page 454 we come upon Old Sarum, in the flesh as it were. To us of post-Reform days Old Sarum is a kind of myth. In this volume, with the dust of nearly a century on its brown paper boards and its uncut leaves, we find Old Sarum sedately flourishing as Manchester, Birmingham, or Glasgow loom large in "Dod" of to-day. To the imaginative mind the name suggests the idea of a prim old lady in grey silk, with mittens on her hands, her grey hair peeping from under a spotless white cap. That is only imagination. Even at the beginning of the century, when pocket boroughs were as common adjuncts of a landed estate as were pheasant coverts, they were "saying things" about Old Sarum. "The right of election in Old Sarum," Mr. Joshua Wilson, M.A., delicately remarks, "is in the freeholders, being burgage-holders of the borough, which, on account of its decayed state, has been occasionally a subject of animadversion." Animadversion! Word more blessed than Mesopotamia.

In dealing with the constituencies the compiler of the Memoirs is accustomed to set forth the total number of electors, and marvellous they are. Thus, on the page preceding the record of Old Sarum stands Okehampton, Devonshire, with 240 electors. On the page following it is Orford, in Suffolk, which returned two members to Parliament by the favour of exactly twenty portsmen, burgesses, and freemen. When Mr. Joshua

Wilson, M.A., comes to Old Sarum he is suspiciously silent as to the number of free and independent electors on the register. The sole machinery of election to the two seats representing Old Sarum appears to be the returning officer, a bailiff appointed at the Court-leet of Lord Caledon, who is now Lord of the Manor.

A STORY FOR THE PSYCHICAL SOCIETY.

In 1808 Old Sarum had for one of its members Nicholas Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Liverpool's Ministry formed four years later. About this gentleman's family Mr. Joshua Wilson, M.A., relates an anecdote communicated to him by "a person of condition." Mr. Vansittart's father was in the service of the East India Company. He was sent out with two others on an important mission. The ship is supposed to have foundered at sea. Howbeit, after leaving the English Channel she was heard of never more. One night Mrs. Vansittart dreamt that her husband appeared to her, sitting naked on a barren rock. He told her that whatever rumours she might hear of his death she was to pay no attention to them.

His situation, as described, does not appear to have been altogether comfortable or conformable with usage. But, though naked and homeless, save for the barren rock, he was certainly alive. When, in due time, announcement was made of the foundering of the East Indiaman, and the loss of all on board, Mrs. Vansittart stoutly declined to believe it. As Mr. Wilson puts it, "the lady was so deeply affected with what had occurred, and so prepossessed with the authenticity of the supposed communication, that she refused to put on mourning for the space of two whole years." She lived to an advanced age, with a suit of clothes always ready for the return of the unclad husband. They were never claimed.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE COLONEL EXPLODING.

IN THE WRONG BOX.

An awkward accident befell a well-known member of the House of Commons in the closing days of the Session. A friend having anticipated the holidays and gone on a long journey, wrote to ask if he would be so good as to rummage through his locker in the corridor leading to the Library, tear up and clear away his papers. "We shall have a General Election in October," he wrote; "and as I don't mean to stand again you can make a clean sweep of my papers. There is nothing of any importance there, but it's just as well not to have them lying about."

Thus adjured, the hon. member went to work with a will. He was much surprised on glancing at the books and papers as he tore them up to find how almost exclusively they related to military matters. One set in particular contained what looked like an elaborate estimate of the value of cordite produced under divers conditions. The absent member had never shown himself interested in military affairs. When he had spoken upon them in Committee he had ever deprecated growing expenditure on the Army. However, every man knows his own business best. The M.P.'s instructions were to clear out the locker, and this was done effectively.

Two hours later one of the messengers, pale to the lips, trembling as though a thunderbolt had narrowly missed him in its flight, came up and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but have you been clearing out Colonel Blank's locker?"

He had. Muddling up numbers, he had gone to the wrong locker, and destroyed the accumulated notes a high military authority had made through the Session. Colonel Blank being a particularly irascible gentleman, and the prorogation being certain to take place on the following Wednesday, the M.P. thought he might as well leave town at once. This he did, gaining five clear days' holiday.

Caoutchouc.

By John Arthur Barry.

Author of "Steve Brown's Bunyip," "In the Great Deep," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

INVESTING A "TENNER."

"WONDER what's become of Mowbray," remarked Paxton, looking up at the big clock for the twentieth time. "He said he'd be here at six, didn't he? And under the fishes? Is that right?"

"Quite correct," I replied. "Well, it's only five past now. He'll be here presently. I only hope he's got some show in sight to raise the wind on when he does come."

Paxton was a mining engineer just returned from Westralia, whither he had journeyed in the sure and certain hope of a rapid and lucrative engagement on some of the mining centres. But finding on arrival that his professional brethren were plentiful enough to timber all the shafts on Coolgardie and Hannan's with, he had returned in disgust, and nearly stone-broke into the bargain. A New Zealand native of Scotch parentage, he was a pushing, energetic, red-headed, black-eyed little man; had travelled far and wide, and been a partner ere now with Mowbray and myself in many speculations, profitable and otherwise—generally the latter. He and I had met, after a long separation, the day before, in King Street, Sydney, whither I had returned after a vain trip to Johannesburg to discover if any architects were wanted there. But I was too late. The supply had arrived from the other end; and all the benefit I reaped from my venture was the satisfaction of working my way back to the Colonies in a sailing vessel.

Not twenty minutes after foregathering with Paxton, and mutually condoling, the pair of us had met Mowbray, who, not being a professional man, but a mere adventurer, had been of late years better off than any of us. He had, it appeared, recently arrived with a mob of fat cattle from the Georgina River—way up in North-Western Queensland. Also, he was wearing one of Holle's ten-guinea walking suits, and smoking "Henry Clay" cigars out of a big alligator-skin case. Therefore, we two lime-burners felt moderately hopeful when he "shouted" right royally, and asked us to meet him under the great glass tank, surrounded by soft seats and full of gold and silver fishes, in the vestibule of the Australia Hotel.

I say "moderately," because it struck us as curious that our old mate, when apprised of the state of our respective purses, had not at once offered to replenish them. You see, between us three existed a brutal but well-understood outspokenness in money matters, the result of much tooth-and-nail scratching together through a good many years. Sometimes Paxton, when he had his Sydney office, used to drop in for a paying contract during the mining booms; similarly, I did the same in Melbourne when the land ones were on. And until the '93 smashes played Old Harry with the pair of us, we did fairly well. In those days Mowbray was usually roaming about in his cutter, the *Ruby*, sometimes pearling; at others droving; at others away at some new rush. But always, if one was out of funds and the two others in, or *vice versâ*, the luckless pair or unit well knew where to apply for help. Very rarely were all three cornered at once. It was different now.

"Dinner tickets," muttered Paxton, judicially as, presently, Mowbray entered, and, recognising us with a nod and a smile, walked to the office.

"That looks well. All the same, he ought to have anted up yesterday, and I won't forget to tell him of it, by-and-by, either."

It was pleasant to find ourselves once more in the fine dining-room, and our spirits rose as the Heidsieck lowered in its second magnum, and the good dinner progressed amidst talk that travelled between Coolgardie, Kimberley, and North-Western Queensland.

"Now, I know you chaps are wondering what's the matter," said Mowbray, as, downstairs, we settled ourselves to cigars and coffee.

We others frankly admitted that such was the case.

"Of course," replied Mowbray—a tall, clean-shaven, handsome man of about forty. "But, you see, just now we're all in the same box. I don't think I've got ten shillings in the world. Still, I reckoned we might as well have a decent feed, so I left my watch over the way, at uncle's. That cut out the dinner money. Yesterday, however," he continued, "I had a tenner. Just before I met you I invested it, and I hope the spec. will turn up trumps. I have bought a wreck."

"I HAVE BOUGHT A WRECK."

"Bought a what?" we laughed, simultaneously, for the generous fare and wine had taken due effect, and neither Paxton nor myself felt inclined to show disappointment. And, in any case, we were better off by a capital dinner.

"A wreck," repeated Mowbray, calmly, as he pushed the bell at the back of his chair for more cigars. "She's a German brig. Went ashore a few days ago, close to Sugar Loaf Point, not more than about 100 miles or so up the coast. I happened to drop into the rooms when she was offered, and she was knocked down to me for my last tenner."

"A pig in a poke, if ever there was one," remarked Paxton. "Why, she might be going to pieces at the present moment."

"And she might not," replied Mowbray, passing the cigars. "Anyhow, if you like, we'll get aboard the *Ruby*, straight away, and see what sort of a prize packet the *Putzig* 'll turn up."

"Oh, you've got the cutter yet, then?" I asked.

"Sooner part with a leg," said Mowbray. "She's lying down at Watson Bay, ready at a minute's notice. Sent some stores aboard this morning, and only got back from her at six. That's what kept me. Better go to your diggings, pack a bundle, and come along. Meet me at the Circular Quay Ferry in an hour. That do?"

Yes, it would do, that or anything else promising money to empty pockets.

Thus, in a very short time, Paxton and I had returned to the third-rate hotel, where we had, after our meeting, promptly shared a room; doffed each his one passable suit, put on others, and in a couple of hours were on board the *Ruby* and getting under way. As we were short-handed for a craft of fifty tons, and heavily rigged at that, Mowbray took with him the fisherman who, during his absence, had given an eye to the cutter. It was a lovely night as we stood out through the Heads and up the coast under the light of a full moon, carrying just enough of a fair wind to keep everything drawing. Mowbray was at the tiller, and the great boom, eased off to twenty feet of sheet, seemed almost to skim the little waves as with a musical ripple at her bows the old *Ruby* lay comfortably over to it—pleased, as it were, to feel once more deep water laving her breasts after the long spell of idleness.

In the galley the man had lit the fire to make some coffee, and the smoke from the funnel streamed cheerfully away to leeward; every half minute, behind us, the great South Head Light plunged a shaft of dazzling electricity athwart the night; abeam towered the tall brown cliffs, scarred and honeycombed, at whose base, even in the calmest weather, old ocean roars in hollow murmurings; to seaward shone the red side and white masthead lights of some coasting steamer coming in end on; whilst ahead, and closer, three lofty pyramids of silver showed a sailer with her yards braced sharp up making to the southward. A change, indeed, this scene from the life and bustle of the big hotel, the hot and stuffy streets of the city!

The *Putzig*, Mowbray told us, was on her way from the Moluccas, Philippines, and South Seas, with copra and an *omnium gatherum* of other island produce, when her

captain had run in and made the land so fatally. The master had blamed the mate; but as both were on deck at the time, fine weather prevailing, and the Sugar Loaf Light in plain sight, the Marine Board had no option left but to permanently cancel both their certificates. The brig, it seemed, was owned in Melbourne, by a German firm there; was 200 tons burden, wooden built, and lay just as she had been left when she took the reef.

Mowbray, who spoke two or three languages, had, after his purchase, interviewed both captain and mate. The former was a Hamburger; but the other, of all people, a Frenchman who had shipped on the brig at Macassar, where his predecessor had died of fever.

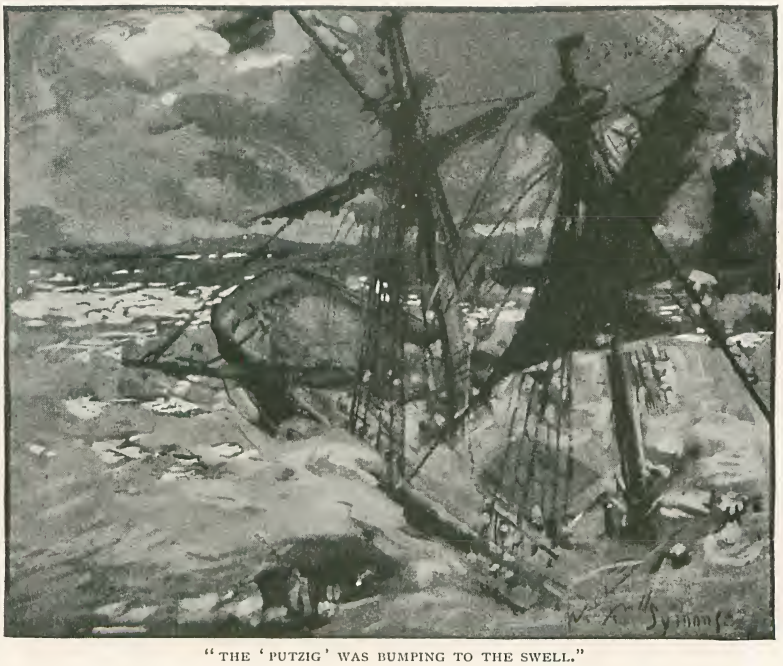
"They were still raving at each other," said Mowbray, "when I found them. But they both knocked off passing compliments, ranging from matters of seamanship to those of the '70–'71 war, to jeer at me for buying her. Marine surveyors and underwriter's agent alike, they swore, had given her up at sight. Long ere this she must have bumped herself to pieces. Well," continued Mowbray, "I might have believed them, and let the thing rip, only for a glance—just one glance—I intercepted between the pair. What it meant I haven't the remotest notion. But it was a look of mutual understanding. And it struck me as curious under the circumstances, added to the overmuch protestation concerning the utter futility of my spec. Another thing: later, happening to be at Redfern, I saw my friends board the Newcastle train, still wrangling fiercely. Of course, there may be nothing in their travelling up the coast. Still, it's the way to the wreck of their ship, about which same wreck I can't get it out of my head there's something fishy."

"Shouldn't wonder!" murmured Paxton, abstractedly. "If she's where her people seem to think she is." Upon which, Mowbray, exercising his prerogative as captain, immediately called him to the tiller.

CHAPTER II.

CIGARS AND OPIUM.

Towards midnight the wind freshened very considerably, and putting a reef in main and foresail, and stowing our gaff topsail, we raced along like a little steamer, passing Newcastle Nobbys at breakfast-time next morning. Then the wind drew more ahead, raising a choppy sea, and it was well on in the afternoon before we covered the next sixty miles, and, rounding the Cape, saw in a small cove the German brig, her nose jammed between two rocks, bowsprit snapped short off, her foretopmast lying in a heap of wreckage over the forecastle, the main one hanging and swinging up and down the lower mast, whilst from half-way up the gaff halliards the black, red, and white flag of Germany streamed forlornly. Evidently the *Putzig* was bumping to the swell; and although her stern had slewed end on, and rose apparently pretty dry, from amidships right for'ard the short seas broke clean over the vessel.



"THE 'PUTZIG' WAS BUMPING TO THE SWELL."

"Umph!" said Mowbray, doubtfully, "if this breeze freshens much more my tenner'll go all to pieces before morning. Still, there's no sea to speak of. I think we'd better run close in, drop our anchor, and then out dinghy and see what's aboard that will return the quickest value for a very risky investment."

Leaving the *Ruby* sheltered under the lee of the headland, with Jim the fisherman to look out for her, we three got into the dinghy and pulled for the brig. To our surprise, as we came round her heavy, square stern we saw that a boat lay alongside.

"Confounded beach-combers looting, I expect!" exclaimed Mowbray, angrily. "I'll soon stop their capers. But, by jingo, look at her bows! Why, she must be half full of water for'ard!"

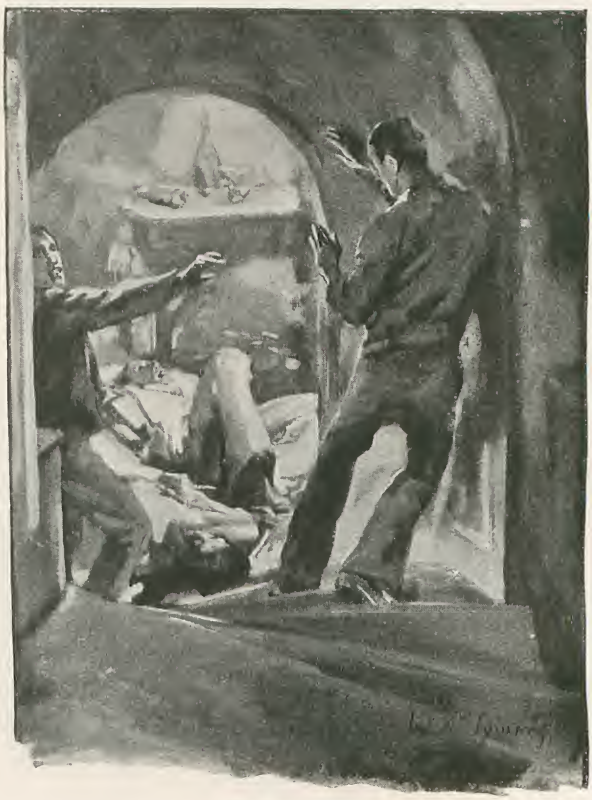
And, indeed, we could see on her port bow a big hole where it met the jagged rock, whose forks seemed alone to support the hull. And down this, at every jerking heave she gave, tons of water poured. Wonderfully strong she must have been to stand such a knocking about as she was getting! To look at her, almost on even keel, with her squat, broad body rolling and heaving painfully to the short swell that came washing up from seaward, reminded me irresistibly of a big, fat rat caught by the nose in a trap and making desperate but fruitless efforts to free itself. Watching our chance, Mowbray and myself jumped into her old-fashioned chains and gained the deck, leaving Paxton to tend the boat, a very necessary precaution judging from the fashion the one already there had been served by the sheering hull.

"Some farmers, I suppose," remarked Mowbray, pointing to the crushed gunwale of the boat. "Who else would be so careless?"

But on board was no sign of life. Her short poop was all taken up by a sort of rounded structure, evidently made to give height to her cabin below. Around it ran a railing; its sides were pierced by bull's-eyes; aft, in a sort of well, stood wheel and binnacle, and fronting these was an open pair of double doors with steps leading down.

"That's a handsome binnacle-stand," remarked Mowbray. "Worth a fiver, I should say. However, we've no time to bother about unshipping it. Hang me if I don't think the sea's getting up more! Once the rocks let go their hold, and she'll sink like a stone. Let's make below. There might be something there that'll pay us for shifting."

The little cabin was well lit, the steps broad enough to allow of our descending two abreast. Thus the sight awaiting us



"IN THE CABIN."

met our eyes at the same time, and caused us both to start back together, and together swear in affright at the horror of it.

At our feet almost, and lying on their backs in a great pool of blood, lay the bodies of two men, half naked. One still grasped a long sheath knife; near the other lay a similar weapon. The light from the companion fell full on their upturned faces, horribly contorted with pain and passion, whilst the staring, filmy eyes and fallen jaws lent additional repulsiveness to features naturally the reverse of comely.

"That's the skipper," said Mowbray, pointing to a very stout man, with long, fair beard and moustaches, and whose clothes, nearly

torn away from the upper portion of his body, disclosed many gaping, savage stabs against the white flesh. "And that's the mate (the Frenchman I told you of)," he continued, indicating the other body—that of a tall, thin, very dark man, clean-shaven.

And there was blood everywhere. Blood and cigars—thousands of them—together with scores of small, square, flat tins.

And as the evening sun streamed over our heads into the place we could see more plainly where these came from. In the side of one of the berths, two of which gave on to the main apartment, a sliding-panel had been opened—a cunningly enough constructed hiding-place of about the length of an old-fashioned eight-day clock case. This had been tightly packed with cigars over a bottom tier of tins. Strips of bamboo, thickly cased in silk and reaching from top to bottom of the locker, had been used to keep the pile in position. These in the struggle had been pulled out, and now lay strewn about the cabin, making streaks of brilliant colour in the sunshine that lit up the death-hole.

"Hundreds and hundreds of pounds' worth of cigars and opium," remarked Mowbray, at last. "That's what brought the pair back again. Then they quarrelled and fought *à la mort*. But what an awful mess!" Picking his way very carefully, he stepped inside.

The table was littered with cigars, most of them wrapped in bright tin-foil, and all fine and large.

"Partegas—not Manilas," remarked Mowbray, as, taking one up and stripping it of no less than three coverings, he put it to his nose, "and of the very finest brand, too! These fellows were connoisseurs indeed. And the opium—there must be forty or fifty pounds' weight of it! A haul, if you like, my boy."

I had gingerly followed Mowbray, and was now standing alongside the table. The *Putzig*, in one of her lurches, had caused a small, tin cylinder to roll against my hand from amongst the litter. Almost unconsciously I held the thing and stopped it from returning across the table. Mowbray was busy at the secret locker amongst the cigars and opium tins still remaining there.

"Well," said he, presently, "I suppose we might as well be getting some, at least, of this stuff away. If you will find a bucket on deck and bend on a rope's end, I'll fill and you can lower it to Paxton."

But even as he spoke a wild cry reached us from the latter; the brig ceased her short, lurching roll, whilst her stern went up until almost perpendicular, presenting so high an incline that even the dead men on the floor rolled over and over and under the table. Again came that shrill yell, and Mowbray, exclaiming, "My God, Dean (my name), she's going down!" clawed his way to the companion-steps, now almost overhead, and up which, having already gained the deck, I gave him a hand. Nor were we a second too soon. One glance showed us that the brig had at last worked and ground her way out of the rocky prongs that held her, and was now sinking head first. Indeed, the water was up to the break of the poop, and the nearly upright stern sticking a good 30ft. above the sea.

"Jump!" yelled Paxton, who had cast off his painter and stood ready to scull away. "Jump! She's only got another minute!"

And jump we did, far out and towards the boat, reaching her and being pulled inboard just in time to see the brig disappear; whilst, strangest sight of all, at the last moment, three crows—that had perched on the gaff—flew landward with harsh croaks of disappointment.

"There goes my tenner!" exclaimed Mowbray, as he wiped the salt out of his eyes, and the boat whirled violently round and round in the eddies caused by the sinking vessel. "And a jolly close shave it was, into the bargain. Ugh! those dead men have taken all the stiffening out of me! Let's get aboard the *Ruby* and have a nip of something. Lord, those were fine smokes, though! Well, it's no use crying over spilled milk. But if she'd only hung another couple of hours we should have made money out of her right enough."

For my part I was only too glad to get away. As we were changing our clothes on board the *Ruby* I all at once felt some hard, round substance in the pocket of my coat. Pulling it out, I saw the tin cylinder I had taken off the brig's table, and must have pocketed when Paxton gave the alarm. It was about eight inches in length by four across—a short, stout tube with close-fitting lid, somewhat similar to those that schoolboys use to keep their pencils in.

"Halloa, what have you got there, Dean?" asked Mowbray, who had finished changing and was sipping coffee-royal. "A little spoil from the wreck? I didn't even bring a cigar myself."

"I should never have had stomach enough to smoke one if we'd secured the lot," I replied, with a shiver, as I tossed the tin case—it was quite light—across to him.

"THERE GOES MY TENNER!"

"Tut," said he, twisting away at the lid of the thing, "you're too squeamish. So's Paxton, who swears he feels unwell yet from a mere description. What have we here—'mh—'mh—certificates of discharge, etc., etc.? Part of the skipper's belongings, I suppose. Poor fellow, he's got his final discharge now all right! Halloa, what's this mean?" he continued, reading aloud slowly, and evidently translating as he went, from a thin sheet of letter-paper :—

"My Dear Brother Carl,—I have of late been sick to death with the fever of this coast. I am all but gone now, nor do I think I can live another week. Therefore, as we are the only ones of the family, I leave you my three years' treasure. Come as soon as you can and take it away. And if I lie unburied when you come—as will probably be the case, for I have seen no whites for many months save those on the *Bussard* when she put in—bury me deep. You will find the stuff—which is pure, of good weight, and all gathered by my own hands—in a cave behind a great tree that grows over my house on the eastern side of Kaiser Wilhelm Bay. But I inclose a sketch. There is a fortune for you. I had hoped to have enjoyed it with you. It is not so to be. Farewell. I send this *viâ* Samarai, and by the hands of my friend, the chief Boiwadaba, who journeys thither. Once more, farewell.

"Your loving brother,

"Eberhardt Bech."

'Now," said Mowbray, of whose reading, which was broken by much hunting to and fro in search of missing verbs, I give a free translation, "what may this mean? What's this New Guinea recluse dropped on to — a gold mine? And is he dead yet, like his brother Carl? Or alive and only mad? He speaks of treasure–*schatz*. But, then, the word means many sorts of valuables. Letter dated two months back. No, certainly, the *Putzig*, coming as she did from the East Indian Islands *viâ* Torres Straits, hasn't been round to German New Guinea. No time. This letter has been forwarded back from Melbourne to Sydney, and obtained there by the unfortunate Carl."

The sketch was a crude affair enough, but minute to a degree, showing a thatched hut, built on piles, and overshadowed by a great, broad-leafed tree, immediately behind which rose a high, steep ridge. A dotted line was drawn from the centre pile past the tree-trunk, to a cross in the cliff with, written alongside it, words that Mowbray said meant, "Measure one hundred and fifty full feet to mouth of cave." In front lay a broad beach and an apparently open roadstead.

"Upon my word," remarked Paxton, who had entered the little cabin in time to hear the letter read, "all this smacks wonderfully of hidden treasure and boys' story-books. However, there may be something in it, and I vote we take the chance. We can't be much worse off than we are."

"True," acquiesced Mowbray, laughing. "I suppose a pound in cash would pull us all up. And we should want at least a couple of months' provisions in place of the few tins of potted stuff we have on board. No, although I look upon myself as residuary legatee, I don't see my way to proving the will."

CHAPTER III.

"CRANKY JACK THE GERMAN."

All that night we lay at anchor. And once, awaking, I saw that Mowbray had risen, lit

the lamp, and was lying in his bunk conning over the letter again. Evidently he was loth to let the matter rest; and I was not surprised when at breakfast time he all at once broke out with:—

"There's something there worth having, I shouldn't wonder. What it is I can't tell from the letter. It may be gold; but I doubt it. 'Pure and of good weight.' Hang it! It might be coal, or iron, or anything, by the way he talks about it. And yet he says it's a fortune! Still, you know, a German's idea of a fortune and ours differ considerably. 'Three years' treasure' 's been haunting my rest the whole night. What the deuce can it be?"

"Let's go and see," said Paxton. "Run back to Newcastle. I know a decent sort of fellow there who'll perhaps let us have some tucker if we bring him into the spec. How much money do we want, Mowbray?"

"Twenty pounds at the very least," replied the other, "and then there's Jim—he must have something on account, if he'll come."

"My ticker's no good," remarked Paxton, getting to the point, as usual, concisely and laconically. "American rolled-gold—or I shouldn't have it now. Chain's at old Isaacstein's. Two ten."

My jewellery had gone long ago, so I did not feel called upon to make any remark.

"No," said Mowbray, at length, "we won't take anybody into our confidence. But I'll tell you what: you say your friend's a ship-chandler, Paxton. Well, there's a spare suit of sails, nearly new, the kedge anchor, and one or two other trifles he might lend us the money on. The sails alone cost thirty-five. We'll do it somehow. Man the windlass, lads, and let's make for Nobbys!"

We said nothing. But we knew the pang he must have felt at parting with any portion of the *Ruby's* furniture. Time after time when his fortunes were at low ebb he had been offered a fancy price for the fine little cutter, and always steadfastly refused to sell.

That night we lay inside Newcastle Harbour; and Paxton's acquaintance proving a liberal dealer, we presently hauled up to the wharf and victualled the *Ruby* from his stores for an extended cruise. Also, Jim the fisherman sent five pounds to his wife, with a letter saying that he was not sure when he would return; and then declared himself ready to go anywhere.

Mowbray already possessed Admiralty charts of Melanesia and the New Guinea coast, upon which latter Kaiser Wilhelm Bay was clearly marked as a slight indentation on the north-eastern side of the great island, giving poor shelter, but with good holding ground close in-shore. We could have done, perhaps, with another hand. Still, Paxton was a capital yachtsman, and took to the cutter like a bird; as for me, well, by virtue of that three months' training from the Cape to Melbourne, I looked upon myself as a regular hardened old salt; Jim, of course, was with the rig that suited him; thus, altogether, we made up a pretty efficient crew, and one certainly free from any anxiety as to its personal belongings. The third day out we met a big white warship steaming leisurely down the coast.

"H.I.M.S. *Bussard*," remarked Mowbray. "Now, we might get reliable information as to our friend Eberhardt Bech. But I think we'll leave well alone. They're apt to be inquisitive, and deuced peremptory too, at times, with people who go a-visiting in their territory. They know Bech; probably also know his brother Carl and the *Putzig;* and might feel disinclined to believe our story of what happened. No, this little spec. must be strictly private. If it turns up trumps, it must still be private; if wild-goose, still more so."

Jim knew nothing of our errand. Nor did he care. A good-natured, stolid soul, aware that he had received a month's advance; that the *Ruby* was a fine sea-boat; with plenty to eat and drink and little to do, he was perfectly satisfied.

As day by day we got closer to our destination we left off making the wild guesses hitherto indulged in as to the nature of the "three years' treasure," and spoke scarcely at all about the affair. Nor, curiously enough, did it seem to strike any of us that the man whose hypothetical hoard we were after might still be alive and well, and what fools we should feel and look if that actually turned out to be the case.

But as, at last, after an uneventful light-wind passage, the *Ruby* rounded South Cape and stood along the nearly straight coast-line backed by the lofty mountains of the Owen Stanley ranges, then I think that, judging by the faces of my friends and my own feelings, we were all more than dubious as to any tangible result of our expedition. Nor were our hearts lightened when, presently, some fifty miles from Kaiser Wilhelm Bay, meeting a small lugger manned by a white skipper and five Kanakas, we thought it safe to ask a question.

"Bech? Bech?" replied the captain, a tall, brown, grey-haired Englishman, who had

been trepang hunting around New Mecklenburg. "No, I don't know the name. Lives at Wilhelm Bay? Why, that must be 'Cranky Jack the German,' as he's called. I never saw him. But I've heard some prospectors as was warned off the territ'ry last summer yarnin' 'bout him. Seems he's always roamin' around the bush, tappin' trees and plantin' out young 'uns, an' what-not. Oh, mad, mad as a bloomin' hatter! An', let me tell you, lads, if you don't want to lose that nice boat o' yours, you'd best give this part o' the country a wide berth. Kaisers is dead protectionists—no free trade about them jokers. They hunted me off the islands yonder in quick style. No man as don't say *yah* for yes is wanted in their territ'ry. You bet! Could you let us have a couple o' days' tucker to take me round to Samarai? I'm clean run out."

We could and did provision him; and in return he tried to force some sea-slugs upon us. But he had only a very few, and we refused to take them, feeling in no humour just then to cater for Chinese.

"Well," remarked Mowbray, as we slackened off the main-sheet again and put our helm up, whilst the captain waved his hat and stood away on his course, "I suppose we may as well see the thing out now we've come so far. As legatee I must execute the provisions of the will—treasure or no treasure—and bury the fellow, if he's dead. But by heavens, if he should be alive, and sane enough to appreciate a joke, this one ought to amuse him sufficiently!"

"THE CAPTAIN WAVED HIS HAT."

CHAPTER IV.

"THREE YEARS' TREASURE."

On the fourth day after this meeting we turned into Kaiser Wilhelm Bay, with the lead constantly going until we brought up in ten fathoms opposite a dirty, muddy beach, lined with mangroves and dotted with clumps of driftwood. Towering skyward, but far inland, was a lofty range of tree-clad mountains, and between them and the sea seemed one great unbroken expanse of forest country.

Leaving Jim on board, the three of us got into the dinghy and pulled off, armed with the only weapon on the *Ruby*, a small bull-dog revolver, the property of Mowbray.

For awhile, as we lay aground on a bank of stinking mud, which was the nearest approach we could make to the shore, we saw nothing of any building where, according to the plan, one should have been.

But at length Paxton detected the shape of a house perched on a little bluff and nearly hidden in greenery.

Jumping out over our knees in black ooze, we hauled the dinghy up and floundered ashore—some two hundred yards of hard struggling, to say nothing of the mosquitoes that came at us in savage clouds.

"A picnic!" gasped Mowbray, as at last we reached the shingle and put our boots on. "And a fit ending to the expedition!"

"Wait a bit," replied Paxton, slapping himself furiously. "At all events, we'll call on the madman and congratulate him on his choice of a country residence. And, I say, isn't that the German flag over yonder?"

"Remains of it," said Mowbray, staring to where, on our right, over some low tree-tops, waved a few red, white, and black tatters.

After a rest we made off along the beach—three dilapidated-looking customers enough, mud-incrusted, clad in clothes the poorest beggar in Sydney would have turned his nose

up at; and each surrounded by his own particular swarm of big, grey blood-suckers.

Presently, climbing the little bank and forcing our way through a lot of thick bushes and young undergrowth, we stood in front of a house—a two-roomed ruin, built on six-foot piles, and shadowed by a noble great tree with broad and glossy leaves—exactly as in the sketch. Mounting the ladder, we found ourselves on a veranda full of holes and gaps. The thatch of sago-palm leaves, too, had fallen in several places, and in others was only kept from doing so by bamboos with a flat board nailed to their tops. A stretcher of sacking, some cooking utensils, a quantity of gourds, calabashes, and clay pots, evidently of native manufacture; a few German newspapers a year old, a rusty double-barrelled gun, and dirt, dirt, everywhere, completed the inventory.

Originally the house had been well enough, but neglect as much as the climate had wrecked it.

"Nobody at home," remarked Paxton, hurriedly turning up his trousers, "except fleas. Imported, I presume. And a credit to the Fatherland! Any more luxuries, I wonder?"

"The Germans," replied Mowbray, as we shook and scratched ourselves outside again, "who named such a God-forsaken, pest-infested hole after their Emperor must have had a queer sense of appropriateness."

"Come along," I said, having turned my clothes and put them on again inside out as the speediest way of routing the jumping hordes, "I'm getting tired. Let us have a look for the cave. Perhaps the tenant has shifted his quarters to that."

"Not a bit of it," growled Mowbray, "he's eaten—eaten skin and bone by his infernal compatriots—a fate that will be ours unless we hurry!"

Taking a line from the centre pile, we fought our way through the underbrush past a cooking shed with a great heap of ashes underneath it, and dozens of shallow clay pans, some round, some oval, and about the size of a common milk-dish. Then, all at once, Mowbray, leading, shouted: "The cave! the cave!" and in a minute or two we stood before a black hole in a limestone ridge quite plain to see. All around grew the dense jungle, steaming in the midday heat. Ants, big, red, and black, moved up in battalions to inspect us; mosquitoes and flies buzzed and hummed and bit; a red and green parrot sat on a bough and screamed at us. There was no attempt at concealing the mouth of the cave. Indeed, we presently hit upon a regular path running from it to the hut, but now green with rank weeds and grass.

"The poorest hidden treasure-puzzle I've ever heard of," commented Mowbray, striking a match and entering, followed by Paxton and myself. "Wouldn't pass muster on a small boy. Talk about an anti-climax——"

But here he started back with an oath, exclaiming that he had trodden on a dead body. In a minute we were all three outside again.

"Tut, tut," said Mowbray, irritably and unjustly. "What are you running away for? It's only a dead man. But I wish we had a candle or something. Didn't we see a lamp in the hut? Will somebody fetch it?"

In a few minutes I returned with an earthenware bowl full of cocoanut oil in which swam a wick. Lighting this, we entered once more.

Sure enough, not far inside the cave lay a man, his head pillowed on a folded rug. A great white beard almost covered his face, reaching from the cheek-bones over mouth and chin and falling in a tangled mat on his chest. His head was quite bald. He lay straight, his hands crossed on his breast, his lips parted in a quiet smile. A natural death, evidently. And everywhere around him, and far away back of him, were piled stacks and heaps of whitish-grey looking objects, each somewhat the shape of a Dutch cheese, but differing widely in size. The cavern was broad and lofty, and its further end, so far as could be discerned in the dim light, was filled with the things whose mass reached nearly to the roof.

"Eberhardt Bech, I presume," muttered Mowbray, holding the light to the quiet face, "*alias* Cranky Jack the German. But what in the name of all that's curious are those things? The maniac's hidden treasure?"

"A treasure, indeed!" suddenly exclaimed Paxton, who had picked up one of the lumps and was closely scrutinizing it. "Do you know what this is? It's india-rubber, and, as far as I can judge, of the very finest quality—equal to anything I ever saw in Brazil, and twenty times the size they make the raw stuff into there."

"Well," said Mowbray, indifferently, "it's of no use to us, that I know of. We don't own a factory for making garden-hose and goloshes. Come along, let's plant the old chap and clear out o' this."

"But, man alive!" almost shouted Paxton, becoming excited for once in his life. "You

don't understand. See! there's *tons* and *tons* of the stuff here! And it's worth five shillings a *pound* at the least, and constantly rising in price! Look at this lump I'm holding! It can't weigh less than twenty pounds, and must be worth five or six sterling. Now look around you at the big heaps of similar ones there are, and of larger size, too! Directly I noticed all those clay pans and calabashes, and the great fig over the hut, and remembered what the fellow in the lugger said about tapping trees, I began to tumble to the secret. The tree was one of the finest specimens of *ficus elastica* I ever saw. That dead man discovered a forest of them, perhaps, not far away. Discovered, evidently, also a very perfect form of coagulation — far before the ones in common use. Three years' treasure? I should say so! Perhaps twenty or thirty tons! Think of it! And I know what I'm talking about! Pure? I should smile! Look!" and Paxton bounced the big lump till it flew off the ground like a football.

"INSIDE THE CAVE LAY A MAN."

This was probably the longest speech Paxton had ever made in his life; and certainly it was to some purpose. Vaguely, Mowbray and myself knew that india-rubber was a vegetable product; that it was used in many ways, from erasing pencil-marks to riding upon. But before Paxton explained we did not know that the world's supply of caoutchouc was running short, and the price consequently running up in such fashion that a stock such as lay around us actually meant a small fortune.

Still, there wasn't enough glitter about the thing to induce enthusiasm; and though Paxton convinced us, we took our luck soberly enough. Underneath the great tree we buried the old man, deep as he could have wished. And then we set to and loaded the *Ruby*, working night and day, with much anxious watching lest a German gunboat should suddenly appear and confiscate the whole outfit.

But we got the lot safely on board and away. Nor was Paxton mistaken in any of his assertions except in the matter of price. There were twenty-five tons of caoutchouc, and it brought six shillings a pound; a figure that, after paying all expenses, left us with considerably over £5,000 as each man's share of the dead gatherer's hoard.

We are now, thanks to the "rise" thus made, all three of us comparatively wealthy men. And when we meet "under the fishes," which is pretty often, we never part without drinking to each other, muttering, meanwhile, a shibboleth of which people around can make nothing—"Caoutchouc!"

Truffle-Hunting with Pigs and Dogs.

By M. Dinorben Griffith.

THE word "hunting" appeals to Englishmen all the world over. The game may be big or small, anything from a fox to an elephant, it matters little if it affords good sport.

Probably but few, if any, of our readers have taken part in, or witnessed, a truffle hunt, a novel and somewhat amusing sport, possessing many advantages. It can be indulged in by rich and poor, man, woman, or child, without danger to life or limb—so far from this being the case, it is invigorating and healthful, and has the additional advantage of being at times extremely profitable.

From a] BEDOIN, THE CENTRE OF THE TRUFFLE INDUSTRY. *[Photograph.*

The best truffle-hunting centre in France is the Department of the Vaucluse, where the annual find averages 900,000lb. During the last hunting season—which commences in November and ends in March—we visited the Vaucluse, choosing the picturesque old town of Carpentras as our head-quarters, it being also the principal truffle market.

We arrived there on a market day. It was a busy scene, the streets crowded with carts, people, and goods for sale. The air was heavy with an indescribable perfume, which became fainter or stronger as we moved along. Now and again a man or woman would pass us, balancing on their heads several empty crates or baskets, and that odour became for the moment more pungent.

Then we came across a pile of hampers, packed and labelled ready for dispatch by rail, around which a still stronger odour lingered, so at last we asked the man in charge of them what they contained.

"Truffles," was the reply.

Now we knew and would never forget the smell of this delicacy. We learnt that a truffle market had been held that morning, beginning at seven, and that it was then over. "But many of the big buyers do their business over there at the Café de Commerce, giving their orders to well-known trufflers without seeing samples," continued our kind informant.

We remembered that our real errand in the market was to meet a truffle farmer who had promised to initiate us into the mysteries of truffle-hunting, and the café seemed to be the most likely place to find him. It was evidently a favourite resort, for not only was every room full, but the pavement was so crowded that it was only with great difficulty we could elbow our way through. The babel of bargaining, of greeting, and the shouting of orders for coffee and other beverages was deafening, reminding one of the Paris Bourse or the Stock Exchange in London. A panting waiter captured our farmer for us, after we had exhausted ourselves in the attempt, and we arranged to drive over to his place early on the following morning.

"What is the meaning of all this noise and excitement?" we inquired.

"This is a particularly important market," was the reply, "and it is at this café that wine growers meet to bargain for vine roots; as it is now the planting season. A great business is done in truffles here also."

Next morning saw us on our way to a truffle hunt; our destination was Bedoin, one of the many picturesque villages that nestle at the foot of snow-capped Mount Ventoux, about ten miles distant from Carpentras. The inhabitants of these villages all collect truffles, and during the season, as soon as it is light, there is a perfect exodus of men, women, children, pigs, and dogs.

From a] A PIG AT WORK. *[Photograph.*

They keep together until they reach the neighbourhood of the truffle grounds; then the little parties separate, for pigs do not hunt well in packs.

Slowly you see them climbing up Mount Ventoux, whose sides, up to within about twelve yards of the summit, look as if they had been ploughed, this being the handiwork of the truffle-hunting pig. Now and again a solitary figure might be seen sharply silhouetted against the blue sky. We passed good-looking young men in blouses and bérets, each accompanied by a dog and carrying truffle bags and hoes. A comely woman, seated by the wayside, was enjoying her lunch of dry bread and home-made wine, while her *porc* rested at her feet.

On our arrival at Bedoin we were most kindly received by our farmer and his sister, whose bearing and manners were those of a *grande dame*. This was not surprising, for she and her brother were descended from a noble Greek family, Patras de Raxis, our host being the Comte de Flassan, and his uncle a colonel in the Papal Guard. While our farmer hurried off to prepare for the expedition his sister busied herself in providing us with hot coffee and charcoal stoves for our feet. "You are favoured with just the right weather," she remarked, "and will have good sport, for the scent does not lie every day, you know."

Just then we received the summons to start, and joined our host, who, stick in hand and carrying two bags, one empty for the truffles, the other containing acorns—the use of which will be explained later—led the way with a pig, a matronly-looking animal, long, lanky, and bad-tempered, that with considerable difficulty had been roused from her morning siesta. The lady resented having to go out, and consequently was as disagreeable and contrary as a pig can be.

Our march was long and very tedious, for

the pig would not hurry, and the air was keen; often had the wretched animal to be reminded with the stick that she was out for work and not for pleasure; but the lady only grunted and grumbled, and occasionally stopped still to admire the scenery or to think. At last we reached the hunting ground, a plantation of small but bushy oak trees planted at regular intervals, the ground surrounding them being very stony.

The pig sulked no more, but with many a wag of her tightly curled tail and grunts of satisfaction made for the plantation, selected a tree and began digging. With her snout she quickly made a large hole, scattering earth and stones right and left. The farmer, who is intently watching the operation, stoops down quickly, gives the animal a tap on the snout, and puts a few acorns before her, then fishes out of the hole a potato-like bulb nearly the size of a hen's egg, deep purple in colour and covered with little warts; inside it is grey, veined with white, like marble. This we were informed was a good specimen of valuable black truffle, of good shape, firm, and of exquisite odour. It must be understood there are truffles and truffles, patrician and plebeian, with many grades in between, but those of the Vaucluse are the *crême de la crême* of truffles.

The pig continued mining, and opened out a trench that proved a rich find and kept us hard at work picking up truffles until the bag was nearly full. The unearthing of every truffle was rewarded with two or three acorns.

From oak to oak the pig wandered and we followed, every digging resulting in a find.

"This is an artificial *truffière*," said our farmer. "Now we will go farther into the mountain, when you will see other pigs at work, on the natural ground, and dogs too; but the dogs only point, and we have to dig for the fruit."

"What kind are the dogs?"

"Bassett hounds principally, and we also use a sheep-dog of a peculiar breed."

THE TWO METHODS OF TRUFFLE-HUNTING—THE MEN ON THE LEFT ARE EMPLOYING A DOG; THE ONE ON THE RIGHT A PIG.
From a Photograph.

We came across many women with pigs on the mountain side, and they all agreed it was a record day, and their bags were fairly full. Old men and women usually hunt with pigs, but young men prefer the dogs and the trouble of digging. The process of finding the truffles was exactly the same on the mountain as on the artificial farms, but the area was greater, and the results less satisfactory.

Pigs are passionately fond of truffles, and the acorns are a "sop to Cerberus" to prevent them from eating their find, as we saw when, attracting the attention of the farmer for a moment, the pig dug out a truffle and ate it with a grin of self-satisfaction that was inimitable.

Young pigs begin their education in truffle-hunting when a month old; they accompany

their mothers, and are initiated into all its mysteries. Some are so well trained that they will dig, find the truffle, seize it with their teeth and throw it on one side; but these educated pigs are more often met with on artificial farms.

Every French pig takes kindly to this kind of work, and can keep on at it for a long day with no refreshment, except a good meal before starting in the morning and the three or four acorns which are given as a reward for every find. The dogs go more quickly, and are easier to manage and lead.

"You must notice," said our farmer, "that truffles can only be found within the circle shaded by the branches of the trees, and

From a] A PIG "FINDS"—THE HUNTER WAITING TO SEIZE THE TRUFFLE. *[Photograph.*

those nearest the trunks are always the largest. When we cut the branches we find no truffles until they have grown again to their old dimensions."

The value of the "*Diamant de la cuisine*," as a French wit and gourmet calls the truffle, has wonderfully increased during the last forty years. They were sold before that period in the market at Carpentras for from four to five francs the two pounds; now the price ranges from twenty to forty francs for the same quantity. The increase in price has naturally given a great impetus to the truffle-collecting industry. In former years thousands were left to rot in the ground, now every villager collects, and every nook is explored. Yet the demand is well ahead of the supply. To take a medium year the sale of truffles in the *Place* of Carpentras, from December to March, amounted to two million francs—that is without counting those supplied to hotels and for private consumption, nor those sold in the little country markets. Thus it will be seen that this industry is a very important factor in the prosperity of the country.

On our remarking that it seemed a pity for such large tracts of ground to be useless for so many months in the year, the reply was: "But truffles are not our only harvest; before their season commences we gather hundreds of kilogrammes of mushrooms; they are very large and of most delicate flavour." It seemed almost incredible that they could grow in such ground and force their way up between the stones.

Mushroom-gathering and truffle-hunting are also varied by edible-snail collecting. These are found in great quantities in holes in the walls, or in hollow trees, and are a greatly appreciated dainty. They can be purchased, ready prepared, at any pork butcher's. Snails and truffles, in one form or another, will be found on the menu of every hotel in the Vaucluse.

Certain kinds of truffles are found in England, but they are of very inferior quality; but on account of being much

cheaper than the black truffles they can be bought at from 2s. to 3s. a pound. They are often preserved and sold as French truffles. These are gathered in the summer, and are found almost on the surface of the ground. In Epping Forest false truffles grow in large quantities above the ground. These are collected and sold to the small foreign restaurants. The odour is very strong and disagreeable.

We learned that the black truffles are not sold much in England, as they are too expensive, and gastronomy has not been sufficiently studied to enable the general public to distinguish and appreciate the difference between the delicious black truffle and the common and cheaper red, grey, or white ones. We hardly ever see the black truffles in their fresh state, as they will only keep good for eight days, so they are usually preserved in tins for export.

We saw little baskets containing about two pounds of fresh truffles, of the retail value of £3, being dispatched to Belgium, Germany, and to Paris, the latter alone consuming from seven to eight million francs' worth every year. It is in the Paris market that the retail price of the truffles is fixed. The yearly increasing demand for this appetizing dainty inspired an enterprising citizen of Carpentras to experiment on cultivating it artificially. At this time—that is about fifty years ago—truffles were of no interest to anyone except to those who collected or sold them; but the results of M. Rousseau's experiment produced a great sensation, for they meant the future of the country. Commissions were appointed to visit and report on the artificial *truffières* and the system of the originator. Agriculturists and naturalists woke up to the fact that no one knew much about truffles, nor how they were produced, and the question became the topic of the day. Scientists argued and quarrelled, but could come to no definite agreement on the subject. M. Rousseau cared little for the scientific side of the truffles, but he demonstrated in a practical manner that he could grow them, and anyone was welcome to know how.

He had one day made a great discovery when journeying in the country a little outside Carpentras, and that was that truffles only grew under certain species of oaks. The idea occurred to him of picking the acorns off those trees and sowing them. It is said that the power of producing truffles is hereditary and can be transmitted from tree to tree, that trees grown from acorns gathered from a truffle-oak will produce truffles, and of the same kind as those from the parent tree. The idea of starting an artificial *truffière* by such means was much ridiculed.

"Why," one truffle merchant said, "a truffle is like a potato, and can be grown in the same way if cut up and planted in properly prepared ground; this I will prove, as I am going to do it."

He did, but no truffles have appeared from that day to this.

M. Rousseau stood firm as the apostle of his own creed. He owned a plot of ground that was not favourable for grain, and never returned him more than £1 per acre.

He sowed the acorns in November close together in furrows about six yards apart and running from north to south. Essential conditions for the production of good truffles are a moderate warmth, not too much humidity nor too great dryness. Condition necessary for the cultivator—patience—for he could not hope to see any results for from six to ten years. The best truffles are only found from the seventh year.

The object of sowing the acorns so closely was that, as they always attract rats, a great number would be destroyed, and the young plants could easily be thinned as they grew.

In order not to lose by the long wait between sowing the oak and gathering the expected product M. Rousseau planted vines between the furrows, and they in the seven years produced sufficient fruit to more than repay the cost of culture. Although at the end of ten years or so the vines were choked by the roots of the oaks, they had served their purpose.

Great care must be taken not to put manure near the roots of the young trees, for it would be fatal to the truffles. A remarkable phenomena takes place about the fifth year. The coarse grass which grows round the roots of the oaks disappears entirely. This is a sure sign that truffles are beginning to appear, as the ground then round the oaks is always sterile and bare, and no vegetation whatever will grow. This is a simple method of distinguishing truffle-oaks from others.

Five years after the first *truffière* was laid out M. Rousseau started a second on six acres of ground, and two years later was able to send from his first plantation some wonderful specimens of truffles to the Universal Exhibition. "These were obtained," he explained, "in a young oak wood that was planted expressly for the purpose of producing truffles." They were of exceptional

From a] TWO SOWS WHO FOUND 50LB. OF TRUFFLES IN TWO HOURS. *[Photograph.*

size and quality, and had a delicious perfume. The sensation they caused repaid all the trouble and the ridicule which their cultivator had experienced; photographs of them appeared in all the papers, and a special agricultural commission was appointed to go to Carpentras and witness a hunt in the artificial *truffières*. Several pigs and one perfectly-trained dog were ready on the premises, and in presence of the committee in less than three hours 34lb. of splendid truffles—the medium ones were as large as a hen's egg—were obtained in this plantation of thirteen acres. These were sent to Paris, and fetched, at the wholesale price, £17. The land that only a few years previously had returned only £1 per acre is now bringing in £40 per acre, the value of the trees not included.

At a hunt we witnessed at this *truffière* with two very big sows the result, after two hours' smart work, was 50lb. of truffles, which were sold for £37 10s., and very nearly the same quantity had been obtained the day before.

M. Rousseau has made a handsome fortune out of his clever experiment, and his example has been followed by many farmers. The Government have also started planting truffle-oaks, and before long Mount Ventoux to its summit will be a forest of oaks. There is already a Communal forest of 1,800 acres rented out to twenty-six proprietors, but the truffles are not as large as on the better cultured grounds in Carpentras, nor is the perfume so strong.

We left Carpentras with the wild idea of starting a *truffière* in England and being here the pioneers of a new rural industry that would revolutionize the agricultural districts—of being public benefactors. We even planned the monument which a grateful country would erect in our honour, after we had retired on an immense fortune. The scheme and its results is still a beautiful dream.

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. Wells.

Menippus: "Three thousand stadia from the earth to the moon. . . . Marvel not, my comrade, if I appear talking to you on superterrestrial and aerial topics. The long and the short of the matter is that I am running over the order of a Journey I have lately made."—Lucian's Icaromenippus.

CHAPTER I.

MR. BEDFORD MEETS MR. CAVOR AT LYMPNE.

AS I sit down to write here, amidst the shadows of vine leaves under the blue sky of Southern Italy, it comes to me with a certain quality of astonishment that my participation in these amazing adventures of Mr. Cavor was, after all, the outcome of the purest accident. It might have been anyone. I fell into these things at a time when I thought myself removed from the slightest possibility of disturbing experiences. I had gone to Lympne because I had imagined it the most uneventful place in the world. "Here, at any rate," said I, "I shall find peace and a chance to work!"

And this book is the sequel. So utterly at variance is Destiny with all the little plans of men.

I may perhaps mention here that very recently I had come an ugly cropper in certain business enterprises. Sitting now surrounded by all the circumstances of wealth, there is a luxury in admitting my extremity. I can admit even that to a certain extent my disasters were conceivably of my own making. It may be there are directions in which I have some capacity, but the conduct of business operations is not among these. In those days I was young. I am young still in years, but the things that have happened to me have rubbed something of the youth from my mind. Whether they have brought any wisdom to light below it is a more doubtful matter.

It is scarcely necessary to go into the details of the speculations that landed me at Lympne, in Kent. Nowadays even about business transactions there is a strong spice of adventure. I took risks. In these things there is invariably a certain amount of give and take, and it fell to me finally to do the giving—reluctantly enough. Even when I had got out of everything one cantankerous creditor saw fit to be malignant. It seemed to me at last that there was nothing for it but to write a play, unless I wanted to drudge for my living as a clerk. I know there is nothing a man can do outside legitimate business transactions that has such opulent possibilities. I had, indeed, got into the habit of regarding this unwritten drama as a convenient little reserve put by for a rainy day. That rainy day had come.

I soon discovered that writing a play was a longer business than I had supposed—at first I had reckoned ten days for it—and it was to have a *pied-à-terre* while it was in hand that I came to Lympne. I reckoned

"I CAME TO LYMPNE."

myself lucky in getting that little bungalow. I got it on a three years' agreement. I put in a few sticks of furniture, and while the play was in hand I did my own cooking. My cooking would have shocked Mrs. Bond. I had a coffee-pot, a saucepan for eggs and one for potatoes, and a frying-pan for sausages and bacon. Such was the simple apparatus of my comfort. For the rest I laid in an eighteen-gallon cask of beer on credit, and a trustful baker came each day. It was not, perhaps, in the style of Sybaris, but I have had worse times.

Certainly if anyone wants solitude the place is Lympne. It is in the clay part of Kent, and my bungalow stood on the edge of an old sea cliff and stared across the flats of Romney Marsh at the sea. In very wet weather the place is almost inaccessible, and I have heard that at times the postman used to traverse the more succulent portions of his route with boards upon his feet. I never saw him doing so, but I can quite imagine it. Outside the doors of the few cottages and houses that make up the present village big birch besoms are stuck to wipe off the worst of the clay, which will give some idea of the texture of the district. I doubt if the place would be there at all if it were not a fading memory of things gone for ever. It was the big port of England in Roman times, Portus Lemanus, and now the sea is four miles away. All down the steep hill are boulders and masses of Roman brickwork, and from it old Watling Street, still paved in places, starts like an arrow to the north. I used to stand on the hill and think of it all—the galleys and legions, the captives and officials, the women and traders, the speculators like myself, all the swarm and tumult that came clanking in and out of the harbour. And now just a few lumps of rubble on a grassy slope and a sheep or two—and me! And where the port had been were the levels of the marsh, sweeping round in a broad curve to distant Dungeness, and dotted here and there with tree clumps and the church towers of old mediæval towns that are following Lemanus now towards extinction.

That outlook on the marsh was, indeed, one of the finest views I have ever seen. I suppose Dungeness was fifteen miles away; it lay like a raft on the sea, and farther westward were the hills by Hastings under the setting sun. Sometimes they hung close and clear, sometimes they were faded and low, and often the drift of the weather took them clean out of sight. And all the nearer parts of the marsh were laced and lit by ditches and canals.

The window at which I worked looked over the skyline of this crest, and it was from this window that I first set eyes on Cavor. It was just as I was struggling with my scenario, holding down my mind to the sheer hard work of it, and, naturally enough, he arrested my attention.

The sun had set, the sky was a vivid tranquillity of green and yellow, and against that he came out black, the oddest little figure.

He was a short, round-bodied, thin-legged little man with a jerky quality in his motions; he had seen fit to clothe his extraordinary mind in a cricket cap, an overcoat, and cycling knickerbockers and stockings. Why he did so I do not know, for he never cycled and he never played cricket. It was a fortuitous concurrence of garments arising I know not how. He gesticulated with his hands and arms, and jerked his head about

"HE GESTICULATED WITH HIS HANDS AND ARMS."

and *buzzed.* He buzzed like something electric. You never heard such buzzing. And ever and again he cleared his throat with a most extraordinary noise.

There had been rain, and that spasmodic walk of his was enhanced by the extreme slipperiness of the footpath. Exactly as he came against the sun he stopped, pulled out a watch, hesitated. Then, with a sort of convulsive gesture, he turned and retreated with every manifestation of haste, no longer gesticulating, but going with ample strides that showed the relatively large size of his feet—they were, I remember, grotesquely exaggerated in size by adhesive clay—to the best possible advantage.

This occurred on the first day of my sojourn, when my play-writing energy was at its height, and I regarded the incident simply as an annoying distraction—the waste of five minutes. I returned to my scenario. But when next evening the apparition was repeated with remarkable precision, and again the next evening, and, indeed, every evening when rain was not falling, concentration upon the scenario became a considerable effort. "Confound the man," said I. "One would think he was learning to be a marionette," and for several evenings I cursed him pretty heartily.

Then my annoyance gave way to amazement and curiosity. Why on earth should a man do this thing? On the fourteenth evening I could stand it no longer, and so soon as he appeared I opened the French window, crossed the veranda, and directed myself to the point where he invariably stopped.

He had his watch out as I came up to him. He had a chubby, rubicund face, with reddish-brown eyes—previously I had seen him only against the light. "One moment, sir," said I, as he turned.

He stared. "One moment," he said, "certainly. Or if you wish to speak to me for longer, and it is not asking too much—your moment is up—would it trouble you to accompany me?"

"Not in the least," said I, placing myself beside him.

"My habits are regular. My time for intercourse—limited."

"This, I presume, is your time for exercise?"

"It is. I come here to enjoy the sunset."

"You don't."

"Sir?"

"You never look at it."

"Never look at it?"

"No. I've watched you thirteen nights, and not once have you looked at the sunset—not once."

He knitted his brows like one who encounters a problem.

"Well, I enjoy the sunlight—the atmosphere—I go along this path, through that gate"—he jerked his head over his shoulder—"and round."

"You don't. You never have been. It's all nonsense. There isn't a way. To-night, for instance——"

"Oh, to-night! Let me see. Ah! I just glanced at my watch, saw that I had already been out just three minutes over the precise half-hour, decided there was not time to go round, turned——"

"You always do."

He looked at me, reflected. "Perhaps I do—now I come to think of it . . . . . But what was it you wanted to speak to me about?"

"Why—this!"

"This?"

"Yes. Why do you do it? Every night you come making a noise——"

"Making a noise?"

"Like this." I imitated his buzzing noise.

He looked at me, and it was evident the buzzing awakened distaste. "Do I do *that?*" he asked.

"Every blessed evening."

"I had no idea."

He stopped dead. He regarded me gravely. "Can it be," he said, "that I have formed a Habit?"

"Well, it looks like it. Doesn't it?"

He pulled down his lower lip between finger and thumb. He regarded a puddle at his feet.

"My mind is much occupied," he said. "And you want to know *why?* Well, sir, I can assure you that not only do I not know why I do these things, but I did not even know I did them. Come to think, it is just as you say: I never *have* been beyond that field. . . . . And these things annoy you?"

For some reason I was beginning to relent towards him. "Not *annoy*," I said. "But—imagine yourself writing a play!"

"I couldn't."

"Well, anything that needs concentration."

"Ah!" he said, "of course," and meditated. His expression became so eloquent of distress that I relented still more. After all, there *is* a touch of aggression in demanding of a man you don't know why he hums on a public footpath.

"You see," he said, weakly, "it's a habit."

"Oh! I recognise that."

"I must stop it."

"But not if it puts you out. After all, I had no business — it's something of a liberty."

"Not at all, sir," he said. "Not at all. I am greatly indebted to you. I should guard myself against these things. In future I will. Could I trouble you—once again? That noise?"

"Something like this," I said. "Zuzzoo, zuzzoo. But really, you know——"

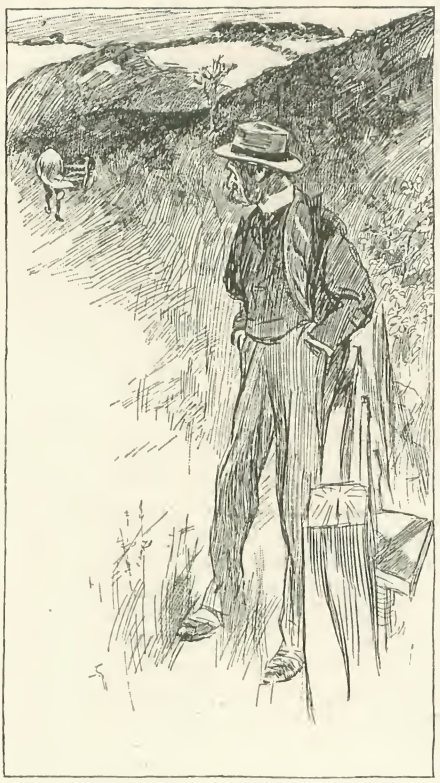
"I am greatly obliged to you. In fact—I know—I am getting absurdly absent-minded. You are quite justified, sir—perfectly justified. Indeed, I am indebted to you. The thing shall end. And now, sir, I have already brought you farther than I should have done."

"I do hope my impertinence——"

"Not at all, sir, not at all."

We regarded each other for a moment. I raised my hat and wished him a good-evening. He responded convulsively, and so we went our ways.

At the stile I looked back at his receding figure. His bearing had changed remarkably; he seemed limp, shrunken. The contrast with his former gesticulating, zuzzooing self took me in some absurd way as pathetic. I watched him out of sight. Then, wishing very heartily I had kept to my own business, I returned to my bungalow and my play.



"I LOOKED BACK AT HIS RECEDING FIGURE."

The next evening I saw nothing of him, nor the next. But he was very much in my mind, and it had occurred to me that as a sentimental comic character he might serve a useful purpose in the development of my plot. The third day he called upon me.

For a time I was puzzled to think what had brought him—he made indifferent conversation in the most formal way—then abruptly he came to business. He wanted to buy me out of my bungalow.

"You see," he said, "I don't blame you in the least, but you've destroyed a habit, and it disorganizes my day. I've walked past here for years—years. No doubt I've hummed . . . . . You've made all that impossible!"

I suggested he might try some other direction.

"No. There is no other direction. This is the only one. I've inquired. And now every afternoon at four—I come to a dead wall."

"But, my dear sir, if the thing is so important to you——"

"It's vital. You see I'm—I'm an investigator. I am engaged in a scientific research. I live"—he paused, and seemed to think—"just over there," he said, and pointed suddenly dangerously near my eye. "The house with white chimneys that you see just over the trees. And my circumstances are abnormal — abnormal. I am on the point of completing one of the most important demonstrations—I can assure you one of *the most important* demonstrations—that have ever been made. It requires constant thought, constant mental ease, and activity. And the afternoon was my brightest time!—effervescing with new ideas — new points of view."

"But why not come by still?"

"It would be all different. I should be self-conscious. I should think of you at your play—watching me, irritated! Instead of thinking of my work. . . . No! I must have the bungalow."

I meditated. Naturally I wanted to think the matter over thoroughly before anything decisive was said. I was generally ready enough for business in those days, and selling always attracted me; but in the first place it was not my bungalow, and even if I sold it to him at a good price I might get incon-

venienced in the delivery of goods if the current owner got wind of the transaction; and in the second I was—well, undischarged. It was clearly a business that required delicate handling. Moreover, the possibility of his being in pursuit of some valuable invention also interested me. It occurred to me that I would like to know more of this research, not with any dishonest intention, but simply with an idea that to know what it was would be a relief from play-writing. I threw out feelers.

He was quite willing to supply information. Indeed, once he was fairly under way the conversation became a monologue. He talked like a man long pent up, who has had

"HE TALKED LIKE A MAN LONG PENT UP."

it over with himself again and again. He talked for nearly an hour, and I must confess I found it a pretty stiff bit of listening. But through it all there was the undertone of satisfaction one feels when one is neglecting work one has set oneself. During that first interview I gathered very little of the drift of his work. Half his words were technicalities entirely strange to me, and he illustrated one or two points with what he was pleased to call elementary mathematics, computing on an envelope with a copying-ink pencil, in a manner that made it hard even to seem to understand. "Yes," I said. "Yes. Go on!" Nevertheless I made out enough to convince me that he was no mere crank playing at discoveries. In spite of his crank-like appearance there was a force about him that made that impossible. Whatever it was, it was a thing with mechanical possibilities. He told me of a work-shed he had, and of three assistants, originally jobbing carpenters, whom he had trained. Now, from the work-shed to the patent office is clearly only one step. He invited me to see these things. I accepted readily, and took care, by a remark or so, to underline that. The proposed transfer of the bungalow remained very conveniently in suspense.

At last he rose to depart with an apology for the length of his call. Talking over his work was, he said, a pleasure enjoyed only too rarely. It was not often he found such an intelligent listener as myself; he mingled very little with professional scientific men.

"So much pettiness," he explained; "so much intrigue! And really, when one has an idea—a novel, fertilizing idea——. I don't wish to be uncharitable, but——"

I am a man who believes in impulses. I made what was perhaps a rash proposition. But you must remember that I had been alone, play-writing in Lympne, for fourteen days, and my compunction for his ruined walk still hung about me. "Why not," said I, "make this your new habit? In the place of the one I spoilt. At least—until we can settle about the bungalow. What you want is to turn over your work in your mind. That you have always done during your afternoon walk. Unfortunately that's over — you can't get things back as they were. But why not come and talk about your work to me, use me as a sort of wall against which you may throw your thoughts and catch them again? It's certain I don't know enough to steal your idea myself—and I know no scientific men."

I stopped. He was considering. Evidently the thing attracted him. "But I'm afraid I should bore you," he said.

"You think I'm too dull?"

"Oh, no, but technicalities——"

"Anyhow, you have interested me immensely this afternoon."

"Of course it *would* be a great help to me.

Nothing clears up one's ideas so much as explaining them. Hitherto——"

"My dear sir, say no more."

"But really, can you spare the time?"

"There is no rest like change of occupation," I said, with profound conviction.

The affair was over. On my veranda steps he turned. "I am greatly indebted to you," he said.

I made an interrogative noise.

"You have completely cured me of that ridiculous habit of humming," he explained.

I think I said I was glad to be of any service to him, and he turned away.

Immediately the train of thought that our conversation had suggested must have resumed its sway. His arms began to wave in their former fashion. The faint echo of "zuzzoo" came back to me on the breeze . . . . .

Well, after all, that was not my affair. . . . .

He came the next day, and again the next day after that, and delivered two lectures on physics to our mutual satisfaction. He talked with an air of being extremely lucid about the "ether," and "tubes of force," and "gravitational potential," and things like that, and I sat in my other folding-chair and said "Yes," "Go on," "I follow you," to keep him going.

It was tremendously difficult stuff, but I do not think he ever suspected how much I did not understand him. There were moments when I doubted whether I was well employed, but at any rate I was resting from that confounded play. Now and then things gleamed on me clearly for a space, only to vanish just when I thought I had hold of them. Sometimes my attention failed altogether, and I would give it up, and sit and stare at him, wondering whether, after all, it would not be better to use him as a central figure in a good farce, and let all this other stuff slide. And then perchance I would catch on again for a bit.

At the earliest opportunity I went to see his house. It was large and carelessly furnished; there were no servants other than his three assistants, and his dietary and private life were characterized by a philosophical simplicity. He was a water-drinker, a vegetarian, and all those logical disciplinary things. But the sight of his equipment settled many doubts. It looked like business from cellar to attic—an amazing little place to find in an out-of-the-way village. The ground-floor rooms contained benches and apparatus, the bakehouse and scullery boiler had developed into respectable furnaces, dynamos occupied the cellar, and there was a gasometer in the garden. He showed it to me with all the confiding zest of a man who has been living too much alone. His seclusion was overflowing now in an excess of confidence, and I had the good luck to be the recipient.

The three assistants were creditable specimens of the class of "handy men" from which they came. Conscientious if unintelligent, strong, civil, and willing. One, Spargus, who did the cooking and all the metal work, had been a sailor; a second, Gibbs, was a joiner, and the third was an ex-jobbing gardener and now general assistant. They were the merest labourers. All the intelligent work was done by Cavor. Theirs was the darkest ignorance compared even with my muddled impression.

And now, as to the nature of these inquiries. Here, unhappily, comes a grave difficulty. I am no scientific expert, and if I were to attempt to set forth in the highly scientific language of Mr. Cavor the aim to which his experiments tended I am afraid I should confuse not only the reader but myself, and almost certainly I should make some blunder that would bring upon me the mockery of every up-to-date student of mathematical physics in the country. The best thing I can do, therefore, is, I think, to give my impressions in my own inexact language, without any attempt to wear a garment of knowledge to which I have no claim.

The object of Mr. Cavor's search was a substance that should be "opaque"—he used some other word I have forgotten, but "opaque" conveys the idea—to "all forms of radiant energy." "Radiant energy," he made me understand, was anything like light or heat, or those Röntgen rays there was so much talk about a year or so ago, or the electric waves of Marconi, or gravitation. All these things, he said, *radiate* out from centres and act on bodies at a distance, whence comes the term "radiant energy." Now, almost all substances are opaque to some form or other of radiant energy. Glass, for example, is transparent to light, but much less so to heat, so that it is useful as a fire screen; and alum is transparent to light, but blocks heat completely. A solution of iodine in carbon bisulphide, on the other hand, completely blocks light, but is quite transparent to heat. It will hide a fire from you, but permit all its warmth to reach you. Metals are not only opaque to light and heat, but also to electrical energy, which passes through both iodine solution and glass

almost as though they were not interposed. And so on.

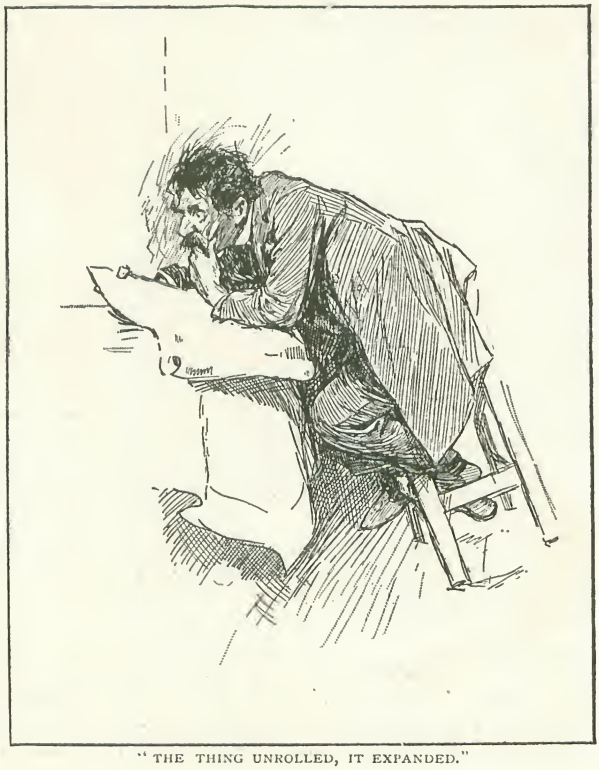
Now, all known substances are "transparent" to gravitation. You can use screens of various sorts to cut off the light or heat or electrical influence of the sun, or the warmth of the earth from anything; you can screen things by sheets of metal from Marconi's rays, but nothing will cut off the gravitational attraction of the sun or the gravitational attraction of the earth. Yet why there should be nothing is hard to say. Cavor did not see why such a substance did not exist, and certainly I could not tell him. I had never thought of such a possibility before. He showed me by calculations on paper, which Lord Kelvin, no doubt, or Professor Lodge or Professor Karl Pearson, or any of those great scientific people might have understood, but which simply reduced me to a hopeless muddle, that not only was such a substance possible, but that it must satisfy certain conditions. It was an amazing piece of reasoning. Much as it amazed and exercised me at the time, it would be impossible to reproduce it here. "Yes," I said to it all, "yes, go on!" Suffice it for this story that he believed he might be able to manufacture this possible substance opaque to gravitation out of a complicated alloy of metals and something new—a new element, I fancy—called, I believe, *helium*, which was sent to him from London in sealed stone jars. Doubt has been thrown upon this detail, but I am almost certain it was *helium* he had sent him in sealed stone jars. It was certainly something very gaseous and thin.

If only I had taken notes . . . .

But, then, how was I to foresee the necessity of taking notes?

Anyone with the merest germ of an imagination will understand the extraordinary possibilities of such a substance, and will sympathize a little with the emotion I felt as this understanding emerged from the haze of abstruse phrases in which Cavor expressed himself. Comic relief in a play indeed! It was some time before I would believe that I had interpreted him aright, and I was very careful not to ask questions that would have enabled him to gauge the profundity of misunderstanding into which he dropped his daily exposition. But no one reading the story of it here will sympathize fully, because, from my barren narrative, it will be impossible to gather the strength of my conviction that this astonishing substance was positively going to be made.

I do not recall that I gave my play an hour's consecutive work at any time after my visit to his house. My imagination had other things to do. There seemed no limit to the possibilities of the stuff; which ever way I tried, I came on miracles and revolutions. For example, if one wanted to lift a weight, however enormous, one had only to get a sheet of this substance beneath it, and one might lift it with a straw. My first natural impulse was to apply this principle to guns and ironclads, and all the material and methods of war, and from that to shipping, locomotion, building, every conceivable form of human industry. The chance that had brought me into the very birth-chamber of this new time—it was an epoch, no less—was one of those chances that come once in a thousand years. The thing unrolled, it expanded and expanded. Among other things I saw in it my redemption as a business man. I saw a parent company and daughter companies, applications to right of us, applications to left, rings and



"THE THING UNROLLED, IT EXPANDED."

trusts, privileges and concessions, spreading and spreading, until one vast, stupendous Cavorite company ran and ruled the world.

And I was in it!

I took my line straight away. I knew I was staking everything, but I jumped there and then.

"We're on absolutely the biggest thing that has ever been invented," I said, and put the accent on "we." "If you want to keep me out of this, you'll have to do it with a gun. I'm coming down to be your fourth labourer to-morrow."

He seemed surprised at my enthusiasm, but not a bit suspicious or hostile. Rather he was self-depreciatory.

He looked at me doubtfully. "But do you really think——?" he said. "And your play! How about that play?"

"It's vanished!" I cried. "My dear sir, don't you see what you've got? Don't you see what you're going to do?"

That was merely a rhetorical turn, but positively he didn't! At first I could not believe it. He had not had the beginning of the inkling of an idea! This astonishing little man had been working on purely theoretical grounds the whole time! When he said it was "the most important" research the world had ever seen, he simply meant it squared up so many theories, settled so much that was in doubt; he had troubled no more about the application of the stuff he was going to turn out than if he had been a machine that makes guns. This was a possible substance, and he was going to make it! *V'la tout*, as the Frenchman says.

Beyond that—he was childish! If he made it, it would go down to posterity as Cavorite or Cavorine, and he would be made an F.R.S., and his portrait given away as a scientific worthy with *Nature*, and things like that. And that was all he saw! He would have dropped this bomb-shell into the world as though he had discovered a new species of gnat if it had not happened that I had come along. And there it would have lain and fizzled, like one or two other little things that scientific people have lit and dropped about us.

When I realized this it was I did the talking and Cavor who said "Go on!" I jumped up. I paced the room, gesticulating like a boy of twenty. I tried to make him understand his duties and responsibilities in the matter—*our* duties and responsibilities in the matter. I assured him we might make wealth enough to work any sort of social revolution we fancied; we might own and order the whole world. I told him of companies and patents, and the case for secret processes. All these things seemed to take him much as his mathematics had taken me. A look of perplexity came into his ruddy little face. He stammered something about indifference to wealth, but I brushed all that aside. He had got to be rich, and it was no good his stammering. I gave him to understand the sort of man I was, and that I had had very considerable business experience. I did not tell him I was an undischarged bankrupt at the time, because that was temporary; but I think I reconciled my evident poverty with my financial claims. And quite insensibly, in the way such projects grow, the understanding of a Cavorite monopoly grew up between us. He was to make the stuff and I was to make the boom.

I stuck like a leech to the "we"—"you" and "I" didn't exist for me.

His idea was that the profits I spoke of might go to endow research, but that, of course, was a matter we had to settle later. "That's all right," I shouted, "that's all right." The great point, as I insisted, was to get the thing done.

"Here is a substance," I cried, "no home, no factory, no fortress, no ship can dare to be without—more universally applicable even than a Patent Medicine! There isn't a solitary aspect of it, not one of its ten thousand possible uses that will not make us rich, Cavor, beyond the dreams of avarice!"

"No!" he said. "I begin to see. It's extraordinary how one gets new points of view by talking over things!"

"And as it happens you have just talked to the right man!"

"I suppose no one," he said, "is absolutely *averse* to enormous wealth. Of course, there is one thing——"

He paused. I stood still.

"It is just possible, you know, that we may not be able to make it after all! It may be one of those things that are a theoretical possibility but a practical absurdity. Or when we make it there may be some little hitch——!"

"We'll tackle the hitch when it comes," said I.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST MAKING OF CAVORITE.

But Cavor's fears were groundless so far as the actual making was concerned. On the 14th of October, 1899, this incredible substance was made!

Oddly enough, it was made at last by accident when Cavor least expected it. He had fused together a number of metals and certain other things—I wish I knew the particulars now—and he intended to leave the mixture a week, and then allow it to cool slowly. Unless he had miscalculated, the last stage in the combination would occur when the stuff sank to a temperature of 60deg. Fahr. But it chanced that, unknown to Cavor, dissension had arisen among the men about the furnace tending. Gibbs, who had previously seen to this, had suddenly attempted to shift it to the man who had been a gardener, on the score that coal was soil, being dug, and therefore could not possibly fall within the province of a joiner; the man who had been a jobbing gardener alleged however that coal was a metallic or ore-like substance, let alone that he was cook. But Spargus insisted on Gibbs doing the coaling, seeing that he was a joiner and that coal is notoriously fossil wood. Consequently Gibbs ceased to replenish the furnace, and no one else did so, and Cavor was too much immersed in certain interesting problems concerning a Cavorite flying machine (neglecting the resistance of the air and one or two other points) to perceive that anything was wrong. And the premature birth of his invention took place just as he was coming across the field to my bungalow for our afternoon talk and tea.

I remember the occasion with extreme vividness. The water was boiling and everything was prepared, and the sound of his "zuzzoo" had brought me out upon the veranda. His active little figure was black against the autumnal sunset, and to the right the chimneys of his house just rose above a gloriously-tinted group of trees. Remoter rose the Wealden Hills, faint and blue, while to the left the hazy marsh spread out spacious and serene. And then——!

The chimneys jerked heavenward, smashing into a string of bricks as they rose, and the roof and a miscellany of furniture followed. Then, overtaking them, came a huge, white flame. The trees about the building swayed and whirled and tore themselves to pieces that sprang towards the flare. My ears were smitten with a clap of thunder that left me deaf on one side for life, and all about me windows smashed unheeded.

I took three steps from the veranda towards Cavor's house, and even as I did so came the wind.

Instantly my coat-tails were over my head and I was progressing in great leaps and bounds and quite against my will towards him. In the same moment the discoverer was seized, whirled about, and flew through the screaming air. I saw one of my chimney-pots hit the ground within six yards of me, leap a score of feet, and so hurry in great strides towards the focus of the disturbance. Cavor, kicking and flapping, came down again, rolled over and over on the ground for a space, struggled up and was lifted and borne forward at an enormous velocity, vanishing at last among the labouring, lashing trees that writhed about his house.

A mass of smoke and ashes and a square of

"I WAS PROGRESSING IN GREAT LEAPS AND BOUNDS."

bluish, shining substance rushed up towards the zenith. A large fragment of fencing came sailing past me, dropped edgeways, hit the ground and fell flat, and then the worst was over. The aerial commotion fell swiftly until it was a mere strong gale, and I became once more aware that I had breath and feet. By leaning back against the wind I managed to stop and could collect such wits as still remained to me.

In that instant the whole face of the world had changed. The tranquil sunset had vanished, the sky was dark with scurrying clouds, everything was flattened and swaying with the gale. I glanced back to see if my bungalow was still, in a general way, standing, then staggered forward towards the trees amongst which Cavor had vanished, and through whose tall and leaf-denuded branches shone the flames of his burning house. I entered the copse, dashing from one tree to another and clinging to them, and for a space I sought him in vain. Then, amidst a heap of smashed branches and fencing that had banked itself against a portion of his garden-wall I perceived something stir. I made a run for this, but before I reached it a brown object separated itself, rose on two muddy legs, and protruded two drooping, bleeding hands. Some tattered ends of garment fluttered out from its middle portion and streamed before the wind.

For a moment I did not recognise this earthy lump, and then I saw that it was Cavor, caked in the mud in which he had rolled. He leant forward against the wind, rubbing the dirt from his eyes and mouth.

He extended a muddy lump of hand, and staggered a pace towards me. His face worked with emotion, little lumps of mud kept falling from it. He looked as damaged and pitiful as any living creature I have ever seen, and his remark, therefore, amazed me exceedingly.

"'Gratulate me," he gasped, "'gratulate me!"

"Congratulate you?" I said. "Good heavens! what for?"

"I've done it."

"You *have*. What on earth caused that explosion?"

A gust of wind blew his words away. I understood him to say that it wasn't an explosion at all. The wind hurled me into collision with him, and we stood clinging to one another.

"Try and get back to my bungalow," I bawled in his ear. He did not hear me, and shouted something about "three martyrs —science," and also something about "not much good." At the time he laboured under the impression that his three attendants had perished in this whirlwind. Happily this was incorrect. Directly he had left for my bungalow they had gone off to the public-house in Lympne to discuss the question of the furnaces over some trivial refreshment.

I repeated my suggestion of getting back to my bungalow, and this time he understood.

"WE CLUNG ARM-IN-ARM, AND STARTED."

We clung arm-in-arm and started, and managed at last to reach the shelter of as much roof as was left to me. For a space we sat in arm-chairs and panted. All the windows were broken, and the lighter articles of furniture were in great disorder, but no irrevocable damage was done. Happily the kitchen door had stood the pressure upon it, so that all my crockery and cooking materials had survived. The oil-stove was still burning, and I put on the water to boil again for tea. And that

prepared, I could turn on Cavor for his explanation.

"Quite correct," he insisted; "quite correct. I've done it, and it's all right."

"But——" I protested. "All right! Why, there can't be a rick standing, or a fence or a thatched roof undamaged, for twenty miles round."

"It's all right, *really*. I didn't, of course, foresee this little upset. My mind was preoccupied with another problem, and I'm apt to disregard these practical side issues. But it's all right."

"My dear sir," I cried, "don't you see you've done thousands of pounds' worth of damage?"

"There, I throw myself on your discretion. I'm not a practical man, of course, but don't you think they will regard it as a cyclone?"

"But the explosion——"

"It was *not* an explosion. It's perfectly simple. Only, as I say, I'm apt to overlook these little things. It's that zuzzoo business on a larger scale. Inadvertently I made this substance of mine—this Cavorite—in a thin, wide sheet——"

He paused. "You are quite clear that the stuff is opaque to gravitation; that it cuts off things from gravitating towards each other?"

"Yes," said I. "Yes?"

"Well, so soon as it reached a temperature of 60deg. Fahr., and the process of its manufacture was complete, the air above it, the portions of roof and ceiling and floor above it, ceased to have weight. I suppose you know—everybody knows nowadays—that, as a usual thing, the air *has* weight; that it presses on everything at the surface of the earth; presses, in all directions, with a pressure of 14½lb. to the square inch?"

"I know that," said I. "Go on."

"I know that too," he remarked. "Only this shows you how useless knowledge is unless you apply it. You see, over our Cavorite, this ceased to be the case; the air there ceased to exert any pressure, and the air round it and not over the Cavorite was exerting a pressure of 14½lb. to the square inch upon this suddenly weightless air. Ah! you begin to see! The air all about the Cavorite crushed in upon the air above it with irresistible force. The air above the Cavorite was forced upward violently, the air that rushed in to replace it immediately lost weight, ceased to exert any pressure, followed suit, blew the ceiling through and the roof off. . . . .

"You perceive," he said, "it formed a sort of atmospheric fountain, a kind of chimney in the atmosphere. And if the Cavorite itself hadn't been loose and so got sucked up the chimney, does it occur to you what would have happened?"

I thought. "I suppose," I said, "the air would be rushing up and up over that infernal piece of stuff now."

"Precisely," he said; "a huge fountain!"

"Spouting into space! Good heavens! Why, it would have squirted all the atmosphere of the earth away! It would have robbed the world of air. It would have been the death of all mankind! That little lump of stuff!"

"Not exactly into space," said Cavor, "but as bad—practically. It would have whipped the air off the world as one peels a banana, and flung it thousands of miles. It would have dropped back again, of course, but on an asphyxiated world! From our point of view, very little better than if it never came back!"

I stared. As yet I was too amazed to realize how all my expectations had been upset. "What do you mean to do now?" I asked.

"In the first place, if I may borrow a garden trowel, I will remove some of this earth with which I am encased, and then, if I may avail myself of your domestic conveniences, I will have a bath. This done, we will converse more at leisure. It will be wise, I think"—he laid a muddy hand on my arm—"if nothing were said of this affair beyond ourselves. I know I have caused great damage — probably even dwelling-houses may be ruined here and there upon the country-side. But on the other hand I cannot possibly pay for the damage I have done, and if the real cause of this is published it will lead only to heart-burning and the obstruction of my work. One cannot foresee *everything*, you know, and I cannot consent for one moment to add the burden of practical considerations to my theorizing. Later on, when you have come in with your practical mind and Cavorite is floated—floated *is* the word, isn't it?—and it has realized all you anticipate for it, we may set matters right with these people. But not now—not now. If no other explanation is offered people, in the present unsatisfactory state of meteorological science, will ascribe all this to a cyclone; there might be a public subscription, and, as my house has collapsed and been burnt, I should in that case receive a considerable share in the compensation, which would be extremely

helpful to the prosecution of our researches. But if it is known that *I* caused this there will be no public subscription, and everybody will be put out. Practically, I shall never get a chance of working in peace again. My three assistants may or may not have perished. That is a detail. If they have it is no great loss; they were more zealous than able, and this premature event must be largely due to their joint neglect of the furnace. If they have not perished I doubt if they have the intelligence to explain the affair. They will accept the cyclone story. And if during the temporary unfitness of my house for occupation I may lodge in one of the untenanted rooms of this bungalow of yours——"

He paused and regarded me.

A man of such possibilities, I reflected, is no ordinary guest to entertain.

"Perhaps," said I, rising to my feet, "we had better begin by looking for a trowel," and I led the way to the scattered vestiges of the greenhouse.

And while he was having his bath I considered the entire question alone. It was clear there were drawbacks to Mr. Cavor's society I had not foreseen. The absent-mindedness that had just escaped depopulating the terrestrial globe might at any moment result in other grave inconvenience. On the other hand, I was young, my affairs were in a mess, and I was in just the mood for reckless adventure—with a chance of something good at the end of it. I had quite settled in my mind that I was to have half at least in that aspect of the affair. Fortunately I held my bungalow, as I have already explained, on a three years' agreement without being responsible for repairs, and my furniture, such as there was of it, had been hastily purchased, was unpaid for, insured, and altogether devoid of associations. In the end I decided to keep on with him and see the business through.

"I CONSIDERED THE ENTIRE QUESTION ALONE."

Certainly the aspect of things had changed very greatly. I no longer doubted at all the enormous possibilities of the substance, but I began to have doubts about the gun-carriage and the patent boots.

We set to work at once to reconstruct his laboratory and proceed with our experiments. Cavor talked more on my level than he had ever done before when it came to the question of how we should make the stuff next.

"Of course we must make it again," he said, with a sort of glee I had not expected in him; "of course we must make it again. We have caught a tartar, perhaps, but we have left the theoretical behind us for good and all. If we can possibly avoid wrecking this little planet of ours we will. But — there *must* be risks! There must be. In experimental work there always are. And here, as a practical man, *you* must come in. For my own part it seems to me we might make it edgeways perhaps, and very thin. Yet I don't know. I have a certain dim perception of another method. I can hardly explain it yet. But, curiously enough, it came into my mind while I was rolling over and over in the mud before the wind, and very doubtful how the whole adventure was to end, as being absolutely the thing I ought to have done."

Even with my aid we found some little difficulty, and meanwhile we kept at work restoring the laboratory. There was plenty to do before it was absolutely necessary to decide upon the precise form and method of our second attempt. Our only hitch was the strike of the three labourers, who objected to my activity as a foreman. But that matter we compromised after two days' delay.

(To be continued.)

The Evolution of Our Map.

By Beckles Willson.

IT comes as a shock to most of us to be credibly informed that the present shape of this kingdom, with which not only every Briton but the whole world is so familiar, is quite a modern innovation. With whatever fond faith in its immutability we turn to the national configuration, indented by hundreds of bays, capes, and inlets, flanked to the west by a squat *escalope* of equal eccentricity

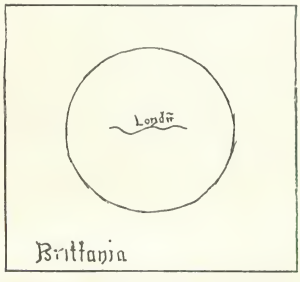


FIG. 1.—THE EARLIEST IDEA OF BRITAIN.

of outline, we must remember that the map of England was quite a different thing to our ancestors.

Assuming that the Saxon cartographers were right, Britain was once an irregular circle with London in the middle of it (Figs. 1 and 2). A time, indeed, came when this circular Britain grew out of itself and took on the similitude of a square, which grew oblong, whose corners became rounded,

FIG. 2.—SEVENTH CENTURY CHART.

until at length, as the later maps which accompany this article show, was evolved what we are proud or vain enough to think every school-urchin in any quarter of the globe immediately recognises as the island of Great Britain.

The oldest map of Britain—apart from the aforesaid circle of the monks—occurs in

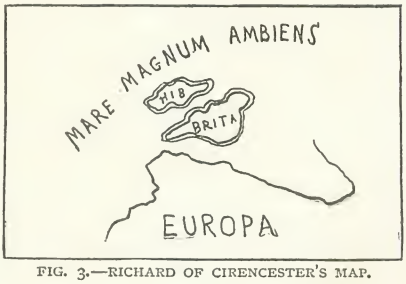


FIG. 3.—RICHARD OF CIRENCESTER'S MAP.

the Peutinger table. All that it represents of our island is the south and part of the east coast, and the names figuring in it are a little difficult to determine. Richard of Cirencester's map (Fig. 3), although compiled from authorities, perhaps in point of antiquity prior to the Peutinger table, is now admitted

FIG. 4.—TENTH CENTURY ARABIAN MAP.

to be a work of the thirteenth century; from which period we are to date maps made among ourselves.

But long before this geographers were

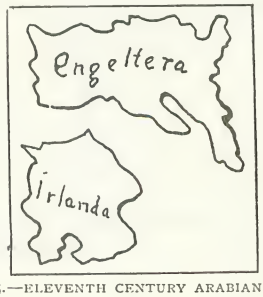


FIG. 5.—ELEVENTH CENTURY ARABIAN MAP.

flourishing in Arabia, which possessed some very curious English charts (Figs. 4, 5, 6) as early as the tenth century. One map-maker,

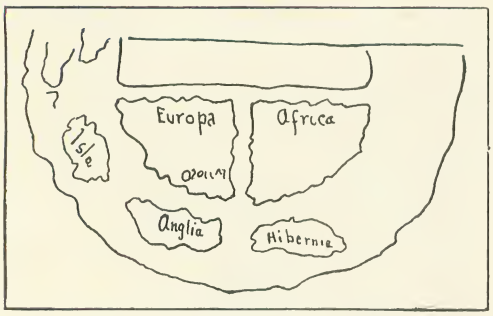


FIG. 6.—LATE ELEVENTH CENTURY MAP.

Edrisi, issued a very elaborate geography in 1153, which was in much use among the geographers and astrologers of Europe during the Middle Ages. When Edrisi made his chart in the twelfth century (Fig. 7) an English scholar, named William Platt, sent him the names of various English places. The Arabs had naturally great difficulty in rendering foreign words in their character. The task, now, on these old maps is to decipher the English names. For instance, Afardik and Durhalma are Berwick and Durham, while eighty miles from Afardik is Agrimes (Grimsby), and 100 from Agrimes is Nikole (Nikolas or Bikola), Lincoln. Boston is Beska, and on Edrisi's map Narghlik is Norwich; Djartmand is Yarmouth. On this map, south of Djartmand forty miles, is the River Thand or Thames. Gharkaford is Hertford. But when we get to Gharham, which we make out to be Wareham, Edrisi begins to puzzle us. He says that among the cities of the west one must reckon the opulent Sansahnar, twelve miles from the sea. If Edrisi is right, if the information William Platt furnished him be correct, early historians have shamefully deceived us. At any rate, Sansahnar has disappeared like Carthage. The other Arab geographers copied from Edrisi, and the rest of Europe in the Dark Ages copied from the Arabs, so that one can readily believe the fame of the English Sansahnar to have spread universally, and tales of its opulence passed from mouth to mouth. Is it not a blot upon his *magnum opus* that Sharon Turner should have utterly failed to tell us anything about it?

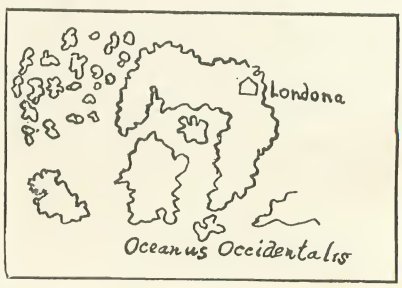


FIG. 8.—PRISCIAN MAP.

FIG. 7.—EDRISI'S CHART—TWELFTH CENTURY.

Alfred the Great (871—901) wishing to have some more or less exact information concerning the quarters whence came the North Sea pirates, Wulfstan and others were sent on a tour of geographical observation. They accomplished their mission of mapping out roughly the Eastern World, calling the fruit of their labours the *Hormesta*. Thenceforward a knowledge of

the North became a speciality of the Anglo-Saxons.

Hormesta was not accompanied by any geographical chart; but maps (Fig. 8) were, however, made at that time, and an excellent specimen is attached to the Priscian MSS., to which it, of course, does not belong, but to the epoch of Alfred. The execution of this chart is extremely neat, but very much damaged by time. The writing is in the odd and minute Latin of the epoch—with the Anglo-Saxon P or W often recurring. The interpretation of places is on the whole very difficult. It comprehends, of course, Britain and Ireland (Urbani for Hibernia), Londona, Pintona (Wintona, *i.e.*, Winchester), Stera (Exestera, Excester). On the neighbouring continent is the name *Opyrias*, which country was merely an English legend of the time.

Edward Luyd, in a letter to Rowland, tells him he had been to see a map of England and Ireland in the Public Library at Cambridge, said in the catalogue to have been made by Giraldus Cambriusis. It was the outline of the two islands, with "Britania" and "Hibernia" inscribed at hand, and the Orcades instead of the Hebrides between both. This is probably the map of Benet College to-day, which is here (Fig. 9) reproduced. If Ireland is correctly represented she has since considerably changed her appearance. It resembles very much the sole of a foot—perhaps an adumbration of the foot of the conqueror planted in that distressful country.

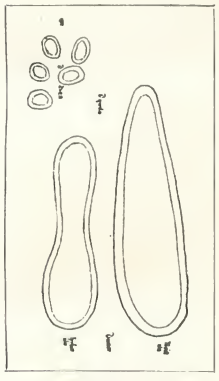


FIG. 9.—MAP AT BENET COLLEGE.

Endeavouring to consider the maps in chronological order, we are now brought face to face with a rectilinear Britain (Fig. 10), which seems to have been our cartographical condition in the twelfth century.

A MS. of Higden's Polychronicon exhibits as a map of the world a planisphere in an oval, having Paradise at the top and the columns of Hercules at the bottom. The margin is green, and represented the sea. Some historical particulars of the region are inserted, and even sketches of several capital cities. But the only interesting particular vouchsafed about this kingdom is that it

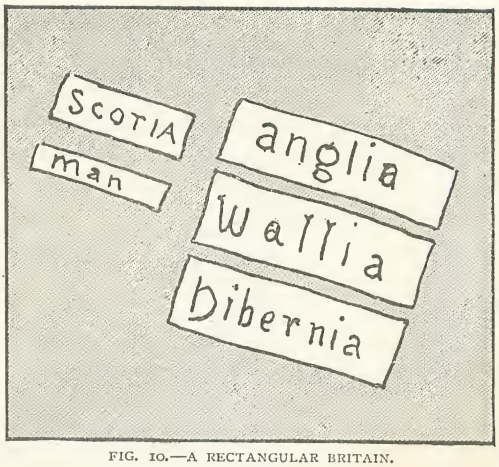


FIG. 10.—A RECTANGULAR BRITAIN.

is square, and Ireland also is square (Fig. 11).

But a time is at hand when we are seen emerging from our unpicturesque angularity. In a Dutch map of the thirteenth century England makes a conspicuous figure—a sort of semicircle surrounded by a river or sea, into which runs the Thames, mayhap translucent in those days, having on the north of it London and Oxford. But the most surprising and inexplicable thing is Ireland, which has grown circular; Wales,

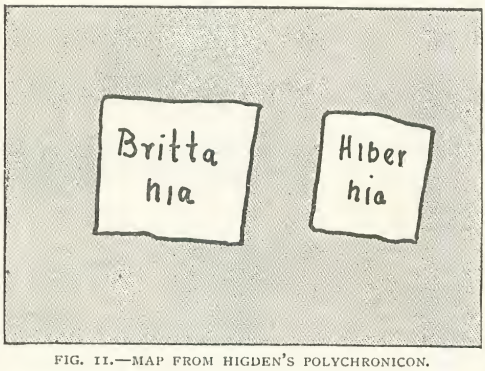


FIG. 11.—MAP FROM HIGDEN'S POLYCHRONICON.

bearing a human face, is a long, narrow island off the west coast; and Scotland (*Scotia olim pars Brittanie*) is a square island a little larger than the Isle of Man, which it adjoins. As is evinced by numerous maps, our cathedrals and castles were rather formidable in those days.

In a MS. of Matthew Paris's history, written by his own hand in the middle of the thirteenth century and presented by him to the monastery of St. Albans, is a map (Fig. 12) of Great Britain, in which one

begins to see at last some relationship with the present contour of our country. It must be admitted the relationship is slight.

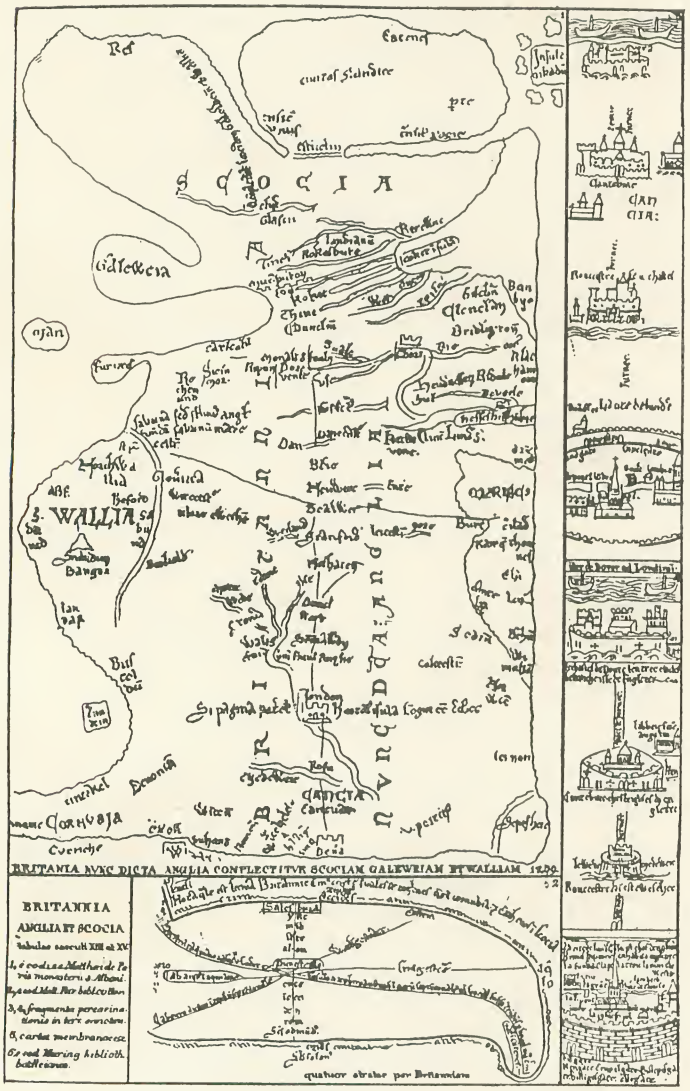


FIG. 12.—MATTHEW PARIS'S MAP—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

A half century later we come upon Great Britain in its then geographical state (Fig. 13), and begin to see our way clearer. This map, which is now in the Cotton Library, takes in the whole extent of the island. At three of the sides are the cardinal points expressed in capitals, Auster, Oriens, Occidus. Beginning at the western extremity we find Cornubia (Cornwall), and travelling east many curious names will puzzle the reader. Hashig, he may be told, is really Shaftesbury; Suhantum, Southampton; Purland, Portland; Rosa, Rochester; and Windleshores, Windsor.

In the library of Hereford Cathedral is preserved a very curious map of the world, inclosed in a case with folding doors on which are painted the Virgin and the Angel. It is drawn with a pen on vellum fastened on boards, and is 6ft. 4in. high to the pediment and more than 5ft. wide. It served anciently for an altar-piece in this church. On this map, England, Ireland, and Scotland occur; and apparently they have gone through much suffering since the last record of their configuration. There is a look of peace, following a long-drawn-out agony, which is especially noteworthy. Poor Ireland, from a footprint, has grown into the semblance of a thin human arm. Perhaps it was Nature's whimsey to match Italy's leg (Fig. 14).

In the reign of Edward III. one finds a map which, for the first time, lays down roads and distances.

We now pass over several centuries of map-making until we come to George Lilly (son of William, a famous grammarian), who lived some time at Rome with Cardinal Pole, and drew the first approximately exact map of this island, which was afterwards engraved. Mercator, the father of modern geography, compiled a particular work on the British Isles from the best information he could procure. In his atlas printed at Duisburg, 1595, the year after his death, by his two sons, are maps of England in five plates, Scotland in two, and Ireland (no longer neglected) in five.

During the Commonwealth maps of England and Ireland were stamped on our Great

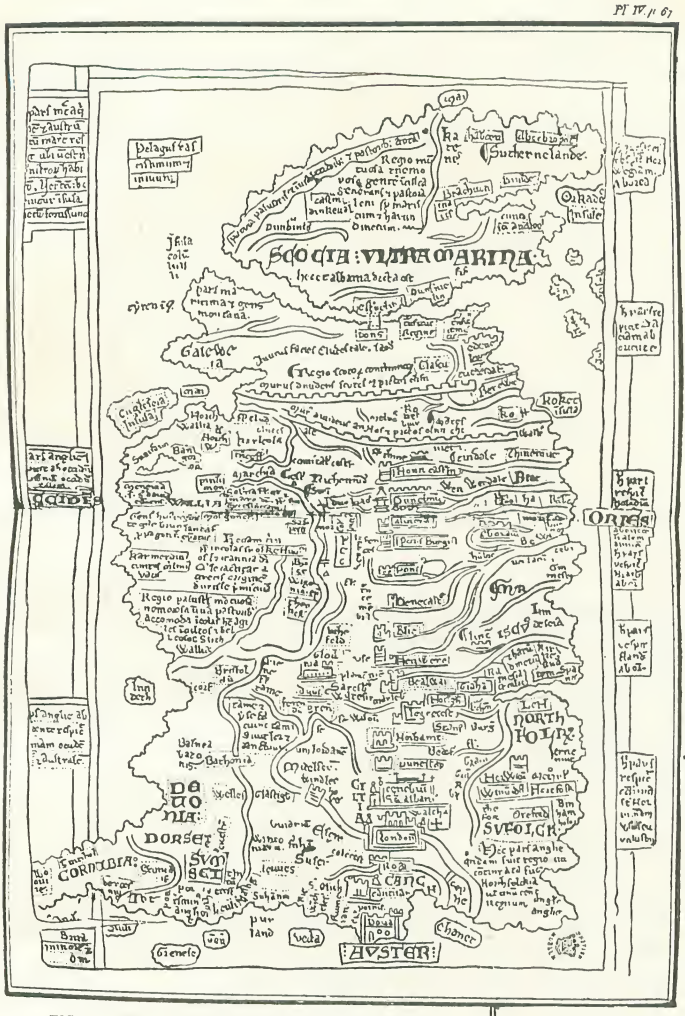


FIG. 13.—MAP IN THE COTTON LIBRARY—EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Seal by the order of Oliver. The seal for the Court of Common Bench, executed by the celebrated engraver Simon in 1648, bore a small outline of the two kingdoms; but on that of the third Parliament they appear much more accurately represented, with the islands, rivers, seaports, counties, cities, towns, and castles, "so distinctly expressed, and named in such minute characters, as to make it a work truly admirable and beyond compare." All the names are engraved in Roman capitals; and between the two islands are, in larger capitals, THE IRISH SEA and THE BRITISH SEA. The diameter of the seal, which is to be seen in the British Museum, is 6in.

The map of our kingdom is now nearly evolved. Hallan's maps of England and Wales, commonly called the Quartermaster Maps, were published in 1676, and boast a fairly accurate outline. One map of the period bears this title: "The natural shape of England, with the names of rivers, seaports, sands, hills, moors, forests, and many other remarks which the curious will observe. By Philip Lea."

Early in the eighteenth century, one, J. Gibson, was employed by Newbery, the publisher, to construct for him, amongst other charts, a map of England and Wales. Gibson went about his task with a true fervour, combining the spirit of the careful draughts-

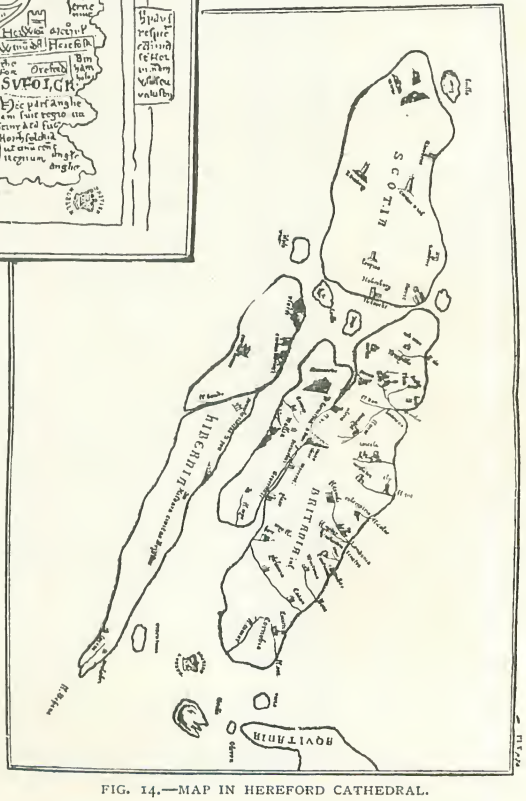


FIG. 14.—MAP IN HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

man with that of the antiquary. It was determined not to trust to previous surveys, which had chiefly been undertaken by private parties with little or no assistance from the State. It should be remembered that before France set the example later in the century the "whole art of map-making had been treated as a matter of private speculation." To the French belong the credit of carrying out the cartographic survey of a country at the expense of the State. Gibson laboured under difficulties, and of so many blunders was he guilty, in spite of the pains he took, that the first plate was destroyed. Somewhat later, Eman Bowen, geographer to His Majesty George II., undertook a revision of Gibson's map, of which a copy is here appended (Fig. 15). Some singular details of this production will not escape the attention of the curious. It is strange to reflect that neither Birmingham, Brighton, nor Manchester were thought worthy of inclusion, while such centres of importance as Rye, Appleby, Cockermouth, and Retford are included. Southampton, it will be further seen, figures as a county; while the spelling of such places as Gloucester, Surrey, and Edinburgh leaves something in modern eyes to be desired. Excellent as the map is, in many ways, it is, after all, but an approximation to the exact truth, although its faults would probably then, and will probably now, escape the general detection.

But as a man's portrait may possess his eyes, nose, mouth, and forehead, and still, if not actually defying recognition by his friends, be far from a good likeness, it was not until 1772 that one Thomas Kitchen, cosmographer, presented to the world a true likeness of this and the adjacent islands. For this achievement Kitchen should be immortal, and his outlined bust adorn the frontispieces of our school geographies; for beyond all question this is the brilliant and painstaking person who first made Brittania (in a cartographical sense) what she is to-day.

Since Kitchen's time there has been a long line of brilliant cartographers, closing with the familiar names of Stanford, Bartholomew, and Philip. From the middle of the last century all the States in Europe have shown great activity in map-making, and the British Government has not lagged idly in the rear. In 1801 there was published a topographical map at a scale of 1in. to the mile, which necessitated 355 sheets. In 1855 was projected a 25in. map, comprising 3,625 sheets; and the work of the topographical department of the War Office still goes merrily on. It must be borne in mind that owing to subsidences of land in one quarter of the country and reclamations from the sea in another, the configuration of England cannot ever be permanently fixed; but the lapses are on a scale so small that it would take a map vaster than any publication in Great Britain to exhibit them.

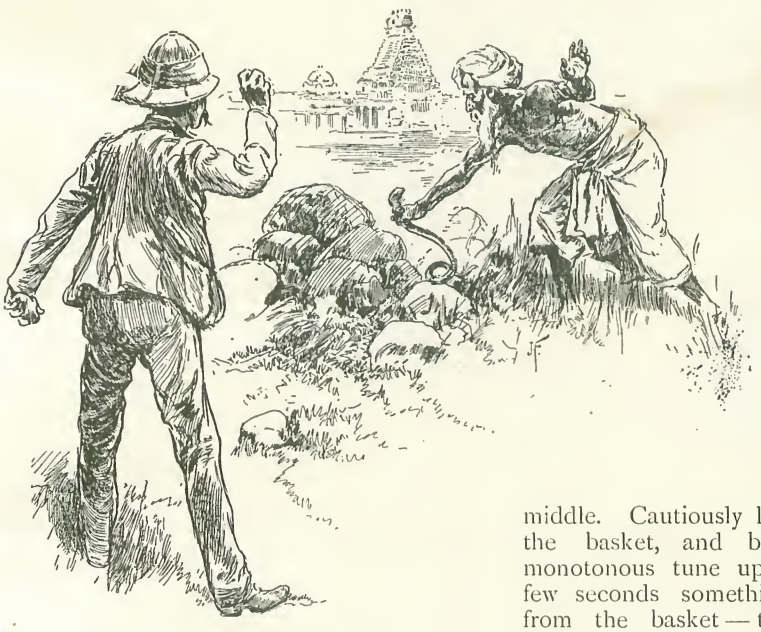
FIG. 15.—THE FIRST MAP OF GREAT BRITAIN WITH AN ALMOST CORRECT OUTLINE—1742.

The Serpent-Charmer.

By A. Sarath Kumar Ghosh.

"KILL it not, sahib! kill it not!"

A thin, brown hand darted forth and snatched up the long, writhing band from under the heap of stones. With infinite tenderness he stroked and smoothed the speckled head, and hugged the loathsome reptile to his naked breast. It was a hideous black cobra that I was killing,



"KILL IT NOT, SAHIB! KILL IT NOT!"

when this strange, semi-naked Hindu had rushed forth and come between me and my prey.

He fondled it, hugged it, kissed it—muttering incoherent words of endearment the while. The cobra lay motionless in his arms, its head well-nigh battered with the many stones I had cast upon it. But if perchance it was not quite dead, and happened to bite the old man, I knew for certain he would fall a corpse the next instant; for the black cobra is the most savage, malicious, and poisonous snake in all India.

"This is foolishness," I exclaimed; "the cobra may bite you!"

His black, glistening eyes were raised for a moment upon my face, and then seemed to look beyond me into the distance. It was a vacant, glassy stare—as if the words were unheeded or lost in some bygone recollection. His lips quivered — met in a frown—then melted in a smile.

"They *love* me, sahib—cobras do!" The words came soft and low, almost in a whisper.

And again he fondled that hideous, deadly, loathsome reptile against his naked skin. Then, with a swift turn he hurried away and was gone in an instant.

The next evening, just at sunset, I was sitting comfortably in the veranda of my bungalow and smoking the pipe of peace and solitude, when suddenly I saw a dark shadow bending before me. It was my quondam acquaintance. A moment later he squatted down on the veranda and brought out a small wicker basket and a short flute with a large bulb in the middle. Cautiously he tilted up the lid of the basket, and began playing a low, monotonous tune upon the flute. In a few seconds something began to emerge from the basket — two black, tiny wires they looked, vibrating rapidly to and fro. Then gradually a black round disc followed, with two shining points of light behind the darting wires. The whole seemed to rise in the air under a long black column, marked with speckled bands of a lighter hue.

It was a black cobra.

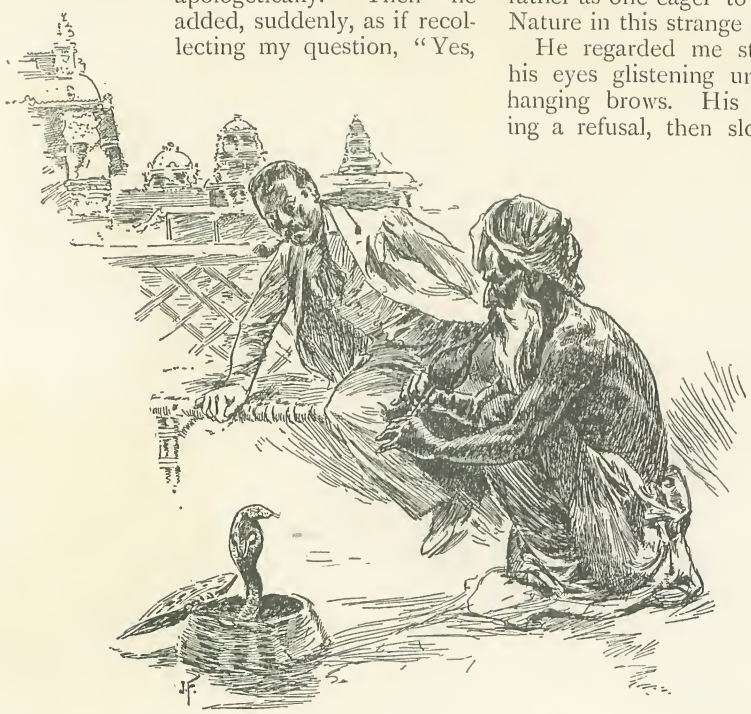
At that moment a thought struck me. I looked at the hooded head as it waved gracefully to the music; the usually clear spectacled markings were blurred and torn as if by some recent wound. I understood what the cobra was.

"How did you do it?" I asked.

My question was unheeded. Without a word the man went on playing. I understood again; he could not stop while the cobra was still so near him. Then I also realized: the cobra was still fanged.

In a few minutes, in the midst of his playing, he suddenly darted out his other hand, seized the cobra from behind, just under the head, and thrust it into the basket.

"It does not know me—yet," he muttered, apologetically. Then he added, suddenly, as if recollecting my question, "Yes, I revived it. Very simple—bathed it in cold water; the cool dew of night did the rest."



"THE HOODED HEAD WAVED GRACEFULLY TO THE MUSIC."

"But what did you mean by saying that the cobra did not know you as yet? Do you expect to *tame* it—so that it won't use its fangs? But this is foolish talk."

He thought for a moment in hesitation. Then slowly he rose up and came nearer. Turning his naked shoulder to me, he silently placed his finger there.

A long, deep scar ran down in a furrow from the shoulder to the elbow.

"A cobra? Impossible!"

He answered in deep, solemn words:—

"No!—A tiger!"

It was my turn to pause—and wonder. Here was a man, sixty if a day, standing before me quietly as if he were no better than one of the ten thousand villagers that digged and toiled around me—and died off like flies at the first touch of sickness or famine. And yet what deep tragedies lay hid beneath those dimmed and aged eyes! Those matted locks, that wrinkled brow, that snowy beard—what a life history had they witnessed and enacted! Verily, in mystic wisdom, a child was I beside him.

"Tell it to me," I asked, at last—not in curiosity, not as one asking for a tale; but rather as one eager to learn the wonders of Nature in this strange and unknown land.

He regarded me steadily for a moment, his eyes glistening under his shaggy, overhanging brows. His lips curled, as if framing a refusal, then slowly relaxed. A faint smile played about them.

"I see. The sahib is not—as the others; he wants to *learn*. It is well."

It was said in scarce a whisper. The sound of words seemed to jar upon his ears, and speech to be an ungodly practice. In truth he was unwonted to break silence—least-wise, about himself.

I felt honoured by this exception, and listened to his tale with due appreciation.

Many winters have passed, sahib, since I was—but that is nothing. Didst ever hear of the Temple of Kali, at Lucknow? No; that was before thy time; a stray shell from the British guns fired it when—thou knowest when.

Here he paused awhile in deep thought; his brow darkened, his eyes flashed. For a moment he hesitated—then the lowering cloud dispersed, the lightning faded.

I was the serpent-charmer of that temple. Didst never hear of Narayan Lal? No matter; I am dead these forty years (this in a whisper hissed into my ear). Narayan Lal played before the goddess with his cobras and pythons on days of festivals, and the faithful votaries knew him as well as the high priest. No worship was complete without me—even as the goddess was unadorned without the black serpent coiled in marble around her blacker breast. Many the offerings I received, much the honour—but, no matter.

Then came the dreadful day. The priests harangued the multitude before the goddess that her worship was threatened by the

foreign rulers of the land. I knew they lied —but the murmuring crowd drowned my voice ere it was raised. I knew that the end of such madness was the very loss to Kali that they threatened; but the frenzy of the multitude swept me away as a feather on the winds. I was powerless to avert the doom.

The day of wrath came. It was the dark night of Kali; ten thousand votaries thronged that temple. The incense waved, the conches blared, the bleating he-goats poured their blood in sacrifice beneath the sacred axe. But Narayan Lal was not there. The cobras and pythons danced not in honour of Kali.

I had shaken the dust of Lucknow from my feet, and was on my way to Jhansi to serve with my brother in the temple there. My serpents I carried in two baskets slung over my shoulder—save one. It was a black cobra—female—fanged.

She was my only love: that cobra I had reared from its birth. It grew to love me as a child its father—nay, a wife her husband. I was both to her.

Her fangs were never broken. She coiled around my arm, and playfully snatched away the fish from my hand at feeding time, and never so much as bared her teeth. She often slept coiled upon my bosom at night.

Could I, then, hurt her affections and thrust her ignominiously into the basket? No, sahib; I placed her in my cummerbund against my flesh. There, coiled around my body for warmth, she slept in peace when I struggled on with that heavy load upon my shoulder.

On we marched for many a day through village and jungle—my love and I. At last the plains of Bundelkhand were reached. Tall, waving grass, as high as my shoulder, swept before my gaze; here and there a stunted tree, burnt and withered, dotted the horizon; dense jungles of short undergrowth marked the course of struggling rivulets now fast drying under that flaming heat. It was silent desolation everywhere.

One day, just before sunset, we struggled on wearily after the day's march—my love and I. We longed to reach some level plain, some tiny hamlet, some woodman's hut, for repose and shelter. But jungle and grass, jungle and grass, lay in an eternal stretch before us. We plodded wearily on —my love and I.

Suddenly a soft rustling sound in front aroused the echoes of that vast solitude. The tall grass, not ten yards away, shook and trembled, waved and fluttered, as if some gigantic body rolled beneath.

I stood in a small open space before that surging wave. On and on came the motion, now rising, now falling—still sweeping across the grass from left to right, not ten yards away.

A low, deep purr caught my ear; a harsh, deep, rasping, grating sound—half a breath, half a snarl. The tall grass suddenly ceased to move—then waved again. Slowly they moved, wider and wider—parted—a gap—a flaming yellow head filled that enormous gap.

It was a gigantic tiger!

My heart stood still. My limbs trembled, then lay rigid and motionless. My eyes were fixed on those yellow blinking orbs in glassy terror. My parched tongue clove to my mouth, my fingers clutched my moistened palms in a death-like grip. I was paralyzed with fear.

Thus we stood awhile—I was too deadened in agony to know how long. Those frothy, crunching fangs, those hanging, sawing jaws, kept hideous time with the blinking eyes. A gradual torpor seemed to be stealing over me in that terrible presence. I struggled in silent anguish against the coming oblivion.

Suddenly a low, deep growl issued from those cruel jaws; the enormous, shaggy head bent low upon the ground; the blinking eyes flashed forth in unblinking fury; a yard of tail lashed out into the air. A snarl—a growl—a roar——

The spell was broken. I slipped the basket-pole from my shoulder and dropped aside to avoid the tiger's spring. An enormous shadow bounded forth into the air above me; a sudden shock—a singeing pain along my arm—and I was cast aside, staggering, ten feet away.

I fell on my face, my injured arm doubled up under me. The shock dazed me awhile, and I lay motionless in dim consciousness. Doubtless the tiger would spring again, and then——. But, enough—my manner of death was written on my forehead at my birth. It was fate.

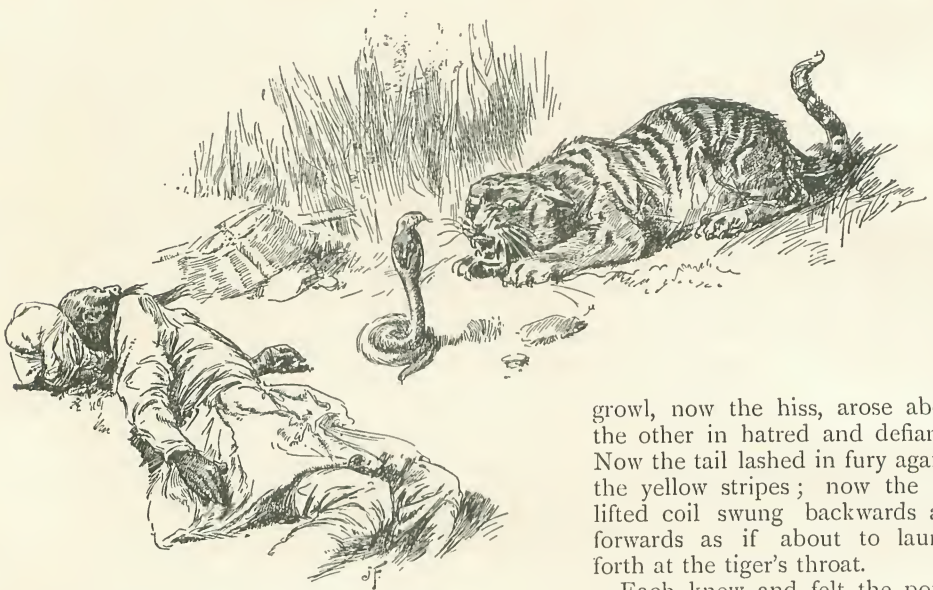
Thus I lay on the ground, helpless and at the tiger's mercy. How long it was I know not; it seemed like a horrible nightmare in which I had lost all conception of time. For a while I might have even relapsed into torpor; I know not.

And so I lay doubled up on the ground, my face pressing against the beaten grass. A horrible silence reigned around. I almost heard the thumping of my heart against my bared ribs. I felt that the cruel brute was playing with me, as a cat plays with a mouse, before putting me out of my misery. The

agonizing suspense grew and grew in intensity like a dull, black cloud of nightmare, till I almost longed for the tiger's blow to end the torture.

Suddenly a strange sound struck my ear. It was a hiss—sharp and piercing. It came again—low and continuous. It rose to a shrill, angry crescendo.

It was answered by a deep, rasping growl. There was a momentary crackling of rotten twigs, as if a heavy body had suddenly risen and relapsed upon them. Then another low growl, a short, sharp snarl, and the angry hiss again sounded above it in defiance. Growl and hiss, hiss and growl, arose above each other in alternate passion. It was a terrible duet of mutual hate and challenge that rang forth in the stillness of the jungle.



"NOT FIVE YARDS AWAY STOOD THE TIGER."

As one in a dream I vaguely lifted up my head. A wondrous sight met my gaze. Not five yards away stood the tiger, his head towards me, his fore-feet planted, his huge back arched in a curve behind, as if about to spring and yet hesitating. Those fiery eyes glared in impotent fury towards me, but not *at* me.

Yes! Facing the tiger, and just before me, stood my black cobra! Her hood was expanded, her tongue darted in and out like forked lightning, her sparkling eyes glistened like black diamonds. Full half her length was reared in the air, and stood like an ebony column between me and the tiger.

I understood. In that furious onslaught of the tiger that had sent me sprawling over the ground my love had been rudely awakened from her peaceful slumber, and had thrown herself between me and my terrible foe ere he could recover from his own impetus to spring again.

I watched in breathless anxiety—unmindful, or unconscious, of the stream of blood that was pouring down my arm and reddening the ground. My limbs were paralyzed for action, or even for movement—and, forsooth, I could have done little to help my love in that mortal combat.

I could only watch and watch, as one fascinated—and pray to Kali to remember the garland around her breast and befriend her serpent brood.

Thus they faced each other. Now the growl, now the hiss, arose above the other in hatred and defiance. Now the tail lashed in fury against the yellow stripes; now the uplifted coil swung backwards and forwards as if about to launch forth at the tiger's throat.

Each knew and felt the power of the other—Nature had taught them that. One sweep of the tiger's paw would have crushed the serpent's head to a mangled mass; one touch of the cobra's fangs on the tiger's skin would have turned that fierce and mighty beast to a blackened corpse—even though the cobra had been torn to shreds in the tiger's death-agony. The tiger's mighty paw that had often perchance smashed a buffalo's skull at a single blow was not more formidable than the serpent's tooth; one sweep of the former, one touch of the latter, were death to either.

Each stood outside the range of the other; each awaited the other's onslaught—the black column against the tawny mass. Suddenly the tiger reared his head, lashed his

tail, then pressed his jaws low to the ground. No, it was not a spring. Even as the stiffened legs relaxed from their curved tension, even as the head poised momentarily in the air, he swerved aside with a shambling lounge to rush past the cobra. But to no purpose. The black, swinging column paused in mid-air for the hundredth part of a second, then plunged forth sideways like a lightning flash. A hand's breadth more, and the ivory fangs would have reached the yellow mass; but, with a lurch, the tiger shrank back from those poisoned fangs just in time. A speck of foam, hissed through the air, marked the spot on the tiger's skin where the blow was aimed.

And now it was a subtle fencing—parry and thrust, lunge and recovery — between these deadly weapons. The tiger's paw was raised, held in the air, about to strike the cobra down from above at one blow. But the swinging curve that had waved backwards and forwards now instantly stopped, then slowly began to oscillate sideways; it was out of the tiger's reach, but still guarding every exit, still at an even distance from that threatening paw that hung in the air. The impending blow, if to come at all, must be instantaneous and on the speckled head; the tiger knew that by instinct. He stood intent with head raised and paw uplifted, like a huge cat watching a butterfly that circles around its head. He sought an opening in the fence to strike and yet escape the serpent's tooth.

Suddenly the paw subsided, the tiger bent low upon the ground with a savage growl, but again the spring was checked. With an ominous hiss the oscillating coil had stiffened in mid-air into a rigid column before the crouching mass, and the glistening eyes revealed the suppressed vitality that lay beneath the watchful search-light that followed the tiger's every action. The tiger's feint had failed.

Slowly his back relaxed its arch; his head was raised from the ground, his tail ceased to lash. The whole yellow mass became a lazy, flabby, indifferent heap of inertia. Even the glaring eyes began to blink, as the tiger stretched his length indolently upon the ground with a purr of contentment. He seemed to resign the combat—or abide his time.

For a moment the cobra seemed puzzled by this manœuvre. That the tiger would really yield up his prey, snatched away from his very jaws, and resign a battle once begun, seemed unprecedented and contrary to the animal's nature. No; it was but a cunning design to allay the cobra's suspicions, exhaust her strength, and carry the position by a sudden rush.

She seemed to realize this by a serpentine instinct almost akin to reason. And yet she was now at a terrible disadvantage. To hold up half her length in the air by sheer muscular action was weary work, and would soon tell upon her strength. She must reserve that for the final grapple when it came.

Gently and cautiously the uplifted curve began to sink upon the ground, the hood still expanded, the glistening eyes still fixed upon the yellow mass in front. So slow was the movement that the black column seemed to hang in the air on an invisible pivot; so infinitesimal the descending angle that the rigid rod hovered over the ground like a dark shadow ere it fell parallel with the tiger's body. The curved tail, on which the full weight of the uplifted column had rested, now slowly uncoiled, and with a graceful sweep lay peacefully along the grass. Only the hooded head and sparkling eyes kept watch and ward over the lying mass in front —"lying" in both senses of the term. It was an armed truce—a mere breathing time before the deadly battle for life and death.

For a moment there was an ominous stillness. Not a movement, not a quiver, betrayed the slumbering fire in either combatant. But for those glowing eyes, the cobra might have been a painted line upon the green; but for that massive chest, rising and falling with each suppressed breath, the tiger might have been a sculptured effigy. It was the lull before the storm, the deep, oppressive silence before the thunder-clap.

Slowly, silently, the striped paws that had lain flat upon the ground beside the shaggy head began to curve inwards—inwards under the sweating nose, inwards under the whiskered jaw, inwards under the heaving chest—and there lay still. Slowly and gradually the hind legs that had sprawled on the ground drew inwards under the huge belly—coiled and slid and scraped, till they bore the weight of the mass above. The painted tail swished off a fly from the striped side—and swished again.

But—the cobra answered him, movement for movement—perhaps unnoticed by the tiger. The rigid column that had lain like a piece of black rubber began to coil and coil at its lower extremity. Soon half its length was coiled. With an almost imperceptible

quiver the other half raised itself slightly, as if feeling the support of this solid base—then gently relapsed along the ground in confidence. Only the hooded head, the forked tongue, the glistening eyes marked the extreme tension at which the bolt rested, ready to be shot into the air.

A terrific roar rent the sky—a huge, dark mass loomed above in a black cloud—down, down it came upon me—my glazed eyes refused to close over my death-agony.

Hé Bhugwan! What was that? Like a bolt from a cross-bow the cobra sprang from the unfolding coil—met the tiger's throat in mid-air. The unwinding coil coiled anew around the tiger's neck. With a heavy thud both reached the earth, not a yard from my head.

A cloud of dust obscured the scene. The tiger rolling along the ground, clawing frantically at his throat, was all I saw; a low, gurgling, choking sound was all I heard. I waited for no more; with one supreme effort I tottered to my feet and fell headlong over the tall grass—outside the arena. A sudden gush of blood from my wounded arm, and I remembered no more. The last recollection I had was that of a vague, mingled sound of tearing grass and crackling twigs, of rending flesh and stifled groans. Then I remembered no more.

When I came to myself the cool dew of night was lying thick upon me and the bright moonlight playing upon the scene. A vague, indefinable emotion surged in my heart as consciousness grew upon me—a feeling of true thankfulness indeed, and yet of mingled pain and anguish. The battle-picture stood before me—suddenly I remembered my black cobra, my love, my only love. A horrible fear clutched at my heart, a deep, over-mastering anxiety swept over me. In frantic haste I arose, and tottered — crawled — to the arena.

My worst apprehensions were fulfilled. The tiger indeed was dead; he lay on his back, his feet in the air. Already he was a blackened, putrid corpse. The poison indeed had done its work.

"THE TIGER ROLLED ALONG THE GROUND, CLAWING FRANTICALLY AT HIS THROAT."

But in that terrible, frantic struggle the tiger's claws had torn the cobra's body into shreds of ribbon, had torn and mangled them piecemeal, till they hung in strings from his claws and strewed his chest. Only one piece remained. The cobra's head, though cut off at the neck by the tiger's claws, still lay buried deep in the tiger's throat. Not all the savage strength of the gigantic brute could tear away that fatal grip. It lay there, jaw to jaw, fang to fang, embedded in the now putrid flesh—all that remained of my once beautiful black cobra.

No, sahib. I could not rear this one to take *her* place. *Her* soul still lives! And they are jealous—*like women!* With a hasty salaam the tall figure vanished into the darkness.

Farther North than Nansen.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI.

By Dr. Olindo Malagodi.

WHEN the *Stella Polare* left Christiania at 11.30 on the 12th of June, 1899, on the voyage which was destined to eclipse the Arctic record, she was given a very hearty "send-off." By order of the King of Sweden and Norway the guns of the forts saluted her, and bunting was conspicuous on the ships of the port, on the municipal buildings, and on many private houses. A great crowd cheered the little ship as it slowly moved away. The last people to say good-bye to the Duke were the Italian Consuls and Vice-Consuls, Dr. Nansen and Mrs. Nansen, Mrs. Ibsen, daughter of Bjornsen and daughter-in-law of Ibsen, the painter Werenskiold, and some Italian visitors.

THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI, CHIEF OF THE EXPEDITION.
From a Photo. by Sciutto, Genova.

Nansen stayed to speak to the Duke up to the last moment. He was enthusiastic about the expedition, and his full confidence removed any apprehension that others might have felt. No one now doubted that the expedition would be fortunate and would come back safe, but no one expected it back in fifteen months. We all knew that it had prepared to be away about two years, and Nansen never thought it would be back in less time. "We expect," he said to me, "some of our whalers to bring good news of them in the autumn of 1900. If not, we shall prepare an expedition for the summer of 1901, and go in search of them."

I asked Nansen what he thought of the dangers. "Of course, there are dangers," he replied, "in the Arctic regions, as there are everywhere. You may be killed by an accident there, just as in Christiania. You must beware of the special dangers of the place. As to questions of health, the Arctic regions, having no microbes, are the healthiest in the world. I am sure that we shall see them back, safe and well, in 1901."

Those who knew the programme of the expedition must have been much perplexed to hear of its return a year before it was expected. We thought that some great mishap had occurred, or that it had had the exceptional luck to get through its programme in half the allotted time. We see now that both suppositions were partly correct. Many mishaps — one of them very grave—befell the expedition, but it scored, nevertheless, a great success.

At the time when the expedition started little was publicly known of its organization. It was, indeed, poorly advertised, but this was intentional. If the Duke and his companions could have managed it, they would have started as they started for Alaska, without anyone knowing anything about it. They could not understand the curiosity of the public about a matter which they regarded as absolutely their own private business. It was unpleasant to have people asking about their intentions. Wise men do not speak beforehand of what they intend to do, especially in cases where a dismal failure may be awaiting them. This reticence was not only a kind of aristocratic modesty; it involved also the fastidiousness of the

From a] THE "STELLA POLARE." *[Photo.*

scientific conscience. They feared that misstatements would arise from interviews and newspaper articles. The general public thus had little news about the expedition, but those who watched the preparations were able to learn a good deal.

Let us consider the composition of the party. The officers and crew comprised ten Italians and ten Norwegians. The Italian contingent afterwards became eleven, and that for a curious reason. On the voyage from Christiania to Archangel the Duke and his compatriots had a somewhat unhappy experience of the art of the Norwegian sailor who acted as the cooking functionary. They took the occasion, therefore, of engaging at Archangel an Italian cook whom they found in a restaurant there. The Norwegians generally had only a secondary part to play. They had simply to look after the ship, and were engaged because of the experience that Norwegians possess of the Arctic Seas. But the ship's voyage was to be by no means the chief feature of the expedition, as we shall see later on.

The chief of the expedition was the Duke. The Duke of the Abruzzi is cousin to the new King of Italy and nephew to the assassinated King, who loved him much, and assisted him in various ways in this undertaking. He is the third son of the dead King's brother, Amédée, Duc d'Aosta, who was King of Spain from 1870 till 1875. The Duke of the Abruzzi was born on the 29th of January, 1873, in Madrid, and received the name of Luigi Amédée. In the House of Savoy there are two strikingly different types, as clearly defined as if they were struck upon medals. One is the strongly-built, martial type made popular by King Victor Emmanuel, and repeated in his son King Umberto. The other is the more delicate, slender type that one observes in the portraits of Carlo Alberto, the first Prince of the House of Savoy who drew his sword for Italian independence and unity, and who died broken-hearted in exile in Portugal. The Duke of the Abruzzi is of the latter type, but possesses all that love of adventure that for centuries involved the House of Savoy in great European questions, notwithstanding the smallness of its State. He is now twenty-seven years old, lightly built, tall, with a characteristic and attractive face. He speaks little, and what he says is said in undertones. His brother, the Comte de Turin, calls him the scientific member of the Royal House. The Duke was educated in the Naval Academy of Livorno, where he passed his examinations

successfully, and he is now a lieutenant in the Italian Navy.

After finishing his studies he felt little attraction for aristocratic life, and accordingly he started round the world on a tour that lasted some years, visiting all sorts of places, and interesting himself in navigation. On his return he took up another branch of adventure, devoting himself for a couple of years to Alpine climbing, until his exertions were crowned with the triumph of the ascent of Mount Elias, of which a full report has just been published and translated into English. The mountain had been attacked many times unsuccessfully by American climbers. The clever guide, Petigas, who accompanied the Duke, explained to me the difficulty of the ascent. It appears that it is specially hard, not only because it is one of the highest in the world, but because it is also an Arctic mountain. On other mountains you find snow and ice about the middle of the ascent; at Mount Elias, however, the ice begins almost at the foot, and the higher rocks are shrouded in eternal mist.

CAPTAIN CAGNI, SECOND IN COMMAND.
From a Photo.

The second in command was Captain Umberto Cagni. He also belongs to the Italian Navy, and is the son of an Italian general. A fair-haired, strongly built, and handsome man of thirty-six, full of intelligence and energy, he was chosen by the Duke because the latter had already experienced his great qualities of courage and resource. The other two officers were Lieutenant Franco Querini and Dr. Achille Cavalli. Querini, a man of thirty-one, had already gained the medal for military valour in connection with the disorders in Crete in 1897. It will be remembered that during the Cretan troubles a Turkish company of gendarmes revolted and killed their own colonel, afterwards shutting themselves up in the barracks to resist the international troops. Querini led the troops who forced the entrance to the barracks and arrested the mutineers. He belongs to a noble Venetian family, from which at the time of the Venetian Republic were elected two Doges. Cavalli was doctor to the expedition, and had besides to take charge of the botanical and zoological observations.

The four Alpine guides were a special feature of the expedition, as they had never before been used in the Arctic regions. The Duke chose them, thinking that their ability and skill in dealing with Alpine ice would prove valuable in dealing with Polar ice. Nansen did not believe that they would be useful in this sense. He admired them as strong men, but he thought that they would find conditions utterly different from those to which they had been accustomed. The result seems to tell in favour of the guides, because of the four people who have reached the highest point two were guides. The chief of the guides was Guiseppe Petigas, a man of thirty-eight, well known in the climbing world. The others were named Felice Ollier, Fenouillet, and Savoie. There were besides two Italian sailors, Giacomo Cardenti, a young Hercules, and Canapa. Among the Norwegians the important man was Captain Eversen, who in the opinion of many people is the most experienced navigator of the Arctic seas. Small, grey-haired, grey-bearded, and wrinkled, his was just the face of the sea-wolf. The other Norwegians were Anton Torgrinsen, Henry Stokken, Andrea Andresen, Christian Andersen, Ditman Olaussen, Johan Johansen, Axel Andersen, Carl Christian Hanson, and Ole Johansen.

HOW THE EXPEDITION WAS ORGANIZED.

In the beginning everything was planned quietly, secretly. Few persons knew that in the winter of 1898 the Duke of the Abruzzi was in Christiania, interviewing Nansen and other Arctic experts. Then he bought the *Jason*, a ship that had to its credit many tussles with northern ice. The *Jason* was a whaler, which had been used for seventeen years in the seal fisheries by Captains Larsen and Jacobson, and had been used too by Nansen in his first Greenland voyage. Mr.

Archer, the shipbuilder, of Larwik, undertook to refit her, and to put her in condition to resist the pressure of the ice. The ship was painted grey, and had the Savoia Cross depicted on the stem. She was rechristened the *Stella Polare*, and a black star on a white field was hung upon the mast. The length of the ship was about 150ft., her width 31ft., her depth 16ft., and her capacity 495 tons. She was, of course, a sailing ship, and possessed very wide sails, being fitted like a brigantine; but she had a small engine for steaming, which gave her a speed of five miles an hour. The engines had to be used only in an emergency or when it was impossible to proceed in any other way, because the coal, which was the best Welsh coal, had to be economized, its chief use being to keep the crew warm in winter. All the interior of the ship was refitted in view of the special purpose to which it was to be put. A place had to be found on deck for a hundred and twenty dogs, who were to play a leading *rôle* in the most important part of the expedition. A saloon for the officers and one for the crew were constructed, and were comfortably but simply decorated and furnished, the only ornaments in the saloon being the portraits of the King and Queen of Italy, to which, by a happy thought of the Duke, were added those of the King and Queen of Norway and Sweden, from the shores of whose country the travellers set forth.

In the early spring of 1899 the Duke was again in Christiania, this time to arrange for the

DR. ACHILLE CAVALLI, MEDICAL OFFICER.
From a Photo.

provisions and the apparatus. These were collected from every country—food and wine from Italy and elsewhere, instruments from Germany, waterproofs from England, furs from Russia. The Duke personally inspected and tested everything. One may almost say that nothing entered the vessel without passing through his hands. Nansen said to me: "I appreciated at once the seriousness of the enterprise when I saw the Duke, instead of giving orders, doing things himself. This is the best test of the qualifications of a man for such a business. He must be willing and able to do everything. A leader must trust only to himself."

The quantity of provisions collected was immense. They were prepared to last for three years, but Nansen thought that there was enough even for five years. In organizing this mass of material the Duke showed his practical nature. They were stored in 1,500 boxes, each box of such dimensions and weight that a man could easily move it. The boxes were in four classes, distinguished from one another by coloured stripes. Black stripes were used for food boxes. The staple food was rice, biscuits, salt meat, and bottled vegetables, besides 1,000 bottles of wine.

The food was so disposed that each box contained all the various items of the daily meals. The cases containing clothes had a green stripe. In them, besides the ordinary sailors' equipment, there was the Esquimaux equipment for the winter. The boxes of scientific

LIEUTENANT FRANCO QUERINI, WHO WAS LOST.
From a Photo.

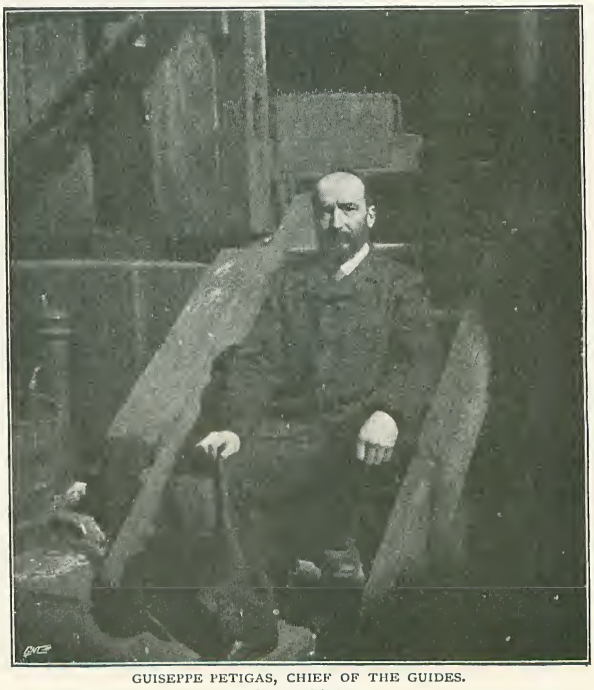
THE TWO ITALIAN SAILORS (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND THE FOUR GUIDES.
From a Photo.

instruments bore red stripes. Useful miscellaneous but not necessary articles were in boxes with yellow stripes. Amongst these were things that had probably never entered those regions—packs of cards, chess-boards, lottery-bags, a guitar, a phonograph, a graphophone, a musical-box, with a full repertoire including the Italian Royal March, and extracts from the operas "La Bohème," "Manon," "Mefistofele," "Rigoletto," "Profeta," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Gioconda," "Pagliacci," "Puritani," and "Donna Juanita"; there was also a good collection of fireworks. It may seem to some that these things were not worthy to occupy useful space in the ship. But the Duke regarded it as vastly important that the spirits of the men should be kept up by every means. To possess, up there in the dark, these small things that suggested that they were not entirely cut off from civilization was an incentive to cheerfulness. All the cases were so disposed in the ship so that in the event of a disaster happening the most useful could be promptly identified.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE EXPEDITION.

If the Duke did not care for publicity as to the organization of his party, all the more was he bent upon secrecy as to his programme. He particularly did not want it to be thought that his chief aim was to beat previous records and to reach the Pole. His expedition was to be specially in its object a scientific exploration of the Arctic regions. To go farther north is naturally the object of every explorer, simply because every explorer wishes to study the less-known regions; but the scientific study of the places through which he had to pass was the Duke's first object.

I see that an English newspaper believes that the Duke took his programme from Nansen. Nothing could be more inexact



GUISEPPE PETIGAS, CHIEF OF THE GUIDES.
From a Photo.

Nansen himself told me that the first time he had an interview with the Duke he saw that the Duke had already fixed his programme. The information given by Nansen to the Duke had reference mainly to questions of provisions and hygienic precautions. Certainly the Duke was assisted by the experience of Nansen, because part of the return route of Nansen was on the same line that the Italian explorers had to follow going north. As the Italians had to go through Franz Josef Land they were also indebted to the experiences of the English traveller, Jackson, whose book, "A Thousand Days in the Arctic," was published just a few weeks before the Duke started. But the secrecy kept by the Duke was such that an English paper, usually well informed about such things, has said that the route followed by the Duke was practically the same as Nansen's, adding the curious explanation that the *Stella Polare* had, perhaps, reached a more northerly point, because she was lighter than the *Fram!* The two routes were so different that we may say in one sense that the Duke started where Nansen left off. Moreover, the principles on which the two journeys were based were vastly different.

THE "STELLA POLARE" LOADING IN DOCK.
From a Photo.

A short comparison with Nansen's voyage will serve to illuminate the Duke's idea. As is well known, Nansen, having discovered on the Greenland coast some remnant of a wreck that had happened on the Siberian coast, formed the theory that a great ice-current drifted from Siberia to Greenland, passing through the Polar circle. So he hoped to reach the Pole by letting his ship drift with this ice-current. With such an idea he sailed along the Siberian coast, taking his ship to the new Siberian island. Then the ship was inclosed by the ice. The current existed in reality, and the ship was brought north, but not quite in a direct line, and it touched only near the eighty-sixth degree. The sledge expedition was undertaken only when Nansen saw that the ship was not going directly north, and it got from 84deg. to 86deg. 13min. 6sec.

The Duke, on the other hand, had devised the notion of going north simply with sledge expeditions. According he took his ship to Franz Josef Land, because he wanted to have a fixed point on *terra firma* from which to send forth a series of sledge expeditions. I say a series, because upon the number of the expeditions results had to depend. The first one had to be short and slow, and the later ones longer and quicker. So to say, each trip had to be a basis for the next, because it had to construct depôts of provisions for the following ones, and because the knowledge acquired by each trip would make the progress of the following ones much quicker. In the first year the expedition had not to reach very far, but to establish a sound knowledge of the surrounding country and to afford experience to the men engaged upon it; whilst trips in the second year, and

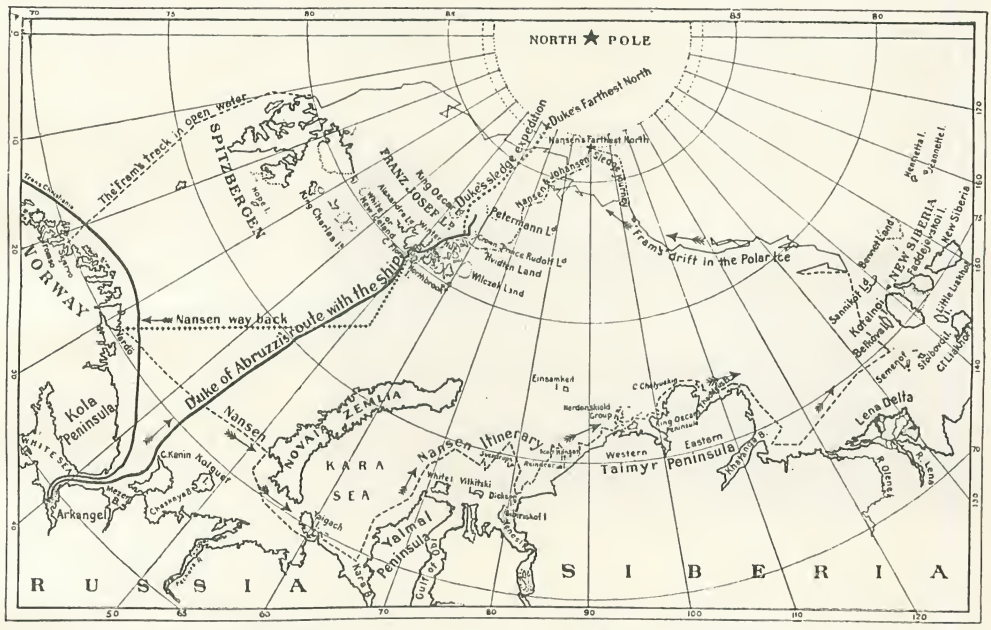
especially the last trip of all, should reach as far north as possible.

I may add here that the Duke had with him a small balloon to be used on Andrée's lines. Eclecticism was the note of the expedition. All the devices of previous explorers were to be tried.

THE VOYAGE AND ITS RESULTS.

Now that we know how the expedition was organized and what was its aim we can follow its progress. The *Stella Polare* started on June 12th from Christiania; on the 22nd it touched Tromsoe, on the 26th it reached Vardo, and on the 1st July Archangel, on the Russian coast, where the kind of Arctic post-office. On one of the huts left there by Jackson was a notice-board intimating that any letters deposited would be brought to civilization by the whaler *Capella*, which was to repass there on August 15th.

The Duke, whose scientific instruments were of great precision, was here able to correct a geographical error, and to establish that Cape Flora was ten geographical minutes more eastward than had been previously believed. In Mr. Jackson's hut were placed provisions for eight months, to be utilized if they should have later on to seek their safety there. On July 26th the *Stella Polare* left Cape Flora and tried to enter the Arctic British



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTES TAKEN BY THE DUKE AND BY NANSEN.

famous Siberian hunter, Kontheim, brought the Duke the 120 dogs collected for him by order of the Czar. The Grand Duke Vladimir went to Archangel to say "good-bye" to the Duke. On the 11th July the *Stella Polare* left Archangel amid "hurrahs" from the English, Russian, and Scandinavian merchant ships collected in the port. From Archangel to Cape Flora, in Franz Josef Land, the vessel had a good passage. It was blockaded by the ice for sixteen hours only, but was freed by a strong westerly wind that swept away the fog and scattered the ice. Cape Flora was reached on the 21st of July, and there the explorers were able to use a Channel through the Nightingale Channel. It was found impossible. She tried then to round Alexanderland, but met unassailable barriers of ice. Going back to the Nightingale Channel and trying again, she succeeded at length in breaking with her bows the fresh strata of ice about thirty inches thick, and, sailing through a short canal opened in the ice, she reached the open sea on the 6th of August. The evening of the same day the expedition was able to send its last farewell to civilization.

They met, in fact, the ship *Capella*, which had on board the American Wellman expedition, then just coming back in sad condition, having lost some of its members, whilst

Wellman himself had a broken leg. To the *Capella* were intrusted some letters, one of which from the guide Petigas described the life on board the *Stella Polare.*

"The days and the weeks pass without our noting them," he wrote. "We rise at half-past six in the morning. At seven we feed the dogs. At eight we breakfast, and at twelve we dine. Then we work till half-past six. Then we have supper, we smoke, we play cards or chess, or read till bed-time. It is not at all cold. Rarely does the thermometer descend below zero. Yesterday the sun shone gloriously. The ice reflected it with blinding light and brilliant hues.

THE SAILING OF THE "STELLA POLARE."
From a Photo.

The ship has withstood all the assaults of the ice. It is splendid to see how it breaks the ice sometimes three or four feet thick. At other times, when the ice is extremely thick, we throw the ship against it at full steam. Then she goes over it and breaks it for forty or fifty yards. The Duke is always on the watch on the bridge, and loses no chance of making progress. Sometimes he does not come down even for his meals. Whenever we get the smallest passage he orders us to go on, and we are glad of it, because the more we advance this year the less we shall have to do next year."

At the same time Lieutenant Querini wrote: "I have good news to give. We have been ten days in the British Channel struggling with the ice, but now we are in open water north of Eton Island." And this was the last news brought by the whaler post of 1899.

Now we know what happened afterwards. The *Stella Polare* went along the British Channel and reached 82deg. 5min. No other ships had gone so far north by water. The *Fram* had gone farther, but on the ice.

Professor Reusch, President of the Geographical Society of Norway, told me that he did not believe that the *Stella Polare* could go higher than 81deg.; but the Duke, with Captain Eversen's help, achieved the result above named. The ship did not stay for the winter at 82deg. 5min., because she could not find a good station there. She came back and took shelter in Table Bay at 81deg. 47min. Hitherto all had gone well, but now came misfortunes. The ice grew thicker and thicker round the vessel, threatening to smash her, and at last on the 8th of September an avalanche of ice falling on her side broke it, and the water began to rush in. The moment was critical. It seemed as if the ship must sink, but luckily an enormous spiral movement of the ice threw her upon a great and solid plateau of ice, where she was safe for the time. But the result of this mishap was very grave. The broken ship was no longer habitable. All the comfort prepared within her was lost. Instead of the commodious home that the vessel had offered, the sailors had to construct a refuge with two tents, each 20ft. long, over which was erected a tent larger still, whilst over the tent were stretched some sails, and planks were put all round. Between the two tents was placed a stove for warming and cooking. Every man had upon his bed a covering made of wolf-skin and filled with goose feathers.

The cold was terrible the first night in the tents. Even the boots were frozen. But the falling of the snow soon offered a better protection, and they began to be comfortable. For the dogs was constructed a wooden kennel, and one of the chief pieces of work during the winter was to clear away the constantly falling snow from it. The Christmas was celebrated with great solemnity, and the New Year's Day was honoured with a brilliant display of fireworks.

The officers during the winter attended

to scientific studies, under the direction of Captain Cagni, paying particular attention to ocean currents, the magnetic Pole and its influence, the luminous phenomena of the Polar nights, the formation and extension of the ice, the thermic system of the Arctic atmosphere and seas, the mensuration of the earth's crust in those regions, and the Polar fauna.

Up to this time the health of the party had been good, but on Christmas Day, as the tent was surrounded by ice, Cagni and the Duke went to practise with the sledges, and were both frost-bitten. They saw their own hands grow suddenly white, then black. Two of the Duke's fingers were so affected that at first it was thought that his left arm would have to be amputated by the doctor. Ultimately it was found only necessary to remove the tips of the fingers. From that time his health was not so good as before.

He had to stay four months under the tent, but could not endure to remain in bed, where he stayed only one day. After this he busied himself in preparing the sledge expedition.

This expedition tried first to start on February 28th, but the cold was too bitter; the thermometer marked 52deg. below zero, C.; the dogs died of cold, and after two days the expedition came back. It started again on March 11th with thirteen men, thirteen sledges, and 108 dogs. They found the condition of the ice terrible. It rose in big broken masses like rocks, and sometimes a passage had to be cut through it with axes, at a great cost of labour. From the first days it was seen, too, that the food was consumed much more quickly than had been expected. It was accordingly decided to make the expedition smaller. Lieutenant Querini, the guide Ollier, and the Norwegian sailor Henry Stokken, on March 21st were sent back with ten days' food. They never arrived; they were seen no more. Captain Cagni fears that, as in the meantime the temperature had grown much warmer, they may have fallen in some of the canals of water opened in the ice. There is only a faint hope that they may not be lost, and that they may succeed in reaching some winter refuge.

On March 31st another detachment was sent back, composed of Dr. Cavalli with the guide Savoie, the sailor Cardenti, and the other Norwegians, with twenty-five days' food, and they arrived safe. There remained now on the expedition north only four Italians—Captain Cagni, the guide Petigas, the guide Fenouillet, and the young sailor Canapa. Up to the eighty-fifth degree the ice remained rough and most difficult; but beyond that point it was better, and stretched in front in great levels, over which the sledges slid beautifully. But the food became more and more scarce. The explorers were already compelled to live almost exclusively on dog flesh. But the men were enthusiastic; sometimes they went on for twenty-four hours all at a run; they wanted to reach the eighty-seventh degree.

On April 24th they touched 86deg. 33min. at 65deg. of longitude. Then Captain Cagni thought that to go on would be rash, and that his responsibility compelled him to order a retreat. Steps were retraced on April 25th. But the way back was very long and slow. They arrived only on June 23rd. The journey forward had taken forty-five days; the journey back took fifty-nine days. The journey north had shown that there was no land. Neither Peterman Land nor any other came ever in sight. The ice hung as a roof on the sea, and so being more level had made the progress easier; but on the return a new and terrible danger threatened the explorers.

The boundless ice-plain had disappeared: it had broken itself in floating islands of ice. The explorers were no longer masters of their course; they could no longer drive; they had often to float with these islands of ice, trying to direct them by means of sails. The drift of the ice-current discovered by Nansen threw them continuously westward; to make head against it they had to change again and again the direction of their course. At last on a clear day they discovered Harley Island; they had been driven 44min. more southward than Teplitz Bay; they had to turn north again, and through Alexander Land, crossing the sea canals on icebergs, reached at last Cape Brorock; and thence got to Teplitz Bay in twelve hours. There the Duke and Cavalli were on the look-out for them. They were safe, but only in the nick of time; all the sledges were lost, and only seven dogs were left.

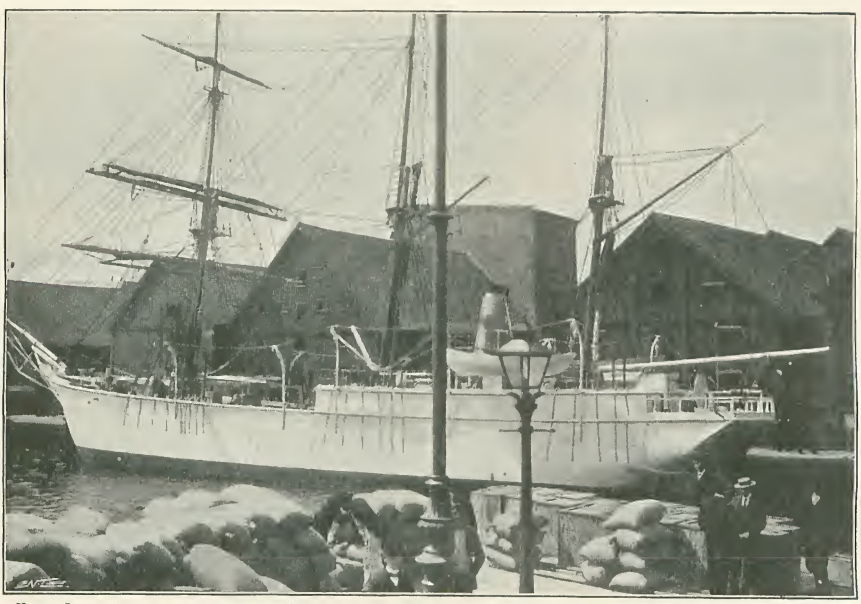
In the meantime, the carpenters worked desperately to mend the damaged vessel. To stay there another winter was not to be thought of. Already so badly shaken, the ship could not have stood another onslaught of the ice. On the 8th August the restored *Stella Polare* was free from the ice. After discharging the greater part of their provisions in the Bay, and forming a depôt for two years to be used by their lost companions, if they should chance to reach it, the ship

started, and in one day reached the British Channel, but found herself in a trap. The Channel was obstructed by ice. For sixteen days she struggled with the icebergs; many times the crew in imminent danger had to leave the ship in small boats. At last the open water met their gaze, and on the last day of August the *Stella Polare* touched Cape Flora again. There they found the post left on July 12th by the *Capella*. Amongst the letters was one from King Humbert. Whilst that letter was lying at Cape Flora the King had fallen a victim to Bresci's bullet.

We can now sum up the results of the labours of the Duke and his comrades. First of all, we see that the expedition was able to develop only half its programme, having been compelled by the accident to the vessel to compress its work into one season. Notwithstanding that, it has established a new record. Comparing this with the previous records, we find that 82deg. was reached by Payer, in 1874; 82deg. 45min. by Parry, in 1877; 82deg. 54min. by Beaumont, in 1876; 83deg. 20min. by Markham, in 1876; 83deg. 24min. by Lockwood, in 1882; 86deg. 14min. by Nansen, in 1895; and 86deg. 33min. by the Duke of the Abruzzi's party, in 1900.

Another record is the *Stella Polare's* having reached 82deg. 4min. by open sea. Its most brilliant success is, of course, the sledge expedition led by Captain Cagni. Moving from 81deg. 47min. it reached 86deg. 33min. — that is, it covered 4deg. 46min. As coming back it went 44min. south-west of the point from which it had started, one may say that in 105 days it covered 10deg. 54min. —that is, about 750 miles.

I told you what was the opinion of Dr. Nansen when the expedition started. I could not better close my short exposition than with the opinion of Nansen on its success. Speaking to a friend of mine in Christiania, Nansen said: "They have surpassed every expectation. They have gone through a region where man had never been; they have succeeded in determining the most northern boundaries of Europe. They have shown that from Franz Josef Land to the Pole there is nothing but sea." And in the brilliant speech with which he greeted the arrival of the Duke and his companions in Christiania he said, with felicitous courtesy: "You are continuing the great traditions of Polo and Colombo; you, sons of the Land of the Sun, have gone farther North than any Northerner as yet."

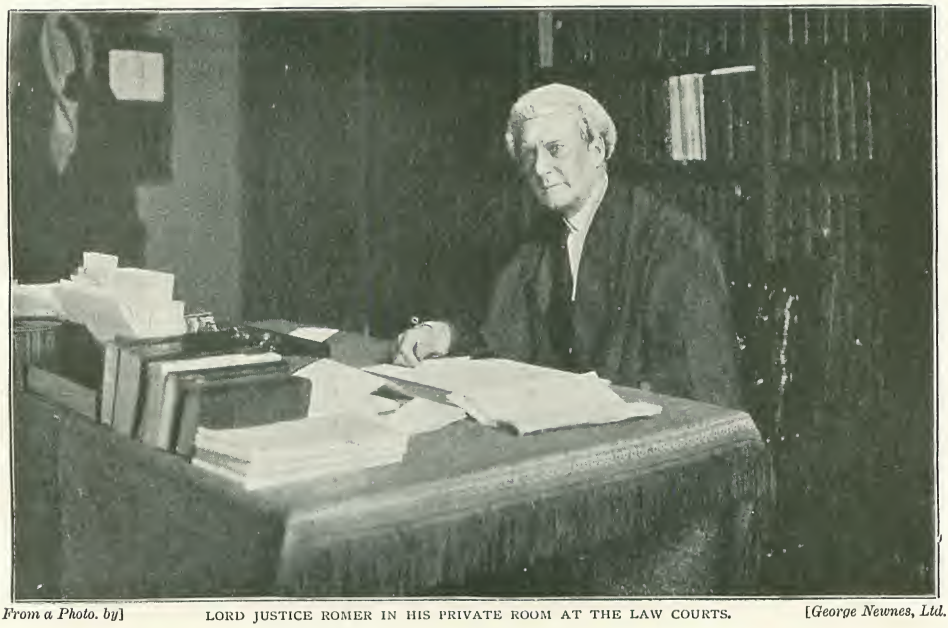


From a] THE "STELLA POLARE" ONCE MORE IN DOCK. *[Photo.*

Illustrated Interviews.

LXXIII.—THE RIGHT HON. LORD JUSTICE ROMER.

By Rudolph de Cordova.



From a Photo. by] LORD JUSTICE ROMER IN HIS PRIVATE ROOM AT THE LAW COURTS. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

TO put a judge into the witness-box, as it were, is an experience which obviously does not fall to the lot of most mortals. Lord Justice Romer is what barristers would call a "good witness." I hope I shall not be set down as being unduly egotistic if I claim to be a good judge on this point. Indeed, I leave the matter to be judged at the hands of the great jury of readers of The Strand when they have finished this article, in which his lordship gives a most interesting story of his career, which was told on the eve of his departure for South Africa on the Hospitals' Commission.

"The first salient point in the story of my life," said his lordship, in answer to my question, "was my taste for mathematics, for that led me to go to the University, and thence to the Bar. I was at a school called St. John's Foundation School, afterwards known as St. John's Hall, in St. John's Wood. It was a large school with about 160 boys or so. The head master was the Rev. A. F. Thomson, and he was assisted by very good masters. We had a particularly able mathematical master, who was an Oxford and not (as might have been anticipated) a Cambridge man. I always liked mathematics, and finding there that it was cultivated I did my best, and one year, rather to the surprise of all the masters, I came out first in the sixth form. That encouraged me, and I took to reading on my own account as well as for the love of the thing. Ultimately the school persuaded me to try to get a scholarship at Cambridge. I tried, and got a scholarship at Trinity Hall. That was a great piece of good fortune, to my mind, because it was a college which exactly suited my idiosyncrasies. I was very fond of sport and athletic exercise, and I never could have worked at mathematics if I had not also been at a college which encouraged and favoured outdoor sports and athletics. I suppose I am rather a curiosity physically, for the harder I worked at sports the better I could work at mathematics when I was not enjoying myself at games. That has always been the same all my life. I always needed great physical exercise to keep me in good health, and physical exercise never seems to induce mental fatigue with me. That is how I came to go from school to college.

"It is rather a curious thing that only a short time ago a card was sent up to me

by a gentleman who wished to see me at the Courts. To my astonishment and pleasure it turned out to be one of my old schoolfellows whom I had not seen since 1858 or 1859. He had been a successful merchant in India, and was a fine specimen of a Scotch gentleman, just what I would have expected to result from the Scotch boy I knew. Though so many years had elapsed our memories were very good with respect to those past days, and we had a long chat about our old school friends and their subsequent lives. The sixth form, in which there were eight or nine of us, must have been rather remarkable; for of six of the boys who constituted it—not to speak of myself—three obtained open scholarships at Oxford, two got open scholarships at Cambridge, and one, the only rival I had in mathematics in those days at school, passed out at the head of the Royal Engineers of his year. One of the boys became an Indian Civil servant and judge, and was knighted; and another is a distinguished Civil servant in England, and is also knighted."

"Can your lordship account in any way for the mathematical bias which was so strongly marked?"

"I cannot trace any hereditary tendency to mathematics, or law either, unless, in so far as mathematics is concerned, there be any truth in the suggestion that there is a connection between mathematics and music, for I certainly descend from a musical family. My father was Frank Romer, the musical composer, and his uncle was a distinguished composer at the end of the last century. I have in my possession some of the songs composed by him and published during his life. On my mother's side my relatives were Nonconformist divines, but I fear that I have not inherited many proclivities from that side of the family. At one time I used to sing a little, but I have long since given that up."

LORD JUSTICE ROMER AS A CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE, 1862.
From a Photo. by H. & R. Stiles, Kensington High Street, W.

"What was Cambridge like in your lordship's time?"

"It was one of the best places a fellow could be at. Life was very simple, but very wholesome both for mind and body. There was very little over-refinement in those days. They were the pre-æsthetic days, but there were endless good spirits and good feeling. So far as athletics are concerned, at Trinity Hall, in those days, the first object of consideration was the boat. After that came cricket; and racquets and fives were also games you might indulge in with approbation. At the same time, it was considered eminently right that, after performing your duties towards the body and athletics generally, you should work and take such a degree as your gifts enabled you to try for.

"My college friends, many of whom have been my friends all through my life, were very kind to me personally; for, after they discovered I had a fair chance of obtaining a good place in the Mathematical Tripos, if they thought I was devoting too much time to amusements they insisted on my working at mathematics. On the other hand, I obtained their suffrages by both rowing and playing cricket. In those days Trinity Hall was not so large as it is now, and two of us at least—the present Q.C., Mr. Renshaw, and myself—did double duty by rowing in the first boat and playing in the first eleven. That was precious hard work, for we often had to play a cricket match all day and go and row in the evening, which was trying, to say the least of it. Work in the May term, with cricket and rowing, certainly did not greatly flourish. The best time for reading was the long vacation.

"Training for the boat in those days was very hard, for the authorities seemed to think that all one had to do was to eat plenty of chops and steaks and cut off all the things they regarded as luxuries, many of

which are really the necessities of modern life." His lordship lighted a cigar and continued: "There was, therefore, a tendency for us to get overtrained. Things have much improved since those days. In spite of training, however, I was able to get in a good deal of work at mathematics. This was due to a great extent to the kindness and judicious advice of the tutors, who soon became good friends to me, and have remained so ever since. One of them is now the present master of the college, and the other is the well-known writer, Mr. Leslie Stephen. Another friend I got to know then was Professor Fawcett, who remained my dear friend until his unfortunately early death. He was a broad-minded, fine man, and one of the most marvellous things about him was his cheeriness and brightness, for his blindness never had the slightest effect in damping his energy and spirits. Thanks to Trinity Hall, and the tutors and friends I had there, I was able to go in for the Tripos in good spirits and robust health."

"With the result that Robert Romer the student came out senior wrangler and Smith's prizeman," I interjected.

"Yes, I was fortunate enough to be at the head of the list, and I was bracketed equal Smith's prizeman with the Rev. E. T. Leeke, who is now, I believe, a canon at Lincoln. The examination in those days came in January and lasted for three days, after which came an interval, and then five days' more examination."

"Did your lordship keep up athletic exercises during the examinations?"

"Regularly, when I was not in the Tripos. I took a great deal of exercise by walking and playing fives, and between the two examinations I worked my muscles rather than my brains."

"Did your lordship work many hours a day?"

"No, not many hours a day, but when I *was* working I worked very hard. It is a popular delusion to measure mental work by hours. Really mental work should be measured, if it could be, by the pressure put on the brain and the speed at which it is working. People differ not only in their abilities as displayed by the subjects they are exercised upon, but also in the nervous force which they can bring to bear as measured both by the intensity and the continuity of their application. The same man may, if he chooses and will work his brain hard enough, do in one hour what would otherwise take him two hours to do. I think I may say that I made up for my not working many hours a day by working with more intensity when I was at it, but it was owing to my happy life at college that I was able to work at mathematics as hard as I did."

"What happened after your lordship took your degree?"

"I left Cambridge very soon after and determined to go to the Bar. I always had a strong desire to go out into the world and fight there rather than stay at the University and become a don. The profession of the Bar seemed to me then, as it does still, one of the best that a man could attach himself to. There is no doubt that the fact that Trinity Hall was a great legal college had a considerable influence on me in determining my profession, and Mr. Leslie Stephen encouraged me in that desire. I did not, however, settle in London and commence actual practice until I obtained my fellowship, for which I had to wait four years. The time, however, was utilized by work of a congenial character. For a little over a year I was private secretary to Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, of Paris, from whom I experienced very great kindness. I remained with him until I was appointed Professor of Mathematics at Queen's College, Cork, an appointment I got when I was only twenty-four, so that I was full young for the post. I was very happy at Cork. I received great hospitality over there, and found the students a particularly nice set, and I have ever since retained a warm affection for the Irish race and a particular appreciation of their sense of humour.

"It took me some little time, however, before I thoroughly appreciated the mathematical students. At the end of my first lecture I was approached by one student, who said that in the course of his studies he had come across a problem which he could not solve, and he asked me if I would show him how to do it. In the innocence of my heart I said, 'Certainly,' and tried to do it at once. I found it difficult, and took it away with me. To my astonishment, I found I could not do it for two days, after working very hard at it. I was in a great state of mind, for this was at the outset of my career as Professor of Mathematics there. Ultimately, however, I solved the problem and gave the solution to the pupil, who thanked me profusely. A few days after, at the end of another lecture, another pupil stepped forward with his problem to be solved. This took me rather longer to

satisfactorily grapple with, but ultimately I did it. This process was repeated on other occasions, till at last I received one which I could not do and have never done from that day to this, and I have long since given up trying to do it. When I acknowledged I could not do it, and told the class so, it beamed at me. Ultimately, one of them told me that, on the news of my appointment coming to them, a small syndicate of the pupils had been appointed to select a series of the most difficult problems they knew of for my edification, some of these problems having been regarded as nuts that could not be cracked at all. He further added that my performance, as a whole, as a mathematician in answering these problems, instead of lowering me, as I had rather feared, in their eyes, had just the opposite effect. They had hoped to crush me with most of them, and the whole performance was the outcome of a merry jest on their part. It had amused them certainly, but it did not amuse me until I found out what they had been at. I liked my pupils, and believe they liked me, perhaps to a great extent owing to the fact that I played cricket for them and also rowed. In particular I remember rowing in a very hard four-oared race in which my crew came in second, after I had rowed myself almost to a standstill."

LORD JUSTICE ROMER IN 1890.
From a Photo. by Mayall & Co., Ltd., 73, Piccadilly, W.

"And then?"

"This brings me to the Bar, and it is a good many years since I started at it. I had read what I could of law by myself, but it is very little use reading law without seeing practical work. That I saw in the chambers of Mr., afterwards Vice-Chancellor Sir, Charles Hall, with whom I worked. My life at the Bar has been simply one of the usual kind, though, perhaps, I was rather more fortunate than most in getting somewhat quickly into work, and as the years went on the work increased, until, in 1881, I took silk and attached myself to the Court of the then Master of the Rolls, Sir George Jessel. My going there was a bold step, for my competitors and seniors were numerous and of great ability. Fortunately for me, in a short time the Master of the Rolls went to the Appeal Court permanently, and Mr. Justice Chitty was appointed in his place. Others who practised in the front row, for various reasons, left the Court, and I soon found myself in active work and one of the leaders of the Court."

"As a junior, however, I suppose your lordship must have had some amusing experiences at the Bar?"

"Not many, for I was not long in practice on the Common Law side of the profession. In order to get accustomed to examining and cross-examining witnesses, however, I attended the Sussex and Brighton Sessions. There I managed to get a few briefs, and curiously enough one of the very first offered to me was by a solicitor who was, if I remember rightly, the father of one of my former pupils at Cork. Another case had an outcome which amused me. I was offered a brief for the defence of a woman who was rather a notorious criminal. She was charged with stealing from a shop a piece of money which the proprietor had placed on the counter. The evidence against her seemed overwhelming, but a happy idea occurred to me, and in the course of my speech I told a story about an old gentleman I knew who was subject to fits and was very fond of playing whist. I said that whenever he found one of his attacks coming on he always swept up all the money that was on the table and put

From a] LORD ROMER'S SHOOTING-BOX AT FINNARTS, AYRSHIRE. *[Drawing.*

it into his pockets, and that it was a curious thing that the attacks invariably happened when he was losing, but when he recovered he never remembered anything about having taken the money. The jury was amused at the idea, and when I pleaded that perhaps the same aberration occurred with my client they gave her the benefit of the doubt and brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty.' As soon as the prisoner left the dock she came to me and promised that whenever in future she got into trouble she would always see that her solicitor instructed me to defend her. Unfortunately for me, however, the possible advantage I may have derived from a client of that sort was lost to me, for I soon after went to the Chancery Bar."

"Did your lordship have no similar humorous experiences there?"

"The Chancery Bar is not one which as a rule brings practitioners into cases of popular interest," replied his lordship, with a smile. "Indeed, one might say that as a rule the work at that Bar is somewhat dull; yet there were one or two curious cases I was engaged in. One of the earliest pieces of work I got was from a solicitor who had been a college friend. He was instructed to act for a gentleman to whom litigation was as the breath of life, and whose sole enjoyment seemed to be the prosecution of the many lawsuits in which he was engaged. We, being somewhat inexperienced, considered the best thing we could do in our client's interest was to settle his disputes to the best advantage, as we thought they must be harassing and expensive, to say the least. The solicitor, therefore, made the best compromise possible, and I drew the drafts of the deeds which our client signed in the belief, as it appeared, that they were committing him to more litigation. When he found that this was exactly what they did not do, and that the chief interest of his life had, as it were, come to an unexpected end, he was so angry that he actually brought an action against the solicitor for negligence, and would, I have little doubt, have brought an action against me only that the law does not permit barristers to be proceeded against in this way.

"So the years went by until 1881, when I took silk, and after the early and lamented death of Mr. Ince, Q.C., a great part of the

From a] LORD ROMER'S MOOR AT GLEN APP, AYRSHIRE. *[Photo.*

LORD JUSTICE ROMER AND LADY ROMER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THEIR HOUSE IN HARRINGTON GARDENS.
From a Photo. by] *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

leading work in Mr. Justice Chitty's Court was shared by Lord Macnaghten, then Mr. Edward Macnaghten, and myself, and many and keen were the struggles between us. We have always been great friends, and it is rather amusing to reflect that when we were not either of us engaged in a case occupying the time of the Court Lord Macnaghten did his best to improve my very neglected classical knowledge by going over with me some of the Odes of Horace. I never could induce him, however, to engage in the slightest degree in the study of mathematics. Not that I should in those days have been very apt in imparting mathematical knowledge, for I fear that I failed to keep up my mathematics after I came to the Bar, although I have always retained the greatest affection for the study, and to this day the appearance of a mathematical examination paper is a source of interest and pleasure to me. I am, however, glad to think I have always retained my interest in science, and I presume it is to this I owe the great honour I have recently obtained of being made a Fellow of the Royal Society. Such knowledge of science as I possess has undoubtedly been of use to me at the Bar, especially in the many complicated patent cases in which I was engaged, and which I have since had to decide as a judge—not that I can claim to have been as skilled in patent cases as many lawyers, like those distinguished advocates the present Master of the Rolls, Lord Alverstone, and Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C.

"In Mr. Justice Chitty's Court, I remember, there was for years a constant attendant who was always making applications of an informal character to the Court. He used to take the greatest possible interest in Mr. Macnaghten and me, and one day when I was away he went up to my friend and expressed the hope that 'nothing was the matter with his playmate.' He was certainly an eccentric character, and he once described the arguments of a well-known counsel as being 'like sawdust without butter.'

"In 1890 I was made a judge, and had to take witness actions, and I continued to try such actions until 1897."

"I have heard it said that that is the longest consecutive period any judge has taken such actions?" I interjected.

"I believe it is," replied his lordship; "but I am not certain on this point, and I should not like to state definitely that it is so. As you are aware, when Mr. Justice Chitty became a Lord Justice I took his place, and so went back to preside in the court in which I once practised as leader. And when Lord Justice Chitty died, to the great regret of all who knew him, I succeeded him in the Appeal Court."

"Your lordship still keeps up active exercise, I believe?"

"Yes, I have always retained my love of athletic exercise. Cricket I had to give up, as I could not devote the time to it with my practice at the Bar.

"No"—this in answer to an interpolated

question—"I never played against Oxford, but I played a good deal at Cambridge in my college eleven and in a moderately successful way, both as a bowler and a batsman, although I have no recollection what my averages were. Rowing I have been occasionally able to indulge in, and still do when I can get the opportunity. For the last thirty years I have shot regularly every long vacation, with very few exceptions, and am very fond of the sport. For many years I had moors in Scotland, and now I have shooting in Hertfordshire. About four years ago I took to bicycling, and after going through the usual difficulties in learning was able to become fairly good at it, and it is now one of my principal amusements. Every day that I have to spare, if the weather is at all suitable, I bicycle, but I do not go in for excessive runs. If I am taking only half a day, I consider about thirty miles would be an average run; but if I have a whole day, then fifty. I believe some of my friends accuse me of scorching, but I need scarcely say there is no foundation for this report; I content myself with an average of about ten miles an hour. When not cycling I always keep up my walking, and every day, with very few exceptions, when engaged at the Courts I walk from home through the Park to the Law Courts and back again in the afternoon, thus insuring at any rate eight miles a day of good walking exercise. I start early in order to do this, and am generally away by a quarter to nine every morning. I attribute my good appetite and good health, for I have nothing to complain of in these respects, to my always keeping myself in good physical exercise. I am also very fond of lawn tennis, and I always play for an hour every Wednesday morning before going to the Courts."

"Does your lordship go in for any other recreations?"

"I have a good many friends connected with the theatrical and artistic professions, and I am fond of theatrical performances, though I am not able to attend them as frequently as I could wish. You see, I am rather fond of early hours, and I go to bed early and sleep as many hours as I can. Fortunately I have the capacity, of which I frequently avail myself, of going to sleep at any moment for as long as I desire. I sleep, on an average, certainly eight hours a night."

"Then your lordship does not believe in the proverb about six hours for a man?"

"No," replied his lordship, with a laugh, "I most certainly do not, and I often get an hour's odd sleep at times, but let it be distinctly understood that I never indulge in that on the Bench.

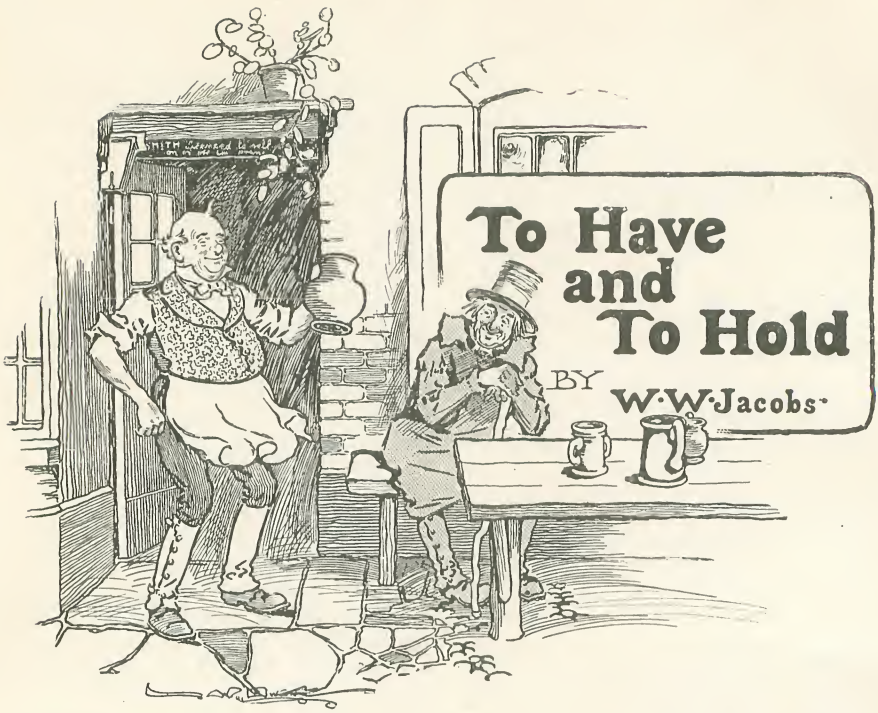
"I have a good many literary and scientific friends, and have been more or less connected with literature all my life. One of my earliest friends as a boy—and he remained my friend until his death—was Charles Dickens, the eldest son of the novelist, to whom I was introduced soon after I took my degree, as I was to Thackeray, by my father-in-law, Mr. Mark Lemon, the then editor of *Punch*.

"No, I assure you I have absolutely not a single anecdote of either of them, for my acquaintance with them was by no means intimate. The *Punch* people I have always known, and a number among them, I am glad to say, are my very good friends. I may mention Sir John Tenniel, Mr. Burnand, and Mr. Linley Sambourne as such."

"Knowing so many literary men, did your lordship ever, as a young man, go in, like so many barristers, for writing for the papers?"

"Yes, after I took my degree, and before I got into practice, I did a little in the literary line, though not a very great deal. I reviewed for the *Athenæum*, and for a short time for the *Pall Mall Gazette* when it was edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen. I remember a curious incident in connection with this work. I had written a rather severe review for the *Athenæum* on a novel, and shortly after I met my friend Mr. William Bradbury, of the firm of Bradbury and Evans, publishers. In the course of conversation he referred in the strongest possible language to this review, which turned out to be of one of the novels published by his firm, and he denounced the villainy of the writer of the review. I had to confess that I was the villain in question, and, with his usual goodness, after a time he granted me absolution for my sin, but I did not retract any of the strictures I had passed on the work."

Lord Justice Romer knocked the ash off the cigar he had been smoking. I couldn't help thinking as I got up to go what a great advantage it would be if witnesses in other courts than mine were allowed to smoke while under examination. That thought, however, I did not express to his lordship, for pleasure is the last thing one expects to find in a Court of Justice, though I have no doubt that the votaries of My Lady Nicotine would find a cigar as agreeable an aid to enduring an examination as did Lord Justice Romer.



THE old man sat outside the Cauliflower Inn, looking crossly up the road. He was fond of conversation, but the pedestrian who had stopped to drink a mug of ale beneath the shade of the doors was not happy in his choice of subjects. He would only talk of the pernicious effects of beer on the constitutions of the aged, and he listened with ill-concealed impatience to various points which the baffled ancient opposite urged in its favour.

Conversation languished; the traveller rapped on the table and had his mug refilled. He nodded courteously to his companion and drank.

"Seems to me," said the latter, sharply, "you like it, for all your talk."

The other shook his head gently, and, leaning back, bestowed a covert wink upon the signboard. He then explained that it was the dream of his life to give up beer.

"You're anot'er Job Brown," said the old man, irritably, "that's wot you are; another Job Brown. I've seen your kind afore."

He shifted farther along the seat, and, taking up his long clay pipe from the table, struck a match and smoked the few whiffs which remained. Then he heard the traveller order a pint of ale with gin in it and a paper of tobacco. His dull eyes glistened, but he made a feeble attempt to express surprise when these luxuries were placed before him.

"Wot I said just now about you being like Job Brown was only in joke like," he said, anxiously, as he tasted the brew. "If Job 'ad been like you he'd ha' been a better man."

The philanthropist bowed. He also manifested a little curiosity concerning one to whom he had, for however short a time, suggested a resemblance.

"He was one o' the 'ardest drinkers in these parts," began the old man, slowly, filling his pipe.

The traveller thanked him.

Wot I meant was—said the old man, hastily—that all the time 'e was drinking 'e was talking agin beer same as you was just now, and he used to try all sorts o' ways and plans of becoming a teetotaler. He used to sit up 'ere of a night drinking 'is 'ardest and talking all the time of ways and means by which 'e could give it up. He used to talk about hisself as if 'e was somebody else 'e was trying to do good to.

The chaps about 'ere got sick of 'is talk.

They was poor men mostly, same as they are now, and they could only drink a little ale now and then; an' while they was doing of it they 'ad to sit and listen to Job Brown, who made lots o' money dealing, drinking pint arter pint o' gin and beer and calling it pison, an' saying they was killing theirselves.

Sometimes 'e used to get pitiful over it, and sit shaking 'is 'ead at 'em for drowning theirselves in beer, as he called it, when they ought to be giving the money to their wives and families. He sat down and cried one night over Bill Chambers's wife's toes being out of 'er boots. Bill sat struck all of a 'eap, and it might 'ave passed off, only Henery White spoke up for 'im, and said that he scarcely ever 'ad a pint but wot somebody else paid for it. There was unpleasantness all round then, and in the row somebody knocked one of Henery's teeth out.

And that wasn't the only unpleasantness, and at last some of the chaps put their 'eads together and agreed among theirselves to try and help Job Brown to give up the drink. They kep' it secret from Job, but the next time 'e came in and ordered a pint Joe Gubbins—'aving won the toss—drank it by mistake, and went straight off 'ome as 'ard as 'e could, smacking 'is lips.

He 'ad the best of it, the other chaps 'aving to 'old Job down in 'is chair, and trying their 'ardest to explain that Joe Gubbins was only doing him a kindness. He seemed to understand at last, and arter a long time 'e said as 'e could see Joe meant to do 'im a kindness, but 'e'd better not do any more.

He kept a very tight 'old o' the next pint, and as 'e set down at the table he looked round nasty like and asked 'em whether there was any more as would like to do 'im a kindness, and Henery White said there was, and he went straight off 'ome arter fust dropping a handful o' sawdust into Job's mug.

I'm an old man, an' I've seen a good many rows in my time, but I've never seen anything like the one that 'appened then. It was no good talking to Job, not a bit, he being that unreasonable that even when 'is own words was repeated to 'im he wouldn't listen. He behaved like a madman, an' the langwidge 'e used was that fearful and that wicked that Smith the landlord said 'e wouldn't 'ave it in 'is house.

"THERE WAS UNPLEASANTNESS ALL ROUND THEN."

Arter that you'd ha' thought that Job Brown would 'ave left off 'is talk about being teetotaler, but he didn't. He said they was quite right in trying to do 'im a kindness, but he didn't like the way they did it. He said there was a right way and a wrong way of doing everything, and they'd chose the wrong.

It was all very well for 'im to talk, but the chaps said 'e might drink hisself to death for all they cared. And instead of seeing 'im safe 'ome as they used to when 'e was worse than

usual he 'ad to look arter hisself and get 'ome as best he could.

It was through that at last 'e came to offer five pounds reward to anybody as could 'elp 'im to become a teetotaler. He went off 'ome one night as usual, and arter stopping a few seconds in the parlour to pull hisself together, crept quietly upstairs for fear of waking 'is wife. He saw by the crack under the door that she'd left a candle burning, so he pulled hisself together agin and then turned the 'andle and went in and began to try an' take off 'is coat.

He 'appened to give a 'alf-look towards the bed as 'e did so, and then 'e started back and rubbed 'is eyes and told 'imself he'd be better in a minute. Then 'e looked agin, for 'is wife was nowhere to be seen, and in the bed all fast and sound asleep and snoring their 'ardest was little Dick Weed the tailor and Mrs. Weed and the baby.

Job Brown rubbed 'is eyes agin, and then 'e drew hisself up to 'is full height, and putting one 'and on the chest o' drawers to steady hisself, stood there staring at 'em and getting madder and madder every second. Then 'e gave a nasty cough, and Dick and Mrs. Weed an' the baby all woke up and stared at 'im as though they could 'ardly believe their eyesight.

"Wot do you want?" ses Dick Weed, starting up.

"Get up," ses Job, 'ardly able to speak. "I'm surprised at you. Get up out o' my bed direckly."

"Your bed?" screams little Dick; "you're the worse for licker, Job Brown. Can't you see you've come into the wrong house?"

"Eh?" ses Job, staring. "Wrong 'ouse? Well, where's mine, then?"

"Next door but one, same as it always was," ses Dick. "Will you go?"

"A' right," ses Job, staring. "Well, goo'-night, Dick. Goo'-night, Mrs. Weed. Goo'-night, baby."

"Good-night," ses Mrs. Weed from under the bedclothes.

"Goo'-night, baby," ses Job, agin.

"It can't talk yet," ses Dick. "Will you go?"

"Can't talk—why not?" ses Job.

Dick didn't answer him.

"Well, goo'-night, Dick," says Job, moving towards the door.

Dick didn't answer 'im.

"Goo'-night, Dick," he ses agin.

"Good-night," ses Dick from between 'is teeth.

"Goo'-night, Mrs. Weed," ses Job.

Mrs. Weed forced herself to say "good-night" agin.

"Goo'-night, baby," ses Job.

"Look 'ere," ses Dick, raving, "are you goin' to stay 'ere all night, Job Brown?"

Job didn't answer 'im, but began to go downstairs, saying "goo'-night" as 'e went, and he'd got pretty near to the bottom when he suddenly wondered wot 'e was going downstairs for instead of up, and larfing gently at 'is foolishness for making sich a mistake 'e went upstairs agin. His surprise when 'e see Dick Weed and Mrs. Weed and the baby all in 'is bed pretty near took 'is breath away.

"Wot are you doing in my bed?" he ses.

"It's our bed," ses Dick, trembling all over with rage. "I've told you afore you've come into the wrong 'ouse."

"Wrong 'ouse?" ses Job, staring round the room. "I b'leeve you're right. Goo'-night, Dick; goo'-night, Mrs. Weed; goo'-night, baby."

Dick jumped out of bed then and tried to push 'im out of the room, but 'e was a very small man, and Job just stood there and wondered wot he was doing. Mrs. Weed and the baby both started screaming one against the other, and at last Dick pushed the window open and called out for help.

They 'ad the neighbours in then, and the trouble they 'ad to get Job downstairs wouldn't be believed. Mrs. Pottle went for 'is wife at last, and then Job went 'ome with 'er like a lamb, asking 'er where she'd been all the evening, and saying 'e'd been looking for 'er everywhere.

There was such a to-do about it in the village next morning that Job Brown was fairly scared. All the wimmen was out at their doors talking about it, and saying wot a shame it was and 'ow silly Mrs. Weed was to put up with it. Then old Mrs. Gumm, 'er grandmother, who was eighty-eight years old, stood outside Job's 'ouse nearly all day shaking 'er stick at 'im and daring of 'im to come out. Wot with Mrs. Gumm and the little crowd watching 'er all day and giving 'er good advice, which she wouldn't take, Job was afraid to show 'is nose outside the door.

He wasn't like hisself that night up at the Cauliflower. 'E sat up in the corner and wouldn't take any notice of anybody, and it was easy to see as he was thoroughly ashamed of hisself.

"Cheer up, Job," says Bill Chambers, at last; "you ain't the fust man as has made a fool of hisself."

"DARING OF 'IM TO COME OUT."

"Mind your own business," ses Job Brown, "and I'll mind mine."

"Why don't you leave 'im alone, Bill?" ses Henery White; "you can see the man is worried because the baby can't talk."

"Oh," ses Bill, "I thought 'e was worried because 'is wife could."

All the chaps, except Job, that is, laughed at that; but Job 'e got up and punched the table, and asked whether there was anybody as would like to go outside with him for five minutes. Then 'e sat down agin, and said 'ard things agin the drink, which 'ad made 'im the larfing-stock of all the fools in Claybury.

"I'm going to give it up, Smith," he ses.

"Yes, I know you are," ses Smith.

"If I could on'y lose the taste of it for a time I could give it up," ses Job, wiping 'is mouth, "and to prove I'm in earnest I'll give five pounds to anybody as'll prevent me tasting intoxicating licker for a month."

"You may as well save your breath to bid people 'good-night' with, Job," ses Bill Chambers; "you wouldn't pay up if anybody did keep you off it."

Job swore honour bright he would, but nobody believed 'im, and at last he called for pen and ink and wrote it all down on a sheet o' paper and signed it, and then he got two other chaps to sign it as witnesses.

Bill Chambers wasn't satisfied then. He pointed out that earning the five pounds, and then getting it out o' Job Brown arterwards, was two such entirely different things, that there was no likeness between 'em at all. Then Job Brown got so mad 'e didn't know wot 'e was doing, and 'e 'anded over five pounds to Smith the landlord and wrote on the paper that he was to give it to anybody who should earn it, without consulting 'im at all. Even Bill couldn't think of anything to say agin that, but he made a point of biting all the sovereigns.

There was quite a excitement for a few days. Henery White 'e got a 'eadache with thinking, and Joe Gubbins, 'e got a 'eadache for drinking Job Brown's beer agin. There was all sorts o' wild ways mentioned to earn that five pounds, but they didn't come to anything.

Arter a week had gone by Job Brown began to get restless like, and once or twice 'e said in Smith's hearing 'ow useful five pounds would be. Smith didn't take any notice, and at last Job told 'im there didn't seem any likelihood of the five pounds being earned, and he wanted it to buy pigs with. The way 'e went on when Smith said 'e 'adn't got the power to give it back and 'e'd got to keep it in trust for anybody as might earn it was disgraceful.

He used to ask Smith for it every night, and Smith used to give 'im the same answer, until at last Job Brown said as he'd go an' see a lawyer about it. That frightened Smith a bit, and I b'leeve he'd ha' 'anded it over, but two days arterwards Job was going upstairs so careful that he fell down to the bottom and broke 'is leg.

It was broken in two places, and the doctor said it would be a long job owing to 'is drinking habits, and 'e gave Mrs. Brown

strict orders that Job wasn't to 'ave a drop of anything even if 'e asked for it.

There was a lot o' talk about it up at the Cauliflower 'ere, and Henery White, arter a bad 'eadache, thought of a plan by the ale up, and Bill Chambers said it was a good job Henery thought 'e was clever, because nobody else did. As for 'is 'eadaches, he put 'em down to over-eating.

Several other chaps called to see Job, but

"THE DOCTOR SAID IT WOULD BE A LONG JOB."

which 'e and Bill Chambers could 'ave that five pounds atween 'em. The idea was that Bill Chambers was to go with Henery to see Job, and take 'im a bottle of beer, and jist as Job was going to drink it Henery should knock it out of 'is 'ands, at the same time telling Bill Chambers 'e ought to be ashamed o' hisself.

It was a good idea, and as Henery White said, if Mrs. Brown was in the room so much the better, as she'd be a witness. He made Bill swear to keep it secret for fear of other chaps doing it arterwards, and then they bought a bottle o' beer and set off up the road to Job's. The annoying part of it was, arter all their trouble and Henery White's 'eadache, Mrs. Brown wouldn't let 'em in. They begged and prayed of 'er to let 'em go up and just 'ave a peep at 'im, but she wouldn't. She said she'd go upstairs and peep for 'em, and she came down agin and said that 'e was a little bit flushed, but sleeping like a lamb.

They went round the corner and drank none of them was allowed to go up, and for seven weeks that unfortunate man never touched a drop of anything. The doctor tried to persuade 'im now that 'e 'ad got the start to keep to it, and 'e likewise pointed out that as 'e had been without liquor for over a month, he could go and get that five pounds back out o' Smith.

Job promised that 'e would give it up; but the fust day 'e felt able to crawl on 'is crutches he made up 'is mind to go up to the Cauliflower and see whether gin and beer tasted as good as it used to. The only thing was 'is wife might stop 'im.

"You're done up with nursing me, old gal," he ses to 'is wife.

"I am a bit tired," ses she.

"I could see it by your eyes," ses Job. "What you want is a change, Polly. Why not go and see your sister at Wickham?"

"I don't like leaving you alone," ses Mrs. Brown, "else I'd like to go. I want to do a little shopping."

"You go, my dear," ses Job. "I shall be quite 'appy sitting at the gate in the sun with a glass o' milk an' a pipe."

He persuaded 'er at last, and, in a fit o' generosity, gave 'er three shillings to go shopping with, and as soon as she was out o' sight he went off with a crutch and a stick, smiling all over 'is face. He met Dick Weed in the road, and they shook 'ands quite friendly and Job asked 'im to 'ave a drink. Then Henery White came along, and by the time they got to the Cauliflower they was as merry a party as you'd wish to see.

Every man 'ad a pint o' beer which Job paid for, not forgetting Smith 'isself, and Job closed 'is eyes with pleasure as 'e took his. Then they began to talk about 'is accident, and Job showed 'em 'is leg and described wot it felt like to be a teetotaler for seven weeks.

"And I'll trouble you for that five pounds, Smith," 'e ses, smiling. "I've been without anything stronger than milk for seven weeks. I never thought when I wrote that paper I was going to earn my own money."

"None of us did, Job," ses Smith. "D'ye think that leg'll be all right agin?. As good as the other, I mean?"

"Doctor ses so," ses Job.

"It's wonderful wot they can do nowadays," ses Smith, shaking 'is 'ead.

"'Strordinary," ses Job; "where's that five pounds, Smith?"

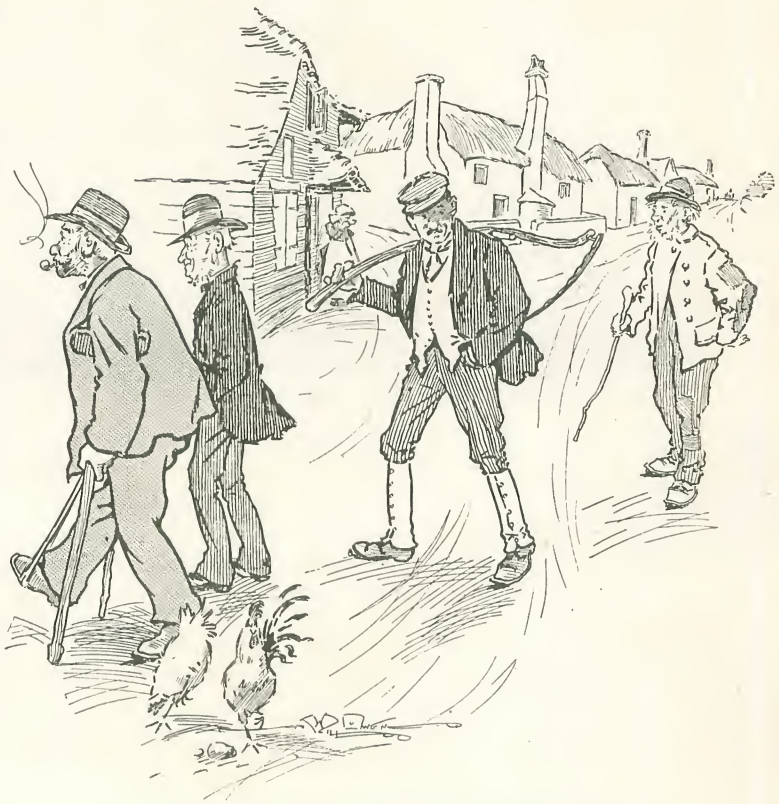
"You don't want to put any sudden weight or anything like that on it for a time, Job," ses Smith; "don't get struggling or fighting, whatever you do, Job."

"'Taint so likely," ses Job; "d'ye think I'm a fool? Where's that five pounds, Smith?"

"Ah, yes," ses Smith, looking as though 'e'd just remembered something. "I wanted to tell you about that, to see if I've done right. I'm glad you've come in."

"Eh?" ses Job Brown, staring at 'im.

"Has your wife gone shopping to-day?" ses Smith, looking at 'im very solemn.



"THEY WAS AS MERRY A PARTY AS YOU'D WISH TO SEE."

Job Brown put 'is mug down on the table and turned as pale as ashes. Then 'e got up and limped over to the bar.

"Wot d'yer mean?" he ses, choking.

"She said she thought o' doing so," ses Smith, wiping a glass; "she came in yesterday and asked for that five pounds she'd won. The doctor came in with 'er and said she'd kept you from licker for seven weeks, let alone a month; so, according to the paper, I 'ad to give it to 'er. I 'ope I done right, Job."

Job didn't answer 'im a word, good or bad. He just turned 'is back on him, and, picking up 'is crutch and 'is stick, hobbled off 'ome. Henery White tried to make 'im stop and 'ave another pint, but he wouldn't. He said he didn't want 'is wife to find 'im out when she returned.

The Modern Russian Officer.

By A. Anderson.

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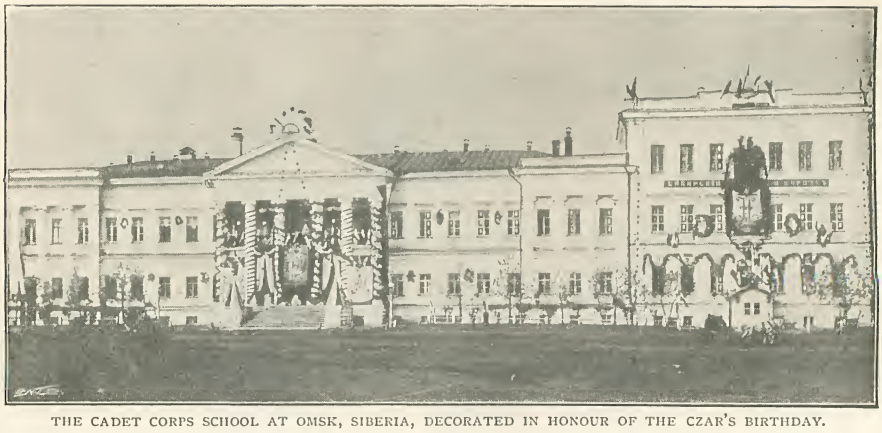


THE CADET CORPS SCHOOL AT OMSK, SIBERIA, DECORATED IN HONOUR OF THE CZAR'S BIRTHDAY.

A LARGE part of the intellectual world hoped that, with the dawn of the twentieth century, reason and not mere brute force would be the arbiter in differences between nations as between individuals. Education, railways, telegraphs, would have had time to do their beneficent work, effacing frontiers, abolishing distance, dissipating prejudice, welding nations and races at last into one family with common interests and common foes: ignorance, evil, and death. The curtain concealing some of Nature's most jealously guarded secrets seemed on the eve of being lifted; the possibilities of the human brain appeared infinite. Was it credible that the new race of demi-gods would continue practices hardly worthy of their Simian ancestors? War would be a thing of the past!

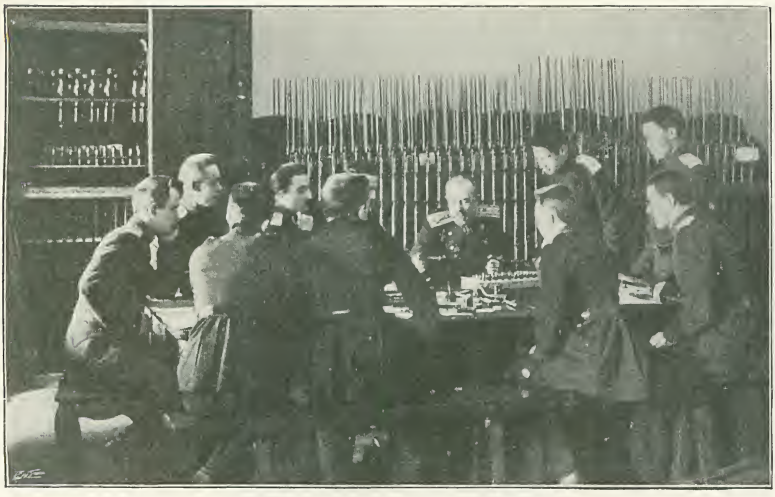
What is the reality? The twentieth century is close at hand, and war and rumours of war fill the air. From one end of the universe to the other armed hosts stand waiting, momentarily expecting the word of command that will hurl them one against the other. Never has the science of war been more closely studied. In many countries the arming and training of the fighting man absorb the attention of the profoundest intellects. The fire-eating swashbuckler belongs to another age. A suitably-devised and systematic scheme of education is deemed as important for the soldier as it is for the doctor or the lawyer.

Nowhere has this idea been carried to greater lengths than in Russia. The organization of military education in the empire is on the most matter-of-fact lines imaginable; like most other features of modern Russia, its inception is due to Peter the Great, so that it has not yet had time to grow rusty with age. It is, indeed, only within the last twenty years or so that it has definitely assumed its present form, after a constant series of modifications, each the result of experience.

The genius of the Slavonic race is at once imitative and critical. In Russia, as elsewhere, you will find people ready to maintain that a thing is necessarily good because "it is so thoroughly Russian, you know!" But such people form a very small minority. The average Russian is almost painfully diffident of his own merit, and this very characteristic renders him apt to seize upon whatever is good wherever he finds it. He is absolutely eclectic in his borrowing, and his power of assimilation, too, is great.

Peter learned the military art from the Swedes so well that he very soon was able to prove he had surpassed his teachers by beating them. Since then, Russia has borrowed from her immediate neighbour, Germany, more, perhaps, than from any other source; but to all she has borrowed she has given the stamp of her national complexion. This is especially noticeable in the case of her military schools, which furnish the principal contingent of officers for her army.

At a moment when the British soldier, or, to be correct, the British officer, has been so



STUDYING THE MECHANISM OF THE RIFLE.

severely criticised both by friends and foes, it may not be inappropriate to show what the greatest military empire in the world is doing to insure a regular supply of properly trained leaders for her vast armies; a subject of which very little is generally known in this country.

Education, in the first place, is absolutely gratuitous, the pupils being all the sons of meritorious officers or War Office officials. A few paying pupils are, it is true, admitted in addition, as a special favour, but these only number 600 in all out of a total of close upon 12,000. The cost to the State is nearly three-quarters of a million sterling annually, in addition to the sum expended on the schools for the scientific branches of the service, the artillery and engineers, which are on a separate basis.

The son of a man who has attained the rank of general in the army, or an equivalent grade in the Civil service, can enter one of two "privileged" schools, where he is accorded special advantages. If his father be of inferior rank, he enters one of the twenty-four cadet corps established at various points in European and Asiatic Russia.

The cadet corps are large boarding schools containing from 300 to 500 pupils, and organized on a semi-military basis, the uniform closely resembling that worn by the regular army, while the discipline is a happy blend of much that is best in the public schools of England and Germany. To go up for the entrance examination a boy must be over ten and under twelve, the educational course lasting for seven years. The buildings of all the cadet corps are modelled on the same plan; the school at Omsk, in Siberia, of which an illustration is given, is one of the smallest.

Though the profession the boy is intended for is kept in view from the day on which he enters the school, his education partakes much more of a general than a military character, at any rate for the first five years; he is taught the proper way to salute his superiors, but there his military instruction almost ends. In the sixth and seventh classes, however, he is practised in the use of a rifle, the exercises in bad weather taking place indoors, and, generally speaking, he is

A FIRST LESSON IN GUNNERY.

FORTIFICATION AND ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

made to imbibe the elementary notions of a soldier's duties.

The supreme authority in each corps is the director, always a military officer of the rank of brigadier-general. Immediately below him comes the inspector, who is the chief of the teaching body proper, and represents the Civil authority in the community. Apart from the seven classes into which a cadet corps is divided for educational purposes, it is also divided into several companies, according to the age of the pupils, each under the charge of a commandant of the rank of colonel, and each company is again subdivided into divisions of twenty-five to thirty-five boys, in charge of an officer known as their "governor," who may attain the rank of lieutenant-colonel. All these officers, who are always selected with great care, are distinct from the teaching staff, and directly under the orders of the director.

The boys are encouraged in every way to regard their officers less in the light of masters than of friends whose interests are identical with their own, and the officers on their side are expected to take part in all the boys' games and pursuits.

No boy is permitted to think that mere difference in age confers upon him any sort of authority over his younger comrades; indeed, except at chapel, during meals, and on the occasion of special functions in which the whole school takes part, the different "companies" never come into contact, separate playing grounds even being provided for them. Corporal punishment is never resorted to except in extreme cases, and after

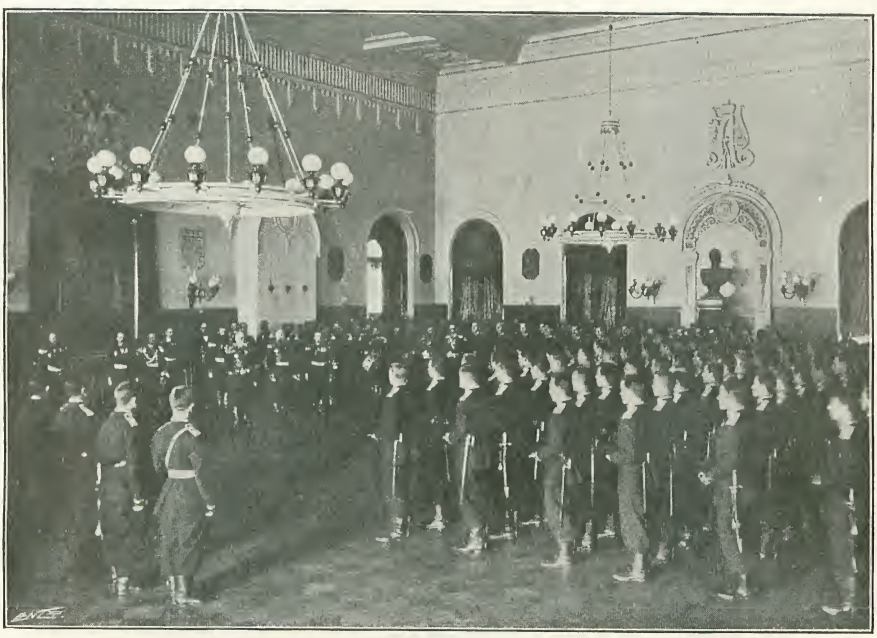
THE SHOOTING GALLERY.

A SITTING OF THE COMMITTEE.

a decision by the whole committee of teachers, of which the priest invariably forms part.

A cadet rises at six o'clock every morning, and has four meals daily, at three of which—breakfast, lunch, and supper—tea is served. The employment of every moment of his time between that of his getting up and going to bed is carefully regulated, quarter-hour by quarter-hour lessons and recreation being interspersed, so that mental and physical fatigue may be equally avoided. Apart from the hours devoted to the preparation of lessons, the youngest pupils have four classes daily of fifty minutes each to attend, ten minutes' recreation, at least, being always allowed between two consecutive lessons; the elder pupils have five lessons daily.

A cadet is not troubled with the dead languages that take up so much of the time of less fortunate youths in all countries; but, on the other hand, he learns thoroughly both French and German, the two languages likely to be of most use to him in his subsequent career. English finds no place in the educational programme.



A SCHOOL INSPECTION.

THE DINING-ROOM.

Two of the obligatory subjects are chorus singing and dancing, though the days when, according to popular belief, a Russian officer could waltz himself into the very highest military honours, or by *gaucherie* at Court have his career marred, are now gone by. In the upper classes, however, the boys are instructed in all the little *finesses* of ball-room courtesy. Whether as the result of this training or not, the Russian officer is probably one of the politest men to be met with; to the Briton, indeed, he appears even phenomenally so. With women he is as deferential as Louis XIV., or as an Englishman who is certain of his descent for at least half a score of generations.

Manual labour, which principally takes the form of carpentry, is taught to the cadets who do not specially cultivate music. This is done not so much with a view of contributing to their physical development as to enhance in their eyes the dignity of honest toil and awaken an intelligent and sympathetic interest in the labours of their humbler fellow-creatures.

Nor is this the only attempt made to nip in the bud that spirit of snobbishness and silly vanity so characteristic of many military men in every country. Sporting propensities are, if anything, discouraged. Though the many advantages of sport are duly recognised, they are held to be more than counterbalanced by the disadvantages inherent to it. Not only is sport considered to make a man a specialist in one pursuit, to the detriment of his general equilibrium, but, though it may induce habits of perseverance and endurance, it at the same time leads its devotees to adopt all the evil habits connected with games of chance — betting, egotism, a partisan spirit, and a pitiless feeling for one's adversary. In addition to this the "Instructions" say sport incites to the adoption of "eccentric costumes, not in harmony with that simplicity

THE GAME OF CHESS IS ENCOURAGED BY THE GOVERNOR.

A DANCING LESSON.

and noble modesty that form the best ornament of a healthy-minded, virile individual."

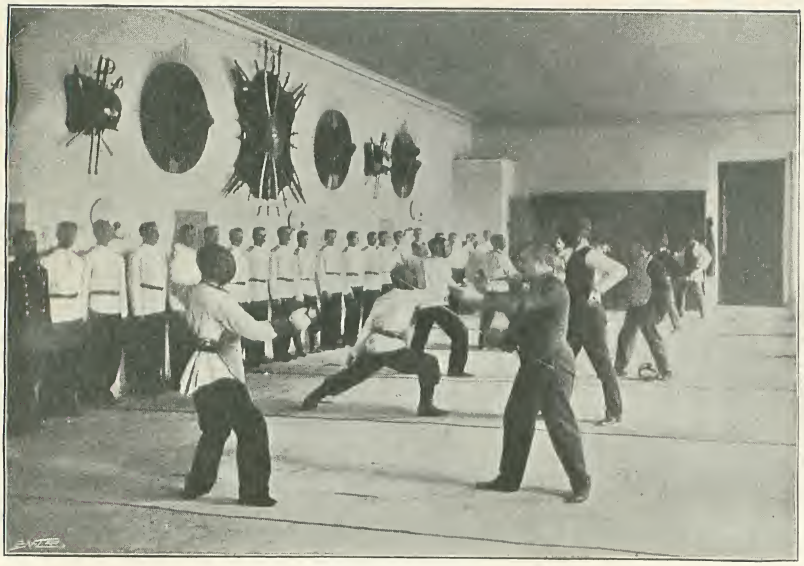
The system of physical education may be described as a modified form of that in vogue in Sweden. The general idea that has presided at its elaboration is that the whole body should be rendered capable of supporting long and continuous labour, not that certain muscles alone should be inordinately developed, as if the boy were intended to gain his livelihood as a professional athlete. Much of the apparatus used in English gymnasiums, trapeze, rings, etc., is excluded as tending to make the pupils perform athletic tricks which have no ulterior or general utility. Even the games partake somewhat of the character of lessons, the governor of each division, who is always with his pupils, taking care that the rules of the game are strictly observed, and that a game once commenced is not stopped or interrupted out of mere caprice.

One of the chief objects kept in view is that the eyesight of the cadets shall not only remain unimpaired, but become improved, it being now recognised that during youth the eyes are as capable of being educated as any other organ. The utility of fencing, for instance, is thought to consist principally in the rapid adjustment it implies of the organ of vision.

The best attitude to be adopted in writing has been made the subject of long and patient investigation, the result being one well calculated to cause the writing masters who have tortured so many generations of English youths to turn in their graves. Sloping writing, some of our most recent pedagogues admit at last, requires an abnormal position of the body; therefore, say they, instead of writing on the slope, let the letters be made perpendicularly. This may be called the simple method of solving a problem.

Because sloping writing predisposes one to adopt an unnatural position, it does not, therefore, follow that an unnatural position is indispensable, retorts the Russian teacher. On the other hand, sloping writing for many reasons is preferable to perpendicular writing. In order to keep the body straight and at the

THE CARPENTERS' SHOP.



THE FENCING SCHOOL.

same time write on the slope, all that is necessary is to place your paper at an angle to the body, instead of parallel to it, and slide it up and down gradually as required. Many people, it must be said, do this instinctively, though not without a qualm of conscience, as soon as they are safe from the schoolmaster's ruler.

Attached to every cadet corps is an infirmary, large enough to accommodate 10 per cent. of the total number of pupils in the establishment, and each patient must be visited by the doctor at least twice daily. Independently of this, every cadet has to undergo twice annually, in spring and autumn, a minute medical examination, with the object of establishing a record of his health and physical development, so that anything abnormal may be at once made the object of investigation.

A LESSON IN TELEGRAPHY.

THE INFIRMARY—THE DOCTOR'S DAILY VISIT.

Incidentally, this regular periodical examination has already enabled a Russian professor, Dr. Atlassoff, who is in medical charge of the cadet corps at Orenburg, to formulate some intensely interesting theories on the growth of the human organism. A child, it seems, grows not regularly, but by a series of leaps and bounds, as it were; a period of quiescence being followed by a period of physical

A COOKING LESSON.

development, and *vice versâ*. During the seven years passed at school the majority of the cadets add one-third to their stature. According to Dr. Atlassoff's observations this increase is usually acquired in three or, occasionally, four periods, the greatest growing energy manifesting itself about the age of fifteen. These periods invariably correspond with a marked falling off in the boy's mental capacity, and to make any attempt to overburden his brain at such times is to risk undermining him mentally and physically. Parents, says Dr. Atlassoff, need never despair if their children appear to become temporarily stupid; when the spasmodic period of growth has abated the child, if left alone, will frequently display mental vigour greater than before.

A LESSON IN ANATOMY.

A LESSON IN HORSE-SHOEING.

Dr. Atlassoff's conclusions are not the only interesting ones made in connection with cadet schools. It is laid down, for instance, as an axiom that no pupil can be expected to remain too long in an attitude of constrained attention. A boy of eleven

A LESSON IN SURVEYING.

or twelve cannot sit upright and motionless, closely following a teacher's explanations, for more than ten or fifteen minutes consecutively, and, even in the case of a young man of twenty, half an hour is about the average limit of profitable attention. When the teacher happens to be a bore the length of attention is proportionately curtailed. One does not require, however, to be a pupil of a Russian cadet corps to know this; it was an Englishman who found the simile, "As tedious as a twice-told tale vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man" (or boy).

On leaving school at the age of eighteen, the pupil, if he passes his final examinations satisfactorily, goes through a two years' course in one of the higher military schools, either infantry or cavalry. Here, with the exception of French and German, the subjects taught are exclusively military, and the pupil is regarded as already holding an officer's commission. Here also he, or rather his parents, have nothing to pay, though it is calculated that each pupil costs the Government £65 annually in the infantry school and double this in the cavalry school. The practical education inaugurated in the cadet corps goes on: the young man is prepared for all the eventualities of a soldier's career. He takes his turn in the kitchen superintending the cooks; in the cavalry school he not only learns the anatomy of the horse, but how to shoe it as well. The mysteries of telegraphy and engineering are also explained to him. Such, in brief, is an outline of some of the salient features of Russia's system of military education; the future alone can prove its soundness.

An important detail, not to be overlooked, is the touching friendliness which, without any detriment to discipline, exists between the average Russian officer and his men, but, as the French say, "Ça, c'est une autre histoire," the cause of such a relationship not being due to any special mode of education, but having its source in the impalpable workings of the human conscience, or, perhaps, simply in the natural *bonhomie* characteristic of the whole race.

I have only to add that for most of my facts I am indebted to the courtesy of a distinguished Russian general officer whose own personality is, perhaps, as eloquent a testimony as any in favour of the system I have attempted to describe.

A GROUP OF INSTRUCTORS AND STUDENTS. IN THE CENTRE IS THE GRAND DUKE, THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Some Wonders From the West.

I.—HOW A WOMAN PERFORMED THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY OF HER OWN DAUGHTER.

THE city of San Francisco has just been the scene of the strangest marriage on record, when, for the first time in history, a mother tied the nuptial knot for her daughter.

The principals in this peculiar ceremony were Mrs. Kate Heussman, her daughter (Mary Violet), and Mr. Felix Drapinski, who thus wins the distinction of being the only man ever married by his own mother-in-law.

The wedding was solemnized at the home of the parents of the bride at 641, Jessie Street, and the house was too small to hold the great throngs who came to witness the ceremony, which has aroused almost endless discussion.

MRS. KATE HEUSSMAN, THE MOTHER-MINISTER.
From a Photograph.

Barring her close relationship to the bride there was no reason why Mrs. Heussman should not have officiated at the wedding of her daughter, for she is a regularly ordained minister of the Independent Bible Society of California, and has full authority to join couples in wedlock.

There seemed something so strange, so unusual, in the idea of a mother's marrying her own daughter, that many people did not believe, up till the last, that Mrs. Heussman could really carry out her expressed intention.

On the great night, however, when guests and bridal party assembled, it was Mrs. Heussman who solemnized the binding ceremony and pronounced the words that determined the future of two lives.

She wore a long, flowing, white robe, and stood in the flower-laden atmosphere of the parlour beneath a huge bell of gorgeous roses. In spite of the novelty and curiosity of the situation there was something peculiarly solemn about the idea that it was the bride's own mother who was joining her to another for life.

"You are witnesses of this ceremony of matrimony performed in your presence and in the presence of those loved ones whose angel faces have gone before."

Thus spoke Mrs. Heussman, addressing the witnesses; then she continued to the bridegroom and her daughter: "You are united in the holy bonds of matrimony, promising to love, honour, obey, cherish, and esteem each other, knowing that all your actions through life are witnessed by those near and dear who are with you in the spirit. Felix, you will now place the ring on Violet's finger as a symbol of the lasting bond of love and as a pledge of your unending devotion to her."

This ended the strange ceremony, and hosts of friends congregated to congratulate the couple. One wag inquired of Felix, the bridegroom, how much he had paid the pastor as a fee, and thus created a hearty laugh.

All the participants in this unprecedented wedding are well known in San Francisco, and are much respected in social, business, and religious circles.

Drapinski is an engineer of ability, and has charge of the engines of a large coast steamer. Mrs. Heussman is a speaker of genuine ability, and regularly holds the attention of a large congregation by her eloquence.

Speaking of the marriage a few days since, she said:—

"Why should there be anything so remarkable about a mother's presiding at her own daughter's marriage?"

"It has never happened before!"

"True, but frequently men have married their sons and no especial comment was made. Since women are gradually beginning to take up the ministry in America, it seems to me but natural that they should exercise that highest of all human offices—the right of joining couples in the bonds of holy matrimony.

MISS MARY HEUSSMAN, THE BRIDE.
From a Photo. by Holler, San Francisco.

MR. FELIX DRAPINSKI, THE FIRST MAN ON RECORD TO BE MARRIED BY HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.
From a Photo. by Goden's Art Studio, San Francisco.

"Who is nearer to a daughter than her own mother? Who is more concerned in her future happiness, and who therefore could more appropriately give her to her husband?

"Of course the marriage is as valid and as binding in the sight of the law as if solemnized by a male preacher or a Justice of the Peace.

"It was a beautiful wedding, and everyone was satisfied and happy; I, because I had been able to be with my daughter and to have part in the greatest event in her life; she, because she preferred me of all people to unite her in marriage; and Felix, because he felt that the fact that I officiated in the ceremony which made my own flesh and blood his wife was proof of my confidence in him and his ability to make her happy."

II.—AN ELECTRIC MAN.

By W. B. Northrop.

American ingenuity is ever striving for startling effects. It is never satisfied. Ordinary achievements seem beneath its attention. It looks beyond, even if the object of its aim be more or less fantastic.

One of the latest freaks of mechanical skill is the construction, by Louis Philip Perew, of Tonawanda, New York—a small town near Niagara Falls—of a gigantic man. Perew, with all the ardour of a modern Frankenstein, has endeavoured to make his man as life-like in appearance as possible. Not only is its outward form a close model of a human being, but within it have been secreted mechanical devices which endow the automaton with weird properties, making it even more nearly resemble an intelligent being.

Nikola Tesla recently constructed a machine called the Telaumaton. It did everything but think. Perew has out-Teslaed Tesla. The great electrician's device bore no resemblance to a human being. It was devoid of the human body as a medium through which to operate.

The Frankenstein of Tonawanda has brought into existence a thing of wood, rubber, and metal, which walks, talks, runs, jumps, rolls its eyes—imitating to a nicety almost every action of the original on which it is founded. All that is lacking is the essential spirit—the Promethean fire, as it were—which would enable one to say to the automatic creature, "Thou art a man."

For several years Mr. Perew has been engaged in inventing various appliances. He is more or less skilled in all branches of mechanical work, and his mind teems with ideas which are often as astonishing as they are original.

As far back as 1891 the inventor of the present automatic man constructed a small working model embodying his ideas. It was a little figure of wood. It was 2½ft. in height, and attached to a small cart. The little figure drew the waggon about, and many persons wondered at the ingenuity of the man who could invent so novel a machine. Then the inventor conceived the idea of building a still more remarkable

figure. If the small model could be made to work, there was no reason why a life-sized figure would not do equally as well as, or even better than, the smaller machine.

Capitalists in Mr. Perew's own town became convinced that money could be made out of the automatic figure, if it were constructed on an enlarged scale.

At first imagination rather ran riot as to the possible uses to which the machine-man could be put. It could be made to carry loads in places inaccessible to ordinary vehicles with wheels; it could ascend heights impossible to men; it could walk distances which would weary the most skilful pedestrian; it could be made to do a thousand and one things which men of flesh and blood would shrink from.

THE AUTOMATON AND ITS INVENTOR, M. LOUIS PHILIP PEREW.
From a Photo. by Oscar A. Simon & Bro., Buffalo, N.Y.

Perhaps, in time, imagination suggested, it could become a fighting appliance, carrying death and destruction in its machinery. Guided by electrical wires, why should not a man of this kind be sent out as a carriage for a species of rapid-fire gun? Protected by bullet-proof clothing, it would prove a fearless and dangerous foe. If the body could be made to move at certain angles the aim of the automaton could be directed by an operator concealed and protected from harm. Why not?

In cogitating over all these possibilities Mr. Perew saw for his automaton a brilliant future. The difficulty now was to convince others that his ideas could be made to work.

With his wooden model he applied to one capitalist after another, endeavouring to raise sufficient money to carry out his ideas in a practical manner. At length he succeeded in interesting Mr. Charles A. Thomas, a moneyed man who resided in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Thomas purchased an interest in the patent rights which had been secured by Perew, and, before long, a regular company was formed. It was known as the United States Automaton Company, the main offices of which were situated in Buffalo, New York State.

It is understood that a great deal more money is behind the enterprise. It is even said that the company will soon be manufacturing automatons for shipment to all parts of the world.

The first shipment outside the United States will be made to England. Perhaps, before many months have passed, Londoners may awaken some fine morning to see a man of Titan build hurrying through the streets drawing an omnibus. It might not be even amiss to suggest, in advance, a title for the 'bus line—how would the "Frankenstein Express" answer?

Can such a motive-power be operated cheaper than an ordinary automobile? Is it better than horseflesh? Would it be allowed on the city streets? Would it not endanger life from causing horses to run away? Would it not prove too great a shock to children and nervous women? These are questions which can only be answered after actual experimentation.

The building of the great automaton has been done in much secrecy. Mr. Perew did not wish his work to be talked about before it was well nigh completion. He thought people might conclude that he was a crank without practical aim. Now, however, that

THE AUTOMATON DRAWING THE VAN, WITH MESSRS. MICHAELS AND DESCHINGER INSIDE.
From a Photo. by Oscar A. Simon & Bro., Buffalo, N.Y.

the automaton is a finished work—satisfactory in every way to the inventor and to those associated with him — he has permitted inspection.

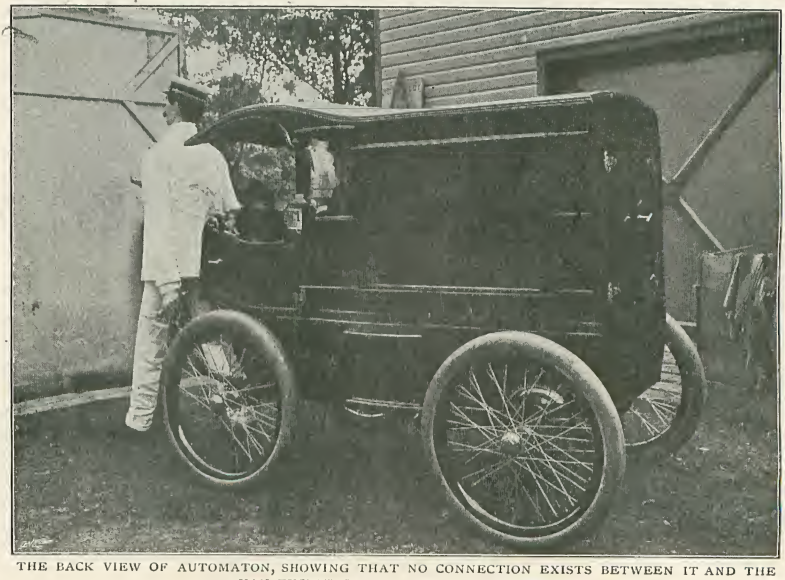
On first sight of the automaton one is impressed with the exceedingly life-like appearance of the novel object. Were it not for the abnormal height—7ft. 5in.—one would almost mistake the figure for that of an actual man. It is true there is a sort of woodenness about the face which betrays its nature; but, for that matter, many human faces are "wooden" in expression. The figure is clothed in a huge suit of white duck, and in its coat — a rather fantastic decoration, to my judgment — is a pretty *boutonnière*. On the man's enormous head is a cap of Brobdingnagian proportions. Never before was so large a hat turned out by any manufacturer. It is made of white duck, like the suit.

The feet of the machine-man are of gigantic mould. It wears a shoe the size of which is 13½. Within the shoe the feet are composed of inflated rubber.

One of the most striking objects about the man are the hands. They are more true to life than any other portion of the figure. The skin effect is marvellous. The hands are bronzed, as if from exposure and hard work, and this delusion is still farther carried out in many minute particulars. Ordinarily, these hands are shown grasping metal rings, attached to chains, which in turn are connected with the small waggon which the figure draws.

Seen in a position of rest, the figure of the automaton does not strike one as being especially life-like. It lacks the muscular repose of the human body.

But when this figure is put in motion by



THE BACK VIEW OF AUTOMATON, SHOWING THAT NO CONNECTION EXISTS BETWEEN IT AND THE VAN EXCEPT CHAINS AND METAL TUBE.
From a Photo. by Oscar A. Simon & Bro., Buffalo, N.Y.

means of its interior mechanism the resemblance to a living man is very striking.

At request Mr. Perew, the inventor, put the figure through its "paces." The exhibition took place in a large hall in Tonawanda. At first the automaton took a slightly undecided step, advancing the right foot and bringing it down with a little jolt. This movement was accompanied by a slight whirring noise, as if clockwork had been set in motion. With the right foot planted in advance, the figure then raised itself slightly on the ball of the foot; drew up the left foot, advanced it, and placed it down with a somewhat more easy motion than the first movement. Then the figure began to walk. It walked smoothly, and almost noiselessly. The tread was light, firm, and elastic. Twice the figure made the circumference of the hall without stopping. It was controlled by means of an electric battery. The walk was rapid, and at the end of the journey around the hall the step was as resilient as at the beginning. The inventor of the machine-man said it could keep up that pace for an almost unlimited time. But the figure, on this question, spoke for itself. "I am going to walk from New York to San Francisco," it said, distinctly, in a deep, clear voice. The voice sounded as if it proceeded from a megaphone. Within the bosom of the automaton is concealed a talking machine. Perew's man may be taught to say anything.

THE AUTOMATON TAKING A MORNING STROLL.
From a Photo. by Oscar A. Simon & Bro., Buffalo, N.Y.

The boast of the strange creation of the inventor's mind is said to be a perfectly reasonable one. It has been announced by the United States Automaton Company that, before long, they intend starting the figure out on its walk across the Continent. It will draw behind it a light waggon, in which will be seated Messrs. Fred Michaels and J. A. Deschinger.

The inventor claims that he can make the figure move at the rate of twenty miles an hour, or 480 miles for the day's run. This twenty-mile-an-hour rate of speed allows for three stoppages out of each day, an hour's time being allowed for each stop. A fast train between New York and San Francisco accomplishes the 3,250 miles between the two points in 124½ hours. The automatic man, travelling the same distance, would take 162½ hours—or only thirty-eight hours slower than the fastest train. Not a bad record for a pedestrian, by the way!

When the automaton had been made to walk around the hall in which it is kept the inventor caused it to do some feats which, to an ordinary onlooker, seemed impossible for the performance of an insensate thing. A large block of wood was placed in the path of the machine, and when it came to this obstruction it stopped, rolled its eyes in the direction of the obstacle, as if calculating how it could surmount it. It then deliberately raised the right foot, placed it upon the object, and stepped down on the other side. The motion seemed uncannily realistic. You almost feel like shrinking from before those rolling eyes. The visionless orbs are operated by means of clock-work situated within the head.

Inventor Perew has closely concealed from view the interior mechanism of his automatic man. The skin of the man, however, is made of aluminium, this metal being chosen on account of its lightness. The man is supported within by a strong steel frame-

work, and the interior doubtless contains an electric storage battery. In the small of the back of the figure is a small metal tube about one-half inch in diameter. Into this tube, which connects with the operator seated in the automobile waggon behind the figure, runs the current which guides the figure through its various movements. No connection between the figure and the automobile exists—other than the chains already mentioned and the little tube. The power in the figure is supplied within itself.

Were the inventor of the strange mechanical man a crank, and all of his ideas only on paper, little attention might be paid to his fantastic notions. But Mr. Perew seems eminently practical. Besides, he has associated with him in his enterprise a number of level-headed business men who would not spend a penny unless they were able to see the money coming back to them at no distant time, and with increased interest.

The turning out of automatons of the same build and construction as the first model will soon be in progress. Perew has already realized a decided triumph, so far as mechanical detail goes. The utility of the project now remains to be demonstrated.

III.—PHOTOGRAPHING THROUGH A MAN'S BODY.

Dr. J. W. Kime, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, has succeeded in taking photographs by a camera, part of which is composed of a human body. The doctor began experimenting several years ago upon the theory that such photographs could be obtained, but did not succeed in producing his first pictures until August last. Here is his story as told for the readers of The Strand:—

"I began making experiments with the view of ascertaining if what are known as the actinic or chemical rays of the sun would pass through the body as what are known as the X-rays do in medical examinations. I was successful in transmitting these rays, and then conceived the idea of making photographs through a man's body. Making arrangements with a local photographer for the use of his rooms, I secured a 'subject' in a man weighing about 150lb. and in fairly good health. He was taken into the dark room and the 'camera' made up as follows: A transparency of a scene in one of the Klondike valleys was

TAKING A PHOTOGRAPH THROUGH THE BODY. SHOWING THE REFLECTOR THROWING THE RAYS UPON THE SUBJECT'S CHEST.
From a] [*Photograph.*

used as the original for the photograph. I fastened it closely to a sensitized plate and placed the two on the man's back next his skin and between his shoulder-blades. The transparency was next to the body. Over it and the plate I bound layers of black paper, black cotton-wadding, and several large cloths folded into the right size and shape. Over all was drawn a man's coat, and the arrangement completed by the camera being strapped to him by wide bandages of black cloth. These precautions were taken, of course, to exclude all light from the sides and rear. I then took him into the photograph gallery proper. The rays were strengthened and condensed upon a plate-glass reflector which focused the rays upon the man's chest directly opposite the centre of the sensitized plate and transparency.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KLONDIKE VALLEY OBTAINED THROUGH THE BODY.

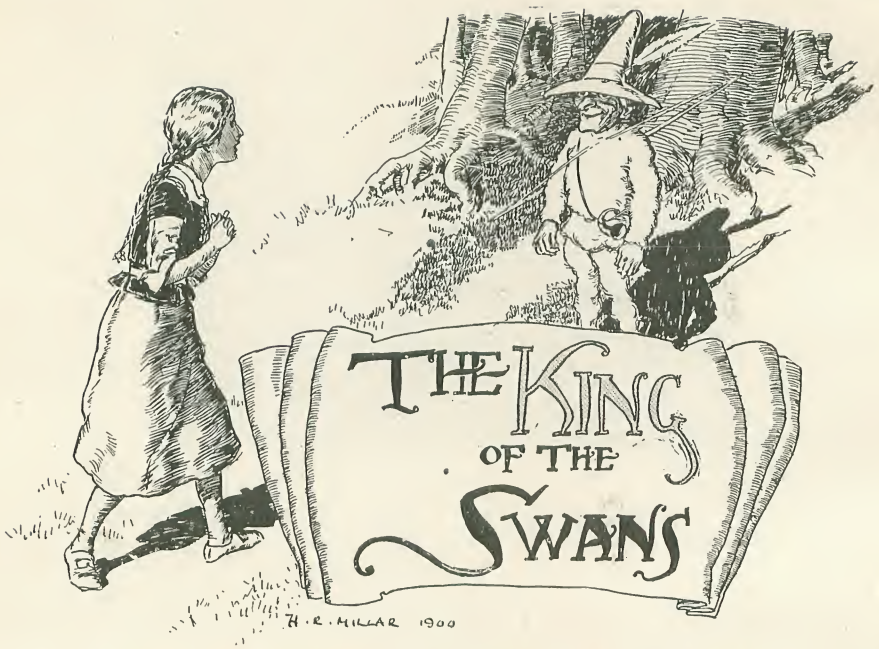
"I made several exposures before calculating upon the proper amount of time. At last, when I had turned the reflector upon the man for fifteen minutes, I secured the copy of the scene in the Klondike from which the accompanying photograph is printed. In order to develop it I had to take the man back into the dark room, of course, remove the various coverings, and then immerse the plates in the chemicals. I was quite surprised at the result obtained for the first time.

"In order to make sure that light had not reached the plate from any other source than through the body, I repeated the experiment with several other persons, but obtained the same result, although the exposure varied from fifteen to twenty minutes according to the strength of the daylight.

"I next tried the experiment of taking photographs through the hand. This was made up into a sort of miniature camera, and although the member was muscular and fully an inch in thickness, I had no difficulty in copying a negative of the Fort Dodge Railway Depôt and High School which is reproduced here. The High School will be noted at the left of the picture. The photograph required only five minutes for its exposure. The other photograph which accompanies this article I obtained in a somewhat novel manner. I placed the same negative inside of my cheek, firmly fastened to a sensitized plate, and exposed it to the reflector for a period of five seconds. Drawing a black cloth over my head, I immediately entered the dark room and, developing the negative, obtained the picture noted. "From these experiments I conclude that the colour-making properties of the light can be used for photography through various parts of the body, the length of the exposure depending entirely upon the thickness of the tissue. The reflector used in making these tests is a compound circular mirror 30in. in diameter, and overlaid with blue glass. It is so arranged that the light falling upon it is focused into a spot 6in. in diameter at a distance of 8ft., creating a powerful blue light upon the portion of the body selected for the exposure. From a medical point of view I believe that the application of the light will be of much benefit in killing bacteria and other formations which cause consumption and various ailments."

PHOTOGRAPH OF A RAILWAY STATION TAKEN THROUGH DR. KIME'S HAND.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THROUGH THE DOCTOR'S CHEEK.



A Story for Children. Translated from the German.

THERE was once a little girl, who was named Gretchen, so good and cheerful that she was a favourite with everybody. This girl had a friend called Hilda, who was also a very good child, and they greatly loved each other.

It was in winter, and the snow was lying deep upon the hills and fields, when Hilda fell sick, and her parents became very anxious on her account. She was quite unable to eat, and she was sometimes burning hot and at others shivering with cold; and, though she had several doctors and much medicine, she did not get any better.

Whenever any of her young friends came to see her she would often say :—

"Do give me some strawberries. Which of you will go and find me some nice strawberries, then I shall get well again?"

If her father and mother said: "Dear Hilda, it is now winter, and therefore there are no strawberries to be found," Hilda would raise herself up in bed, and say :—

"Far away over the high hills there is a green slope: there I can see plenty of strawberries. Who will go and fetch them for me?—only one of the nice red berries—only one!"

The children left the room, and then, talking to each other, said :—

"What foolish things Hilda spoke of to day."

But Gretchen was much troubled that she could not help her dear sick friend. All at once she said :—

"Who will come with me over the mountains to look for strawberries? It will be some comfort to poor Hilda if she sees us going over the hills and seeking for them."

But not one of the children would agree to go, and all but Gretchen went straight home.

So Gretchen had to set out alone, and went through a forest. A small, trodden footpath led up the hill and down again on the other side through another wood of tall oaks and beeches.

She came to a place where three paths met; she stood still a moment, not knowing which to take, when, quite suddenly, she saw a little man approaching through the trees. He had a green hat upon his head, with a feather as white as snow. His dress was made of the softest swansdown; he carried an ivory bow on his shoulder and a small silver hunting-horn hung at his side. "What do you want here, my little girl?" he said, with a friendly voice.

"Ah!" said Gretchen, "I have a sick friend who longs for strawberries and says they will make her well again. I know very well that it is winter; but I think I shall be able to find some in spite of that, and do not intend to return home empty-handed."

"Come with me," said the little hunter. "I will show you a place where you will find what you are come in search of."

He went on before her and led her through many winding paths in the thicket, till at length the forest appeared lighter, and a warm, spring-like air met them, and at last they stood before a grated iron door. The little man unlocked it, saying: —

"Now, if you go straight forward you will find what you seek."

Gretchen would have thanked the good-natured little man, but he had vanished instantly. She went on a few steps farther, and came to a green slope.

Here winter had disappeared. The sun shone warm in the cloudless blue sky; the birds sang merrily; yet a few steps farther, and she found the ground covered with the finest strawberries. How the good little maiden rejoiced! She quickly gathered a large bunch, and hastened back to take them to her dear sick friend.

But somehow it happened that in her haste she could not find her way back. She came to the iron palisades which surrounded the wood; but all her attempts to find the gate were useless. She ran in great anxiety this way and that; but no gate was to be seen. Then she heard the sound of a whistle at a distance.

"Thank God!" she said, "I hear a living sound; someone is probably there who will show me the way." She hastened through the thicket, and was much astonished at what she saw.

At the end of a beautiful green meadow there was a lake, in which many stately swans, both black and white, were swimming gracefully. In the middle of the lake there was a small island, upon which was a fine castle, surrounded by flower-gardens and pleasure-grounds. As she approached the shore of the lake she saw a little man sitting, but with a less friendly aspect than the little hunter in the forest. He had a large head, with rough hair, and a grey beard so long that it reached his knees. In one hand he held a whistle and in the other a switch.

Gretchen felt rather afraid of speaking to him, and stood still at a little distance. She soon observed that his office was to take care of the swans and prevent them from going

"GRETCHEN FELT RATHER AFRAID OF SPEAKING."

out of the water. When any did so he whistled to them, and if they did not obey him, then he employed his long switch, which had the property of stretching out or becoming shorter, just as he pleased. Except this swan-herd she saw no one, and there was no bridge over to the castle. So she took courage and said to the greybeard, "Good friend, cannot you show me the gate which will lead me out of the forest?"

The greybeard looked at her in surprise, but did not speak; he merely made her

understand by signs that she should sit down; which she did. Then he whistled, and presently came a large swan from the lake, which laid itself down before him. The little old man seated himself on the swan's back, threw one of his arms round its neck, and away the trusty bird swam with him across the lake; there he alighted, and went into the castle.

Gretchen waited some time, curious to see what would happen; but she did not feel afraid. At length she saw four black swans swim from a creek of the lake, harnessed to a beautiful little green boat adorned with silver. The covering of the boat was formed like a pair of wings, and shaded two small seats, of which the foremost ended in the shape of a long swan's neck.

There sat the greybeard, who looked much more agreeable than before. He gave Gretchen a sign to step in, which she complied with, and they sailed gently across the lake; and when they reached the shore they left the boat, and the old man led her into the palace.

In a light blue marble hall the King of the Swans sat upon his throne, a bright golden crown upon his head, and many richly dressed attendants surrounded him.

"What dost thou seek in my kingdom?" inquired the King.

"I have found what I sought," answered Gretchen; "but I pray you to let someone direct me in the way home, for I find that I have wandered in the wrong direction."

"Very well," said the King, "it shall be done; but it is the custom for all who enter this kingdom to give a present to the King of the Swans. What hast thou to offer?"

"Alas!" replied Gretchen, "I have nothing at all. If I had known I would have brought something with me from home."

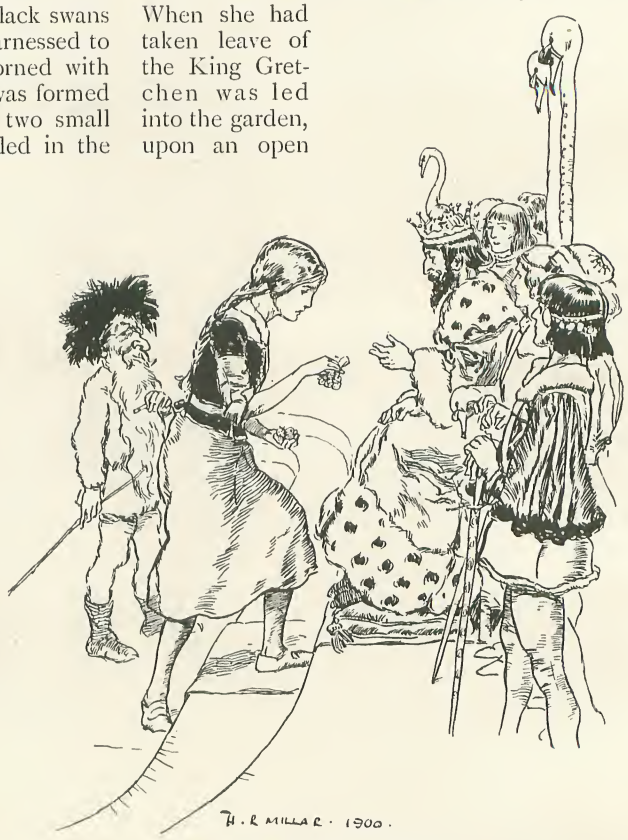
"Thou hast strawberries," rejoined the King; "and I like strawberries above all things. Give me thy strawberries, and then one of my servants shall show thee the way home."

"Alas! I cannot give you all," continued Gretchen; "the strawberries are for my sick friend, who must die if she has no strawberries. But I will readily give you some of them."

With these words she took several fine strawberries, with the stem of leaves; tied them in a bunch with the ribbon which confined her hair, and handed them to the King.

"Thanks, my little daughter," said the King. "Now go—this man will attend thee; but do exactly what he bids thee."

The old swan-herd waited ready for her. When she had taken leave of the King Gretchen was led into the garden, upon an open lawn; a fine white handkerchief was tied over her eyes; the old man whistled and took her by the arm. She heard a rustling of wings; she felt the wind blow in her face, and felt colder and colder; but she could not see anything.



"SHE HANDED THEM TO THE KING."

At last the sound of wings ceased, and the old man set her upon the ground. "Now, my child, count twenty; then take off the bandage, but not before. Preserve it carefully; it will be required of thee at the proper time."

She counted twenty; and, when she had taken off the bandage, she found herself

standing on the hill opposite the house of her friend Hilda, with frost and snow all around. She looked up to the sky, and there beheld a great bird, and the old man sitting upon it with his arms round its neck.

Then she hastened to her friend Hilda, who was still in bed, repeating the words, "Who will bring me strawberries to make me well?"

"There they are," said Gretchen, and handed the bunch to Hilda. Everyone was astonished and wanted to know where Gretchen had got them. But she had hardly begun to relate her wonderful adventures before Hilda had eaten all the strawberries. Then the colour returned to her face and strength to her limbs, and Hilda said, "Thank God! and, dear Gretchen, now I am quite well."

She rose up, and was really quite restored. Who can say how the parents thanked and blessed Gretchen? She was a truly good and brave girl, and when she grew up everyone wished their children to be like her.

"HE PLACED A COSTLY CROWN UPON HER HEAD."

One day, as Gretchen was walking in the meadows with her mother, she looked up and saw a black speck in the sky, which became larger as it descended; and at last she saw that it was a prodigious black swan, far larger than our swans, and that it was flying down towards her. There was a tent with golden gauze curtains upon the swan's back; and when the swan had gently alighted on the ground there came out of the tent a little man with friendly eyes—it was the King of the Swans. "I have heard," said he, "that in a short time thou wilt celebrate a joyful festival, and, as thou gavest me a present when a child, and hast grown up so good and brave and pure a maiden, I will make thee a present in return."

Saying these words, he placed a costly crown upon her head. It was formed of gold, wrought in the form of strawberry leaves, and between the leaves there sparkled red rubies, diamonds, and pure amethysts, and the edge was a beautiful golden band.

Gretchen and her mother could hardly thank the King for astonishment. But he did not give them time. The swan rose majestically in the air and flew towards his home, and at last disappeared as a little spot in the clouds.

Many boys and girls have gone over the hills since that time to seek the land of the swans, and to find strawberries in winter, but have not found them. Perhaps they were *more selfish* than and not so good as Gretchen.

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

"This photograph illustrates a curious old custom that is still kept up at South Queensferry. On the second Thursday of August (the day before the annual fair) a man goes through the town dressed in a flannel suit which covers head and face. This is closely covered with burrs and ornamented with bunches of flowers. In each hand he holds a bunch of flowers, and he is attended by two friends. In olden days he had the privilege of pelting passers-by in the evening after he had taken off his curious suit. The origin of this custom is said to go as far back as the days of Queen Margaret. This Queen landed at South Queensferry on the second Thursday of August and at once created it a Royal borough. In honour of this a *burry man*, or *borough* man, yearly walks through the town." Thus Mr. G. A. Robertson, Greyfriars, Kilmains Road, Edinburgh.

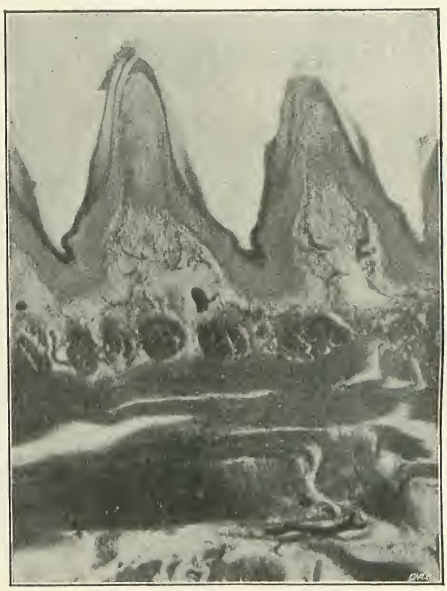
MADE OF DEER'S BONES.

This is a photo. of the floor in a summer-house in Belton Park, Grantham, the property of Earl Brownlow. It is composed entirely of deer's bones, the knuckles of which can be distinctly seen. It has been down for a great many years, and though a great number of visitors go to see it, the floor does not show the slightest wear up to the present. Mr. J. R. Naidens, 83, Commercial Road, Grantham, is responsible for this contribution.

A RUBBISH JAR.

A Constant Reader, writing from Valparaiso, sends the next photo. with the following letter: "Having seen a photograph of a rubbish jar in one of your late numbers, I think the inclosed may prove of interest to your readers, having been made out of odds and ends taken out of the organ of St. Paul's

Church, Valparaiso, when it was moved to the east end of the church. The screws, bits of wire, nuts, candle-end, etc., have been stuck on a common earthenware jar and covered with a coat of gilt, which gives it a handsome and valuable appearance."



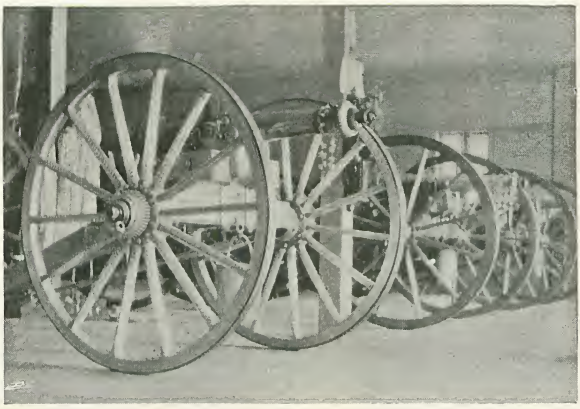
WHY PUSSY'S TONGUE IS ROUGH.

Though at first sight this interesting photograph looks like an impressionistic Alpine picture, it is really a section of a cat's tongue as seen through the microscope. After seeing this microscopic revelation we shall not be surprised at the roughness of pussy's tongue when she gives us an affectionate lick. Photo. sent by Mr. F. Martin Duncan, Lincoln Villa, Redhill.

* Copyright, 1900, by George Newnes, Limited.

CANNON MADE OF GOLD.

Mr. Charles Bertram, of Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill, S.W., sends the next contribution, which is certainly as striking as it is original. The guns shown in the photograph are made of solid gold, and form part of a battery of gold and silver guns owned by His Highness the Gækwar of Baroda.

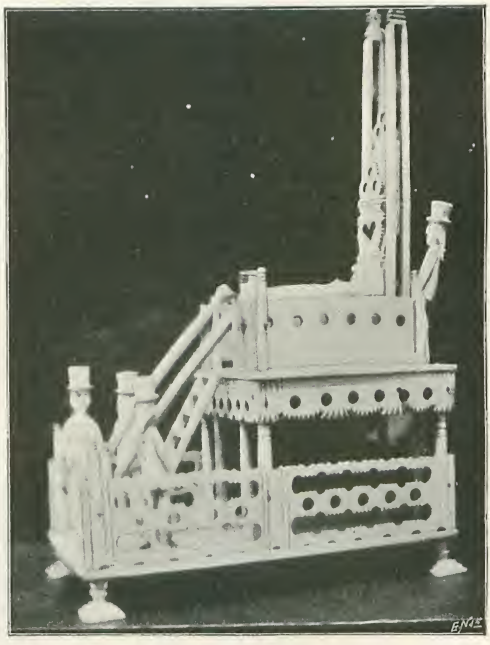


A HORSE'S EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

Mr. S. Broad, of 72, Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W., writes as follows: "Noticing by your Curiosities page in THE STRAND MAGAZINE that you invite contributions under that heading, I herewith inclose a photo. of a horse which fell down a well at Mount Victoria, New South Wales. The event occurred in March last, and the particulars are as follows: On Friday, 23rd of March, a horse belonging to Mr. H. Williams strayed on to the woodwork covering a well, at the rear of premises occupied by Mr. A. E. Dunk, and in consequence of its not being strong enough to bear the weight the animal fell through. This happened at 1 a.m., and at the time the well contained 12ft. of water, and while it was being pumped out ropes were tied round the horse's neck and body to keep him afloat. After daylight a scaffold was erected, and at 12 a.m. the horse was hauled to the surface, after being in the well for eleven hours. On examination he was found to have received only a slight injury to his foreleg, which is rather surprising after such an exciting experience."

A MODEL GUILLOTINE IN BONE.

The gruesome yet curious little model shown in our next photograph was constructed entirely of bones by French prisoners in England. The executioner and his assistants give a life-like appearance to the model, which is 6¾in. in length and 10in. high. We are indebted for the photo. to Mr. R. Davis Benn, of 11, Finsbury Square, E.C.



A TROUT WITH TWO MOUTHS.

The extraordinary fish, a photo. of which is sent by Mr. P. A. Herivel, of Dayton, Nevada, exhibits an extraordinary freak of Nature, inasmuch as it possesses two distinct and perfect mouths, the bait having, curiously enough, been taken by the lower one. The photograph was taken in the presence of Mr. Herivel by Mr. Cann, photographer, of Reno.

A CLEVER ILLUSION.

Mr. W. Munkenbeck, of 170, Fawe Park Road, Putney, sends an amusing photograph of what really looks like a group of three friends. The central figure, we are amazed to learn, is not, however, one of flesh and blood; in fact, the black boy on the chair is merely a plaster figure! The illusion is uncommonly successful, and the modeller of the black boy is to be heartily congratulated upon his skill.

A BULL IN A BEDROOM.

A bull which had escaped from a Bedford butcher's stable ran into the kitchen of the Star Inn. After a time the animal went up a narrow stairway, the stairs creaking under his ponderous weight. At the top he was met by Mrs. Guest, the wife of the landlord, who was about to put her infant to bed. Entering a bedroom the bull became frolicsome, and in a few moments had smashed up every article of furniture, including the bedstead, which was broken in two. The intruder then walked downstairs again and left the house without committing further damage. The photograph which we reproduce here is the only one taken of the scene of this curious exploit, and we are enabled to publish it through the courtesy of Mr. Donald Lindley, an enterprising photographer, residing at 99, Tavistock Street, Bedford.

A PECULIAR CHIMNEY.

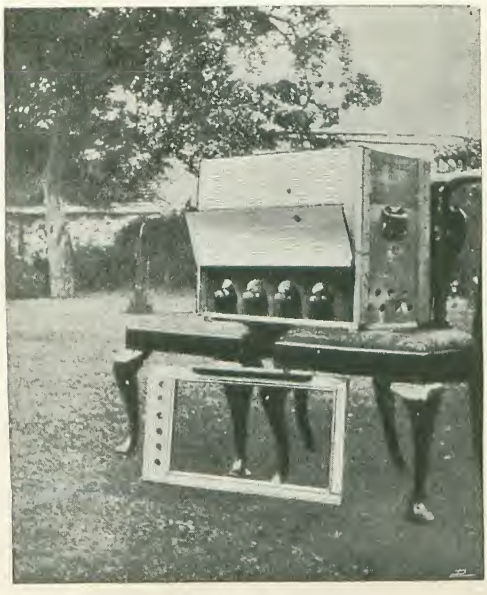
Miss B. L. Benson, of The Elms, Steeple Claydon, Winslow, Bucks, sends the photo. of an extraordinary chimney built in the form of a corkscrew. She says: "I send a photograph of a twisted chimney on a house in the town of Buckingham, which may be of sufficient interest to be accepted by you for 'Curiosities' in THE STRAND MAGAZINE. This chimney and the one at Hampton Court are the only two in existence in England with the peculiar base as shown in the photograph. The house with this peculiar chimney is called the Manor House, was built in 1611, and was visited by Queen Elizabeth, who is stated to have slept there. Twisted chimneys exist in Devonshire also, but in that county the base of the chimney is plain."

HOUSE-BUILDING AS A HOBBY.

Near the electric tram terminus at Geneva may be seen a partly-finished villa-residence which has a curious history. A Russian gentleman and his wife settled there about sixteen years ago. Being anxious to adopt a hobby, and possessing the necessary funds, they decided on house-building as a novel form of amusement. The house was begun and for fifteen years the work has proceeded, but is not yet completed. As will be noticed in our sketch, the scaffolding has not yet been taken down and the entrance-gates have still to be hung. The erection of the building is being achieved by the gentleman and his wife, with the assistance of a solitary labourer. The "builders" inhabit a room at the rear of the house. Mr. C. Jas. Ridout, of Hazlewood, Kirkdale Road, Leytonstone, N.E., sends the photo.

A HOME-MADE BABY-INCUBATOR.

Dr. H——, of Truro, was presented some years ago with a little daughter, who, however, made her *entrée* into the world rather sooner than most babies do. Hence the immediate necessity of an incubator in which the temperature of the surrounding air might always be kept uniform. Dr. H—— is a man of action, and in twenty-four hours he had produced with the aid of the local carpenter an incubator as good in every respect as the most up-to-date apparatus. This promptitude of action saved the baby's life, and the home-made incubator is described by Miss Dobrée, of Villa Baden, Garmish, Bavaria, as follows. She says: "The box is made of inch-thick deal.



The inside measurement is 23in. by 12in. and 21in. in height. The box is divided into two compartments, the lower one being 9in. high. This lower compartment has a flap, as will be clearly seen in the photograph. This flap lifts with a hinge, and in the photograph is seen open. Hot-water jars are seen ranged in the lower part of the box side by side. In the illustration you only see four jars, but by rights there should be five. The jars should be filled with boiling water, one jar being refilled every two hours, the hottest jar being always nearest the hole at the side of the incubator, where you will notice space is left for it. The box, as I have said, is divided into two compartments. The division is made by a light frame resting on supports inside the box. This frame takes in and out, and over it is calico strained tightly. The baby, rolled in cotton wool, is laid on the strained calico frame, and the sliding lid is placed on the box. This sliding lid has glass in it. In our illustration you see the lid propped up against the chairs. The air comes in at the holes which you see at the side of the box. This air, warmed by the hot water jars, passes into the upper compartment where the child lies. The impure air escapes through the holes in the lid. The holes in the lid and sides of box are 1in. in diameter. The air by means of these jars is kept at 80deg. At first it was kept at 85deg."

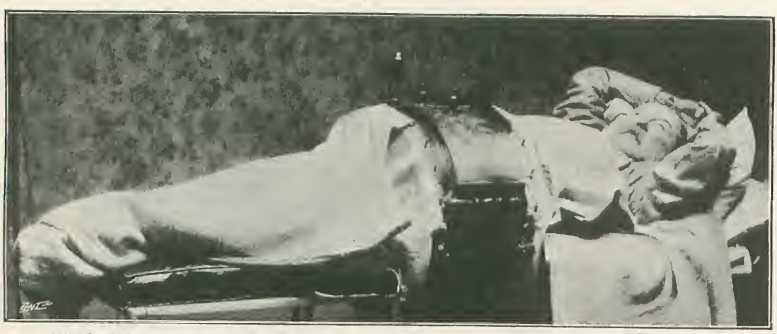
AN AMUSING "FAKE."

The clever people shown in this snap-shot are all happy possessors of a good deal of humour. They are not, as might be imagined, all seated on a sextette cycle. The young lady in front is sitting on a bicycle—the others crowding behind in familiar cycling attitudes—standing on an inclined board. Mr. Wm. E. Dunlap, of Niagara Falls, sends this contribution.

A REMARKABLE OSTRICH.

Mr. Arthur Inkersley, of 508, Montgomery Street, San Francisco, sends a very extraordinary photograph, together with the particulars that follow: "One of the largest ostrich farms in the United States is at Jacksonville, in Florida. Here are 200 of the gigantic birds. The most remarkable of them all is the one shown in the accompanying photograph, which was supplied to Mr. Inkersley by the courtesy of the Florida Ostrich Farm.

His name is 'Oliver W.,' and he has been trained to pull a buggy along the road just as a horse would do. He may be seen quite frequently speeding along the roads about Jacksonville, and certainly presents a most curious and probably a unique sight." The photo. was taken by Moore, Jacksonville.

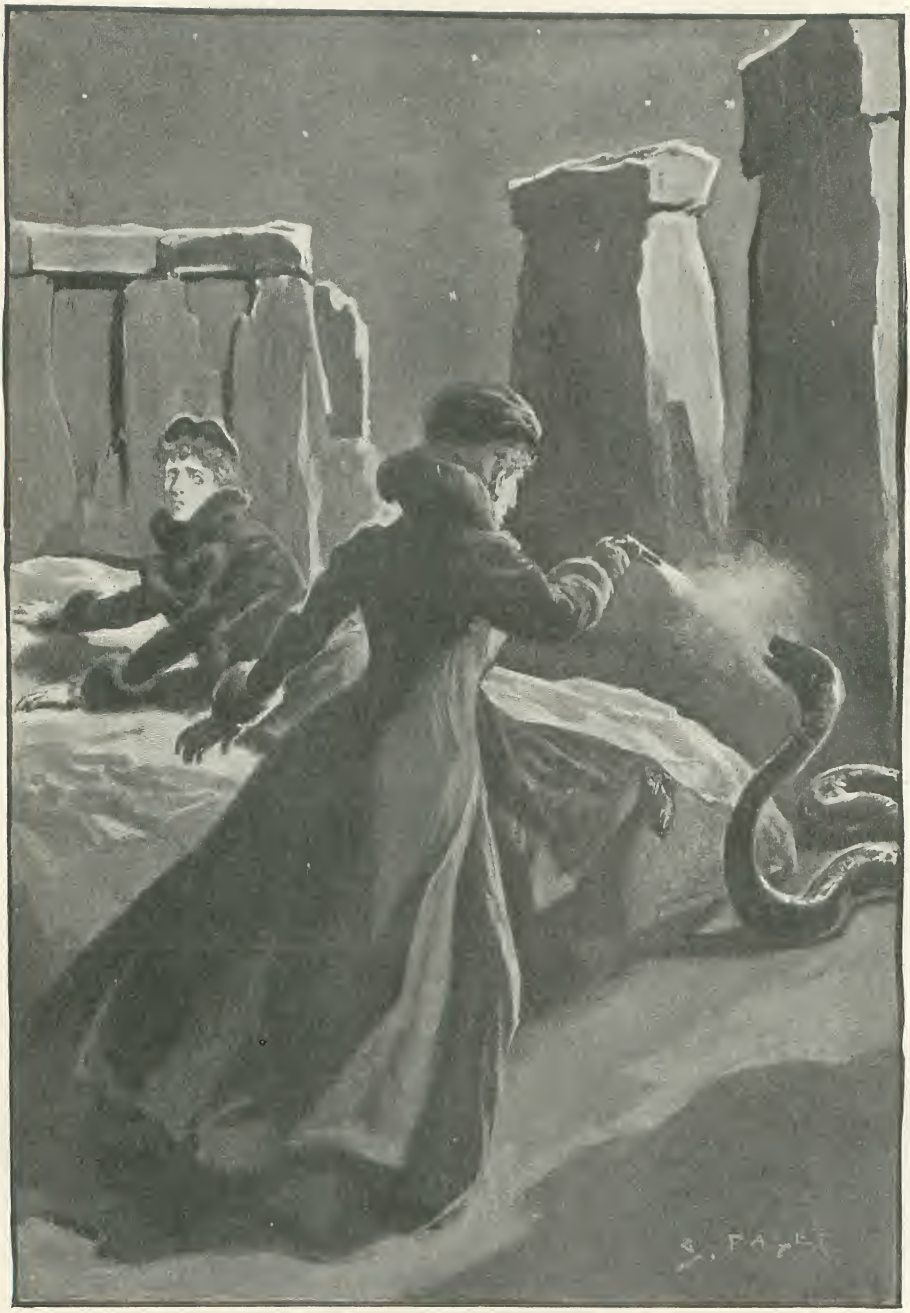


WHO INVENTED THE BAKING CURE?

In an article which appeared in our September issue, under the title of "The Baking Cure," it was stated that this treatment could not yet be obtained in this country. For the sake of such of our readers as desire to try this method of cure we are glad to discover that this is not the case, and, moreover, that the honour of the discovery must be given to an Englishman and not to an American. We are informed that the local application of superheated dry air was invented by Mr. Lewis A. Tallerman in 1893, and was first investigated at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and introduced to the medical profession in a clinical lecture delivered at that institution on May 23rd, 1894. It has been in use in that hospital ever since. So far from being new to this country, it has been adopted at Charing Cross, The London, King's College, University College, North-West London, and other leading London and provincial hospitals. "The Tallerman Treatment," edited by A. Shadwell, M.A., M.B. Oxon, M.R.C.P. Lond., containing reports from hospitals and case notes with illustrations of cases before, during, and after treatment, from hospitals and eminent medical authorities, contains also reports of the demonstrations given by Mr. Tallerman at the meeting of the Philadelphia County Medical Society on Nov. 11th, 1896. The allusion in the article to Professor Landouzy and Drs. Dejerine and Chrétien were reports on the Tallerman treatment. The illustration here given of the Tallerman apparatus should be compared with those in the previous article.

A NOVEL SIGN-BOARD.

The last photograph on this page represents what is perhaps the most unique sign-board in this country. The inn to which this novel device belongs is called "The Three Mariners," and no more appropriate object than the shoulder-blade of a whale could well have been found. The original bone, as will be seen in the photograph, is hung against the outside wall, and the appropriate letters have been painted upon it in bold characters. Mr. K. Lightfoot, of 7, Eastcombe Villas, Blackheath, is the contributor.



"A LOUD REPORT RANG IN MY EARS."

(*See page* 616.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xx. DECEMBER, 1900. No. 120.

To Friends of "The Strand,"
Old and New,
Near and Far
—Greeting!

THIS is the end of the Tenth year of the publication of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and it comes at the same time as the issue of the One Thousandth number of *Tit-Bits*.

I should like, therefore, personally to thank all those who have so consistently patronized these two publications, with which I am so closely identified.

The reception given to THE STRAND MAGAZINE was from the first most gratifying; and it has been said that a new era in magazines was created by its appearance.

As with *Tit-Bits*, so in the case of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, there have been many who have followed the lead thus given. Of this I do not complain; the world is wide.

We have been fortunate enough to secure a brilliant band of writers, many of whom will, I hope, continue to work for the Magazine in the years to come.

The following amongst many others have been contributors :—

THE LATE GRANT ALLEN.
F. ANSTEY.
LORD AVEBURY.
SIR ROBERT BALL.
ROBERT BARR.
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.
SIR WALTER BESANT.
C. E. BORCHGREVINK.
MISS BRADDON.
FRANK T. BULLEN.
CARMEN SYLVA.
CONAN DOYLE.
MANVILLE FENN.
GEORGE GISSING.
BRET HARTE.
CUTCLIFFE HYNE.
W. W. JACOBS.
RUDYARD KIPLING.
H. W. LUCY.
MRS. L. T. MEADE.
SIR FRANCIS MONTEFIORE, BART.
ARTHUR MORRISON.
COUNTESS OF MUNSTER.
DR. NANSEN.
MAX O'RELL.
GILBERT PARKER, M.P.
JAMES PAYN.
MAX PEMBERTON.
CLARK RUSSELL.
THE LATE LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.
J. HOLT SCHOOLING.
CLEMENT SCOTT.
FRANK R. STOCKTON.
JULES VERNE.
H. G. WELLS.
STANLEY WEYMAN.
JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

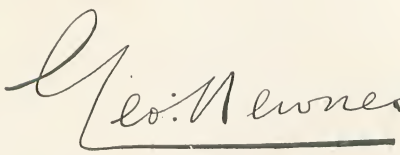
It is a source of satisfaction to know that, whilst we have received such assistance from authors and artists, THE STRAND MAGAZINE has been able to create or enhance many reputations.

The following facts and figures relate to the production of twenty half-yearly volumes, or 120 monthly parts. Every copy contains, approximately, 62,000 words of matter, not counting the advertisement pages. Thus the 120 parts have, including the double numbers, over 8,000,000 words of original work. These have been furnished by over 600 different authors in some 1,800 contributions. They have been selected from matter sent in at the rate of some 4,000 manuscripts annually, which for the ten years brings us to a total of 40,000 manuscripts submitted for consideration.

In order to illustrate the 900 short stories which have appeared in the pages of THE STRAND, twenty of the leading black-and-white artists have been constantly employed during the ten years, while a considerably larger number have contributed occasionally. Many of these have actually found their first stepping-stone in the pages of THE STRAND, and are now recognised as being at the head of their profession. The illustrations, including photographs, number 17,000, out of which there are 7,000 original drawings, which leaves a total of 10,000 photographs which had never been published before.

It is an interesting fact that, while at first THE STRAND MAGAZINE had very little sale in America, it has now taken firm hold there and has a very widespread circulation.

At the end of our Tenth year I beg personally to thank those who have been associated with me in the conduct of the Magazine, also contributors who have given such good work, and the artists who have added such a charm to its pages: further, I wish to thank that large body of the public who have continuously favoured THE STRAND MAGAZINE with their valued support.



Followed.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

I AM David Ross's wife. I was married to him a month ago. I have lived through the peril and escaped the danger. What I have lived through, how it happened, and why it happened, this story tells.

My maiden name was Flower Dalrymple. I spent my early days on the Continent, travelling about from place to place and learning much of Bohemian life and Bohemian ways. When I was eighteen years of age my father got an appointment in London. We went to live there—my father, my mother, two brothers, a sister, and myself. Before I was twenty I was engaged to David Ross. David was a landed proprietor. He had good means, and was in my eyes the finest fellow in the world. In appearance he was stalwart and broad-shouldered, with a complexion as dark as a gipsy. He had a passionate and almost wild look in his eyes, and his wooing of me was very determined, and I might almost say stormy.

When first he proposed for me I refused him from a curious and unaccountable sense of fear, but that night I was miserable, and when two days after he repeated his offer, I accepted him, for I discovered that, whatever his character, he was the man I could alone love in all the world.

He told me something of his history. His father had died when he was a baby, and he had spent all the intervening years, except when at school and the University, with his mother. His mother's name was Lady Sarah Ross. On her own mother's side she was of Spanish extraction, but she was the daughter of Earl Reighley. She was a great recluse, and David gave me to understand that her character and ways of life were peculiar.

"You must be prepared for eccentricities in connection with my mother," he said. "I see her, perhaps, through rose-coloured spectacles, for she is to me the finest and the most interesting woman, with the exception of yourself, in the world. Her love for me is a very strange and a very deep passion. She has always opposed the idea of my marrying. Until I met you, I have yielded to her very marked wishes in this respect. I can do so no longer. All the same, I am almost afraid to tell her that we are engaged."

"Your account of your mother is rather alarming," I could not help saying. "Must I live with her after we are married, David?"

"Certainly not," he answered, with some abruptness. "You and I live at my place, Longmore; she goes to the Dower House."

"She will feel being deposed from her throne very acutely," I said.

"It will be our object in life, Flower, not to let her feel it," he answered. "I look forward with the deepest interest to your conquering her, to your winning her love. When you once win it, it is yours for ever."

All the time David was speaking I felt that he was hiding something. He was holding himself in check. With all his pluck and dash and daring, there was a weight on his mind, something which caused him, although he would not admit it, a curious sensation of uneasiness.

We had been engaged for a fortnight when he wrote to Lady Sarah apprising her of the fact. His letter received no answer. After a week, by his request, I wrote to her, but neither did she notice my letter.

At last, a month after our letters were written, I received a very cordial invitation from Lady Sarah. She invited me to spend Christmas with David and herself at Longmore. She apologized for her apparent rudeness in not writing sooner, but said she had not been well. She would give me, she said, a very hearty welcome, and hoped I would visit the old place in the second week in December and remain over Christmas.

"You will have a quiet time," she wrote, "not dull, for you will be with David; but if you are accustomed to London and the ways of society, you must not expect to find them at Longmore."

Of course I accepted her invitation. Our wedding was to take place on the 10th of January. My trousseau was well under way, and I started for Longmore on a certain snowy afternoon, determined to enjoy myself and to like Lady Sarah in spite of her eccentricities.

Longmore was a rambling old place situated on the borders of Salisbury Plain. The house was built in the form of a cross. The

roof was turreted, and there was a tower at one end. The new rooms were in a distant wing. The centre of the cross, forming the body of the house, was very old, dating back many hundreds of years.

David came to meet me at Salisbury. He drove a mail phaeton, and I clambered up to my seat by his side. A pair of thoroughbred black horses were harnessed to the carriage. David touched the arched neck of one of his favourites with his whip, and we flew through the air.

It was a moonlight night, and I looked at David once or twice. I had never regarded him as faultless, but I now saw something in his appearance which surprised me. It was arbitrary and haughty. He had a fierce way of speaking to the man who sat behind. I could guess that his temper was overbearing. Never mind! No girl could care for David Ross a little. She must love him with all her heart, and soul, and strength, or hate him. I cared for him all the more because of his faults. He was human, interesting, very tender when he chose, and he loved me with a great love.

We arrived at Longmore within an hour, and found Lady Sarah standing on the steps of the old house to welcome us. She was a tall and very stately woman, with black eyes and a swarthy complexion—a complexion unnaturally dark. Notwithstanding the grace of her appearance I noticed from the very first that there was something wild and uncanny about her. Her eyes were long and almond-shaped. Their usual expression was somewhat languid, but they had a habit of lighting up suddenly at the smallest provocation with a fierce and almost unholy fire. Her hair was abundant and white as snow, and her very black eyes, narrow-arched brows, and dark complexion were brought out into sharper contrast by this wealth of silvery hair.

"I NOW SAW SOMETHING IN HIS APPEARANCE WHICH SURPRISED ME."

She wore black velvet and some very fine Brussels lace, and as she came to meet me I saw the diamonds glittering on her fingers. Whatever her faults, few girls could desire a more picturesque mother-in-law.

Without uttering a word she held out both her hands and drew me into the great central hall. Then she turned me round and looked me all over in the firelight.

"Fair and *petite*," she said. "Blue eyes, lips indifferent red, rest of the features ordinary. An English girl by descent, by education, by appearance. Look me full in the face, Flower!"

I did what I was bid. She gazed from her superior height into my eyes. As my eyes met

hers I was suddenly overpowered by the most extraordinary feeling which had ever visited me. All through my frame there ran a thrill of ghastly and overmastering fear. I shrank away from her, and I believe my face turned white. She drew me to her side again, stooped, and kissed me. Then she said, abruptly :—

"Don't be nervous "—and then she turned to her son.

"You have had a cold drive," she said. "I hope you have not taken a chill?"

"Dear me, no, mother. Why should I?" he replied, somewhat testily. "Flower and I enjoyed our rush through the air."

He was rubbing his hands and warming himself by the log fire as he spoke—now he came to me and drew me towards its genial blaze. Lady Sarah glanced at us both. I saw her lips quiver and her black brows meet across her forehead. A very strange expression narrowed her eyes, a vindictive look, from which I turned away.

She swept, rather than walked, across the hall and rang a bell. A neatly dressed, pleasant-looking girl appeared.

"Take Miss Dalrymple to her room, Jessie, and attend on her," said Lady Sarah.

I was conducted up some low stairs and down a passage to a pretty, modern-looking room.

"Longmore is very old, miss," said Jessie, "and some of it is even tumbling to pieces, but Lady Sarah is never one for repairs. You won't find anything old, however, in this room, miss, for it has not been built more than ten years. You will have a lovely view of Salisbury Plain from here in the morning. I am glad, very glad, Miss Dalrymple, that you are not put into one of the rooms in the other wing."

I did not ask Jessie the meaning of her words. I thought she looked at me in an expressive way, but I would not meet her glance.

When I was ready Jessie conducted me to the drawing-room, where I found David standing on the rug in front of a log fire.

"Where is your mother?" I asked.

"She will be down presently. I say, what a pretty little girl it is," he cried, and he opened his big arms and folded me in a close embrace.

Just at that moment I heard the rustle of a silk dress, and, turning, saw Lady Sarah.

She wore a rich ruby gown, which rustled and glistened every time she moved. I tore myself from David's arms and faced her. There was a flush on my cheeks, and my eyes, I am sure, were suspiciously bright. She called me to her side and began to talk in a gentle and pleasant way.

Suddenly she broke off.

"Dinner is late," she said. "Ring the bell, David."

David's summons was answered by a black servant : a man with the most peculiar and, I must add, forbidding face I had ever seen.

"Is dinner served, Sambo?" inquired his mistress.

"It is on the table, missis," he replied, in excellent English.

Lady Sarah got up.

"David," she said, "will you take Flower to her place at the dinner-table?"

David led the way with me ; Lady Sarah followed. David took the foot of the table, his mother the head. I sat at Lady Sarah's left hand.

During the meal which followed she seemed to forget all about me. She talked incessantly, on matters relating to the estate, to her son. I perceived that she was a first-rate business woman, and I noticed that David listened to her with respect and interest. Her eyes never raised themselves to meet his without a softened and extraordinary expression filling them. It was a look of devouring and overmastering love. His eyes, as he looked into hers, had very much the same expression. Even at me he had never looked quite like this. It was as if two kindred souls, absolutely kindred in all particulars, were holding converse one with the other, and as if I, David's affianced wife, only held the post of interloper.

Sambo, the black servant, stood behind Lady Sarah's chair. He made a striking figure. He was dressed in the long, soft, full trousers which Easterns wear. I learnt afterwards that Sambo was an aborigine from Australia, but Lady Sarah had a fancy to dress him as though he hailed from the Far East. The colour of his silken garments was a rich deep yellow. His short jacket was much embroidered in silver, and he had a yellow turban twisted round his swarthy head.

His waiting was the perfection of the art. He attended to your slightest wants, and never made any sound as he glided about the apartment. I did not like him, however; I felt nearly as uncomfortable in his presence as I did in that of Lady Sarah.

We lingered for some little time when the meal was over ; then Lady Sarah rose.

"SAMBO, THE BLACK SERVANT, STOOD BEHIND LADY SARAH'S CHAIR."

"Come, Flower," she said.

She took my hand in one of hers.

"You will join us, David, when you have had your smoke," she continued, and she laid her shapely hand across her son's broad forehead.

He smiled at her.

"All right, madre," he said, "I shall not be long."

His black eyes fell from his mother's face to mine, and he smiled at me—a smile of such heart-whole devotion that my momentary depression vanished.

Lady Sarah took me into the drawing-room. There she made me seat myself in a low chair by her side, and began to talk.

"Has David never told you of my peculiar tastes, my peculiar recreations?"

"No," I replied; "all he has really told me about you, his mother, is that you love him with a very great love, and that he feared our marriage would pain you."

"Tut!" she replied. "Do you imagine that a little creature like you can put a woman like me out? But we won't talk personal things to-night. I want you to see the great charm of my present life. You must know that I have for several years eschewed society. David has mingled with his kind, but I have stayed at home with my faithful servant Sambo and—my pets."

"Your pets!" I said; "dogs, horses?"

"Neither."

"Cats then, and perhaps birds?"

"I detest cats, and always poison any stray animals of that breed that come to Longmore. It is true I keep a few pigeons, but they are for a special use. I also keep rabbits for the same purpose."

"Then what kind of pets have you?" I asked.

"Reptiles," she said, shortly. "Would you like to see them?"

I longed to say to Lady Sarah that nothing would induce me to look at her horrible pets, but I was afraid. She gazed full at me, and I nodded my head. Her face was white, and her lips had taken on once more that hard, straight line which terrified me.

She rose from her seat, took my hand, and led me across the drawing-room into the hall. We crossed the hall to the left. Here she opened a baize door and motioned to me to follow her. We went down some stairs—they were narrow and winding. At the bottom of the stairs was a door. Lady Sarah took a key from her pocket, fitted it into the lock, and opened the door.

A blast of wintry air blew on my face, and some scattered, newly-fallen snow wetted my feet.

"I forgot about the snow," she said. "The reptile-house is only just across the

yard. It is warm there; but if you are afraid of wetting your feet, say so."

"I am not afraid," I replied.

"That is good. Then come with me."

She held up her ruby-coloured silk dress, and I caught a glimpse of her neat ankles and shapely feet.

At the other side of the stone yard was a building standing by itself and completely surrounded with a high fence of closely meshed wire netting. Lady Sarah opened a door in the fence with another key, then she locked it carefully behind her. With a third key she unfastened the door of the building itself. When she opened this door the air from within, hot and moist, struck on my face.

She pushed me in before her, and I stood just within the entrance while she lit a lantern. As the candle caught the flame I uttered a sudden cry, for against my arm, with only the glass between, I saw a huge mottled snake, which, startled by the sudden light, was coiling to and fro. Its black forked tongue flickered about its lips as if it were angry at being disturbed in its slumbers.

"WAKE UP, DARKEY!"

I drew back from the glass quickly, and caught Lady Sarah's eyes fixed upon me with a strange smile.

"My pets are here," she said, "and this is one. I was a great traveller in my youth, as was my father before me. After my husband died I again went abroad. When David's education was finished he went with me. I inherit my father's taste for snakes and reptiles. I have lived for my pets for many long years now, and I fancy I possess the most superb private collection in the kingdom. Look for yourself, Flower. This is the *Vipera Nascicornis*, or in our English language the African nose-horned snake. Pray notice his flat head. He is a fine specimen, just nine feet long. I caught him myself on the Gold Coast, with my friend Jane Ashley."

"Is he—venomous?" I asked. My lips trembled so that I could scarcely get out the words.

"Four hours for a man," was the laconic reply. "We count the degree of poison of a snake by the time a man lives after he is bitten. This fellow is, therefore, comparatively harmless. But see, here is the *Pseudechis Porphyriacus*—the black snake of Tasmania and Australia. His time is six minutes. Wake up, Darkey!" and she tapped the glass with her knuckles.

An enormous glistening coil, polished as ebony, moved, reared its head, and disappeared into the shadow of the wall.

I gave a visible shudder. Lady Sarah took no notice. She walked slowly between the cases, explaining various attributes and particulars with regard to her favourites.

"Here are puff adders," she said; "here are ring snakes; in this cage are whip snakes. Ah! here is the dreaded moccasin from Florida—here are black vipers from the South African mountains and copper-heads from the Peruvian swamps. I have a pet name for each," she continued; "they are as my younger children."

As she said the words it flashed across my

mind, for the first time, that, perhaps, Lady Sarah was not in her right senses. The next instant her calm and dignified voice dispelled my suspicions.

"I have shown you my treasures," she said; "I hope you think it a great honour. My father, the late Lord Reighley, had a passion for reptiles almost equal to my own. The one thing I regret about David is that he has not inherited it."

"But are you not afraid to keep your collection here?" I asked. "Do you not dread some of them escaping?"

"I take precautions," she said, shortly; "and as to any personal fear, I do not know the meaning of the word. My favourites know me, and after their fashion they love me."

As she spoke she slid back one of the iron doors and, reaching in her hand, took out a huge snake and deliberately whipped the creature round her neck.

"This is my dear old carpet snake," she said; "quite harmless. You can come close to him and touch him, if you like."

"No, thank you," I replied.

She put the snake back again and locked the door.

We returned to the drawing-room. I went and stood by the fire. I was trembling all over, but not altogether from the coldness of the atmosphere.

"You are nervous," said Lady Sarah. "I thought you brave a few minutes ago. The sight of my beauties has shocked you. Will you oblige me by not telling David to-night that I showed them to you?"

I bowed my head, and just at that moment David himself entered the room.

He went to the piano, and almost without prelude began to sing. He had a magnificent voice, like a great organ. Lady Sarah joined him. He and she sang together, the wildest, weirdest, most extraordinary songs I had ever listened to. They were mostly Spanish. Suddenly Lady Sarah took out her guitar and began to play—David accompanying her on the piano.

The music lasted for about an hour. Then Lady Sarah shut the piano.

"The little white English girl is very tired," she said. "Flower, you must go to bed immediately. Good-night."

When I reached my room I found Jessie waiting to attend on me. She asked me at once if I had seen the reptiles.

"Yes," I said.

"And aren't you nearly dead with terror of them, miss?"

"I am a little afraid of them," I said. "Is there any fear of their escaping?"

"Law, no, miss! Who would stay in the house if there were? You need not be frightened. But this is a queer house, very queer, all the same."

The next day after breakfast David asked me if I had seen his mother's pets.

"I have," I replied, "but she asked me not to mention the fact to you last night. David, I am afraid of them. Must they stay here when I come to live at Longmore?"

"The madre goes, and her darlings with her," he answered, and he gave a sigh, and a shadow crossed his face.

"You are sorry to part with your mother?" I said.

"I shall miss her," he replied. "Even you, Flower, cannot take the place my mother occupies in my heart. But I shall see her daily, and you are worth sacrificing something for, my little white English blossom."

"Why do you speak of me as if I were so essentially English?" I said.

"You look the part. You are very much like a flower of the field. Your pretty name, and your pretty ways, and your fair complexion foster the idea. Mother admires you; she thinks you very sweet to look at. Now come into the morning-room and talk to her."

That day, after lunch, it rained heavily. We were all in the morning-room, a somewhat dismal apartment, when David turned to his mother.

"By the way, madre," he said, "I want to have the jewels re-set for Flower."

"What do you say?" inquired his mother.

"I mean to have the diamonds and the other jewels re-set for my wife," he replied, slowly.

"I don't think it matters," said Lady Sarah.

"Matters!" cried David; "I don't understand you. Flower must have the jewels made up to suit her *petite* appearance. I should like her to see them. Will you give me the key of the safe and I will bring them into this room?"

"You can show them, of course," said Lady Sarah. She spoke in a careless tone.

He looked at her, shrugged his shoulders, and I was surprised to see an angry light leap into his eyes. He took the key without a word and left the room.

I sat down on the nearest window-ledge—a small, slight, very fair girl. No one could feel more uncomfortable and out of place.

David returned with several morocco cases. He put them on the table, then he opened

them one by one. The treasures within were magnificent. There were necklets and bracelets and rings and tiaras innumerable. David fingered them, and Lady Sarah stood close by.

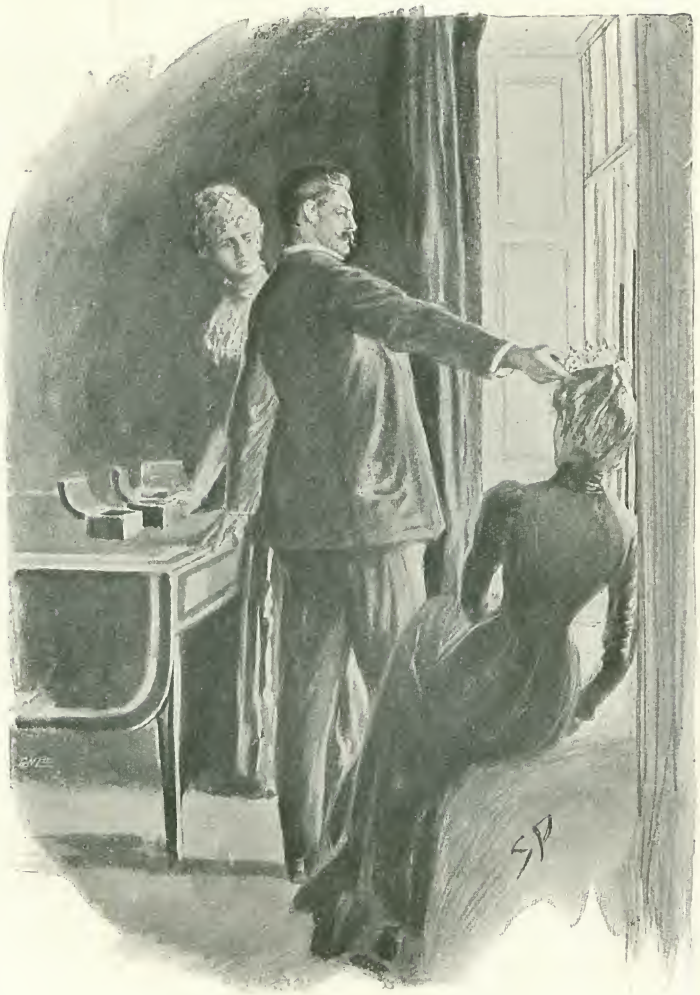
"This tiara is too heavy for you, Flower," said David, suddenly.

As he spoke, he picked up a magnificent circlet of flashing diamonds and laid them against my golden head. The next moment the ornament was rudely snatched away by Lady Sarah. She walked to a glass which stood between two windows and fitted the tiara over her own head.

"Too heavy for Flower, and it suits you, mother," said the young man, his eyes flashing with a sudden genuine admiration.

She laid the tiara on the table.

"Leave the things as they are for the present," she said. "It is not necessary to have them altered. You are marrying a flower, remember, and flowers of the field do not need this sort of adornment."



"HE LAID THEM AGAINST MY GOLDEN HEAD."

She tried to speak quietly, but her lips trembled and her words came in jerks.

"And I don't want to wear them," I cried. "I don't like them."

"That is speaking in a very childish way," said Lady Sarah.

"You must wear them when you are presented, dear," remarked David. "But there is time enough; I will put the things away for the present."

The jewels were returned to the safe, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

That night I was tired out and slept well, and as the next morning was a glorious one, more like spring than mid-winter, David proposed that he and I should spend the day driving about Salisbury Plain and seeing the celebrated stones.

He went to the stables to order the dog-cart to be got ready, and I ran up to my room to put on my hat and warm jacket.

When I came back to the hall my future mother-in-law was standing there. Her face was calm and her expression mild and genial. She kissed me almost affectionately, and I went off with David in high spirits, my fears lulled to slumber.

He knew every inch of the famous Stonehenge, and told me many of the legends about its origin. There was one stone in particular which we spent some time in observing. It was inside the circle, a flat, broad stone, with a depression in the middle.

"This," said David, "is called the 'Slaughter Stone.' On this stone the Druids killed their victims."

"How interesting and how horrible!" I cried.

"THIS IS CALLED THE 'SLAUGHTER STONE.'"

"It is true," he answered. "These stones, dating back into the ages of the past, have always had a queer fascination for me. I love them almost as much as my mother does. She often comes here when her nerves are not at their best and wanders about this magic circle for hours."

David told me many other legends. We lunched and had tea in the small town of Wilton, and did not return home until time for late dinner.

I went to my room, and saw nothing of Lady Sarah until I entered the drawing-room. I there found David and his mother in earnest conversation. His face looked full of annoyance.

"I am sorry," said Lady Sarah; "I am afraid, Flower, you will have to make up your mind to having a dull day alone with me to-morrow."

"But why dull?" interrupted David. "Flower will enjoy a day by herself with you, mother. She wants to know you, she wants to love you, as I trust you will soon love her."

Lady Sarah made no answer. After a pause, during which an expression of annoyance and displeasure visited her thin lips, she said:—

"An urgent telegram has arrived from our lawyers for David. He must go to town by the first train in the morning."

"I will come back to-morrow night, little girl," he said.

He patted me on my hand as he spoke, and I did not attempt to raise any objection. A moment later we went into the dining-room.

During the meal I was much disturbed by the persistent way in which Sambo watched me. Without exception, Sambo had the ugliest face I had ever seen. His eyes were far apart, and wildly staring out of his head. His features were twisted, he had very thick lips, and the whole of the lower part of his face was in undue prominence. But, ugly as he was in feature, there was a certain dignity about him. His very upright carriage, his very graceful movements, his very picturesque dress, could not but impress me, although, perhaps, in a measure they added to the uneasiness with which I regarded him. I tried to avoid his gaze, but whenever I raised my eyes I encountered his, and, in consequence, I had very little appetite for dinner.

The evening passed quickly, and again that night I slept well. When I awoke it was broad daylight, and Jessie was pouring hot water into a bath for me.

"Mr. Ross went off more than two hours ago, miss," she said. "He left a message that I was to be very attentive to you, so if you want anything I hope you will ask me."

"Certainly I will," I replied.

Jessie was a pretty girl, with a rosy face and bright, pleasant eyes. I saw her fix these eyes now upon my face—she came close to me.

"I am very glad you are going to marry

Mr. Ross," she said, "and I am very glad that you will be mistress here, for if there was not to be a change soon, I could not stay."

"What do you mean?" I said.

She shrugged her shoulders significantly.

"This is a queer house," she said—"there are queer people in it, and there are queer things done in it, and—*there are the reptiles!*"

I gave an involuntary shiver.

"There are the reptiles," she repeated. "Lady Sarah and Sambo play tricks with them at times. Sambo has got a stuff that drives them nearly mad. When Lady Sarah is at her wildest he uses it. I have watched them when they didn't know I was looking: half-a-dozen of the snakes following Sambo as if they were demented, and Lady Sarah looking on and laughing! He puts the thing on his boots. I do not know what it is. They never hurt him. He flings the boots at them and they are quiet. Yes, it is a queer house, and I am afraid of the reptiles. By the way, miss, would you not like *me* to clean your boots for you?"

"Why so?" I asked. My face had turned white and my teeth were chattering. Her words unnerved me considerably.

"I will, if you like," she said. "Sambo sha'n't have them. Now, miss, I think you have everything you want."

She left me, and I dressed as quickly as I could. As I did so my eyes fell upon a little pair of brown boots, for which I had a special affection. They were polished up brightly; no boots could be more beautifully cleaned. What did Jessie mean? What did she mean, too, by speaking of Lady Sarah's wild fits?

I went downstairs, to find Lady Sarah in a genial humour. She was smiling and quite agreeable. Sambo did not wait at breakfast, and in consequence we had a pleasant meal. When it was over she took my hand and led me into her morning-room.

"Come here," she said, "I want to speak to you. So you are David's choice! Now listen. The aim and object of my life ever since I lost my husband has been to keep David single."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"What I say. I love my son with a passion which you, you little white creature, cannot comprehend. I want him for myself *entirely*. You have dared to step in—you have dared to take him from me. But listen: even if you do marry him, you won't keep him long. You would like to know why—I will tell you. Because his love for you is only the passion which a man may experience for a pair of blue eyes, and a white skin, and childish figure. It is as water unto wine compared to the love he feels for me. He will soon return to me. Be warned in time. Give him up."

"I cannot," I said.

"You won't be happy here. The life is not your life. The man is not the right sort of man for you. In some ways he is half a savage. He has been much in wild countries, in lands uninhabited by civilized people. He is not the man for you, nor am I the mother-in-law for you. Give him up. Here is paper and here is a pen. Write him a letter. Write it now, and the carriage shall be at the door and you will be taken to Wilton—from there you can get a train to London, and you will be safe, little girl, quite safe."

"You ask the impossible," I replied; "I love your son."

She had spoken with earnestness, the colour flaming into her cheeks, her eyes very bright. Now her face grew cold and almost leaden in hue.

"I have given you your choice and a way of escape," she said. "If you don't take the offer, it is not my fault." She walked out of the room.

What did she mean? I stayed where she had left me. I was trembling all over. Terrors of the most overmastering and unreasoning sort visited me. All I had lived through since I came to Longmore now flooded my imagination and made me weak with nervous fears. The reptile-house—Lady Sarah—Sambo's strange behaviour—Sambo's wicked glance—Jessie's words. Oh, why had I come? Why had David left me alone in this terrible place?

I got up, left the room, and strode into the grounds. The grounds were beautiful, but I could find no pleasure in them. Over and over the desire to run away visited me. I only restrained my nervous longing for David's sake. He would never forgive me if I left Longmore because I feared his mother.

The gong sounded for lunch, and I went into the house. Lady Sarah was seated at the table; Sambo was absent.

"I have had a busy morning," she said. "Darkey is ill."

"Darkey!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, the black snake whose bite kills in six minutes. Sambo is with him; he and I have been giving him some medicine. I trust he will be better soon. He is my favourite reptile—a magnificent creature."

I made no remark.

"I am afraid you must amuse yourself as best you can this afternoon," she continued, "for Sambo and I will be engaged with the snake. I am sorry I cannot offer to send you for a drive, but two of the horses are out and the bay mare is lame."

I said I would amuse myself, and that I should not require the use of any of the horses, and she left me.

I did not trouble to go on the Plain. I resumed my restless wanderings about the place. I wondered, as I did so, if Longmore could ever be a real home to me. As the moments flew past I looked at my watch, counting the hours to David's return. When he was back, surely the intangible danger which I could not but feel surrounded me would be over.

At four o'clock Sambo brought tea for one into the drawing-room. He laid it down, with a peculiar expression.

"You will be sorry to hear, missie," he said, "that Missah Ross not coming back to-night." The man spoke in a queer kind of broken English.

I sprang to my feet, my heart beating violently.

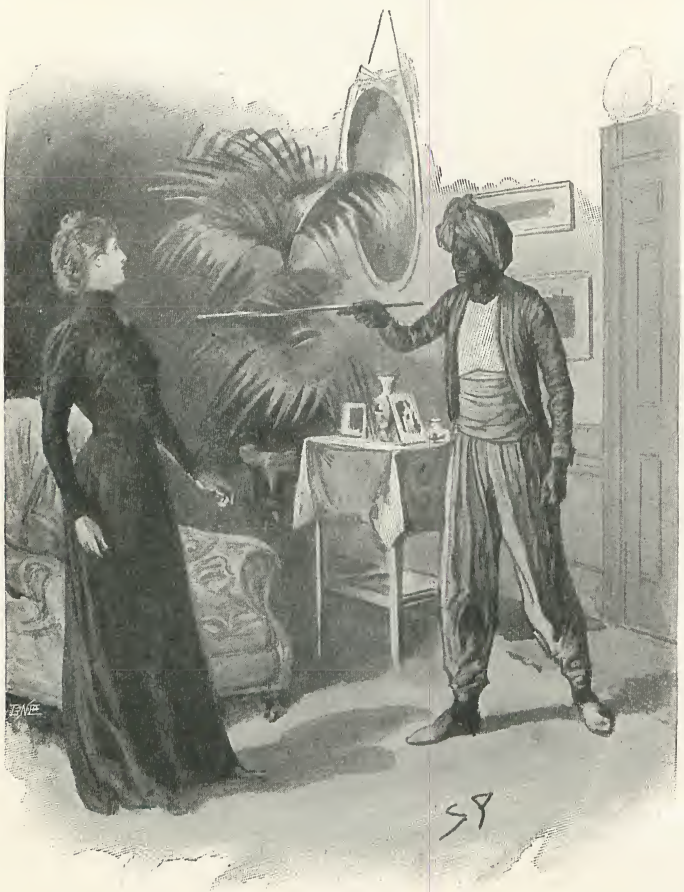
"Sorry, missie, business keep him—telegram to missis; not coming back till morning. Yah, missie, why you stay?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

The man had a hazel wand in his hand. I had noticed it without curiosity up to the present. Now he took it and pointed it at me. As he did so he uttered the curious word "*Ullinka.*" The evil glitter in his eyes frightened me so much that I shrank up against the wall.

"What are you doing that for?" I cried. He snapped the stick in two and flung it behind him.

"Missie, you take Sambo's word and go right away to-night. Missis no well—Darkey no well—Sambo no well. No place for missie with blue eyes and fair hair. I say 'Ullinka,' and 'Ullinka' means *dead*—this fellah magic stick. Missie run to Wilton, take train from Wilton to London. Short track 'cross Plain—missie go quick. Old Sambo open wicket-gate and let her go. Missie go soon."



"HE UTTERED THE CURIOUS WORD 'ULLINKA.'"

"Do you mean it?" I said.

"*Yowi*—yes."

"I will go," I said. "You terrify me. Can I have a carriage?"

"No time, missie. Old missis find out. Old missis no wish it—missie go quick 'cross Plain short track to Wilton. Moon come up short time."

"I will go," I whispered.

"Missie take tea first and then get ready," he continued. "Sambo wait till missie come downstairs."

I did not want the tea, but the man brought me a cup ready poured out.

"One cup strengthen missie, then short track 'cross Plain straight ahead to Wilton. Moon in sky. Missie safe then from old missis, from Darkey, and from Sambo."

I drank the tea, but did not touch the cake and bread and butter. I went to my room, fear at my heels. In my terror I forgot to remark, although I remembered it well afterwards, that for some extraordinary reason most of my boots and shoes had disappeared. My little favourite pair of brown boots alone was waiting for me. I put them on, buttoned them quickly, put on my fur coat and cap, and with my purse in my pocket ran downstairs. No matter what David thought of me now. There was something terrible in this house—an unknown and indescribable *fear*—I must get away from Longmore at any cost.

Sambo conducted me without a word down the garden and out on to the Plain through the wicket-gate.

"Quick, missie," he said, and then he vanished from view, shutting and locking the gate behind him.

It was a perfect evening, still and cold. The sun was near the horizon and would soon set, and a full moon was just rising. I determined to walk briskly. I was strong and active, and the distance between Longmore and Wilton did not frighten me. I could cross the Plain direct from Longmore, and within two hours at longest would reach Wilton. My walk would lead past Stonehenge.

The Plain looked weird in the moonlight. It looked unfathomable: it seemed to stretch into space as if it knew no ending. Walking fast, running at intervals, pausing now and then to take breath, I continued my fearful journey.

Was Lady Sarah mad, was Sambo mad, and what ailed Darkey, the awful black snake whose bite caused death in six minutes? As the thought of Darkey came to me, making my heart throb until I thought it would stop, I felt a strange and unknown sensation of fatigue creeping over me: my feet began to lag. I could not account for this. I took out my watch and looked at it. I felt so tired that to go on without a short rest was impossible. There was a stone near. I sat on it for a moment or two. While resting I tried to collect my scattered thoughts. I wondered what sort of story I should tell David: how I would appease his anger and satisfy him that I did right in flying like a runaway from the home which was soon to be my own. As these thoughts came to me I closed my eyes; I felt my head nodding. Then all was lost in unconsciousness.

I awoke after what seemed a moment's sleep to find that I had been sitting on the stone for over half an hour. I felt refreshed by my slumber, and started now to continue my walk rapidly. I went lightly over the springy turf. I knew my bearings well, for David had explained everything to me on our long expedition yesterday.

I must have gone over a mile right on to the bare Plain when I began once again to experience that queer and unaccountable sensation of weakness. My pace slowed down and I longed again to rest. I resolved to resist the sensation and continued my way, but more slowly now and with a heavily beating heart. My heart laboured in a most unnatural way. I could not account for my own sensations.

Suddenly I paused and looked back. I fancied that I heard a noise, very slight and faint and different from that which the wind made as it sighed over the vast, billowy undulations of the Plain. Now, as I looked back, I saw something about fifty yards away, something which moved swiftly over the short grass. Whatever the thing was, it came towards me, and as it came it glistened now and then in the moonlight. What could it be? I raised my hand to shade my eyes from the bright light of the moon. I wondered if I was the subject of an hallucination. But, no; whatever that was which was now approaching me, it was a reality, no dream. It was making straight in my direction. The next instant every fibre in my body was tingling with terror, for gliding towards me, in great curves, with head raised, was an enormous black snake!

For one moment I gazed, in sickened horror, and then I ran—ran as one runs in a nightmare, with thumping heart and clogged feet and knees that were turned to water. There could be no doubt of what had happened: the great black snake, Darkey, had escaped from Longmore and was following me. Why had it escaped? How had it escaped? Was its escape premeditated? Was it meant to follow me? Was I the victim of a pre-arranged and ghastly death? Was it—was it?—my head reeled, my knees tottered. There was not a tree or a house in sight. The bare, open plain surrounded me for miles. As I reeled, however, to the crest of the rise I saw, lying in the moonlight, not a quarter of a mile away, the broken ring of Stonehenge. I reached it in time to clamber on to one of the stones. I might be saved. It was my only chance.

Summoning all my energies I made for the ruined temple. For the first hundred yards I felt that I was gaining on the brute, though I could hear, close on my track, its low,

"I GAZED IN SICKENED HORROR."

continuous hiss. Then the deadly faintness for which I could not account once more seized me. I fancied I heard someone calling me in a dim voice, which sounded miles away.

Making a last frantic effort, I plunged into the circle of stones and madly clambered on to the great "Slaughter Stone." Once more there came a cry, a figure flashed past me, a loud report rang in my ears, and a great darkness came over me.

"Drink this, Flower."

I was lying on my back. Lady Sarah was bending over me. The moonlight was shining, and it dazzled my eyes when I first opened them. In the moonlight I could see that Lady Sarah's face was very white. There was a peculiar expression about it. She put her hand gently and deftly under my head, and held something to my lips. I drank a hot and fiery mixture, and was revived.

"Where am I—what has happened?" I asked.

"You are on the great 'Slaughter Stone' on Salisbury Plain. You have had a narrow escape. Don't speak. I am going to take you home."

"Not back to Longmore?"

"Yes, back to Longmore, your future home. Don't be silly."

"But the snake, Darkey, the black snake?" I said. I cowered, and pressed my hand to my face. "He followed me, he followed me," I whispered.

"He is dead," she answered; "I shot him with my own hands. You have nothing to fear from me or from Darkey any more. Come!"

I was too weak to resist her. She did not look unkind. There was no madness in her eyes. At that moment Sambo appeared in view. Sambo lifted me from the stone and carried me to a dog-cart which stood on the Plain. Lady Sarah seated herself by my side, took the reins, and we drove swiftly away.

Once again we entered the house. Lady Sarah took me to the morning-room. She shut the door, but did not lock it. There was a basin of hot soup on the table.

"Drink, and be quick," she said, in an imperious voice.

I obeyed her; I was afraid to do otherwise.

"Better?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, in a semi-whisper.

"Then listen."

I tried to rise, but she motioned me to stay seated.

"The peril is past," she said. "You have lived through it. You are a plucky girl, and I respect you. Now hear what I have to say."

I tried to do so and to keep down my trembling. She fixed her eyes on me and she spoke.

"Long ago I made a vow," she said. "I solemnly vowed before Almighty God that as long as I lived I would never allow my only

son to marry. He knew that I had made this vow, and for a long time he respected it, but he met you and became engaged to you in defiance of his mother's vow and his mother's wish. When I heard the tidings I lost my senses. I became wild with jealousy, rage, and real madness. I would not write to you nor would I write to him."

"Why did you write at last—why did you ask me here?" I said then.

"Because the jealousy passed, as it always does, and for a time I was sane."

"Sane!" I cried.

"Yes, little girl; yes, *sane!* But listen. Some years ago, when on the coast of Guinea, I was the victim of a very severe sunstroke. From that time I have had fits of madness. Any shock, any excitement, brings them on.

"I had such a fit of madness when my son wrote to say that he was engaged to you. It passed, and I was myself again. You were not in the house an hour, however, before I felt it returning. There is only one person who can manage me at these times; there is only one person whom I fear and respect—my black servant Sambo. Sambo manages me, and yet at the same time I manage him. He loves me after his blind and heathen fashion. He has no fear; he has no conscience; to commit a crime is nothing to him. He loves me, and he passionately loves the reptiles. To please me and to carry out my wishes are the sole objects of his life.

"With madness in my veins I watched you and David during the last two days, and the wild desire to crush you to the very earth came over me. David went to London, and I thought the opportunity had come. I spoke to Sambo about it, and Sambo made a suggestion. I listened to him. My brain was on fire. I agreed to do what he suggested. My snake Darkey was to be the weapon to take your life. I felt neither remorse nor pity. Sambo is a black from Australia, an aborigine from that distant country. He knows the secrets of the blacks. There is a certain substance extracted from a herb which the blacks know, and which, when applied to any part of the dress or the person of an enemy, will induce each snake which comes across his path to turn and follow him. The substance drives the snake mad, and he will follow and kill his victim. Sambo possessed the stuff, and from time to time, to amuse me, he has tried its power on my reptiles. He has put it on his own boots, but he himself has never been bitten, for he has flung the boots to the snakes at the last moment. This afternoon he put it on the brown boots which you are now wearing. He then terrified you, and induced you to run away across Salisbury Plain. He put something into your tea to deprive you of strength, and when you were absent about three-quarters of an hour he let Darkey loose. Darkey followed you as a needle will follow a magnet. Sambo called me to the wicket-gate and showed me the glistening creature gliding over the Plain in your direction. As I looked, a veil fell from my eyes. The madness left me, and I became sane. I saw the awful thing that I had done. I repented with agony. In a flash I ordered the dog-cart, and with Sambo by my side I followed you. I was just in time. I shot my favourite reptile. You were saved."

Lady Sarah wiped the drops of perspiration from her forehead.

"You are quite safe," she said, after a pause, "and I am sane. What I did, I did when I was not accountable. Are you going to tell David?"

"How can I keep it from him?"

"It seems hard to you now, but I ask you to do it. I promise not to oppose your marriage. I go meekly to the Dower House. I am tired of the reptiles—my favourite is dead, and the others are nothing to me. They shall be sent as a gift to the Zoological Gardens. Now will you tell David? If you do, I shall shoot myself to-night. Think for an hour, then tell me your decision." She left the room.

How I endured that hour I do not know! At the end of it I went to seek her. She was pacing up and down the great hall. I ran to her. I tried to take her hand, but she held her hands behind her.

"He will love you, he will worship you, and I, his old mother, will be nothing to him. What are you going to do?" she said then.

"I will never tell him," I whispered.

She looked hard at me, and her great black eyes softened.

"You are worthy to be his wife," she said, in a hoarse voice, and she left me.

I am David's wife, and David does not know. He will never know. We are still on our honeymoon, but David is in trouble, for by the very last post news reached him of Lady Sarah's sudden death. He was absent from her when she breathed her last. He shall never know the worst. He shall always treasure her memory in his heart.

*The Training of Lions, Tigers, and Other Great Cats.**

By Samuel Hopkins Adams.

TRADITION of the menagerie has decreed that man's superiority over the animal shall be turned to financial account in the subjugation and education of the great felines. The lion, the tiger, the leopard, the puma, the jaguar, and others of the fierce cats are chosen for this career because of their reputation for ferocity and cunning, and because of the demand of the show-going public for the greatest possible element of peril. So there has grown up a profession known as "lion-taming"—a misnomer, for no feline, except the domestic variety, is ever tame while it has life in it—a profession that is never likely to become overcrowded.

First, as to the selection of the animal. On one point all trainers are agreed: that an animal from the wilds is preferable to one born in captivity; and the reason is a simple one. The captive creature lands after a long voyage, during which it has almost incessantly suffered from sea-sickness, want of care, and insufficient food. It is weak, wretched, and broken in body and spirit. In a few hours it has a comfortable and spacious cage, with clean straw, fresh air, good food, and, above all, quiet and peace. Then the new arrival is ready to establish amicable relations with the human beings who seem to be connected with this new career of first-class board and lodging. Therefore, the new arrival, whether lion, tiger, leopard, jaguar, or puma, is in a proper frame of mind for the commencement of its education.

On the other hand, the feline born in captivity is a spoiled child. Accustomed to man from the beginning, it has for him neither fear nor respect. In consequence, it endures the presence of the trainer in its cage without protest; but let him attempt to force it into some course of action against its will, at the first touch of punishment it springs at his throat. Then only the harshest measures, long continued, will avail, and the chances are that the animal will be worthless as a performer and utterly untrustworthy throughout its existence. The lion or tiger kitten that has been the pet of some private family is still worse bred, and commonly returns to menagerie life accompanied by a message to this effect: "Please take Kitty back; she has eaten the mastiff." Or it may be that the youngster adds to the interest of city life, as did a little lioness who was taken to the bosom of a quiet Philadelphia family several years ago. She broke out of her cage one night, sequestrated the owner of the house on a high-railed balcony, and bit a finger off a policeman who unguardedly attracted her attention before, instead of after, climbing a convenient tree. That one night ruined her; she was a bad lioness all her life. It is seldom worth while to work over a feline whose infancy has been passed as a member of a private family.

It must not be supposed that all captive felines are amenable to education. The personal equation enters in very largely. What will do for the lion will do for the tiger, the leopard, the puma, or the jaguar; but what will do for one lion, tiger, puma, or jaguar will not do for another. And the public, in assuming that the lion is brave and the tiger treacherous, and in ascribing set qualities to the other great cats, is generalizing without basis.

The lion is feared for his clumsiness, which makes him likely to do damage unwittingly; the jaguar and leopard for their terrific swiftness in action; and the tiger for a tenacity of purpose which, once aroused, is almost unconquerable. But it cannot be said that one species is more to be feared, generally speaking, than another. It is the individual that must be reckoned with and studied by the successful trainer. One animal is sulky, another stupid, a third subject to sudden fits of rage, another curious,

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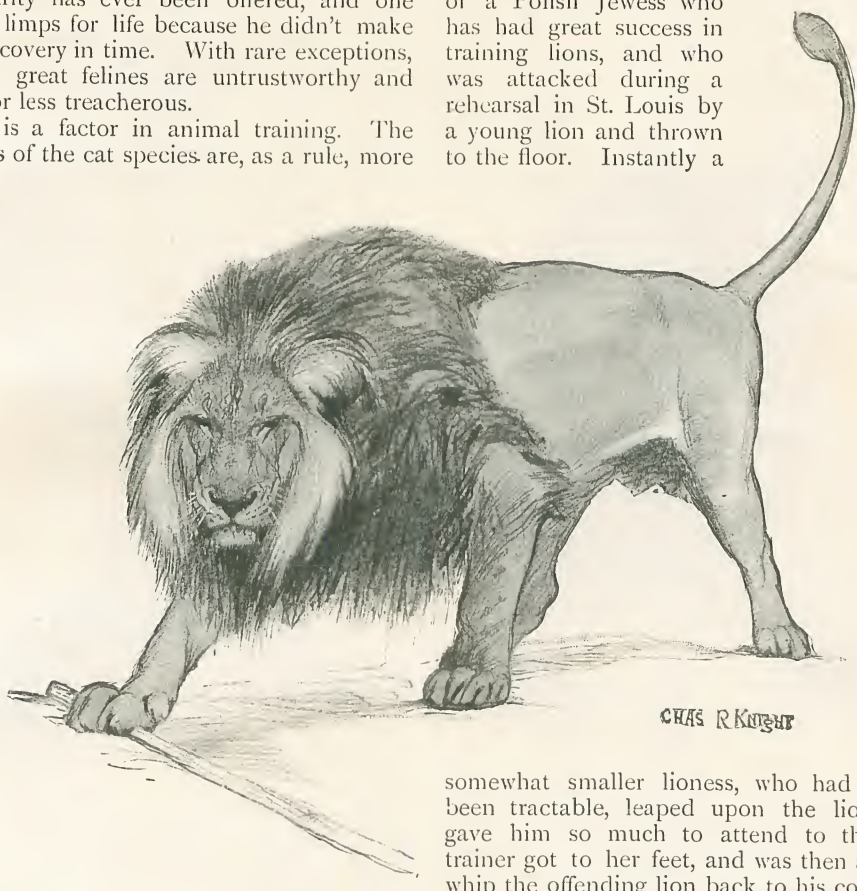
another timid, another will show a certain fussy and old-maidish disposition, and refuse to perform unless all the circumstances are just as he thinks fit. To master such characteristics is the life-work of the trainer, and his life may depend upon his acumen. There is a very famous lion now performing who fears only one thing, a stick held in the left hand of the trainer. The man may have a club, a knife, a pistol, or even a fire-brand in his right hand, and the lion will spring for him; but the smallest wand in the left hand will keep the beast perfectly tractable. No satisfactory explanation of this individual peculiarity has ever been offered, and one trainer limps for life because he didn't make the discovery in time. With rare exceptions, all the great felines are untrustworthy and more or less treacherous.

Sex is a factor in animal training. The females of the cat species are, as a rule, more easily managed and less dangerous than the males. I have talked with one man of wide experience with animals of all kinds, who declares that there is no large animal, except the elephant, that takes to training more kindly, and follows its lessons more conscientiously, than the average tigress. The sex of the trainer has influence upon many animals. Lions and lionesses who will not permit a man in the cage can be handled by a woman, and the reverse is also true, though women are more successful than men as trainers, and have fewer accidents. Sometimes an animal will conceive a real affection for the trainer, and will fawn upon him like a dog, and even protect him from the others should they attack him; but the vast majority of cases of defence of a trainer by an animal have no firmer foundation than in the fertile imagination of the ingenious Press agent.

A well-authenticated case, however, is that of a Polish Jewess who has had great success in training lions, and who was attacked during a rehearsal in St. Louis by a young lion and thrown to the floor. Instantly a somewhat smaller lioness, who had always been tractable, leaped upon the lion, and gave him so much to attend to that the trainer got to her feet, and was then able to whip the offending lion back to his corner.

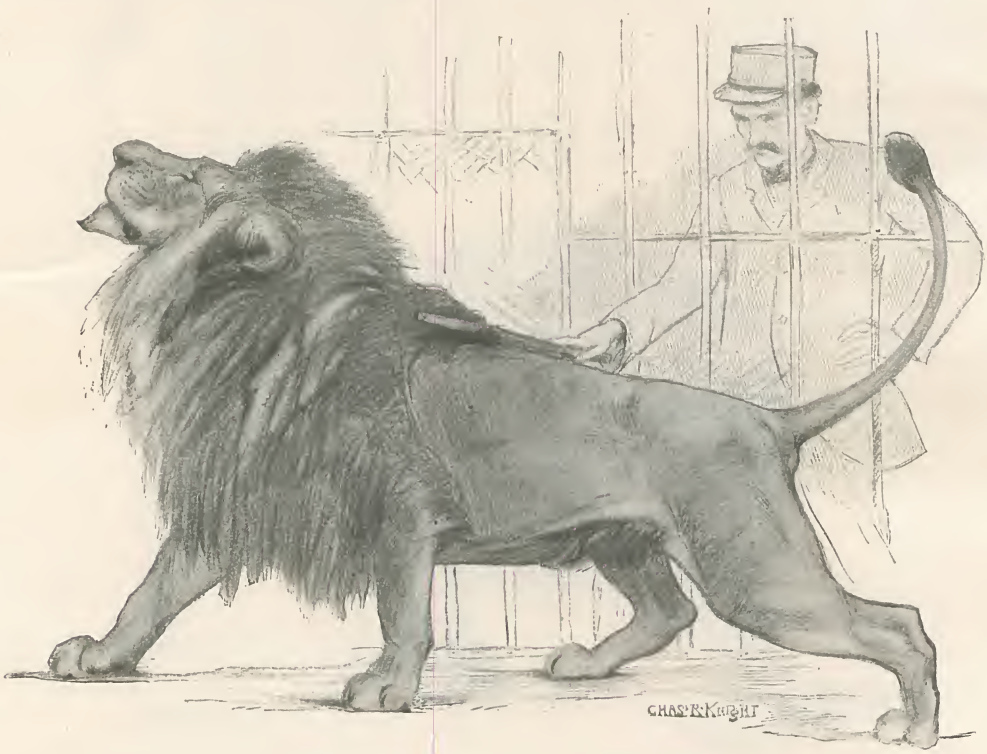


"HE DRAWS BACK, GROWLS, AND, THRUSTING OUT A HUGE PAW, PINS THE INTRUDING OBJECT TO THE FLOOR."

No trainer depends on any such interference; in fact, he takes it for granted that, if he is attacked and thrown, the other beasts in the cage will join in the onset. The fellowship of animal for animal in the bonds of slavery is stronger than that of animal for man. Once in the cage, the trainer is alone among vastly superior forces that may at any moment become hostile.

Let us consider the education of a two-

year-old lion who has just been established in his quarters after a sea voyage from the coast of Africa, and has begun to feel the cheering effect of his improved circumstances. Presumably he is looking about him with some curiosity as to what is coming next. Already he has become accustomed to regard the approach of men as an indication of feeding time; consequently he is inclined to honour the human being with his approval on general principles. To his cage comes the trainer, and speaks to him in soothing tones. Leo regards him without any evidence of perturbation. The trainer, after talking to



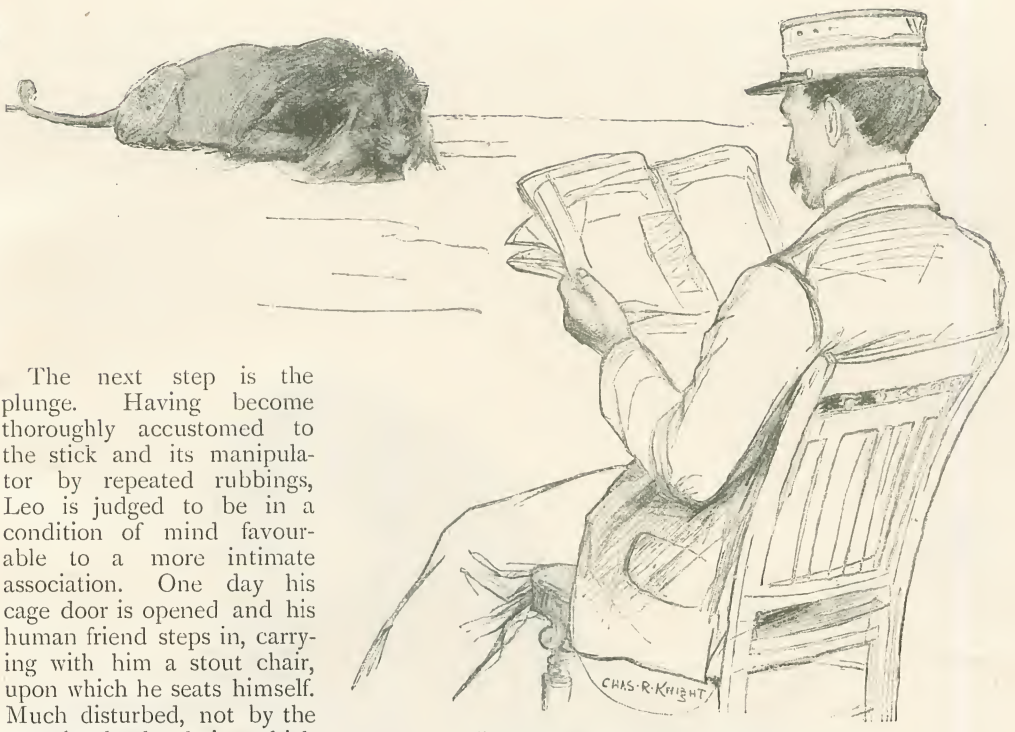
"HE FEELS IT GENTLY RUBBED ALONG HIS NECK AND BACK."

him for a few minutes, throws him a savoury strip of meat, and loiters around the cage for an hour or more before he goes.

The next day he is back again, and the same performance is repeated. By the third day Leo, being of average intelligence, recognises his voice when he comes to the cage—it is always the voice that a lion recognises first, for which reason a trainer invariably speaks to his animals upon approaching them—and, if he is in pretty good humour, purrs. That is the signal for the next step in the acquaintanceship. The trainer pokes a broomstick between the bars.

This invasion is more than Leo bargained for, however. He draws back, growls, and, thrusting out a huge paw, pins the intruding object to the floor; then drags it into the cage, the trainer offering no resistance. Perhaps the lion contents himself with knocking the stick about a bit and growling at it, having ascertained that it is harmless; or perhaps he crunches it between his terrible teeth. At any rate, no sooner has he disposed of it to his satisfaction, and settled down again, than another stick appears, and the quiet voice that he has learned to recognise is heard outside. Very likely Leo pulverizes that intruder, too; but the broom sections persist, until he wearies of trying to make toothpicks out of such a quantity of lumber, and permits one of them to be laid on his back without protest.

Behold, now, a wonderful matter to the illuminated mind of Leo, for not only is there no harm in this piece of wood, but it is an agency for the increase of happiness. He feels it rubbed, gently rubbed, along his neck and back, and from a dubious and somewhat timid frame of mind passes to serene content, which he announces by loud purrings. There is nothing a lion so loves as grooming.



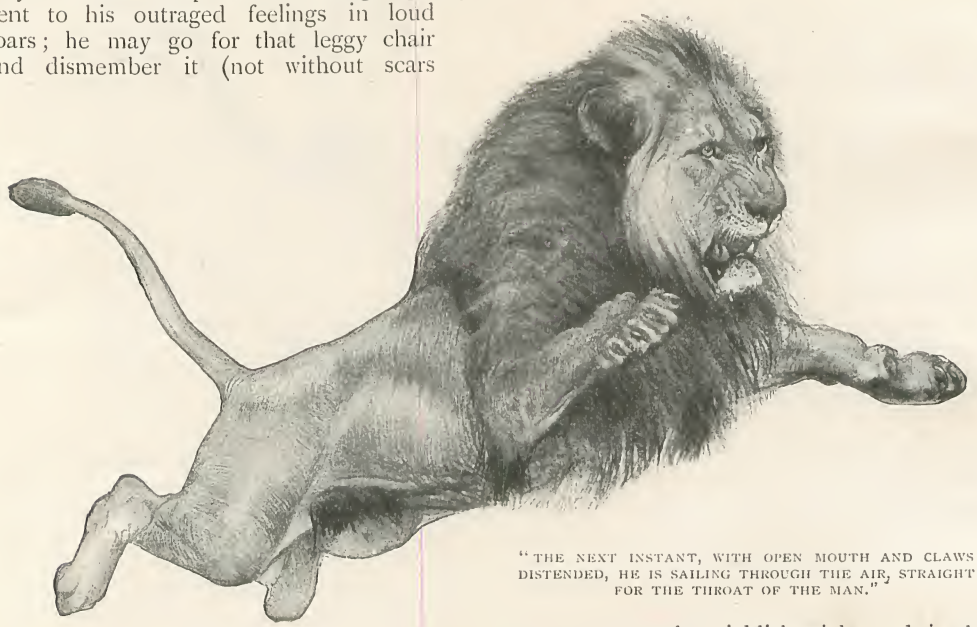
"THE TRAINER SITS QUIETLY READING A PAPER."

The next step is the plunge. Having become thoroughly accustomed to the stick and its manipulator by repeated rubbings, Leo is judged to be in a condition of mind favourable to a more intimate association. One day his cage door is opened and his human friend steps in, carrying with him a stout chair, upon which he seats himself. Much disturbed, not by the man, but by the chair—which is beyond his comprehension—the lion retreats to the far corner of the cage, and crouches there growling. The trainer sits quietly reading a paper, and casting glances at the lion from the corner of his eye. Thus the situation remains for a couple of hours; then the man and his chair depart as they came, and Leo is left to think it over.

Upon their reappearance the next morning he has very likely reached the conclusion that the matter will stand a little investigation, and he approaches cautiously. The trainer stretches out toward him the same stick from which he has experienced that pleasant grooming; but in its new surroundings it rouses his quick distrust and he retreats to his corner. Alarm begets wrath. It is feline nature to dissemble that wrath until the moment of action. Leo does not growl or lash his tail. The growling lion is not to be feared, and the lashing tail is not, as commonly supposed, an indication of anger, but of good humour. Watch the tail of a cat when you are scratching her head, and you will see. It is when the tail stands out straight and rigid that the trainer begins to think of retreat. Leo's tail becomes an iron bar. Perhaps the trainer is warned in time to slip out at the door; perhaps not until so late that he knows he will not have the opportunity. Leo glances aside carelessly, and the next instant, with open mouth and claws distended, he is sailing through the air, straight for the throat of the man, his 800lb. of sinew and muscle inspired by all the ferocity of fear and hate.

The man who will not have foreseen that terrific onset, holding himself ready for it, has no business with wild animals, and will, in all probability, never again attempt any dealings with them. Upon his agility now depends his life. That chair was not brought in merely for comfort. It is the best defence possible to the lion's spring. Swift and apparently unpremeditated as the leap has been, the man has seen the tenseness of the muscles that preceded it, and before the animal has reached him the stout legs of the chair are bristling between them. Here is another problem for Leo. This unknown thing has suddenly assumed an unexpected and possibly deadly significance. Snarling, he drops on his haunches and claws at the barrier. Out from behind it springs a stick—the same old stick of his pleasurable memories, but turned to what base uses now, for it flicks him soundly on the tip of the nose, where a lion keeps all his most sensitive feel-

ings! Again it lands, and the chances are ten to one that two blows on that tender spot are enough. Howling with grief and rage, Leo ceases to claw the chair, an unsatisfactory proceeding at best, and retires to his corner, not a little chopfallen. By the time he has had leisure to consider the strange occurrence the trainer is out of the cage, leaving the chair behind. Now Leo may do any one or more of several things, according to the measure of his emotions. He may glower and sulk in his corner; he may rant and ramp about his cage, giving vent to his outraged feelings in loud roars; he may go for that leggy chair and dismember it (not without scars to his own hide, probably), or he may settle down to think the thing over calmly, and conclude that he has made a fool of himself by getting angry and trying to destroy things before he found whether there was any harm in them or not. Eventually, in the great majority of cases, he will come to the last conclusion; possibly passing through all the other phases as intermediate steps to wisdom.

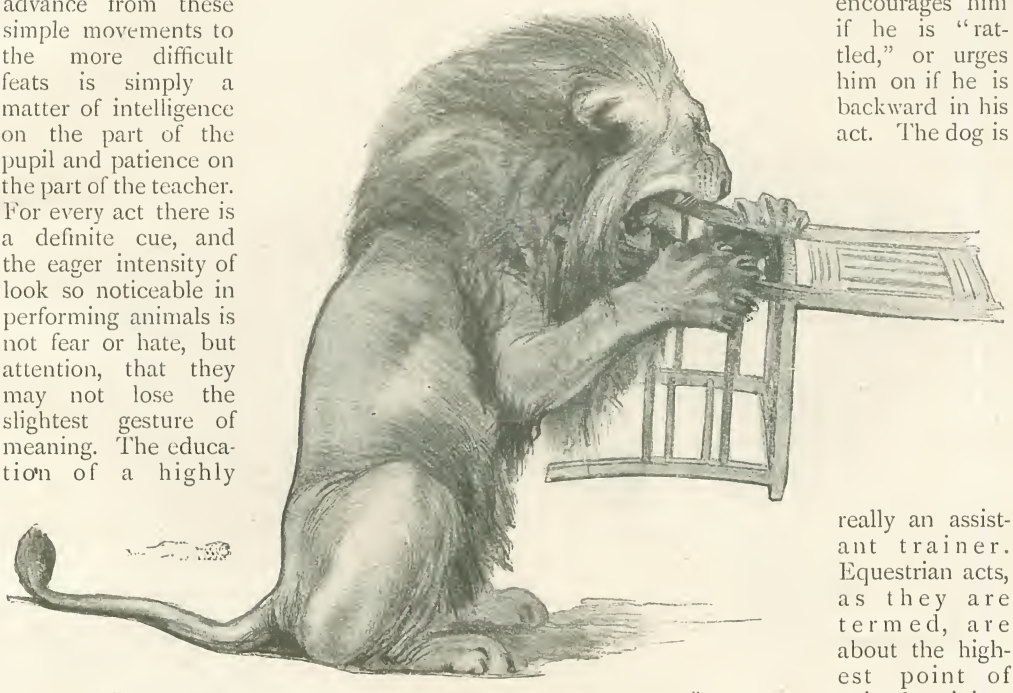


"THE NEXT INSTANT, WITH OPEN MOUTH AND CLAWS DISTENDED, HE IS SAILING THROUGH THE AIR, STRAIGHT FOR THE THROAT OF THE MAN."

Let us suppose now that the Leo of our consideration has slept on the problem, and concluded to be sensible by the next morning. His repentant frame of mind is shown, when his trainer appears, by the purr with which he responds to the invariable greeting. Into the cage steps the man with his chair and his stick. No longer militant, but still somewhat timid, the animal keeps over in his corner. Little by little the man edges the chair over until he is within reach; then he begins to rub the lion with his stick. Little by little he decreases the distance still more by shortening his grasp on the stick, until finally he has his hand on Leo's shoulder and is petting him. This is the second great step in advance: the lion has learned to endure the touch of the human hand. Not only does he endure it; he likes it, for few animals are indifferent to petting. Day by day the trainer familiarizes the lion with his presence and touch; rubbing his back, stroking his shoulders, raising his paws—a somewhat ticklish trial—and, in the course of a fortnight after first entering the cage, if the animal be of fairly good temper, so accustoming Leo to the human presence that all alarm and overt enmity have been eradicated.

Beginning at this point, the education of an animal is simply getting him into certain habits of action, each one of which is intimately connected with something he sees or uses. The pupil, when he sees the paraphernalia of his performance, knows exactly what is expected of him, and in time will come to do it readily. The successful performance of all trained animals depends upon this almost instinctive following of long-established habit, together with the pleasure the exercise gives to animals habitually confined in small cages. To the ordinary tricks of following the cues given him by his trainer the pupil is trained by being drawn with ropes from one end of the cage to the other,

or upon his hind feet in response to a toss of the master's hand. Then he is taught to jump over a board laid in his cage, and as the board is raised he leaps higher, until he is gradually brought to the point of a five-barred gate. The advance from these simple movements to the more difficult feats is simply a matter of intelligence on the part of the pupil and patience on the part of the teacher. For every act there is a definite cue, and the eager intensity of look so noticeable in performing animals is not fear or hate, but attention, that they may not lose the slightest gesture of meaning. The education of a highly trained beast extends to the smallest action, even those which seem the least premeditated. His growling, his roar of apparent rage, the unsheathing of the murderous claws, and the swinging stroke at the stick that taps him—all these are in obedience to commands unsuspected by the audience.



"SNARLING, HE DROPS ON HIS HAUNCHES AND CLAWS AT THE BARRIER."

One of the most tedious tricks to teach, and successful when once learned, is the see-saw performed by several animals. At first they are greatly alarmed by the shifting foundation beneath their feet; but when they have acquired confidence they are as eager for the fun as so many children, and come running and hustling each other at the call to reach the board first. The great difficulty of teaching animals of different kinds to perform together is not generally understood by the public, which fails to appreciate the fact that the lion associating amicably with the leopard is trained to forget his own nature. Great Danes and boarhounds are often used to perform with lions, but not for the protection of the trainer, as is popularly supposed, as the weakest lion could destroy the largest dog with one tap. The dog is useful because of his intelligence and his friendly instincts toward other animals. He is usually on excellent terms with the lion, and encourages him if he is "rattled," or urges him on if he is backward in his act. The dog is really an assistant trainer. Equestrian acts, as they are termed, are about the highest point of animal training, for both the animal who rides and the animal who is ridden must be educated to go through the performance without alarm.

How readily the best-trained felines learn is illustrated by an event which occurred at Atlanta several years ago. A menagerie showing there had advertised extensively a feat of equestrianism by a lion. At the last moment the lion "went bad," that is, became vicious, and there was no equestrian act on the opening night. The public grumbled, and the newspapers said unpleasant things. There was danger of a popular outbreak, and the head trainer of the show decided that there should be an equestrian act, if the term "equestrian" can be properly used where an elephant is the steed.

He took a three-year-old lion of exceptional intelligence, and started in early one morning to teach him to ride the elephant. First he trotted him around the ring with the elephant and a big boarhound who acted as assistant. After the pachyderm and the feline had got over their mutual distrust to some extent the

lion was taken up on a platform and lured upon the broad back of the elephant by strips of raw meat. There, however, at an eminence of 7ft. 6in. from the ground he became nervous, and dug a claw into the thick hide, the better to maintain himself. Such are the muscles on an elephant's back that it is said he can shake a flea off any part of it. This elephant shook, and the lion shot off as if a catapult had been sprung at any moment from the slightest causes. An accident at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, in Paris, has become part of the annals of the show business. The chief feature of the exhibition was a "turn" consisting of the casting of a young woman securely bound into a cage of lions, heralded as being the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of man-eaters.

Unfortunately, the woman who had the "thinking part" of the victim was taken

"HE RETIRES TO HIS CORNER, NOT A LITTLE CHOPFALLEN."

under him. Feline agility brought his paws under him before he reached earth, but he was much shaken and alarmed. Naturally, he sought to sneak away; but the boar-hound headed him off, barking encouragingly, and the lion came back. This time the elephant was swathed in thick cloths. Over and over again the lion was made to mount the elephant and ride, and on the following day the act was produced before a big audience, and—though the elephant was nervous, and the lion was more nervous, and the trainer almost had nervous prostration—the performance went off beautifully. But not with one lion in twenty could such a result have been achieved.

More animals are lost to the stage through fear than through viciousness. The show people dread a timid lion, tiger, or leopard, not only because in its panic it is likely to injure the trainer, but because it is unreliable, and may take fright and spoil a performance ill, and a substitute was found in the wife of one of the trainers, herself a trainer of some experience, but without any acquaintance with these particular six lions. As she was somewhat nervous she carried a small club ready for use should occasion arise. Amid the breathless silence of the spectators the ring-master explained the ferocious nature of the lions and the terrible risk of the woman, and she was thrust in at the cage door. In the excitement of the occasion the door was not securely shut after her. No sooner was she fairly inside than the six monarchs of the jungle, seeing that a strange person had been forced upon them, raised a chorus of shuddering terror, bolted for the cage door, clawed it open, and, with dragging tails and cringing flanks, fled out through a rear entrance and found refuge in a cellar, whence they were dislodged only after great difficulty. It was a week before the "ferocious man-eaters" were sufficiently

recovered from their terrors to reappear in public. Animals so timid that confidence cannot be inspired in them are not used for any of the higher-class performances, but are employed only for the simple "sensational acts," which often catch the public quite as much as the more difficult feats, but which require little education of a definite sort. In this category are included running around in a circle to the cracking of a whip, jumping over bars and through hoops, and even leaping through blazing hoops. For all of these feats the animal need only be driven, not led. His fears will supply the motive. Such animals are never punished by chatisement; a harsh word is enough, and the great danger is that it may prove too much. It is a matter requiring from the trainer a high degree of tact. Nor are the bolder felines whipped or clubbed to anything like the extent that is popularly supposed to be the case. Only when they are stubborn or show fight do they suffer. "Do not punish until you have to; then punish hard," is the training maxim. The apparent lashes with the whip given during performances, and greeted with savage growlings from the beasts, are mere pretences, part of the daily programme, and known to the subjects as such. Expert, indeed, with the whip must the trainer be, for if one of those sweeping blows should go wrong and land where it hurt some one of his animals there might well be a variety of trouble—not impossibly an attack; almost certainly a fit of sulks on the part of the beast struck, while doing his best, that would put an end to further endeavour by him that day.

After the animal has learned his lesson and become expert in his performance there still remains the test of a public exhibition. This is always a matter of anxiety for the trainer, as animals suffer from stage fright. The sight of the crowd is likely to distract them and draw their attention from the trainer, so that they lose their cues. Once thoroughly accustomed to the atmosphere of the stage they seem to find in it a sort of intoxication not unknown to a species higher in the organization of Nature. In talking with many men who have put animals on the stage I have not found one who does not state positively that his subjects are affected by the attitude of an audience: that they are stimulated by the applause of an enthusiastic house, and perform laxly before a cold audience. Music is a stimulus to them. In many cases it is their principal cue, and without the strains of the band they are uncertain and unhappy. It is not long since the band of an animal show went on strike in the middle of a performance, and left. Three trained tigers were the next number on the programme after the defection of the musicians. When they came on they looked inquiringly about for the music, and, in its absence, two of them squatted down on their haunches and positively declined to go on. The third, who was of less experience in the profession, made a feeble start and then joined his companions on strike. Beating was of no avail. No music, no performance, was obviously the motto of those tigers; and they stuck to it through good and evil case—principally evil, as they got a severe thrashing before being driven off in disgrace to their cages.

In association with animals of the feline species there is an ever-present element of danger, no matter how well trained they may be. Every time the trainer in the cage turns his back he risks his life—not a great risk, to be sure, but still there is the chance of death in a stroke. Yet it is impossible to keep the eye on half-a-dozen animals in one cage, and the man must trust to the good temper of his subjects constantly. Many beasts—and this is particularly true of lions—leap at the bars of the cage in a frenzy of rage the moment the trainer leaves them, as if furious that they had let him out alive; yet the next time he enters they are completely under his dominion none the less. So excellent is the effect of this fury upon the thrill-demanding public that now lions are trained to this very trick.

What the trainer most dreads is that inexplicable change of temperament on the part of the animal known in the parlance of the menagerie as "going bad." It may come in the nature of a sudden attack, or it may be of slow and traceable progress. Sometimes it lasts but a short time, and again it will remain the permanent characteristic of the creature, in which case he is relegated to the lone cage to pass the rest of his life in comparative obscurity, for the hardiest trainer will not attempt to work with a brute in this condition of bloodthirstiness. Lions are likely to go bad about the tenth year of life; tigers two or three years earlier. The tiger is the dread of the profession when he reaches this condition, because he is more likely to go into a frenzy without warning; and once "gone bad" his heart is set on murder, and he will leap for any man within reach, whether in or out of the cage, and when his teeth are on the bone nothing short

THE SECOND GREAT STAGE: THE LION HAS LEARNED TO ENDURE THE TOUCH OF THE HUMAN HAND.

of fire will impel him to relinquish his hold. Usually an old trainer can detect the symptoms of this curious ailment. It seems to be somewhat in the nature of a psychical disease, and other animals recognise it and shun the affected one. A trainer never thinks of fighting an animal in this condition. If attacked, his one object is to defend himself until he has a chance to escape from the cage and as soon as possible to segregate the sufferer from his fellows.

More minor injuries in the training business are received without evil intent on the part of the animal than in any other way. For instance, the lion is a clumsy brute at best, and is at any time liable to misplace a paw armed with claws that could not be more effective if they were fashioned from so much chilled steel. If that paw scrapes along the leg of the trainer the unlucky man goes to the hospital. Again, what begins by accident may be turned to murderous account by the animals. The most perilous thing a man can do in a cage of wild animals is to lose his footing, for it is more than likely that the moment he falls the animals, by some course of reasoning peculiar to themselves, will conclude that his power is gone and will spring upon him. An English trainer was almost torn to pieces once because of a pair of stiff boot-tops that he wore. One of his tigers slipped, and swept a reaching claw around to the man's leg. It was a purely accidental blow, and the tiger, alarmed, sought to get away; but the keen claws had sheared through the stiff leather, and in endeavouring to extricate them the animal threw his master down. Quick as a flash the two other tigers in the cage were upon the prostrate trainer; and but for the prompt

action of an assistant, who sprang into the cage and beat them over the noses with a heavy bar, the man would never have come out alive. It is a vital article in the code of every good trainer never to lose his temper at an accident of this kind, or to punish the innocent cause of it.

Sometimes a flash of anger on the part of the animal, not directed at the trainer particularly, but just a sort of let-off for an overcharged temper, may be the cause of injury. At Philadelphia recently I had an illustration of how terrible a blow a jaguar can strike, though, fortunately, in this case the damage was entirely to inanimate objects. The animal, a magnificent female, had been rehearsing some fancy leaping from shelf to shelf, and as a finale was to jump from a shelf about 7ft. high to a wooden ball some 10ft. distant, and maintain herself upon the ball, a most difficult and attractive feat. The graceful creature measured the distance carefully with her eye, and stretched her lithe neck out toward the goal for a few moments before essaying the leap. Then she launched herself. That leap was a study in beauty of form and grace of motion; but there was a slight miscalculation. The jaguar clung for a moment to the oscillating sphere; then fell to the ground, landing on her feet in a crouching posture. Swifter than the eye could follow there was a motion of the paw—what in the prize-ring would be called a left jolt, I should think—and that wooden ball, weighing at least 20lb., sailed across the cage and hit the bars with an impact that shook the structure like an earthquake, frightening the pair of lions and the leopard who shared the cage almost out of their wits. As for the jaguar, she glared fiercely around to see if the other animals were laughing, but, seeing no evidences of mirth, slunk away to one side, where she examined her paw with an appearance of solicitude, listening meantime to the rebukes of the trainer with obvious confusion. It is the possibility that at any moment a blow of that calibre may land on him which preserves the trainer from danger of *ennui* when engaged with his pets.

Frank C. Bostock, who by virtue of many years of experience in handling wild animals of all kinds has come to be a sort of adviser and coach of animal trainers, says that in a very large percentage of cases injuries suffered from trained animals are the fault of the trainer. "Inexperience and carelessness are the great factors in accidents of this kind," says Mr. Bostock. "The average young trainer is too likely to forget that every one of the big cats has five mouths, as one may say: one in his head, and four more at the ends of his paws, and each of those mouths is capable of inflicting terrible injury. However, we do not place an animal in the list of bad animals unless he makes a direct and full attack. Striking at the trainer with the paws amounts to little; it may be even accidental. It is the spring that counts. Every trainer expects to be clawed somewhat. It may lay him up for a while, but he doesn't lay it up against the beasts. [Mr. Bostock's own arms, legs, breast, and back are elaborately tattooed with testimonials from his feline friends of past years.] But the beast that springs must be beaten into submission, or the trainer must escape from the cage as soon as possible. If the animal really means business it is the man's part to get out, for no man can stand against the strength of a lion or tiger or the wonderful agility of a leopard. The best defence against a charging lion or tiger, if one has only a club, is to strike the animal on the nose, hitting up from under; but this is by no means an easy thing to do, as the creature will dodge and block with a degree of skill that would do credit to a champion of the ring. Meantime, however, the man can have been edging into a position favourable to escape. The felines jump for the throat, and an agile man, if he sees that the animal is going to leap, can avoid the onset and get in a blow that may send his assailant cringing to the other end of the cage. No man who is not agile has any business with these brutes. If knocked down, the man's only chance is to struggle to the bars and raise himself; for, on his feet, he has a chance of controlling the animals; down, he is completely at their mercy, and they have no fear or respect for him. The minute his body touches the floor he ceases to be the master.

"A number of bad accidents that have come under my notice have been ascribable to drunkenness on the part of the victims. A half-drunken fellow goes into the cage with a desire to show off his mastery over the animals, and, cursing and swearing at them, puts them through their paces without let-up. Every animal knows when he is being overworked, and there is nothing he resents more bitterly. The animals endure being 'put upon' for a time; then, the first thing the trainer knows, one of them has him pinned, and if he gets out alive it is more than he deserves. One must bear

constantly in mind the possible effect of his course of action upon the animals he is handling, and the construction which their reasoning, or instinct, or whatever you choose to call it, is likely to put upon his acts. I had a severe illustration of that in Kansas City recently. Owing to an error on the part of the workmen Madame Pianka's large cage was misplaced, and I found that her lions would have to perform in a smaller one. This change of stage-setting is one of the things that performing animals particularly hate, and she had a good deal of trouble with them.

"Finally she got them all working in the smaller cage except one lioness, usually a good subject, who chanced to be sulky that day. Coaxing wouldn't move her, so I was appealed to and went into the cage. After some difficulty I got her majesty to go over her jumps all right, and I kept her hustling around the ring pretty lively to take some of the temper out of her. In my hand I held a riding-whip, and, just for a flourish, I tapped it smartly on the ground. There was no sense in the action, and if I had thought twice I wouldn't have done it. Twenty feet away from me, near Madame Pianka, the lioness's mate was standing, watching me with dubious eyes. Probably he thought, when I tapped the whip on the ground, that I was laying it on the lioness. Anyway, he covered the 20ft. in one bound and pinned me through the fleshy part of the thigh. Down I went. The lion picked me up and carried me over to Madame Pianka for her approval. She had in her hand the revolver which she uses in her act, and she fired the blank charge close to the lion's ear, at the same time catching him around the neck. That was one of the poses in his act, and fortunately it caught his mind, and the force of habit brought him to instant obedience. He relaxed his hold, giving me a chance to get to my feet, and I ran him around the cage three or four times just to show him that I was still master, and then went to bed. The teeth hadn't touched the bone, and I was up and around in three weeks. By the way, there is nothing in the theory that a lion's bite is poisonous. I have been bitten seven times by felines, and the wounds have always healed without any complications."

In talking with Mr. Bostock and other trainers of animals I have found that all of them mention judgment, good temper, physical agility, and magnetism as the requisites for successfully training wild animals; but first, last, and all the time, patience—absolute, unwearying, indestructible patience. Not one of them mentioned that quality which would first suggest itself to the lay mind in this connection—courage. I suppose they took it for granted that a man who set himself to that career would naturally possess courage. The questions naturally arise: "How does it happen that enough persons follow this perilous pursuit to fill the demand? Whence came these animal trainers, and why do they take this line of work?" In the majority of cases they come to it by association or heredity.

The pay of a successful trainer is good; and if he owns his beasts, as is often the case, he can be sure of a good income. Then, too, there is the fascination of danger endured in the public eye. They are a hard-working lot, these people; and their courage, desperate as it must seem to the onlooker, is not of the foolhardy sort. Many of them take even a pessimistic view of the chances of the profession, borne out pretty well, however, by the mortality records; and they understand what the public does not know—this is true of all the other great cats, as well as of the lion kind—that the trained lion is a product of science, but the tame lion is a chimera of the optimistic imagination, a forecast of the millennium.

ASLEEP.

A Case for Judgment.

By Harold White.

I.

THIS Lordship was summing up. His spectacles glistened and the bridge of his nose shone as he proceeded with his mental exertions, marking his points with the butt-end of a dessert-knife on the dining-room table.

"So far, then, from there being apparent in the young man any signs of assiduity and attention to his studies, I have observed nothing but an extreme laxness and reluctance to do anything useful whatsoever. So far from his appearing to possess any interest or liking for the law of the land, his whole course of conduct seems more likely to lead to the violation of it. Nor are his natural abilities (Effie, do not trifle with the table-silver!)—nor are his natural abilities calculated to win him success in a profession requiring mental acumen and logical faculties of no mean order. And what do we see to counterbalance deficiencies as serious as these to a young man who has to make his way in the world? His manner (Effie, it is very unlucky—I mean extremely untidy—to upset the salt)—his way of speaking to persons whose age and position should command respect has on occasions been most displeasing to me, most displeasing. He comes here day after day unasked——"

"No, I ask him," broke in the elder of his two daughters, who formed the audience.

"So do I," chirped in Effie, the younger.

"Then I am ashamed that daughters of mine should have so lost their sense of womanly reserve as to take the initiative."

"Oh, don't be silly, papa! You're not in court," interrupted Agnes.

"Agnes, I will not be browbeaten," continued the judge, with some additional warmth, as he fixed his undutiful offspring with a glance over his spectacles. "In spite of your unseemly interruptions, I bid you remember that I disapprove of that young man—I disapprove of him altogether, and I won't have him in the house."

"But——" remonstrated Agnes.

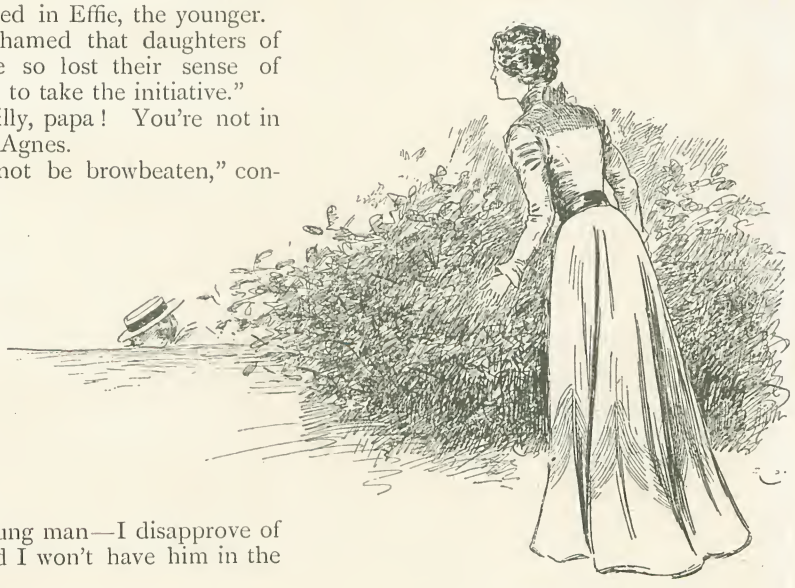
"I tell you again that I will not have my authority questioned in my own court-house. Remember, that my word is law."

"Sometimes," said Agnes, beating a retreat in the wake of the flying Effie.

The judge looked angrily at the closing door. It is not pleasant to be reminded that your decisions are frequently criticised and sometimes reversed. He turned his wrathful gaze on the port wine decanter, but finding that it only winked at him in the setting sun he pronounced judgment on another glass. Having come to the conclusion that its slight murkiness was partly due to the contributory negligence of the butler, he dismissed it and turned his mind to the gratifying reflection that in matters domestic there was no superior Court.

The same reflection was in Agnes's mind, though there it did not appear as at all gratifying, and if you had met her as she walked across the lawn you would have summed her up as an exceedingly nice-looking girl, with, unfortunately, a somewhat discontented and petulant expression. It was no good for Effie, who was walking beside her, to whisper all the evil counsels which arose naturally in her fifteen-year-old head. There was no getting over papa, once he had said a thing. Charlie must go back to town.

The lawn sloped down to the river, and a turn round a clump of rhododendrons



"THE STRAW HAT WAS THE LODESTAR."

brought into view a straw hat on a level with the bank's edge. The sight at once sent Effie flying tactfully homewards, for the straw hat was the lodestar to guide Agnes's lagging footsteps.

A nearer view showed that the lodestar was tilted over a nose slightly peeled by the sun and a cheek which bore no signs of the student's pallor.

Indeed, though the long vacation had not long begun, and though the "tyros" of the Bar, such of them at all events as had any title to be called "earnest young men," were still in town with blue bags agape for any crumbs that might fall from the great men's tables, Mr. Charles Tamworth's chambers had not known him for some considerable time. It was not that arduous labours during the term necessitated rest and relaxation, for his table had been empty of briefs, nor that his command of legal intricacies was so great as to make it unnecessary for him to hold himself in preparation, for he was profoundly ignorant of all branches of the law. No, he was here simply because, being twenty-seven years of age, with a taste for golfing, fishing, and other idle pursuits, it seemed good to him to be here. Besides, the discontented and petulant expression I have alluded to was merely momentary and accidental, and but for that you would hardly wish to see a prettier face than that of Agnes.

With what followed from the moment that Mr. Tamworth threw his cigarette into the river, and endangered his life by jumping out of his Canadian canoe, till the judge's daughter turned the rhododendron clump, this history is not concerned. Had the judge himself been a witness of the scene it might have moved him from his stern resolve. On the other hand, it might not.

That there had been such an interview he was enabled to gather from the gloomy looks and the monosyllabic conversation to which he was treated during the two or three following days. In fact, so gloomy were the looks and so monosyllabic was the conversation that, with the best of intentions of seeing the thing through with bland composure, he began to cast about for some way of retreat from a domestic atmosphere which had become both worrying and wearisome.

And so it happened that one morning he looked up from his correspondence and, with an exclamation of annoyance, announced that he was obliged to run up to town, and feared that he might be detained there for a day or two.

The remark was treated with what was now the usual gloomy silence. Now, man—including even judges—is a social animal, and likes to give a good impression when he is going away.

"Have you any commissions for me, my dear?" he exclaimed, in as cheery a tone as he could summon.

Agnes looked up with lack-lustre eyes, and there was that in her voice which seemed to say that it would be by the merest chance that anything earthly could interest her again. Still there *was* a chance.

"I should like some books, if you will be good enough to bring them," she said.

"What kind of books?" asked the judge.

"Novels," she answered, as though books on political economy would do equally well. "Ask the man for anything that has not got a happy ending."

"I should like some sweets," said Effie, with not quite such a successful assumption of the part of a person who does not care a bit. "Chocolates and peppermint creams."

"A new tennis-net is wanted badly," suggested Agnes, who could still have a care for the pleasures of others.

"How I wish I had another racquet," added Effie, somewhat tentatively, with a thought of pleasures of her own.

"And if you are passing Edwards's, I should be much obliged if you would ask for my brooch, which is being mended, and bring it home with you," said Agnes. However cruel and unjust a parent may be, there is no reason why he should not pay one's little bills.

"Yes, yes," said the judge, somewhat hurriedly; "and now, good-bye, my dears. I must be off."

And so the judge, after receiving two frigid kisses on his clean-shaven cheek, set out for the station, and until he arrived at Stuckley Junction nothing of the least importance happened to him. With regard to what happened afterwards I must say that I sincerely sympathize with him, if one may sympathize with a judge without impertinence. He was largely the plaything of circumstances, or rather the victim of that unseen Puck who still exists and prosecutes his malicious purpose of making middle-aged gentlemen of dignity and position appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world. And then, how large, how out of all true proportion, loom the follies of the great!

It was at the moment that he set foot at Stuckley Junction that his misfortunes—not recognised as such at the time—began to assail him. "Too late" is the label of many

things, and it is not infrequently applicable to trains supposed to run in connection. The train from which the judge had just alighted had earned the title by a generous twenty minutes. To miss a train by half a minute is more than exasperating, but for some reason, which I have never been able to understand, to miss one by anything approaching half an hour is a thing easy to be borne. And so it was still with a beneficent expression that the judge cast his eye along the sunny platform.

Apparently he had but three companions in misfortune, and two of them, with the Briton's ready resource, were crossing the road towards the Railway Inn. The third engaged the judge's eye. A degree of short-sightedness did not prevent him from seeing that she was a young lady of what is described as a prepossessing appearance. Very trim was her tailor-made dress, very smart was her hat, very neat were her little brown boots, and very captivating was the way she had done her hair. At the moment she was somewhat feebly driving home an attack on a porter who had entrenched himself behind three portmanteaus.

It appeared from the lady's tearful expostulations, and from the few intelligible words which sprinkled the porter's dialect, that these were not enough, and that there was still another—the most treasured of the lady—whirling on to goodness knows where in the train which had just departed. It was not, one may believe, so much the fascination of the lady's appearance as the characteristic desire to set the world in general right which drove the judge to proffer his services to the dame in distress. The services accepted, he deftly cross-examined the porter without falling into the layman's error of turning him into a hostile witness, gave orders for the proper telegram to be sent to the proper person, and dismissed the man, who departed with a sort of feeling that he had received a large gratuity.

The judge then turned his beneficent countenance to the lady and spoke words of assurance. Gratitude beamed through two unshed tears in two pretty brown eyes, and a smile of appreciation of his services curved two pretty red lips. The judge was human. He entered into conversation with a courtesy which would have been wondrous to the Junior Bar, had they been there to see.

The fresh air that breathes through the Law Courts—or possibly the port of his fathers—had imparted a healthy ruddiness to the judge's cheek, and with his grizzled hair, and his check trousers, and his white waistcoat and spats, he looked, as it was his ambition and intention to look, the picture of a substantial country squire. Gangs of cardsharpers would hustle to travel with him—unless they had met him elsewhere. Ladies consulted him on a first acquaintance concerning the doings of their husbands. City men asked him the price of hay. The very squareness of his bowler hat inspired confidence. Small wonder, then, that the lady at once

"SHE WAS A YOUNG LADY OF PREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE."

became charmingly friendly and confidential.

The judge had to look at his watch twice to make sure that a whole hour had really passed, when the train steamed into the station. With a playful assurance that "People who cannot look after themselves ought to have someone to look after them," he stepped into the carriage after her.

"Do you really think that I am not capable of taking care of myself?" asked the lady, sinking back into the cushions and smiling. In spite of the two unshed tears over the lost portmanteau, she had something of a self-reliant air.

The judge asked, "Why should she, when it was a privilege for anyone else to do it for her?"

"I shall have to this afternoon, at all events," said the lady, "for I am going all by myself to beard a solicitor in his den."

"It is either a misfortune or a fault that leads a young lady to a solicitor's office," reflected the judge, and the tone in which he said "Indeed!" was a mixture between the grave and the frigid.

"Somebody has left me a little money," continued the lady, unconscious of the change of tone.

This time "Indeed!" was uttered in a voice of cheerful interest.

"But it is not only that that I want to see him about. I want to get out of an engagement," said the lady.

The judge lifted his eyebrows. Was the fair one then heartless? The fact that she had burst into a subject of some delicacy before a stranger argued a lack of something. It might be heart. He said "Indeed!" again. Then, beginning to think that there might be a certain amount of sameness about his conversation, he said, hesitatingly: "Is he then——?"

"He!" exclaimed the lady, with some surprise. "Oh, I see what you mean! But it isn't that at all. It is an engagement as a governess."

How was it that the judge felt a sense of relief that it wasn't that at all? It was quite unreasonable, of course, but possibly it arose out of a sense of rejuvenation which had come over him this morning. In fact, he felt so young that he thought it would do him good to have a governess himself. He even said something of the kind, but as he made such a muddle of it, and the lady took no particular notice, it would be ungenerous to set out the remark in detail.

"I thought I should like to get away from home and do something, and now I think I shouldn't," said the young lady. It was a sermon on femininity.

The judge felt that his last remark had scarcely been a success, and brushed aside his youth with a smile of benevolence as he said: "Perhaps I may be able to give you a little advice."

The lady looked up, delighted.

"Are you a solicitor?" she asked.

Ever since he left the Bar the judge had disapproved of solicitors, and said so in some one case or another once a day in court. Therefore it was in a tone of some asperity that he replied:—

"No," and then added: "But in spite of lacking that qualification my advice on legal matters may be of use to you"—as who should say, "By a stroke of extreme luck you have been entertaining an angel unawares."

"Perhaps I had better tell you something about it," said the young lady, and then, omitting names, commenced to state her case, which consisted largely of a disquisition on the dulness of life at home.

Then the judge, winnowing the chaff from the grain with the hand of a master, began a closely-reasoned and verbose decision on the case before him. Unfortunately the lady was not impressed. Of course she did not know that he was a judge; she only thought it was a pity that the old gentleman should try to talk about law when he was not a lawyer, and that he was beginning to be rather a bore. Unfortunately, too, just as the judge had gathered his harvest of facts, and was finding a niche for it among decided cases, the train slowed down and stole into the station, and the lady jumped up to look for her luggage.

The judge, however, with youthful alacrity was before her, and in spite of protestations fished out the three portmanteaus, found the lost one, and installed lady and luggage in a four-wheeled cab. Then it struck him that perhaps——but the cab was moving.

He had to walk by its side in order to squeeze the hand which was thrust through the window and say:—

"Perhaps I shall see you again?"

"Perhaps," was the answer he caught at the run.

The small glove was waved as the cab turned the corner, and then the judge cast his eye over the seething London station, and, curiously enough, felt lonely.

The streets of the Metropolis, as he walked them, had a strange air of desertion, too, it seemed. "Nobody in town!" was the phrase

"THE JUDGE BEGAN A CLOSELY-REASONED AND VERBOSE DECISION."

by which he explained the case, and yet he had nodded to a good score of men in St. James's and Pall Mall. There appeared to be a lack of life at the club also. He looked round the dining-room and wondered where the pleasure came in in dining in the company of thirty or forty old fogeys. "Old fogeys" were the words he mentally used. Then whist, when he came to think of it, was a game for octogenarians. A glance at the card-room was like a visit to the mummy-room at the British Museum. You see, even rejuvenation has its disadvantages. The judge was restless. He went to the theatre, and was much irritated to hear someone talking about the age of forty as being beyond the bounds of youth. "Stuff!" he said, as he left the theatre, and "Stuff!" he repeated as he went to bed.

The next morning he held a review of his clothes, and they did not find favour in his sight. They were too old-fashioned in cut altogether, he came to the conclusion, and went straightway to his tailor. Then he strolled into Shipwright's to have his hair cut and had his inch of whisker on either side removed. There is something very ageing about whiskers.

Issuing forth, he remembered that he had some commissions for his "little girls," as he called them. He ordered some novels for Agnes, and added two rather sporting "shockers" for himself. Then he went on to Fuller's for the sweets for Effie, and insisted on tasting them, to the merriment of the young lady behind the counter. Then to the jeweller's for the mended brooch, which he put in his coat-tail pocket, and so on towards the park.

With a swinging stick and tilted hat he stepped amid the lagging sportsmen and trim half-pay officers, and bestowed a benevolent interest on the passing strollers. Just, however, as he came opposite to the cab-shelter which rejoices in the title of "The Junior Turf," his eye espied that before him which dissolved his interest in mere passers-by, and set him going at a smarter pace. It was a trim figure preceding him by thirty yards or more, and there was something familiar about the poise of the head and the colour of the hair which added a youthful alacrity to the judge's progress, until he caught the figure up and found that it belonged to none other than his fellow-traveller of yesterday.

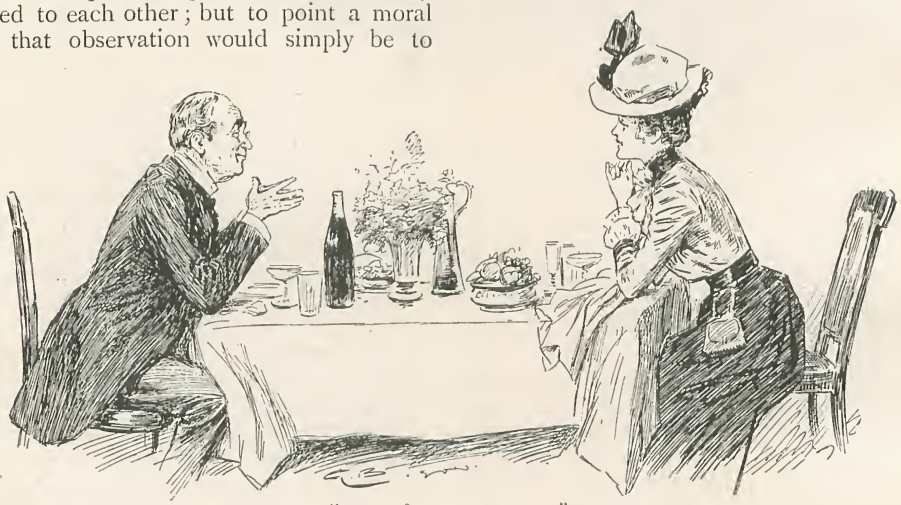
The judge had quite the feeling of being rather late for an assignation as he greeted her; and, the sight of him provoking twinges of conscience for having yawned through the old gentleman's well-meant but amateur endeavours to advise her, the lady forgave the unnecessary ardour of his hand-shake and gave him a smiling welcome.

What more natural than that they should stroll together into the park? What more natural, under the circumstances, than that there should escape from the lips of the judge certain vain sayings—*obiter dicta*—which could not by any manner of means be looked upon as judicial utterances? What more natural than that it should strike the judge at one and the same moment that he had not completed his views on her case, and that it was time for luncheon? Up to this point the most hole-picking finger may be defied to find a crevice in the judge's behaviour. Till now the voice of calumny must preserve its resentful silence. Who could object to a young lady being asked out to luncheon by a gentleman old enough to be her father, especially when the invitation is given with the kindliest intentions,

and with the sole object of his bestowing on her some good advice?

It is true that there might be observed in the judge's demeanour a greater degree of cordiality than is perceptible in the average father, but to say that is to indict the average father and not the judge. It is true that most parents, when lunching with their daughters, do not scan the wine list in search of the very best champagne, but to make that an objection is merely to remark upon the prevalence of parental stinginess.

It is true also that such an apparently pleasurable and gay party of two, as could be seen that day at Prince's, does not usually consist of persons paternally and filially related to each other; but to point a moral with that observation would simply be to say that, as a rule, father and daughter do not take sufficient trouble to entertain each other. No; up to almost the conclusion of luncheon all was as it should be.



"OF AGE? OF COURSE I AM."

Curiously enough, it was not till then that the judge bethought him of the decision he was going to give as to the lady's case, and it struck him that she might be hampered or aided by being a minor. Therefore he asked a question, which was quite a safe one to a lady with such a clear complexion and such a laughing pair of eyes.

"Of age? Of course I am," replied the lady. "Why, how old do you think I am to-day? I'll give you three guesses."

"Is to-day your birthday?" asked the judge.

"Yes. Now guess," said the lady.

Now it happened that the judge had half risen to put "just a fizz" on the lady's champagne, and when he resumed his seat he sat on something hard. It was the little packet from the jeweller's. It was then that that mischievous Puck, who had been following the judge about all day, flitted to his ear, and whispered as he passed, "You can get another for Agnes just like it," and by the mere quickness of the suggestion took him unawares. In a moment his hand had drawn the packet from his pocket, and he was smilingly presenting it to the lady as a little remembrance of her birthday.

A look of surprised amusement came over the lady's face; she said "She could not think of——" but the judge broke in with protestations that it was the merest trifle. The lady said that, of course, it was very nice of him, but—the judge averred that he would be seriously hurt at her refusal. The lady looked up with the sweetest smile and murmured—"Oh, well"—and as she did so her eye caught the clock.

"Is that really the time?" she cried, in amazement. "How can I get my things and catch my train?"

The judge, declaring that it must be quite early, looked round, and behind him he saw seated Mr. Charles Tamworth. That young man was looking, or rather looked, discreetly away, but a quiet smile played about his features.

The judge was embarrassed and angry. It struck him that it might be awkward in the family circle if that young man chose to fabricate perversions of the incident.

"Is it right?" asked the lady, hurriedly collecting her gloves and parasol.

"Yes, yes," said the judge, absent-mindedly. Things are so easily misunderstood.

The lady arose in haste and said :—

"Then I must hurry away at once. Thank you so much—for everything."

She smiled sweetly as she held up the little white packet.

"But, but," said the judge, collecting his scattered ideas, "where are you going to?"

"Why, my situation, of course," replied the lady, and was gone.

II.

It was thoughtless, or malicious, of Puck, after suggesting, in the first place, that brooches like the birthday present were easily obtainable, not to remind the judge of that fact again. Once during the afternoon the judge thought of it vaguely for himself, but put the buying off till the next day. The next day, however, a slump in Industrials dragged the judge up to the City, and the brooch straightway went out of his head altogether. And so it was that when he took the train homewards on the third day he was only possessed of an indistinct idea that he had left something or other behind him.

It is interesting to note that as he journeyed from town each succeeding mile stole something away from his youthful alacrity. It was with quite a middle-aged smile that he gazed on Stuckley Junction—this was a "through" train—and when he entered his library and summoned Miss Agnes he was as grave a picture of responsible paternity as you might wish to see.

Agnes entered, having made a careful *rechauffée* of the air of respectful resentment with which she had treated the judge before his departure.

Flinging herself wearily into a chair, she said, as though it did not matter :—

"The books arrived. Thank you."

The judge marked the intonation. He had allowed four days in which to clear the domestic atmosphere of their little disagreement, and he noted with displeasure this stupid persistence, as he considered it. Therefore, he felt it incumbent upon him to say something disagreeable.

"I suited your taste," he said, "as well as the divergence of my own from it would permit, and I can only regret that it is gratified by trashy and frivolous literature."

Agnes sighed as one having no heart for the conflict.

"I haven't opened the packet yet. Did you choose very silly ones?" she asked. "Effie was p'eased with the sweets," she continued.

"I am sorry now," said the judge, "that I indulged what must necessarily be an extremely unhealthy propensity."

"And my brooch?" pursued Agnes. "Did you call for my brooch?" But the judge apparently was not listening. He had taken up the Englishman's favourite position on the hearthrug, the "rostrum" for domestic orations, and was looking out of the window opposite. Suddenly a look of much perplexity relaxed the judicial severity of his aspect, and he made straight for the window.

Without on the lawn was Effie, and strolling by her side was someone whose trim figure and dark hair awoke in the judge a half-incredulous recognition.

"What—who is that?" he demanded.

Agnes sauntered to his side.

"Effie and her governess," she said, calmly.

"Her governess!" exclaimed the judge, in

"HE FELT IT INCUMBENT UPON HIM TO SAY SOMETHING DISAGREEABLE."

a tone which he felt had too much amazement in it.

"Yes, why are you so surprised?" asked Agnes, looking at him curiously. "You know that Aunt Emily has been looking for one for a month. You yourself asked her to. You can't pretend now——"

"My dear," said the judge, with dignified reproof, "I pretend nothing, nor, permit me to say, am I surprised. Perhaps, however, it would have been more in conformity with the position I occupy in this household if I had been informed of the young lady's arrival immediately on my return from town. It is—er—important, or perhaps I should say more becoming, that she should have an interview with myself before embarking upon her duties. Will you ask Miss——ahem, what is the young lady's name?"

"Johnson."

"Well, will you ask Miss Johnson if she would mind joining me here in the library? You might keep your sister Effie company." Agnes retired with remonstrance at being sent on an errand written in every line of her back, and the judge spent the next two minutes in an entirely unsuccessful attempt to frame in his mind a satisfactory method of commencing the interview.

Miss Johnson entered, and when she saw the lord of the house her eyebrows went up and a smile quivered in the corner of her mouth.

"You!" she exclaimed, in a tone of pleasurable surprise.

The judge's manner was not a success. He smiled also, but it was apparent that he was not pleased, and his hand-shake was both frigid and deprecating. His first remark, too, was something of a failure.

"Yes, me!" he said, and then coughed himself back to self-possession. "So you have entered upon the position the acceptance of which I gathered you regretted, and, curiously enough, it is one in my household."

"THE JUDGE'S MANNER WAS NOT A SUCCESS."

"Yes. Isn't it funny?" said the young lady.

"It is—er—curious," agreed the judge, and something of geniality found its way into his manner as he added: "But since you regretted accepting the position, and since it is in my house, there need be no difficulty in resigning it."

He rubbed his hands together and smiled, as he awaited the young lady's answer.

"Oh, but I have changed my mind," she said. "It is our privilege, you know. I think it will be nice."

The judge interposed, hurriedly. He did not think it would be nice.

"I am afraid that you think that your sudden departure might occasion us inconvenience. If so, please do not allow such a consideration to stand in your way."

"Really," said Miss Johnson, sweetly, "I

did not think my departure would have that effect at all. To tell you the truth, I was selfish enough not to be thinking of your convenience, but mine."

"But, my dear young lady," protested the judge, "the duties of a governess are not at all such as you might expect or find agreeable, and my daughter Effie is disposed to be a most trying child."

"Oh, you must not say that," said Miss Johnson; "I have taken such a liking to her. And I know quite well what a governess has to do. I used to have one myself."

The judge veered round and tried another tack. Assuming a more severe and parental air, he began:—

"I hope, Miss Johnson, that you will not misinterpret the question I am about to ask you, and take it as in any way reflecting on your mental abilities, but are you not somewhat young and inexperienced to undertake the responsible duties of training the youthful mind? I cannot—indeed, I must not—forget that I am a parent, and owe a duty to my children."

A pretty, puzzled look came over Miss Johnson's face.

"You see," she said, "Mrs. Hammond engaged me—she is your sister, is she not?—and she seemed to think that I was quite old enough. She said that Effie, being fifteen, wanted a companion as much as a governess. I should be quite suitable as a companion, should I not?"

The judge merely coughed. It was an embarrassing question.

"And you see," continued the young lady, "if I left immediately, Mrs. Hammond might think that her choice——"

"Yes, yes," said the judge, hastily. He stood rather in awe of his sister. She was a most difficult person to explain things to.

"Then you will give me a trial?" said Miss Johnson, smiling sweetly.

The judge bowed. "This is a most exasperating young lady," he thought, as he turned away. Then his eye lit on Effie in the garden, and a thought struck him which had the effect of clothing his next speech with a somewhat nervous suavity.

"Perhaps, Miss Johnson," he said, "perhaps, under the circumstances, it would be better if we met as absolute strangers, instead of appearing to be only partially in that category."

"Do you mean you want me to pretend that I haven't seen you before?" asked the young lady, with lifted eyebrows.

"Pretend!" exclaimed the judge. "Certainly not. Such an idea never entered my head. I merely suggest that it is unnecessary to recall the fact of our meeting, in conversation. I simply recommend a general ignoring of the subject."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it," said Miss Johnson.

It was evident from her manner that, owing to her feminine want of logic, she considered it a somewhat fine distinction. This did not make it any easier for the judge to approach a kindred subject—the brooch. However, it had to be done.

"And Miss Johnson," he began, "with regard to——"

But before the words "that brooch" were spoken, Agnes, who was not innocent of curiosity, had burst into the room. In her hand were two gaudy-looking novels, and she displayed the titles, "Won by a Blush" and "Tales of a Tipster."

"What on earth did they send these for, papa?" she asked. "Surely you did not order them for me?"

The judge, who felt that the acknowledgment that they were intended for his private reading would tend to shatter the air of parental responsibility with which it was necessary in the presence of Miss Johnson to surround himself, embarked upon the fatal course.

"They must have been sent by mistake," he remarked, in a tone of mild surprise.

"I'll write and tell them about it," said Agnes. "Miss Johnson, it is quite time to dress for dinner," she added, and bore the new governess off.

And so the judge was left to scheme for another opportunity of explaining that, under the circumstances, the existence of the brooch might also be ignored. Suppose she were to wear it and Agnes were to recognise it! It was a disturbing thought, and it sent the judge up to his dressing-room in hot haste, with the determination of being down in time to catch the first arrival in the drawing-room. With some satisfaction he reflected that his daughters were always late for dinner, and that a lady in the position of the governess was pretty certain to be in time.

By a mischievous coalition of chances, however, it was Agnes who first made her appearance.

"Oh, by-the-bye, papa," she said, as she entered, "you didn't tell me whether you fetched that brooch. If not, I'll write at once." The judge reflected what the answer would be if she wrote at once. He was a truthful man. He replied:—

"Yes, my dear, I fetched it."

"Well, where is it?" asked Agnes.

"Where?" repeated the judge, feeling that he had burnt his boats.

"Yes, where is it? Have you got it?" said Agnes.

"No, I—er—haven't got it with me just now," replied the judge.

"Is it upstairs? I'll fetch it," pursued Agnes.

"I don't think it's upstairs," said the judge.

"Well, in the library?"

"I don't think it's in the library." It was a very painful position for the judge. He began to think of the things he was in the habit of saying to hesitating witnesses.

"Well, where have you put it?" asked Agnes, puzzled.

"I haven't exactly put it anywhere," said the judge.

"But what have you done with it?" said Agnes, impatiently.

The judge reflected that a moment with Miss Johnson, if he could get it, would have the effect of putting the brooch out of sight, so he said:—

"Well, I've lost it."

"Then why couldn't you say so?" said Agnes. "How ever did you lose it? Ah, Miss Johnson," she continued, as the governess entered, "papa has been telling me that he has been very careless. He has lost——"

Suddenly the sentence stopped, and she looked, and the judge looked, at the particular spot on Miss Johnson's bodice where the demon of mischance had placed the subject of the conversation.

The silence that ensued was more profound than lengthy, for Effie entered, and dinner was announced at one and the same moment. In vain did the judge hurry Miss Johnson off with the hope of whispering a word in her ear. His daughters followed fast upon him. In vain, when they were seated, did he seek an opportunity of throwing her a glance of warning. Agnes's eagle eye was everywhere.

It was a most unpleasant meal. The judge, seeking grounds for what seemed an inevitable explanation and finding none, made remarks so absent-minded and disjointed that Effie could not restrain her giggles, and the butler exchanged winks of great significance with the footman. For instance, when asked whether he had seen anyone he knew in town the judge replied, "Nothing new," and when Miss Johnson inquired whether there was anything in the paper he said, "What paper?" Effie joined in what passed for the conversation and asked Miss Johnson whether she had broached the question of banjo lessons instead of the violin, and the judge said, "Whose brooch?" in quite an angry way, and then, catching the curious eye of Agnes, fell upon his cutlet with a fish-knife and remarked that it was tough.

At last, however—it was sooner really than usual—dinner came to an end and the ladies left the room, Effie with the ready affection of fifteen linking her arm in that of Miss Johnson, and Agnes following, with stern disapproval tightening her lips.

The judge gazed at the closed door and came to the conclusion that this was a case in which judgment should be reserved. He felt that without time he could not do justice to the situation, or, rather, that the situation

"THE DEMON OF MISCHANCE."

would not do justice to him. Time, however, he was not to have, for Agnes re-entered in grim silence.

"Papa," she said, eventually, "have you ever seen Miss Johnson before?"

The judge remembered with something of a pang that it had been arranged between them that he had not seen Miss Johnson before, and, reflecting that it might entail embarrassment and inconvenience to the lady if he threw over that arrangement now, he at once dismissed his merely selfish regard for truth, and, with true chivalry, replied that he had not.

"And you lost my brooch?" continued Agnes.

Had he not told her so just now?

"Then, papa," his daughter added, "Miss Johnson is a thief."

"My dear!" exclaimed the judge.

"A thief," repeated Agnes. "That brooch she had on at dinner was mine."

"How can you be sure of that?" replied the judge. "There must be a number of brooches of that sort in every jeweller's window." Puck had told him so.

"No, there aren't," said Agnes. "Mr. Powell had them made expressly for the bridesmaid's presents when Mary was married."

The judge thought that it was offensive originality on the part of Mr. Powell, but he said: "But it may have been one of the brooches belonging to another of the bridesmaids."

"No, it may not," persisted Agnes. "I had a sapphire put in where a diamond was lost, because they said it would come cheaper. It's mine; and Miss Johnson is a thief."

"But, my dear," expostulated the judge, "consider what you are saying. She may have found it."

"If you were to find a packet of jewellery, what would you do with it?" asked Agnes.

"Keep it," promptly replied the judge. It was an outrage to his inner convictions, but he felt that it was his duty.

"No, you wouldn't," said Agnes. "You would take it to the police-station. Besides, you can't have dropped it in the street. She must have seen it in the library and taken it?"

"Why?" said the judge.

"You've never come across her before. Where else could she have found it?"

"But, supposing, my dear," said the judge, "supposing for the sake of argument, she did —er—find the brooch. Why on earth should she wear it in this very house?"

"So that she might say it was her own."

The judge was somewhat dumfounded by this display of logic, and Agnes proceeded:—

"What do you call a person who takes a thing out of someone else's room and appropriates it?"

"A—a borrower, possibly," said the judge.

"Is that what the law calls him?" demanded Agnes.

"Under some circumstances, yes," replied her father. He tried to say it with as judicial an air as possible, but somehow he failed to be convincing.

"Then the law's an ass," said Agnes. "Besides, I don't believe it is the law. I'll ask Charlie."

It was not so much the setting-up of Charlie as a Court of Appeal as the remembrance of that young man's presence at a certain little lunch that produced the indignation with which the judge rose and confronted his daughter.

"Is that young man here?" he sternly demanded.

"No, he isn't here," replied Agnes. "He's outside—on the river. I told him he mustn't get out of the canoe."

"That is mere prevarication," said the judge, with righteous wrath. "I will be obeyed, so you will have the goodness to inform him to leave the vicinity of this house —and don't stay talking with him. I won't have it," he added, hastily.

"All right," said Agnes, turning slowly towards the door. "I'll tell him to go—and fetch a policeman."

"A policeman!"

"Yes, to take up Miss Johnson."

The judge arose in trepidation.

"Not in my house, Agnes, not in my house," he exclaimed. "I will not have an innocent girl arrested in my house."

"I don't know about 'innocent girl,'" said Agnes, stolidly; "she's got my brooch."

"She is sure to have an explanation," suggested the judge, faintly. Explanations, it struck him, were horrid things.

"Then she can give it to the policeman."

"Agnes, once for all, I forbid it."

"But it's my brooch, and I will have the policeman. If it were your brooch, of course you could do as you liked, and condone a felony, or whatever they call it. But I'm not going to. It's my brooch."

There is nothing more admirable in a general in the field than the ability to change his whole plan of action when he is suddenly confronted by some unforeseen hazard of war, and the same admiration with which we

view the general we must award the judge, outflanked as he was by this unreasoned determination of his daughter.

Suddenly an expansive, but somewhat nervous, smile spread itself over his features, and he advanced towards her.

"I think, my dear," he said, "that I had better speak to Mr. Tamworth myself."

"You won't say anything horrid to him?" demanded Agnes.

The smile became knowing—a veil over good-humoured intentions.

"I am going to ask his opinion on a matter of law," said the judge.

There was no answering smile on Agnes's face.

"And I shall ask him to send up his bag from the inn," said the judge, desperately, determined to draw it. This time it came only to flicker.

"And my brooch?" said Agnes, in bewilderment.

The judge felt that he should never hear the word "brooch" with real satisfaction again, but his smile did not wane and, to tempt credulity, something like a wink drew his eyelid into unaccustomed wrinkles as he said:—

"Do you know what a little bird has told me? No; I thought not. He—it has told me that by to-morrow's post there is coming down a very much prettier brooch—with larger and—er—more expensive stones—diamonds, I think, or perhaps there will be several to choose from; the—er—the little bird was rather vague about whether——"

Agnes was heard to murmur something about "Several to choose from."

"Yes," pursued the judge, "I think the—er—bird did say several to choose from, so that perhaps the young lady they are intended for won't miss the other that was lost."

This time the smile glowed brightly.

"There can be no doubt," said the judge, "that Miss Johnson must have—er—accidentally found one—er—very like the one which was lost." The smile, more inscrutable than that of the Sphinx, for she did not know what it meant herself, was still on Agnes's lips as the judge went round by the rhododendrons.

"THE SMILE WAS STILL ON AGNES'S LIPS AS THE JUDGE WENT ROUND BY THE RHODODENDRONS."

Peace Heroes of 1900.

By Alfred T. Story.

IN the month of June last the Bishop of Bristol unveiled a stained-glass window in the Parish Church of Horfield, Bristol, placed there by subscription as a memorial of one of those supreme acts of devotion which every now and again — and much more frequently than would generally be supposed —break the apparently soulless monotony of everyday life, streaking its grey fields with purple splendours. The instance in point was one of particular beauty, both on account of the youth of the hero celebrated and the devotion "unto death" which he displayed. The brave boy, wandering with a younger lad till overtaken by nightfall in a field at Bury Farm, laid his little companion under a hedge, and, taking off all his clothes except his shirt, covered him up with them till the morning. When a labourer then found the younger boy he was all right, but his self-sacrificing protector had died from the effects of exposure to the cold.

ALBERT KING.
From a Photograph.

The deed is the more striking and noteworthy because it was done in cool blood. It was, indeed, stimulated by the purest unselfishness. Acts of the kind are being done daily, albeit most of them are hidden from the common eye. Their only record, their only reward, is in the conscience of the doer. Others, like that of the Horfield boy, serve as an example and an incentive to all. Of such a character was the act of Mr. Albert King, late master-at-arms of the training-ship *Shaftesbury*, which lies in the Thames, off Grays. One Sunday afternoon in June, hearing the cry of "Boy overboard," King ran to the gangway of the vessel and, seeing the lad in the water, plunged in after him. He succeeded in reaching the youth, who at once clasped him round the body and so prevented him from swimming. A life-buoy was thrown, and two boats, already manned, rowed to the rescue. A boy in one of the boats managed to seize hold of King by the hair, but it slipped through his fingers and he sank, both he and the lad he tried to save being drowned. It was a noble and courageous act, perhaps the more noble because the master-at-arms was no longer in the vigour of youth, being in his sixty-first year. A similar fatal attempt at rescue from drowning occurred at Burton about the same time, when a man named Turton jumped into the River Trent to save a child who had fallen in; he was carried away by the current and drowned.

DAVID LANGFORD.
From a Photo. by A. & G. Taylor.

More fortunate was another hero who dared the swift waters of the Trent to save life. This was a young man named David Langford, of Holloway, who just a year ago sprang into the river near Nottingham and saved two lads from drowning. Langford had to plunge into 20ft. of water, and had a desperate struggle with the current before reaching the bank with the elder boy. Curious to relate, the same courageous young swimmer, for he is only twenty-two years of

JAMES E. SUNSHINE.
From a Photo. by Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.

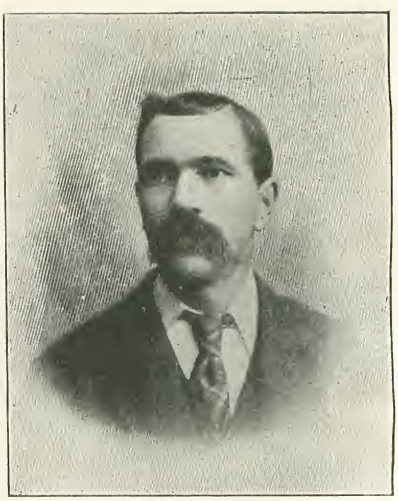
age, has on two other occasions during the present year been instrumental in saving life from drowning. On the 6th of May he saved a young lady at Richmond, and in August he was successful in supporting a Catford gentleman, who had fallen into the Thames at Greenwich, until assistance arrived. On the latter occasion he ran a very narrow risk of drowning himself.

It is remarkable how adventures of this kind come to some persons, and how admirably they rise to the occasion. An instance in point is that of James E. Sunshine, a labouring man of Portsmouth, who on the 4th of January was presented by the mayor of that city (Mr. H. R. Pink) with the testimonial on vellum of the Royal Humane Society for saving the life of a Mr. Meyer from drowning at Southsea. The rescue was effected at great personal risk, there being a strong current at the spot. This made the eighteenth life saved from drowning by this hero in humble life. In sending his photograph Sunshine asks me to "please kindly excuse" his working clothes, because he is "only a labouring man struggling hard to get an honest living." The reader will, doubtless, think the better of him for his humble garb. Mr. Pink, to whom I am indebted for some of the above particulars, informs me that when he made the presentation Sunshine remarked that "he was only doing his duty, and that any honour attaching to his deed belonged to the Almighty alone."

One would almost think that Sunshine must hold the "record" for the number of lives he has saved from drowning. But there is a boy "Newcastle way" who bids fair to outdo him; who, indeed, already runs him very close. The boy's name is Philip Renforth, and he is but fifteen years of age, yet he has already risked his life eleven times to save the lives of others. His eleventh rescue took place early in the summer, when, a boy having fallen into the Ouseburn at high tide, and being on the point of sinking for the third time, Renforth plunged into the water and saved him.

PHILIP RENFORTH.
From a Photo. by E. Brewis, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

It is not always easy to estimate the amount of risk that is run in such rescues as those given above, and it may appear a little invidious to try. But there can be no question as to the high quality of heroism shown by three miners in their efforts to save the lives of a couple of fellow-workmen on the occasion of a disastrous flooding of a colliery near Llanelly, in which they were at work. A couple of hours after the day-shift had commenced work a man named David Thomas found that he had cut into an old working, and a stream of water began to



DAVID THOMAS.
From a Photo. by H. S. Parry, Llanelly.

flow and was soon rushing into the pit at an alarming rate. Thomas with great promptitude at once gave the alarm, and all the men in the pit escaped to a place of safety except two. These, Thomas Williams and Thomas Lloyd, were engaged in the farthest and deepest part of the workings, and before they knew anything of what had happened the water rushed in and extinguished their lights, and then, down in the bowels of the earth, with not a glimmer of light, these two men had to fight with a raging flood. So great was the force of the water that it carried both men off their feet and bruised them with the great stones driven before it. Williams shouted to his companion that he would try to find a light, and he was seen no more alive.

WILLIAM J. HUNNS.
From a Photo. by H. S. Parry, Llanelly.

Meanwhile Lloyd, a man over sixty years of age, finding that the water was up to his neck, got his arms over the cross-beams of the roof, and there hung in the hope that the flood would soon subside. This, however, was not to happen, and thus, with the water up to his chin, the poor fellow hung from morning till night, without a glimmer of light or a sound to cheer his solitude. He shouted for help, but the hours passed, and, so far as he could see, nothing was being done to help him. But the brave men who had been fortunate enough to save themselves were not idle. They knew that two of their "butties" were imprisoned, and several attempts were made to reach them. Two pumps were got to work, and an effort was made to send a light to the imprisoned men by means of a candle stuck on a piece of wood. The water, however, was too near the roof for the success of this expedient. Piteous cries for help could be heard. The men replied, crying, "Lloyd! Lloyd!" And the answer came back, "Beth. Dewch ato i." But though they could thus hear the man's voice, they seemed powerless to help. Finally, however, one brave fellow, Thomas Francis, stripped off his clothes and tried to swim to the rescue of his perilously-situated comrade. Francis could not reach the old man, whose cries for help were so distressing, but he succeeded in placing a lighted candle on a beam, which cheered him a little.

THOMAS FRANCIS.
From a Photo. by McLucas & Co., Llanelly.

This first attempt at rescue was made shortly after noon. Towards six in the evening the water had so far subsided that there was a head-room or air-space of 9in. from the roof. To the ordinary swimmer it would have been simple suicide to descend out of his depth in the darkness within four walls of that nature. For if the water rose but three or four inches his breathing space would be lost, and suffocation must ensue. With his eyes open to this terrible possibility, Francis now made another attempt, and, bravely seconded in his effort by William John Hunns, was successful in rescuing the old miner from his painful position.

The hazardous nature of the work performed by the three men named in their efforts at rescue will be best understood by the accompanying diagram, very courteously obtained for me by Mr. W. Picton Phillips, police superintendent of Llanelly (and drawn by a P.-C. of his force). "The sketch," says the accompanying description, "will serve to show the dangers Thomas had to go through. He started from point 'B,' and ran to No. 1 to find out what had happened, and then to point No. 2, where he gave the alarm to Lloyd and the drowned man Williams. From No. 2 he rushed off to No. 3, where he gave the alarm to two other men. They had to go through the passage marked 'F,' which was

exceedingly dangerous in consequence of the roof having fallen in. When he got to the crossing marked 'G' he found the current so strong that it was impossible to go through it. He then hung on to the lags on top and carried himself over with his legs and part of his body in the rushing water. When he got into the top hole opposite 'F' he was comparatively safe. But for the presence of mind and promptness of David Thomas" (continues the writer) "five men working in 'C' and 'D' would undoubtedly have been drowned.

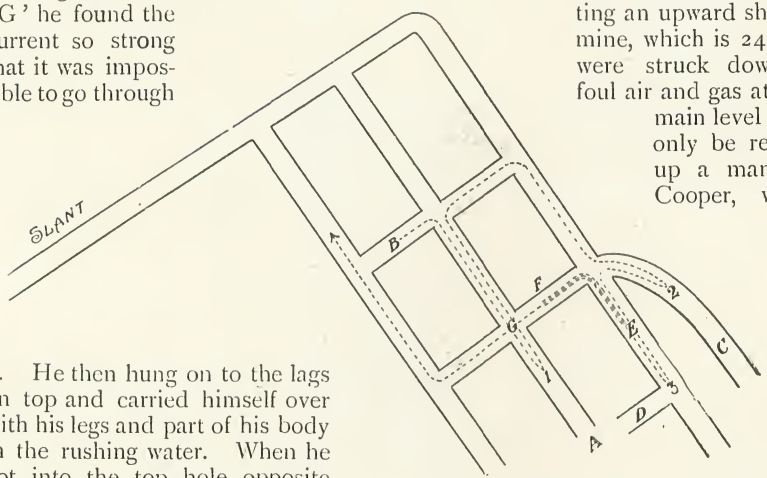


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE DANGERS THOMAS HAD TO GO THROUGH.

"Both Francis and Hunns (the report goes on) were naked in the ice-cold water from 2 p.m. until 5.45 p.m. Francis swam out from 'F' to about half-way to 'E,' when he had to return for a light. In a second attempt he got nearer to Lloyd, but again there was an obstruction, and it was only after several attempts in diving under cross-timbers that he found a way into the place marked 'E,' where he found Lloyd in a very exhausted state. He then proceeded to tie his rope around Lloyd's waist, by no means an easy task, as the old man was completely helpless. He had to hang to the timber with one arm, while he used the other hand and his teeth to tie the knot."

Such deeds give one the best hope of mankind.

Another courageous rescue in connection with a mine accident was effected on the 20th of February by three men, named Christopher Parnaby, Sidney Cooper, and Lawrence Wilson. On that day, about fifty yards from the level of the mine in the George Pit, Craghead, Durham, Cooper and two other miners were engaged cutting an upward shaft or stapple in the mine, which is 240ft. deep, when two were struck down unconscious by foul air and gas at a height from the main level of 54ft. They could only be reached by climbing up a man-way 2ft. by 7ft. Cooper, who was working with the two men in the stapple, went to the main shaft and called for assistance. Parnaby and Wilson responded to his call and climbed up the shaft, and at great risk succeeded in lowering the unconscious men down to the pure air. While doing this they were at times almost overpowered, and when the men had been freed from their perilous

SIDNEY COOPER. LAWRENCE WILSON. CHRISTOPHER PARNABY.
From a Photo. by E. Brewis, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

position Parnaby became unconscious. In his account of the affair the latter said he could not tell how he got down himself, and after his descent he remained unconscious for some time. One of the rescued men subsequently died from the effects of the accident.

Another fatal accident, and attempted rescue, from foul air cannot find a more fitting place than here. It took place, however, in a well, and the incident is doubly interesting because the attempt at rescue was made by a lady. Miss Pritty, the person in question, was having a well sunk in her back garden at Cretingham, Suffolk, and it had been carried to a depth of 48ft. when, on the 3rd of August, James Harryman, who was making the well, descended the shaft for the last time. He had not been down many minutes before the men who were helping him heard groans. Suspecting there was something wrong, they informed Miss Pritty of the circumstance. She hastened to the well, and begged one of the men to go down to the rescue. But he said he dared not, and so, not to waste time, the lady at once stepped into the bucket and bade them lower her down. She found Harryman unconscious and, as she remarked at the inquest, "marble cold." Miss Pritty tried to pour brandy down his throat, and by other means sought to restore consciousness, but in vain. Finding that the poor fellow was beyond help, and feeling herself in a fainting condition, she signalled to be drawn up, and reached the top more dead than alive. It was not until after the well had been cleared of the foul air that the man's dead body could be recovered.

MISS PRITTY.
From a Photo. by A. Tear, Ipswich.

BERTHA REEVE.
From a Photo. by A. Hendrey, Godmanchester.

It will be seen from the portrait we give of this Suffolk heroine that she is just the sort of person one would expect to act with promptness in an emergency, and to think little of risk or danger. Tall, with slightly knit brows, searching eyes, and firmly-set lips, her features at once suggest strength of will and force of character.

The year 1900 might have been a leap year considering the number of the gentle sex who have distinguished themselves during its course by acts of courage and devotion. In March, at Wednesbury, a woman dashed into a burning house, at imminent peril of her life, to save her three children. Two months later (May 14th) a little girl of ten, named Bertha Reeve, risked her life to save another child of six. She was playing near the River Ouse, at Godmanchester, when she heard screams. Running towards the sound she found a little boy in a deep pool formed in a backwater by the rush of water over a sort of weir, locally termed an "overfall." She at once went in to try and save him; but the water was too deep, so she clambered out and lay flat down upon the overfall and reached him with one hand. There was no small risk in this, because, though no water was running over at the time, the overfall was sloping and covered with slimy weed. The little boy had by this time sunk at least once, and was so weak as to be almost helpless. Notwithstanding this the little girl managed to pull him up by degrees on to the overfall, and thence to the bank. An older girl, who saw her holding on to the child, advised her to let him go, lest she should be pulled in herself. A local subscription was raised and a handsome silver medal was presented to the little heroine by the mayor of the borough.

Equally plucky and devoted was the act of Alice M. Wilson, aged fourteen, a daughter of the vicar of Christ Church, Paignton, who on the 24th of July, at Goodrington, South Devon, rescued a woman named Green from drowning. Miss Green got beyond her depth while bathing, and was

ALICE WILSON.
From a Photo. by W. H. Davis, Bath.

soon twenty-five yards from shore. Miss Wilson went to her aid and succeeded in bringing her in.

Four of the above acts of devotion stand to the account of boys and girls. It would be a creditable record if they alone red-lettered the heroic annals of the year. But, as a matter of fact, they form but a small part of 1900's juvenile roll of honour. So many have been the deeds of heroism performed during the year by the "makings" of men and women that it augurs well for the humanity of the incoming century. We cannot refer to all the acts of the kind. We must, however, give a few; and first of all comes up for mention the act of Leonard Jeffcoat, of Peterborough, a youth of seventeen, who plunged into the Nene at that city on the 17th of February, and rescued a drowning child. A strong current was running at the time; but without a moment's hesitation Jeffcoat jumped into the ice-cold water, and after much difficulty brought the child to the bank. The act attracted a good deal of attention at Peterborough, and a handsome present was made to the youth through the Bishop.

JAMES DUBERLY.
From a Photo. by Guttenberg & Co., Bedford.

Equally courageous was the act of James Duberly, a grammar school boy of Bedford, who in the same month plunged into the Ouse, at the time in full flood, and saved a man named Crampling, who, in an attempt at suicide, threw himself from the town bridge. The boy is the son of Major Arthur Duberly (at the time in South Africa). On February 27th a similar act was performed by a lad of fifteen, Cresswell L. Whitmore, who rescued a woman of weak intellect who had managed to get into the river at Ebley, near Stroud. It was just at the time of the floods from protracted rains, and the stream was full and rapid. The boy's act was one of extreme risk, but he showed great presence of mind in avoiding the dangerous parts of the current, and being a strong swimmer succeeded in bringing the drowning woman to bank and, with the aid of his mates, getting her on land. They at first thought she was dead, but having only the previous evening been instructed by

LEONARD JEFFCOAT.
From a Photo. by W. Boughton & Sons, Peterborough.

CRESSWELL L. WHITMORE.
From a Photo. by J. H. Elliott, Stroud.

ALBERT SHELTON.
From a Photo. by A. Mallett, Christchurch.

Mr. Jennings, the rector of King's Stanley, in Dr. Sylvester's method of restoring life, they put their lesson into practice and brought her back to consciousness.

In the same catalogue of heroic deeds must come the names of Albert Shelton, aged thirteen, who saved a boy from drowning at the mouth of the rivers Avon and Stour, Mudeford, Hants, in the month of August; Alister Macleod, a schoolboy, aged fourteen, of Nenagh, who rescued a comrade from the dangerous rocks at Kilkee, County Clare, on July 10th, the rescue being the more noteworthy from the fact that the youth saved was six months older than Macleod, and that swimming was rendered extremely difficult by the quantity of floating seaweed.

ALISTER MACLEOD.
From a Photo. by Guy & Co., Limerick.

Most of the boys here referred to were still at school. Whitmore, however, worked in a mill, while another lad —Albert E. H. Robertson —who distinguished himself by the saving of life, was the son of a boatman at Hurst Castle Lighthouse. He courageously jumped into the sea on July 26th, a four-knot ebb-tide running at the time, and saved a younger boy who had fallen from the War Office Pier.

ALBERT ROBERTSON.
From a Photo. by Lewis Bros., Lymington.

Still more plucky was the act of a one-armed boy, named Henry Andrews, who plunged into the Thames at Horselydown Stairs on July 18th, and supported another youth, who had got into deep water while bathing, until both were picked up by a boat.

CONSTABLE JOHN BUCKLEY, R.I.C.
From a Photo. by T. A. Wynne, Castlebar.

The police invariably show up well in the year's heroic deeds; but 1900's record is especially rich in courageous acts to the credit of our civic guards. It must suffice, however, to select a few of the more striking cases. Let the record begin with the gallant deed by Constable John Buckley, R.I.C., at Belcarra, County Mayo, on Sunday, January 28th, when he succeeded in saving the life of a man named McHale, who had accidentally fallen into the river. Though it was a bitterly cold day, Buckley jumped in to the rescue of the drowning man, and after a somewhat protracted struggle succeeded in saving him. But it was a tough job. McHale, being unconscious, greatly hampered the constable by clinging about his body and legs, and although a strong swimmer, the latter went down four times before he could bring his man to a spot where help could be

INSPECTOR SANDERSON.
From a Photo. by C. Brantingham, Sunderland.

given. The plucky deed was witnessed by a number of people who were returning from church, amongst them being Colonel Blake, who averred that he had "never witnessed a braver act."

For a like courageous act in bringing out a drowning boy at Sunderland, on January 24th, Inspector Sanderson was given the medal and certificate of the Royal Humane Society. The risk was increased by reason of its being dark at the time. However, the inspector succeeded in his attempt, and on finding that the boy was unconscious when brought to land he restored him by artificial respiration. Two years previously Sanderson had rescued a girl from a burning building.

Towards the end of the previous month a still more striking act of life-saving from fire took place, although it must be added that it ended fatally for one heroic soul. The fire occurred at the Elephant and Castle public-house, Hackney Wick. It was the middle of the night, and when Sergeant Danyie arrived upon the scene with Constables Weavers, Reeves, Elrich, Baker, and Funnell, the premises were a mass of flames. As it was known there were people in the house they hurried in to the rescue. All, however, were driven back again by the fire, smoke, and heat, with the exception of Funnell. He managed to get through the flames to three women, who but for his assistance would undoubtedly have perished, and to bring them within reach of safety. He was, however, so badly burned and overcome with the heat and smoke that, though he had saved the women, he could do no more for himself. It was at this juncture that his comrades, seeing that he had not come out with them, went in search of him, and found the poor fellow insensible in the burning mass. They got him out, but, sad to relate, he succumbed to his injuries on the 2nd of January. He had laid down his life for the three women, who, as Mr.

CONSTABLE WEAVERS. CONSTABLE BAKER.

CONSTABLE REEVES. SERGEANT DANYIE. CONSTABLE ELRICH.
From a Photo. by T. S. Robinson.

Fordham, the magistrate, said at the North London Police Court, in presenting his comrades with the medals of the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, were, so far as he knew, absolute strangers to him. "He has gone," added the magistrate, "and left behind him a memory which anyone would be proud to have. He died the death of a thoroughly brave and sincere man." Nor will anyone cavil with his generous praise of Sergeant Danyie, and Constables Weavers, Reeves, Elrich, and Baker, as having "behaved as Englishmen almost always do, and certainly always should." Our portrait of Funnell is from a photograph taken by himself.

CONSTABLE FUNNELL.
From a Photo. by P.-C. Funnell.

JAMES MCNEILL.
From a Photo. by Godfrey, Hyde Park, Chicago.

While on the subject of fires one must not omit to mention the gallant deed of James McNeill, a British subject, who on the occasion of a great fire in the Hotel Helena at Chicago, in May last, "over and over again plunged into the burning building and brought out men and women at the imminent risk of his own gallant life." The words are those of an American paper, which adds: "Thanks to McNeill and others only three persons perished in what might have proved a holocaust." James McNeill was the hall-porter of the hotel. He had formerly served in the British Navy as a gunner, and took part in the Jameson Raid. In a letter received from McNeill, he asks that a copy of THE STRAND containing this article be sent "to my dear old mother in Belfast, Ireland."

Still another fire which brought out a fine specimen of true British pluck—the great fire at Ottawa in April last. On that occasion, among many signal acts for the rescue of life, was that performed by the Governor-General, Lord Minto. One of the firemen near the city waterworks stayed at his post till all chance of escape had been cut off except by swimming the stream, which at this point is fifty yards wide. Lord Minto shouted to him to jump in, which he did, and swam to the east bank, where the Governor-General, clambering down the cribwork, grasped the fireman's hand and pulled him out. One likes to hear of men of Lord Minto's rank climbing down now and again to the common need.

Though space is nearly so, the list of heroic rescues is far from being exhausted. Two or three more typical cases, however, must suffice, and first of all let me mention the case of Martin Larsen, boatswain of the

THE EARL OF MINTO.
From a Photo. by Dickinson & Foster.

Saxoleine, of Newcastle, who, when the steamer was in mid-Atlantic, did a singularly courageous thing at great risk to himself. A quantity of crude petroleum had leaked into

JOHN GALLAGHER.
From a Photo. by Pettigrew & Amos, Leith.

the pump-room, and the second engineer, on going down to pump this out, was overcome by the fumes and fell into the oil. Larsen, well knowing the risk, went down and brought him on deck, where he himself became unconscious, and remained so for several hours.

At midnight on the 31st of December last John Gallagher, chief officer of the ss. *Mars*, also of Newcastle, courageously plunged into the dock at Leith and saved the life of William Allan, who had been repairing the steering-gear. It was a tough and risky job, as a gale was blowing, the night pitch dark, and Allan heavy and unconscious. Moreover, when Gallagher had secured his man once, the rope he had got round him slipped off, and he had to dive for him again and readjust it. However, he got Allan drawn up at last, and was then hauled on board himself, though not before he had run great risk of being crushed by the swaying of the vessel.

THOMAS W. CALE.
From a Photo. by D. Bowen, Haverfordwest.

Our coasts are constantly the scene of gallant rescues from shipwreck and drowning, but it seldom happens that a postman turns his hands from letter-delivery to the rescue of castaway mariners. Such, however, was the case on the 16th of February, when Mr. Thomas W. Cale, the postman of Little Haven, Pembrokeshire, courageously went to the rescue of a Belgian seaman. A boat with three men on board, in trying to land from a wrecked vessel, was capsized in the surf about 200yds. from shore. Two of the men were carried into shallow water, but the third was being swept out to sea, when Cale went to his assistance. The brave fellow

COASTGUARDSMAN WILLIAM HENNER.
From a Photo. by W. Church, Sunderland.

battled undauntedly with the waves, and eventually succeeded in saving the now well-nigh drowned man.

It is not often that anyone can get before the men of our sea-guard, who are as daring as they are expert in effecting rescues from wrecked vessels. A particularly smart and plucky act of the kind was performed by Coastguardsman William Henner on the occasion of the wreck of the Spanish ss. *Maliano*, at Sunderland, on the 23rd of April. The crew of the stranded vessel did not understand the working of the life-saving apparatus; and Henner volunteered to be hauled off in the breeches-buoy to the wreck, where, after making the gear fast, he sent the crew of twenty-two hands and the pilot ashore, and then followed himself, being the last to leave the vessel. Henner was awarded a bronze medal by the Board of Trade for his valorous deed.

The End of Santa Claus.

By James Workman.

ONE Christmas Eve, during the American Civil War, a young girl, named Elsie Mackenzie, living in a solitary house within a few miles of the winter quarters of a large Federal army, was gazing with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes at a letter which she had just been reading. Even yet she could hardly believe the good tidings it contained, or convince herself that the haunting fear which had made life almost unendurable to her had really passed away.

When her brother's young wife died she had come to live with him in order to take charge of the house and children, and for a year or so her existence had been monotonously uneventful. Then she was suddenly placed in a situation which overwhelmed her with grief and despair.

"SHE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE THE GOOD TIDINGS."

Some weeks before her brother John had been arrested on suspicion of being a spy in the pay of the Confederates, and accused of supplying them with information regarding the numbers and movements of the Federal forces, together with plans of several important fortifications. He had been tried by court-martial, and the circumstantial evidence brought against him had proved so convincing, when combined with the statements of one witness in particular, that he had been promptly found guilty and condemned to death. Fortunately he had contrived to escape shortly before the time fixed for his execution, and had been in hiding in the neighbourhood ever since, occasionally sending a letter or message to his sister by a young man named Seth Wilkins.

The employment of Seth had from the first filled her with dismay. She had never liked or trusted him, and had latterly suspected him of cherishing feelings towards herself which made the thought of being placed under an obligation to him extremely distasteful to her. Nevertheless, her anxiety for her brother's safety had forced her to appear as gracious and friendly as possible, though his manner had grown so offensively familiar that it was with difficulty she could conceal her alarm and indignation. Finally, what she had so long dreaded had happened that very day.

Seth had come to inform her that John had contrived to secure a passage on an English ship under circumstances which promised him an excellent chance of escape; but before leaving the neighbourhood he was coming that night to say "good-bye" to her and the children. With an ill-concealed sneer at such a proof of parental fondness, Seth added that John had contrived to procure a few toys and sweets for the children, and wished her to see that they hung up their stockings as usual. He knew that they would be anxiously expecting the coming of Santa

Claus, and he could not bear to think that the poor little things should be disappointed, especially as it would probably be the last time he would see them for many a weary year.

But Seth had lingered behind after delivering his message, and, after hinting very broadly that he expected some reward for his services, had ended by bluntly asking her to become his wife. He had even suggested that he was in a position to make things very unpleasant for her brother if she refused to do so. It seemed so cruel, so contemptible, to take advantage of her helplessness that she had confronted him with white face and flashing eyes and told him in the most vigorous language at her command just precisely what she thought of him and his proposal. Her scorn and contempt had stung him to the quick, and he had gone away in a paroxysm of rage, threatening that she should pay dearly for her treatment of him.

Then the letter had arrived. A man had ridden up to the door after nightfall, thrust it silently into her hand, and galloped away. She had opened it with trembling fingers, fearing that it might contain news of her brother's capture, and had read it with eyes so dim with happy tears that she could hardly decipher the words. It was a full confession of guilt by the witness whose evidence had led to her brother's conviction. He had escaped across the Canadian border, and now that he was assured of his own safety he attempted to make some reparation for his infamous conduct by confessing the truth. After advancing proofs which established Mackenzie's innocence beyond the possibility of doubt, he concluded by urging her to see the general in command at once in order to get the sentence of the court-martial revoked, as otherwise her brother might be summarily executed if captured by the Federals.

"Aye, that I will," she exclaimed, gaily. "I'll saddle Prince and go at once."

Then for a moment she hesitated. She had found some excuse to send away everyone about the house except the children, who were asleep upstairs. Would it be safe to leave them? Well, she must risk it—she must risk everything for John's sake. At that very moment Seth might be concocting some vile scheme to entrap him. Shuddering at the thought, she hurried to the stable and saddled Prince, a fine black horse, swift and strong and sure-footed, and devoted to his little mistress.

"You must do your best to-night, dear Prince," she said, fondly stroking his velvet muzzle as she led him out. "We must get to the camp and back before John comes, and bring him word that he's quite safe and needn't sail for England or hide away any more. We shall have a merry Christmas, after all, Prince, and I thought to-day we should never be merry again."

She left him for a moment and ran upstairs to brush with her soft lips the cheeks of the little sleepers. A lump rose in her throat as she glanced at their stockings hanging at the foot of the bed.

"It was like John to remember that they would expect Santa Claus to come to-night," she thought to herself. "Dear old fellow, how kind he is to them. I'm sure they'll be quite safe. They're fast asleep, and they won't wake up till the morning, and then what a surprise will be in store for them."

She slipped noiselessly downstairs, and closed the house door behind her, but she did not lock it lest John might come during her absence and be unable to get in. In another moment she was in the saddle, riding at full speed in the direction of the camp. The black horse needed neither whip nor spur. At a word and a caress from his rider he dashed gallantly away. The hard ground rang with the swift clattering of his hoofs as he swept at a tireless gallop along the dark and silent road. Elsie's heart beat high with joy and hope as she thought of the happy meeting with her brother, and the delighted shouts of the children when they welcomed their father in the morning.

"Halt!" suddenly cried a voice when she had left the house a mile or two behind her. She reined in, to find herself confronted by a party of Federal soldiers, the first outpost, as she supposed, of the camp.

"Just see who it is, lieutenant," said the officer in command.

The lieutenant took a lantern from one of the men and, holding it above his head, gazed with astonishment at Elsie's slim, girlish figure, the sweet, pale, half-childish face, and the grey eyes that looked appealingly into his. It was in a very gentle voice that he inquired where she was going. She told him briefly that she wished to see the general, and begged to be allowed to pass.

"It's a young lady who is going to see the general, sir," he said, turning to the older officer.

"Very well, let her pass," said the captain, impatiently. The lieutenant stepped back with a smiling salute, and Elsie galloped thankfully on.

The captain examined his watch by the

"HE GAZED WITH ASTONISHMENT AT ELSIE'S SLIM, GIRLISH FIGURE."

light of the lantern. "Come, come," he said, irritably, "we must move more quickly, or the fellow will slip through our fingers after all."

"Yes, sir," anwered the lieutenant, mechanically. He was still thinking of the pretty pale face, and the appealing eyes that had looked into his for a moment, and then vanished into the darkness, wondering who the brave little girl could be who was riding along the dark road by herself, and what she could possibly want with the general at that late hour of the night. In the meanwhile he was keeping step with the soldiers who were marching rapidly towards the house which Elsie had left so short a time before; for the fact was that Seth Wilkins, in the extremity of his rage and disappointment, had turned informer, and that the captain was on his way to arrest Mackenzie, with strict orders to carry out the sentence of the court-martial without a moment's unnecessary delay. And Elsie, still unconscious of the dreadful truth, was riding gaily to the general's quarters, glowing with joy to think that her brother would soon be proved innocent, and confident that he was now safe from all danger.

Presently the captain halted, and waited for the appearance of Seth, who had gone on before to watch the house and discover whether Mackenzie had arrived.

Corporal Malone sidled up to the lieutenant, who was standing a little apart from the rest.

"Is it true that the man's a spy, sir?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Yes, no doubt of it. He was caught some weeks ago, tried by court-martial, and condemned to death, but he managed to escape a few minutes before he was to be executed."

"Ah, well, there's some of the boys wouldn't be sorry if he was to do it again, sir."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see that Seth Wilkins that informed against him was after tellin' the boys that the poor man was coming to see the childer, to put things in their little stockings, it being Christmas Eve, and sure they thought 'twas a dirty trick to take advantage of him comin' on such an errand, sir."

"We've nothing to do with that," answered the lieutenant, coldly; "we've simply got to obey orders. Hush! Who's that?"

A dark figure was coming swiftly and noiselessly along the road from the direction of the house, peering cautiously to right and left as he advanced.

"Is that you, Wilkins?" asked the captain, softly.

"Yes, captain."

"Has he come yet?"

"I reckon not. I've been prowling around here since nightfall, but I haven't seen any sign of him yet."

"Is there anyone in the house?"

"Nobody but the children, and I guess they're asleep. His sister sent everyone else right away when she heard he was coming, and a while back she rode off helter-skelter herself. I'm just a bit afraid that she may have found out where he was likely to be, and have gone to warn him."

"Rode a black horse—eh?" asked the captain.

"Yes."

"Then it's all right. We met her on the road. She was going to see the general, probably to ask him to pardon her brother. She might as well ask him to give her the moon; but it's a good job she's out of the way, poor girl. We should have had no end of trouble with her if she'd been here."

Then he turned to the lieutenant and ordered him to post the men round the house so that it would be impossible for Mackenzie to pass without being challenged. The young officer silently obeyed. He was thinking with infinite pity of the lonely little figure galloping towards the general's quarters, no doubt imagining, woman-like, that tears and prayers would induce the grim old soldier to pardon a convicted spy. He had previously had little relish for the business in hand, but now it had become odious to him. Still, he mechanically obeyed his orders, and returned to report that he had done so. As the minutes dragged slowly by, and there was still no sign of Mackenzie, the captain grew more and more impatient.

"Look here, Jackson," he said, at last, to the lieutenant, "I think you'd better go and investigate. I'm afraid the fellow must have managed to slip past us in the dark. Can't spare you any men. There are too few to watch the place as it is, but I guess you can take care of yourself. If you see anything suspicious you can come back and let us know, and if you want any help just blaze away with your revolver, and we'll close in at once."

"Very well, sir," answered the lieutenant, and advanced cautiously towards the house. It was quite dark except for a light burning in an upper room. After moving softly round the house, and meeting with no suspicious sight or sound, he opened the front door and stepped inside. He paused a moment, but the intense silence was unbroken, and he closed the door softly behind him and stole upstairs. As he reached the landing he observed a faint light shining beneath a door opposite. Creeping stealthily towards it, he turned the handle quickly and slipped in, a finger on the trigger of his revolver, ready to fire or leap at the throat of the spy if he found him within. But a glance told him that he was not there, and he felt a sudden twinge of shame at the sight that confronted him. A lamp stood on a table at the foot of the bed, in which two little children lay fast asleep, their arms about each other's necks, the brown and golden curls that framed the tiny, rose-flushed, dimpled faces intermingling on the pillow. At the foot of the bed, seeming to the big soldier pathetically small, hung two diminutive stockings, patiently waiting for the coming of Santa Claus.

One of the children, the tiny girl with the golden hair, moved uneasily, and began to rub her eyes. The lieutenant, six-foot-one in his stockings, slunk in a panic behind a curtain on the opposite wall, feeling as mean as though he were a burglar who had come to steal the spoons. The curtain hung in front of a cupboard evidently used as a wardrobe, for a number of little garments were hanging from hooks on the walls. There was a rent in the curtain nearly on a level with his eyes, so that though completely hidden himself he could see all that went on in the room.

The child gradually awoke and sat up, glanced at the empty stockings, and then began energetically to shake her little companion into wakefulness.

"Dick," she said, imperiously, "wake up! Doesn't you hear me? Wake up!"

The boy, who was, perhaps, a year or two older, half opened his eyes that were heavy with sleep, and then promptly closed them again.

"It ain't time to get up yet," he murmured. "Don't bother me. I'm sleepy."

But the little girl, who had evidently a very decided will of her own, shook him still more energetically.

"You's got to wake up," she exclaimed. "Santa Claus hasn't come. S'pose he isn't comin'."

"Eh?" rejoined Dick, sitting up with a blank look at the empty stockings. "Oh, it'll be all right in the morning, you'll see. What's the good of botherin' about Santa Claus. There isn't no Santa Claus."

"There isn't no Santa Claus!" exclaimed the little girl, in a shocked voice.

"No. Auntie told me to-day as there isn't."

"I don't b'lieve it."

"Well, she says so, anyway. She says it's dad as comes after we're asleep and puts things in our stockings. I thought she was only funnin', but she said she wasn't; and she cried and said we didn't know how good he was to us. And I'm going to ask dad when he comes back whether he isn't, really and truly, Santa Claus his own self. 'Cause, if he is, I want to thank him for all the things he's brought us other Christmasses. I want to do it real bad."

The little girl solemnly debated the matter in her own mind for some time. The idea that there was no Santa Claus had completely bewildered her. To her infant mind it seemed almost sacrilege to doubt his existence. But presently her eyes began to sparkle roguishly.

"Oh, Dick, what if we was to lie awake, and keep quite still, and see if it was dad?" she exclaimed, eagerly.

"All right," said Dick, sleepily, "let's."

The little girl clapped her hands excitedly.

"And what if it was, and he thought we was asleep, and all at once we'd call out: 'A Merry Christmas, Santa Claus!' And then we'd jump up, and kiss him, and hug him, for all the nice things he'd put in our stockings. Wouldn't it be fun?"

"Well, let's do it," said Dick. "Only we must close our eyes and pretend to be asleep, or perhaps he'll just peep in at the door and won't come in."

The tired eyes closed willingly, the weary little heads nestled together on the pillow, and in five minutes the small conspirators were fast asleep.

The lieutenant had remained perfectly still, scarcely daring to breathe while the children were speaking. He gave a sigh of relief when their regular breathing told him they were asleep. The conversation of the quaint little creatures had deeply moved him. During the past hour the spy seemed to have changed his identity. He was no longer a treacherous enemy, who, according to the laws of war, might be hunted down like a wild beast, and shot or hung without scruple or remorse. He was the brother of the sweet-faced girl he had met on the road, the father of the little children sleeping peacefully in each other's arms. To take his life in cold blood seemed no longer an act of justice, but a crime.

What was that? Surely it was a faint sound from below, the almost inaudible click of the latch as the outer door was stealthily opened. Yes, there it was again. The lieutenant had no doubt what it meant. By some means the spy had evaded the sentries and was entering the house. A pang of pity stabbed the young officer like a knife. Every instant he expected to hear a rifle-shot ring out, or the shouts of the soldiers as they rushed from their hiding-places. The stairs creaked faintly. He was coming up. Then the door opened slowly and noiselessly, and a face appeared at the widening aperture, a thin, clean-shaven face, with large dark eyes like those of the little boy upon the bed. The lieutenant had seen it before. It was the face of the spy.

"WE MUST CLOSE OUR EYES AND PRETEND TO BE ASLEEP."

Glancing carefully about the room, and finding it apparently unoccupied except by the sleeping children, he advanced to the foot of the bed and stood looking wistfully at the curly heads nestling side by side on the pillow. Presently he turned reluctantly away, and unstrapping a knapsack he carried on his back produced a skipping-rope, a diminutive doll with an immense

halo of yellow hair, a box of tin soldiers, a wooden sword, and several small packages which would no doubt be a source of gleeful curiosity when eager little fingers unfastened them in the morning. He was thrusting the yellow-haired doll into the little girl's stocking when his eyes, roaming like a wild animal's ceaselessly about the room, rested on the curtain. Some almost imperceptible sound or movement, or perhaps the gleam of the lieutenant's eye at the rent, had aroused his suspicions. For a moment he stood motionless, and then like a flash his hand went to his hip-pocket. But, quick as he was, the lieutenant, being prepared for some such emergency, was quicker. He threw aside the curtain and covered the spy with his revolver.

"Put up your hands," he whispered, "or I'll shoot."

Mackenzie withdrew his hand from his pocket, but otherwise remained motionless. He seemed paralyzed by the sudden appearance of the lieutenant's grim face and levelled revolver. Presently he glanced in the direction of the bed, and a spasm of pain distorted his thin features. For a few moments he struggled visibly to regain his self-control.

"Don't shoot," he said, at last, in a husky whisper. "You've got me right enough. I'll come quietly. Don't wake the little ones."

"All right," answered the lieutenant.

He stepped across the floor, his finger still on the trigger of his revolver, and dexterously took possession of Mackenzie's weapon, which he thrust into his own pocket. Then after an awkward pause he motioned towards the bed.

"Care to say 'good-bye' to the youngsters?" he asked, turning his eyes away.

Mackenzie's throat moved as though he were swallowing something.

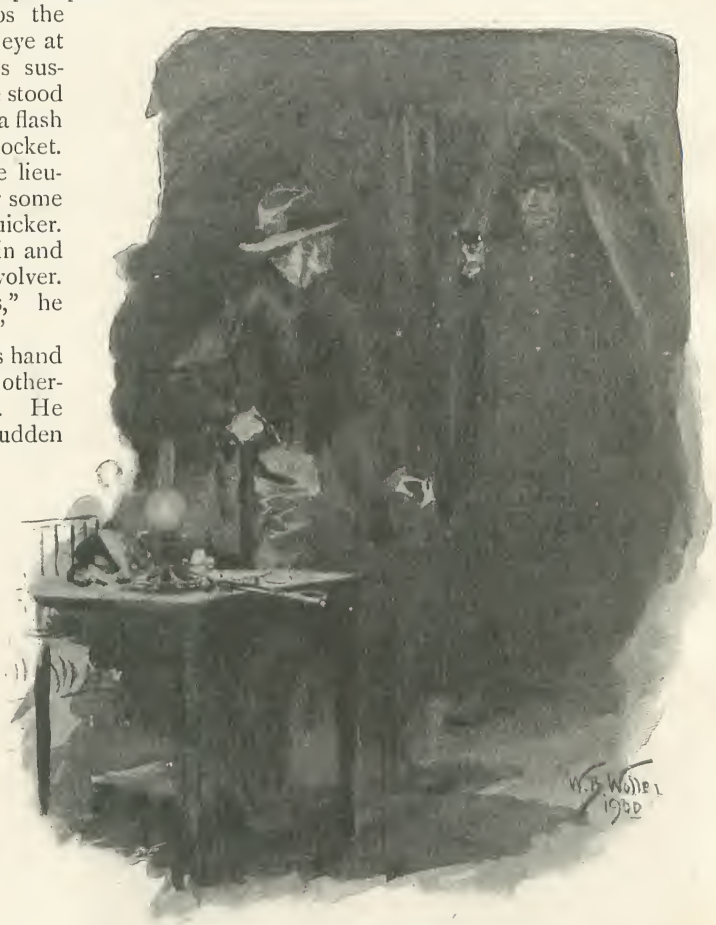
"I reckon not," he said, huskily. "Better not disturb them."

He turned hurriedly away and moved towards the door. He had almost reached it when the lieutenant laid a hand on his shoulder and put his lips close to his ear.

"When we get outside," he whispered, "you cut and run. I'll shoot right away, but I guess I sha'n't hit you. See?"

Mackenzie gazed at him incredulously, a wild hope struggling with the tragic despair in his eyes.

"You mean it?" he faltered.



"PUT UP YOUR HANDS!"

The young officer's face was quivering with agitation.

"Yes," he groaned; "I mean it. I ought to be shot for doing it, but I can't help it. You cut and run. It's a poor chance, but it's the only one you've got."

"God bless you," stammered Mackenzie, and drew his hand across his eyes. Then he moved briskly towards the door. But as he opened it he started back, with a stifled cry of despair. In the doorway, revolver in hand, stood the captain.

"Ah," said he, with a swift glance from

one to the other, "you've got him, lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir," rejoined the lieutenant, promptly. "We were going down quietly, so as not to waken the youngsters."

The captain glanced at the sleeping children, and turned quickly away.

"Very well," he said, "come along."

In another moment they were outside the house, where the soldiers, in response to a low whistle from the captain, immediately surrounded them. Then they marched swiftly in the direction of the camp, but halted again a few hundred yards away from the house. A couple of candles were lit, and stuck, three or four feet apart, on a fence that bordered the road, the prisoner being placed between them with his back against the fence. The men formed a line a few yards away, the butts of their rifles resting on the ground. The captain stepped aside and drew out his watch.

"I'll give you five minutes," he said, and stood waiting with the watch in his hand.

And as he stood there counting the flying seconds Elsie was galloping madly back in an agony of despair, straining her ears for the crash of the rifles that would tell her she had come too late. A glance at the letter had convinced the general of her brother's innocence, and though he thought it would be cruel not to prepare her for the worst by telling her that a party had been sent to arrest Mackenzie, he had hastily scribbled an order for his release and undertaken to dispatch it without an instant's delay. But Elsie scarcely heard him. Half frantic with grief and anguish she caught up the order, and, rushing off, leapt into the saddle and rode furiously away.

In the meantime a tragic silence had fallen upon the group in the roadway. So profound was the stillness that the ticking of the captain's watch was almost painfully audible. The men glanced furtively at each other, and there was a perceptible movement among them that for a moment silenced the ticking of the watch. The captain glanced towards them with an impatient frown, and they grew still again.

But a moment later they could hear in the distance the swift trampling of a horse's hoofs, faint and far away at first, but growing louder with such rapidity that it was clear the approaching rider was urging the flying horse to its utmost speed. The captain groaned inwardly as he looked anxiously at his watch. He knew instinctively who it was that was coming; and she would come, poor child, just in time to witness her brother's execution.

A few yards away stood the lieutenant, listening, sick at heart with pity, to the sound of the approaching hoofs. He shuddered at the thought of the girl's anguish and despair when she arrived to find her brother lying dead, and would cheerfully have faced any risk had it lain in his power to be of service to her. But he was helpless, could do nothing to prevent or even postpone the execution. He glanced involuntarily at the men standing stiffly in front of the prisoner, and could see that they were little less moved than he. But, whatever their feelings might be, he knew that the captain's orders would be implicitly obeyed.

"Four minutes gone," muttered the captain, and now he held the watch nearer and kept his eyes on the dial.

At that moment the lieutenant started, as though an idea had suddenly occurred to him, and moving towards Corporal Malone, who was standing at the end of the line, whispered something into his ear. The corporal's gloomy face instantly brightened. He slightly turned his head to the man next him, his lips moving, though the words he uttered were inaudible. Some silent message appeared to pass swiftly along the line. Then the lieutenant stepped hurriedly forward as though to adjust the wick of one of the candles. As he returned to his place he passed close to Mackenzie, and paused for an instant as he did so. To the soldiers, who were watching him curiously, Mackenzie seemed to give an almost imperceptible nod. A moment later the line of black-mouthed barrels was pointed at the dark figure against the fence. The clattering hoofs were coming round a bend of the road, not fifty yards away. The captain thrust the watch back in his pocket.

"Fire!"

Crash went the rifles, and when the smoke cleared away Mackenzie was lying on the ground. A convulsive shudder seemed to shake the prostrate body, and then it lay motionless.

Almost at the same moment, foam-flecked and reeling, the black horse dashed up, and Elsie, with white, wild, horror-stricken face, threw herself out of the saddle and ran towards the captain, waving a paper in her hand.

"Stop, stop," she cried, "I have brought an order from the general to——"

And then she suddenly stood motionless, the words frozen on her lips at the sight

of the dark figure lying so still upon the ground.

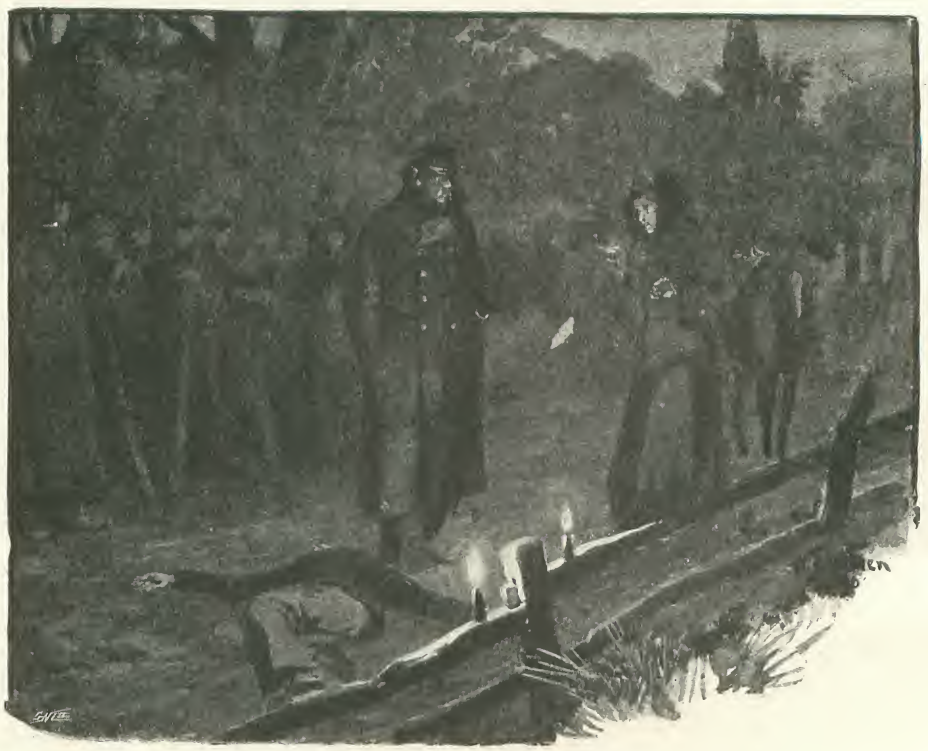
"Oh," she cried, suddenly, "you have killed him. Oh, God forgive you, you have killed him. The general gave me an order for his release. He was innocent—and—and you have killed him."

The paper fluttered out of her hand and fell at the captain's feet, and she sank on the ground beside her brother, covering her face with her hands and sobbing hysterically.

the world than this should have happened," continued the captain; "but it's done, and can't be undone. The poor fellow's dead, and we can't bring him to life again."

"Well, I—I don't know about that, sir," stammered the lieutenant. "The fact is that I—he—that is to say, we——"

He stopped suddenly, while the men tittered convulsively, and the captain stared at him under the impression that he had temporarily taken leave of his senses.



"THE PAPER FLUTTERED OUT OF HER HAND."

The captain picked up the paper and hurriedly glanced at it. He tried vainly to conceal his agitation as he turned to the lieutenant.

"This is a bad business, Jackson," he muttered. "The girl's right. The poor fellow was innocent, after all."

He looked at the sobbing girl and groaned. He would have been considerably puzzled if he had looked at the lieutenant instead. The young officer seemed to be in a state of almost ludicrous embarrassment. Several times he glanced appealingly at Corporal Malone, but that worthy veteran was gazing steadfastly at his boots and feebly scratching the back of his head.

"I'd rather have lost everything I have in

"The simple fact is, sir," exclaimed the lieutenant, desperately, "that he isn't dead."

"Isn't dead?" cried the captain, glaring at the unfortunate subaltern, and then at the grinning faces of the men. "Isn't dead?"

"No, sir; I—you see, I couldn't get those youngsters and—and the girl out of my mind—and—and so I told the men to fire high, and I believe they—they did so. Then I gave the poor chap a hint to fall down as if he were dead, but I—I believe he isn't."

It was no longer possible to doubt that he was very far from being dead, for having heard what passed he had risen to his feet, and was holding Elsie, who was half laughing and half crying with joy, in his arms.

For several moments the captain stood

gazing at his command, struck speechless with wrath and amazement at the trick that had been played upon him. When he eventually began to express his feelings he did so in language too vigorous and idiomatic to bear repetition. Among other things he informed them that he would court-martial the whole lot of them, that they deserved to be shot, and probably would be, and that he was sick with shame at having been placed in command of men who were a disgrace to the service.

And yet, singular to relate, he wound up by heartily shaking hands with the lieutenant, patting the corporal on the back, grinning amiably at the men, and cordially wishing Elsie and her brother a merry Christmas. It was necessary to maintain discipline, but the good fellow found it impossible to conceal his delight at so pleasant a climax to what had threatened to end in a terrible tragedy.

Then Mackenzie stepped forward and took the lieutenant's hand in his.

"I was never any good at making speeches," he said, "and I can't quite put into words what I feel, but God knows I shall never forget what you have done for me this night."

"Nor I," said Elsie in a trembling voice, "never as long as I live."

Then she blushed and hung her head because the lieutenant was regarding her with an expression of intense admiration. Seeing her blush he blushed too, mumbled awkwardly that it was the corporal and the men they ought to thank, and that he had really done nothing, and that if they had no objection he would like to call and see how they were getting on in the morning. Then, after shaking hands with them twice over, he finally marched away to the camp, looking frequently over his shoulder as he went.

A few minutes later Mackenzie was stealing cautiously up the stairs to put the remainder of the toys in the little stockings. He was afraid that the firing might have awakened the children, and that it would no longer be possible to play his part in the quaint old custom that survives age after age wherever there are kindly hearts and little children. And yet at the bottom of his heart he felt a half-unconscious jealousy of the mythical Santa Claus to whom the children would give all their gratitude for the poor little toys that it had almost cost him his life to bring them. Yet he would not have awakened them on any account. That would have been to dispel the pretty illusion he had been at such pains to preserve in the past. Slowly and carefully he opened the door and glanced at the bed. There they lay still as mice, so still that he held his breath as he moved stealthily across the floor. Swiftly he began to fill the tiny stockings to overflowing, and as he bent down to do so two little white-robed figures suddenly leapt upon him and wound their arms about his neck, and hugged and kissed him with shrieks of delight.

"We was only pretendin' to be asleep," they shouted. "We's caught you, daddie. We know who Santa Claus is now. A Merry Christmas, daddie! A Merry Christmas, Santa Claus!"

Sponges.

By Fred Westbury.

GREECE is at the present day the most prolific country in the supply of sponges, those essentially modern and most indispensable assistants to cleanliness. Ægina is the centre of the sponge trade. Next in importance comes Hydra, in the Greek Archipelago, and Symi and Calymnos, in the Turkish Archipelago. But it is characteristic of our race, and pleasing to note, that the sponge trade in that particular corner of the globe is ruled by Englishmen.

Mr. R. Cresswell, the founder of the house of Cresswell Brothers and Schmitz, the principal firm engaged in the sponge industry, was undoubtedly one of those men who have done so much to spread our influence in outlandish parts, and that, let it be said, through sheer pluck and energy.

To start with, a fleet of sponge-fishers had to be organized, and we see in our first illustration a sponge-boat, showing the diver just rising to the surface; on the left of the picture some men are in the act of drawing out the proceeds of the diver's work. It is a small net, well filled with sponges. The two relief divers are seated at the stern. The air-pump is worked by the men near the mast, while the life-line or signal-rope is held by the man in the bows.

When Mr. R. Cresswell first started in business he knew but little of the elements which, put together, form the Greek as a whole. He thought that it would be in keeping with English principles of commercial methods if the fishing were done systematically.

With that idea he fitted out a large brig, which, by the way, he named the *Cresswell*. The Greek fishermen, however, did not fall in with British methods. They preferred to remain independent and take all risks upon themselves; they did not care to work for a pre-arranged salary or wage. Needless to add, Mr. Cresswell was glad to fall in with their views, and the reason why will be found in what follows.

When these good people were paid regular wages sponges became correspondingly scarce at the bottom of the sea, although the salaries fell due just the same. At their own request, however, Mr. Cresswell organized a new system which worked out to payment by result. Strange to say, sponges were found almost everywhere—they poured in by the thousand. The new rule had evidently affected the sponge-growing power to a tremendous extent; catches such as were little dreamt of formerly were brought up from those unknown depths where some time before no sponges could be found.

DIVER RISING TO THE SURFACE. HIS CATCH IN THE NET ON THE LEFT IS BEING HAULED IN.

The sponge fishery in Tunis is most active in the months of December, January, and February, as, during the other seasons, the spot where the sponges are found is covered with dense masses of seaweed. The tempests of November and December clear away the

latter, and allow the sponges to be seen. The fishery has, however, two seasons—one commencing in March and finishing in November; the other occupying the rest of the year. In the summer season the production is small, because diving apparatus is then necessary, and can only be employed where there is a rocky or other firm bottom; but the Arabs search along the coasts, feeling for the sponges with their feet beneath the masses of tangled weeds, those which they find being generally of an inferior kind, as they cannot go into any depth of water. The success of the work of sponge-getting depends upon the sea being calm, and there are not more than forty or fifty days during the winter season which are favourable.

GREEK SPONGE FISHERMEN PACKING THEIR CATCH FOR THE LONDON MARKET.

In our next illustration we see a number of Greek sponge fishermen packing their catch for the London market. The finding, washing and drying, and packing of sponges in these islands is presided over by Mr. G. H. R. Brown, the agent of Messrs. Cresswell, who is the only Englishman resident at the sponge fisheries. His father founded the Ægina station, and it is significant to state that more sponges are now imported to England from that port than from any other.

A large stock of sponges is kept in London. In Red Lion Square, the head-quarters of Messrs. Cresswell, there are enough sponges to supply the whole of the United Kingdom for considerably over a year. Sponges are re-exported from here to every corner of the earth, thus proving that other countries cannot excel England in this particular branch of trade.

The diver goes down either in diving-dress, or stripped. The latter is carried down by a broad, flat stone of marble of about 25lb. in weight, which he holds at arms' length in front of him, and which he uses to guide his flight, to protect his head when he first strikes, and to keep him down when he walks on the bottom. Fifteen to twenty fathoms is the average depth; but for depths beyond this up to forty fathoms, which are reached in the Mediterranean, more preparation is necessary. The man, standing in the boat, inflates his chest to the utmost for about ten minutes, and when the blood is thoroughly oxygenated by this means he seizes the stone and plunges headlong into the sea.

The tremendous pressure of the water, at a depth of even fifteen fathoms, is such as to cause bleeding at the nose and mouth when divers begin the season, and only the most expert attempt greater depth. Two minutes is the usual duration of the dive, and three and a half the utmost extent of endurance.

The skin of the shoulders is, in habitual divers, burnt off by the action of the sun and salt water, and the hair is of a greenish or greenish-brown tint during the summer, returning to its natural colour only in the winter-time, after diving has ceased to be profitable. Each diver has a net bag hanging down in front, and held in place by a cord extending around the neck. Into this he puts the sponges as he pulls them from the bottom, and when it is full, or before, in case he has remained too long upon the bottom, he jerks the rope and is quickly pulled to the surface.

"Like the coral fishers, who never allow anyone to accompany them or to witness their fishing operations, sponge-divers are very exclusive in the matter of curious visitors. My cousin, Mr. G. H. R. Brown, of Ægina," says Mr. Cresswell, "is, I believe, the only Englishman who has been through an entire season of sponge-diving with the Greeks themselves. The reason for his being accorded the privilege, however, is not far to seek. He has always lived amongst them, and is regarded as a blood-brother. Moreover, they will work for him at a nominal rate, whereas their zeal for an ordinary English employer would be conspicuously absent. It thus happens that we can own and fit out boats successfully which in former times would have caused us great loss.

A TREASURE OF THE DEEP—MANUFACTURED ABOUT 200 B.C.

"We should like to point out," said my informant, "that these men are well aware of the hardships and dangers of the diving trade. They undertake their task entirely of their own free will, or, I should add, of necessity. Their native islands are very bare. Agriculture is in its most primitive state, hence the inhabitants are only too glad to revert to sponge-fishing for a living.

"The summer fishing begins shortly after Easter and ends about October or November, according to the state of the weather. From November to the end of March the winter fishing is in full swing.

"In summer the boats go out hundreds of miles from their native shores, but in winter the fishermen do not venture far out, and only dive in comparatively shallow waters. As a matter of fact, the sponge-fishing fleet is managed on much the same lines as the trawling system in the North Sea, and Ægina is our Grimsby of the sponge trade.

"Our divers have made some queer finds," continued Mr. Cresswell; "for instance, we have in our possession some remarkable amphoræ which date as far back as 200 B.C. They are the envy of lovers of antiquity, and needless to add are also extremely valuable."

We reproduce one of these wine-jars. It is beautifully shaped, and wonderfully incrusted with tiny shells of every hue — marvellous designs, which only Nature can invent and produce. Crowned with the halo of antiquity, this find forms a subject of interest and wonderment —sufficient to be treated alone and separately by some expert and lover of the fine arts of ancient Greece. It is interesting to note how, regardless of the multitude of shells and other inhabitants, these relics of ancient times have been monopolized to a great extent by beautiful sponges, which have chosen their birth-place on the very edge of the graceful curves, modelled no doubt by some great expert many centuries ago. A beautiful mass of white coral with a sponge attached to it has also been photographed; unfortunately, however, the picture gives but a faint idea of the magnificent handiwork of Nature in her most graceful mood. This particular piece of coral was found by sponge-divers near Turk's Island, Bahamas, West Indies.

MILK-WHITE CORAL SHOWING SPONGE IN ORIGINAL POSITION.

This brings us to another quarter of this wide world where sponges are also found in profusion — the great sponging grounds which lie to the east, west, and south of New Providence. Here about 500 vessels are

A WEEK'S CATCH LANDED ON THE JETTY.

constantly engaged in the trade, 3,000 men find employment, and through it £20,000 to £30,000 sterling is actually circulated and spent in the Colony. Although often far from the shore, and at a depth of 20ft., 40ft., or even 60ft., the sponge may easily be descried through the transparent waters on the clear, sandy bottom, from which they are raked or grappled up.

Sunny Florida is another centre of the sponge trade, and we have here two pictures of great interest. They are different views of divers landing their prize on the quay. They show how sponges are landed and counted by the officials in charge. In both cases they are the result of a week's effort, and the crews are pleased at their work.

In Greek waters divers are allowed to perform their duties either with or without diving apparatus. In the West Indies, however, the diving apparatus is not allowed. This is on account of the tremendous depth of the waters. The coral reefs are the boundaries of almost immeasurable depths, and consequently the use of the diving apparatus would prove extremely dangerous.

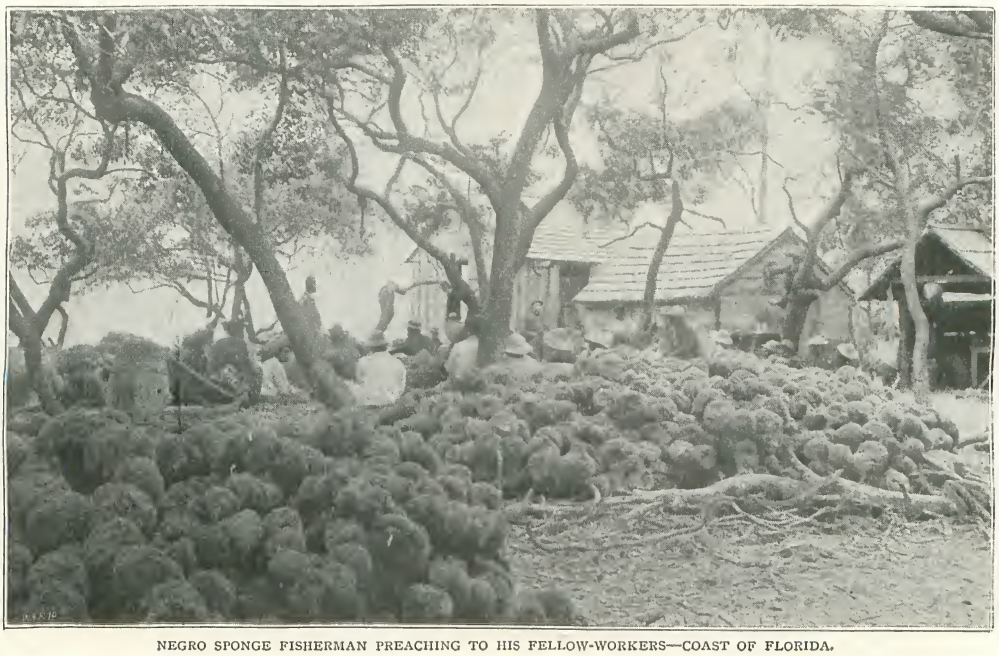
The next picture is a very striking one: it shows piles upon piles of sponges to be

CATCHES OF ALL SIZES AND SHAPES LANDED ON THE FLORIDA COAST.

DRYING SPONGES AFTER SORTING AND TRIMMING—COAST OF FLORIDA.

counted by thousands. It gives a view of Sponge Land at Tarpon Springs, Florida. Catches of all sizes and quantities are brought ashore by the fishermen, ready for sorting. Farther on we see the same sponges laid out to dry, a preliminary process to their being finally shipped for English shores.

The last illustration of all is a peculiar one. The negro sponge fishermen of West Bahama and Florida are taking their Sunday rest. Masses of sponges are piled up in the foreground, whilst farther back a negro of splendid physique is seen preaching a sermon to his fellow-workers.

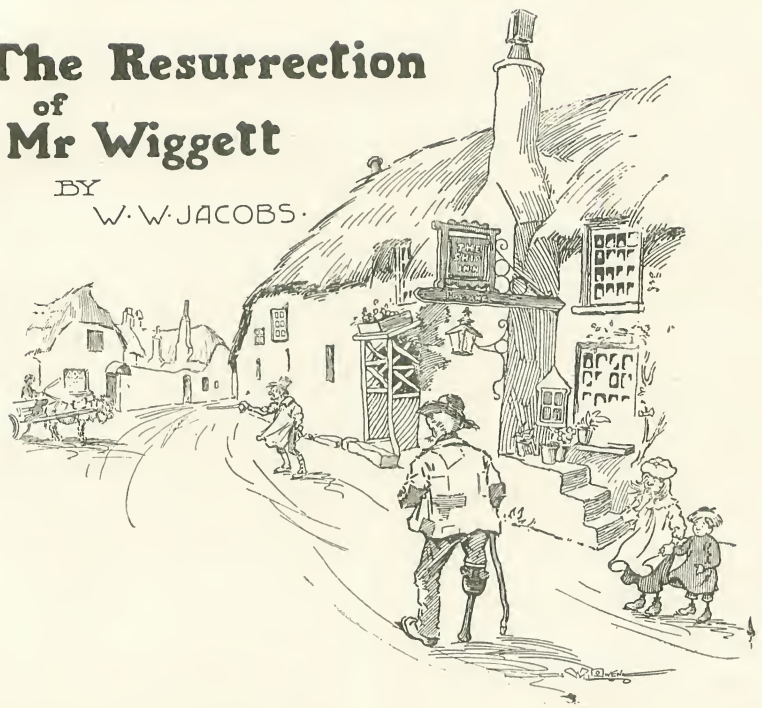


NEGRO SPONGE FISHERMAN PREACHING TO HIS FELLOW-WORKERS—COAST OF FLORIDA.

The Resurrection of Mr Wiggett

BY

W. W. JACOBS.



MR. SOL KETCHMAID, landlord of the Ship, sat in his snug bar, rising occasionally from his seat by the taps to minister to the wants of the customers who shared this pleasant retreat with him.

Forty years at sea before the mast had made Mr. Ketchmaid an authority on affairs maritime; five years in command of the Ship Inn, with the nearest other licensed house five miles off, had made him an autocrat.

From his cushioned Windsor-chair he listened pompously to the conversation. Sometimes he joined in and took sides, and on these occasions it was a foregone conclusion that the side he espoused would win. No matter how reasonable the opponent's argument or how gross his personalities, Mr. Ketchmaid, in his capacity of host, had one unfailing rejoinder—the man was drunk. When Mr. Ketchmaid had pronounced that opinion the argument was at an end. A nervousness about his license—conspicuous at other times by its absence—would suddenly possess him, and opening the little wicket which gave admission to the bar, he would order the offender in scathing terms to withdraw.

Twice recently had he found occasion to warn Mr. Ned Clark, the village shoemaker, the strength of whose head had been a boast in the village for many years. On the third occasion the indignant shoemaker was interrupted in the middle of an impassioned harangue on free speech and bundled in the road by the ostler. After this nobody was safe.

To-night Mr. Ketchmaid, meeting his eye as he entered the bar, nodded curtly. The shoemaker had stayed away three days as a protest, and the landlord was naturally indignant at such contumacy.

"Good evening, Mr. Ketchmaid," said the shoemaker, screwing up his little black eyes; "just give me a small bottle o' lemonade, if you please."

Mr. Clark's cronies laughed, and Mr. Ketchmaid, after glancing at him to make sure that he was in earnest, served him in silence.

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"There's one thing about lemonade," said the shoemaker, as he sipped it gingerly; "nobody could say you was drunk, not if you drank bucketsful of it."

There was an awkward silence, broken at last by Mr. Clark smacking his lips.

"Any news since I've been away, chaps?" he inquired; "or 'ave you just been sitting round as usual listening to the extra-ordinary adventures what happened to Mr. Ketchmaid whilst a-follering of the sea?"

"Truth is stranger than fiction, Ned," said Mr. Peter Smith, the tailor, reprovingly.

The shoemaker assented. "But I never thought so till I heard some o' the things Mr. Ketchmaid 'as been through," he remarked.

"Well, you know now," said the landlord, shortly.

"And the truthfullest of your yarns are the most wonderful of the lot, to my mind," said Mr. Clark.

"What do you mean by the truthfullest?" demanded the landlord, gripping the arms of his chair.

"Why, the strangest," grinned the shoemaker.

"Ah, he's been through a lot, Mr. Ketchmaid has," said the tailor.

"The truthfullest one to my mind," said the shoemaker, regarding the landlord with spiteful interest, "is that one where Henry Wiggett, the boatswain's mate, 'ad his leg bit off saving Mr. Ketchmaid from the shark, and 'is shipmate Sam Jones, the nigger cook, was wounded saving 'im from the South Sea Highlanders."

"I never get tired o' hearing that yarn," said the affable Mr. Smith.

"I do," said Mr. Clark.

Mr. Ketchmaid looked up from his pipe and eyed him darkly; the shoemaker smiled serenely.

"Another small bottle o' lemonade, landlord," he said, slowly.

"Go and get your lemonade somewhere else," said the bursting Mr. Ketchmaid.

"I prefer to 'ave it here," rejoined the shoemaker, "and you've got to serve me, Ketchmaid. A licensed publican is compelled to serve people whether he likes to or not, else he loses of 'is license."

"Not when they're the worse for licker he ain't," said the landlord.

"Certainly not," said the shoemaker; "that's why I'm sticking to lemonade, Ketchmaid."

The indignant Mr. Ketchmaid removing the wire from the cork discharged the missile at the ceiling. The shoemaker took the glass from him and looked round with offensive slyness.

"Here's the 'ealth of Henry Wiggett what lost 'is leg to save Mr. Ketchmaid's life," he said, unctuously. "Also the 'ealth of Sam Jones, who let hisself be speared through the chest for the same noble purpose. Likewise the health of Captain Peters, who nursed Mr. Ketchmaid like 'is own son when he got knocked up doing the work of five men as was drowned; likewise the health o' Dick Lee, who helped Mr. Ketchmaid capture a Chinese junk full of pirates and killed the whole seventeen of 'em by—— 'Ow did you say you killed 'em, Ketchmaid?"

The landlord, who was busy with the taps, affected not to hear.

"Killed the whole seventeen of 'em by first telling 'em yarns till they fell asleep and

"THE LANDLORD AFFECTED NOT TO HEAR."

then choking 'em with Henry Wiggett's wooden leg," resumed the shoemaker.

"Kee—hee," said a hapless listener, explosively. "Kee—hee—kee——"

He checked himself, suddenly, and assumed an air of great solemnity as the landlord looked his way.

"You'd better go 'ome, Jem Summers," said the fuming Mr. Ketchmaid. "You're the worse for liker."

"I'm not," said Mr. Summers, stoutly.

"Out you go," said Mr. Ketchmaid, briefly. "You know my rules. I keep a respectable house, and them as can't drink in moderation are best outside."

"You should stick to lemonade, Jem," said Mr. Clark. "You can say what you like then."

Mr. Summers looked round for support, and then, seeing no pity in the landlord's eye, departed, wondering inwardly how he was to spend the remainder of the evening. The company in the bar gazed at each other soberly and exchanged whispers.

"Understand, Ned Clark," said the indignant Mr. Ketchmaid; "I don't want your money in this public-house. Take it somewhere else."

"Thankee, but I prefer to come here," said the shoemaker, ostentatiously sipping his lemonade. "I like to listen to your tales of the sea. In a quiet way I get a lot of amusement out of 'em."

"Do you disbelieve my word," demanded Mr. Ketchmaid, hotly.

"Why, o' course I do," replied the shoemaker; "we all do. You'd see how silly they are yourself if you only stopped to think. You and your sharks!—no shark would want to eat you unless it was blind."

Mr. Ketchmaid allowed this gross reflection on his personal appearance to pass unnoticed, and for the first of many evenings sat listening in torment as the shoemaker began the narration of a series of events which he claimed had happened to a seafaring nephew. Many of these bore a striking resemblance to Mr. Ketchmaid's own experiences, the only difference being that the nephew had no eye at all for the probabilities.

In this fell work Mr. Clark was ably assisted by the offended Mr. Summers. Side by side they sat and quaffed lemonade, and burlesqued the landlord's autobiography, the only consolation afforded to Mr. Ketchmaid consisting in the reflection that they were losing a harmless pleasure in good liquor. Once, and once only, they succumbed to the superior attractions of alcohol, and Mr. Ketchmaid, returning from a visit to his brewer at the large seaport of Burnsea, heard from the ostler the details of a carouse with which he had been utterly unable to cope.

The couple returned to lemonade the following night, and remained faithful to that beverage until an event transpired which rendered further self-denial a mere foolishness.

It was about a week later, Mr. Ketchmaid had just resumed his seat after serving a customer, when the attention of all present was attracted by an odd and regular tapping on the brick-paved passage outside. It stopped at the tap-room, and a murmur of voices escaped at the open door. Then the door was closed, and a loud penetrating voice called on the name of Sol Ketchmaid.

"Good heavens!" said the amazed landlord, half-rising from his seat and falling back again. "I ought to know that voice."

"Sol Ketchmaid," bellowed the voice again; "where are you, shipmate?"

"Hennery Wig-gett," gasped the landlord, as a small man with ragged whiskers appeared at the wicket; "it can't be!"

The new-comer regarded him tenderly for a moment without a word, and then, kicking open the door with an unmistakable wooden leg, stumped into the bar, and grasping his outstretched hand shook it fervently.

"I met Cap'n Peters in Melbourne," said the stranger, as his friend pushed him into his own chair, and questioned him breathlessly. "He told me where you was."

"The sight o' you, Hennery Wiggett, is better to me than diamonds," said Mr. Ketchmaid, ecstatically. "How did you get here?"

"A friend of his, Cap'n Jones, of the barque *Venus*, gave me a passage to London," said Mr. Wiggett, "and I've tramped down from there without a penny in my pocket."

"And Sol Ketchmaid's glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Smith, who, with the rest of the company, had been looking on in a state of great admiration. "He's never tired of telling us 'ow you saved him from the shark and 'ad your leg bit off in so doing."

"I'd 'ave my other bit off for 'im, too," said Mr. Wiggett, as the landlord patted him affectionately on the shoulder and thrust a glass of spirits into his hands. "Cheerful, I would. The kindest-'earted and the bravest man that ever breathed, is old Sol Ketchmaid."

He took the landlord's hand again, and squeezing it affectionately, looked round the comfortable bar with much approval. They

began to converse in the low tones of confidence, and names which had figured in many of the landlord's stories fell continuously on the listeners' ears.

"You never 'eard anything more o' pore Sam Jones, I s'pose?" said Mr. Ketchmaid.

Mr. Wiggett put down his glass.

"I ran up ag'in a man in Rio Janeiro two years ago," he said, mournfully. "Pore old Sam died in 'is arms with your name upon 'is honest black lips."

"Enough to kill any man," muttered the discomfited Mr. Clark, looking round defiantly upon his murmuring friends.

"Who is this putty-faced swab, Sol?" demanded Mr. Wiggett, turning a fierce glance in the shoemaker's direction.

"He's our cobbler," said the landlord, "but you don't want to take no notice of 'im. Nobody else does. He's a man who as good as told me I'm a liar."

"Wot!" said Mr. Wiggett, rising and stumping across the bar; "take it back, mate. I've only got one leg, but nobody shall run down Sol while I can draw breath. The finest sailor-man that ever trod a deck is Sol, and the best-'earted."

"Hear, hear," said Mr. Smith; "own up as you're in the wrong, Ned."

"When I was laying in my bunk in the fo'c's'le being nursed back to life," continued Mr. Wiggett, enthusiastically, "who was it that set by my side 'olding my 'and and telling me to live for his sake?—why, Sol Ketchmaid. Who was it that said he'd stick to me for life—why, Sol Ketchmaid. Who was it said that so long as 'e 'ad a crust I should have first bite at it, and so long as 'e 'ad a bed I should 'ave first half of it—why, Sol Ketchmaid!"

He paused to take breath, and a flattering murmur arose from his listeners, while the subject of his discourse looked at him as though his eloquence was in something of the nature of a surprise even to him.

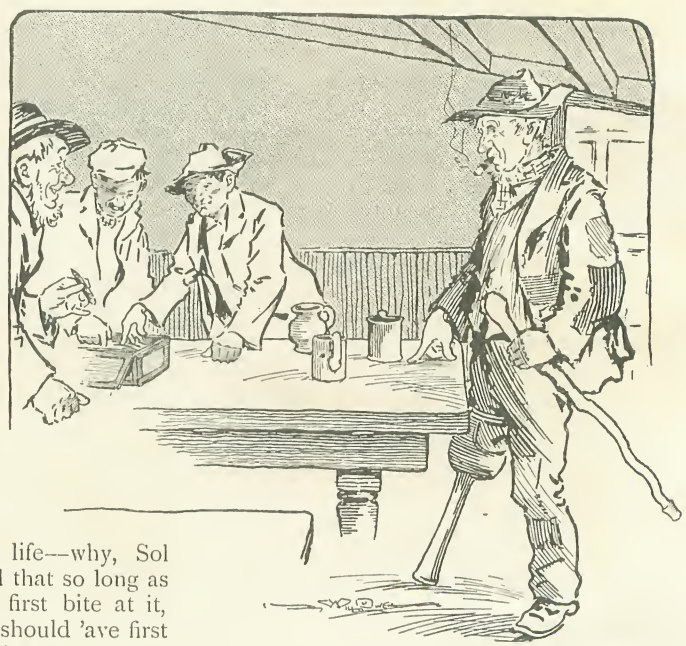
"In my old age and on my beam-ends," continued Mr. Wiggett, "I remembered them words of old Sol, and I knew if I could only find 'im my troubles were over. I knew that I could creep into 'is little harbour and lay snug. I knew that what Sol said he meant. I lost my leg saving 'is life, and he is grateful."

"So he ought to be," said Mr. Clark, "and I'm proud to shake 'ands with a hero."

He gripped Mr. Wiggett's hand, and the others followed suit. The wooden-legged man wound up with Mr. Ketchmaid, and, disdaining to notice that that veracious mariner's grasp was somewhat limp, sank into his chair again and asked for a cigar.

"Lend me the box, Sol," he said, jovially, as he took it from him. "I'm going to 'and 'em round. This is my treat, mates. Pore old Henry Wiggett's treat."

He passed the box round, Mr. Ketchmaid watching in helpless indignation as the customers, discarding their pipes, thanked Mr. Wiggett warmly, and helped themselves to a threepenny cigar apiece. Mr. Clark



"PORE OLD HENRY WIGGETT'S TREAT."

was so particular that he spoilt at least two by undue pinching before he could find one to his satisfaction.

Closing time came all too soon, Mr. Wiggett, whose popularity was never for a moment in doubt, developing gifts to which his friend had never even alluded. He sang comic songs in a voice which made the glasses rattle on the shelves, asked some

really clever riddles, and wound up with a conjuring trick which consisted in borrowing half a crown from Mr. Ketchmaid and making it pass into the pocket of Mr. Peter Smith. This last was perhaps not quite so satisfactory, as the utmost efforts of the tailor failed to discover the coin, and he went home under a cloud of suspicion which nearly drove him frantic.

"I 'ope you're satisfied," said Mr. Wiggett, as the landlord, having shot the bolts of the front door, returned to the bar.

"You went a bit too far," said Mr. Ketchmaid, shortly; "you should ha' been content with doing what I told you to do. And who asked you to 'and my cigars round?"

"I got a bit excited," pleaded the other.

"And you forgot to tell 'em you're going to start to-morrow to live with that niece of yours in New Zealand," added the landlord.

"So I did," said Mr. Wiggett, smiting his forehead; "so I did. I'm very sorry; I'll tell 'em to-morrow night."

"Mention it casual like, to-morrow morning," commanded Mr. Ketchmaid, "and get off in the arternoon, then I'll give you some dinner besides the five shillings as arranged."

Mr. Wiggett thanked him warmly and, taking a candle, withdrew to the unwonted luxury of clean sheets and a soft bed. For some time he lay awake in deep thought and then, smothering a laugh with the bedclothes, he gave a sigh of content and fell asleep.

To the landlord's great annoyance his guest went for a walk next morning and did not return until the evening, when he explained that he had walked too far for his crippled condition and was unable to get back. Much sympathy was manifested for him in the bar, but in all the conversation that ensued Mr. Ketchmaid listened in vain for any hint of his departure. Signals were of no use, Mr. Wiggett merely nodding amiably and raising his glass in response; and when by considerable strategy he brought the conversation from pig-killing to nieces, Mr. Wiggett deftly transferred it to uncles and discoursed on pawnbroking.

The helpless Mr. Ketchmaid suffered in silence, with his eye on the clock, and almost danced with impatience at the tardiness of his departing guests. He accompanied the last man to the door, and then, crimson with rage, returned to the bar to talk to Mr. Wiggett.

"Wot d'y'r mean by it?" he thundered.

"Mean by what, Sol?" inquired Mr. Wiggett, looking up in surprise.

"Don't you call me Sol, 'cos I won't have it," vociferated the landlord, standing over him with his fist clenched. "First thing to-morrow morning off you go."

"Off?" repeated the other, in amazement. "Off? Where to?"

"Anywhere," said the overwrought landlord; "so long as you get out of here, I don't care where you go."

Mr. Wiggett, who was smoking a cigar, the third that evening, laid it carefully on the table by his side, and regarded him with tender reproach.

"You ain't yourself, Sol," he said, with conviction; "don't say another word else you might say things you'll be sorry for."

His forebodings were more than justified, Mr. Ketchmaid indulging in a few remarks about his birth, parentage, and character which would have shocked an East-end policeman.

"First thing to-morrow morning you go," he concluded, fiercely. "I've a good mind to turn you out now. You know the arrangement I made with you."

"Arrangement!" said the mystified Mr. Wiggett; "what arrangement? Why, I ain't seen you for ten years and more. If it 'adn't been for meeting Cap'n Peters——".

He was interrupted by frenzied and incoherent exclamations from Mr. Ketchmaid.

"Sol Ketchmaid," he said, with dignity, "I 'ope you're drunk. I 'ope it's the drink and not Sol Ketchmaid, wot I saved from the shark by 'aving my leg bit off, talking. I saved your life, Sol, an' I 'ave come into your little harbour and let go my little anchor to stay there till I go aloft to join poor Sam Jones wot died with your name on 'is lips."

He sprang suddenly erect as Mr. Ketchmaid, with a loud cry, snatched up a bottle and made as though to brain him with it.

"You rascal," said the landlord, in a stifled voice. "You infernal rascal. I never set eyes on you till I saw you the other day on the quay at Burnsea, and, just for an innercent little joke like with Ned Clark, asked you to come in and pretend."

"Pretend!" repeated Mr. Wiggett, in a horror-stricken voice. "Pretend! Have you forgotten me pushing you out of the way and saying, 'Save yourself, Sol,' as the shark's jaws clashed together over my leg? Have you forgotten 'ow——?"

"Look 'ere," said Mr. Ketchmaid, thrust-

ing an infuriated face close to his, "there never was a Henery Wiggett; there never was a shark; there never was a Sam Jones!"

"Never—was—a—Sam Jones!" said the dazed Mr. Wiggett, sinking into his chair. "Ain't you got a spark o' proper feeling left, Sol?"

He fumbled in his pocket, and producing the remains of a dirty handkerchief wiped his eyes to the memory of the faithful black.

"HE WIPED HIS EYES TO THE MEMORY OF THE FAITHFUL BLACK."

"Look here," said Mr. Ketchmaid, putting down the bottle and regarding him intently, "you've got me fair. Now, will you go for a pound?"

"Got you?" said Mr. Wiggett, severely; "I'm ashamed of you, Sol. Go to bed and sleep off the drink, and in the morning you can take Henry Wiggett's 'and, but not before."

He took a box of matches from the bar and, re-lighting the stump of his cigar, contemplated Mr. Ketchmaid for some time in silence, and then, with a serious shake of his head, stumped off to bed. Mr. Ketchmaid remained below, and for at least an hour sat thinking of ways and means out of the dilemma into which his ingenuity had led him.

He went to bed with the puzzle still unsolved, and the morning yielded no solution. Mr. Wiggett appeared to have forgotten the previous night's proceedings altogether, and steadfastly declined to take umbrage at a manner which would have chilled a rhinoceros. He told several fresh anecdotes of himself and Sam Jones that evening; anecdotes which, at the imminent risk of choking, Mr. Ketchmaid was obliged to endorse.

A week passed, and Mr. Wiggett still graced with his presence the bar of the Ship. The landlord lost flesh, and began seriously to consider the advisability of making a clean breast of the whole affair. Mr. Wiggett watched him anxiously, and with a skill born of a life-long study of humanity, realized that his visit was drawing to an end. At last, one day, Mr. Ketchmaid put the matter bluntly.

"I shall tell the chaps to-night that it was a little joke on my part," he announced, with grim decision; "then I shall take you by the collar and kick you into the road."

Mr. Wiggett sighed and shook his head.

"It'll be a terrible show-up for you," he said, softly. "You'd better make it worth my while, and I'll tell 'em this evening that I'm going to New Zealand to live with a niece of mine there, and that you've paid my passage for me. I don't like telling any more lies, but, seeing it's for you, I'll do it for a couple of pounds."

"Five shillings," snarled Mr. Ketchmaid.

Mr. Wiggett smiled comfortably and shook his head. Mr. Ketchmaid raised his offer to ten shillings, to a pound, and finally, after a few remarks which prompted Mr. Wiggett to state that hard words broke no bones, flung into the bar and fetched the money.

The news of Mr. Wiggett's departure went round the village at once, the landlord himself breaking the news to the next customer, and an overflow meeting assembled that evening to bid the emigrant farewell.

The landlord noted with pleasure that business was brisk. Several gentlemen stood drink to Mr. Wiggett, and in return he put his hand in his own pocket and ordered glasses round. Mr. Ketchmaid, in a state of some uneasiness, took the order, and then Mr. Wiggett, with the air of one conferring inestimable benefits, produced a lucky half-

penny, which had once belonged to Sam Jones, and insisted upon his keeping it.

"This is my last night, mates," he said, mournfully, as he acknowledged the drinking of his health. "In many ports I've been, and many snug pubs I 'ave visited, but I never in all my days come across a nicer, kinder-'earted lot o' men than wot you are."

"Hear, hear," said Mr. Clark.

Mr. Wiggett paused, and, taking a sip from his glass to hide his emotion, resumed.

"In my lonely pilgrimage through life, crippled, and 'aving to beg my bread," he said, tearfully, "I shall think o' this 'appy bar and these friendly faces. When I am wrestlin' with the pangs of 'unger and being moved on by the 'eartless police, I shall think of you as I last saw you."

"But," said Mr. Smith, voicing the general consternation, "you're going to your niece in New Zealand?"

Mr. Wiggett shook his head and smiled a sad, sweet smile.

"I 'ave no niece," he said, simply; "I'm alone in the world."

At these touching words his audience put their glasses down and stared in amaze at Mr. Ketchmaid, while that gentleman in his turn gazed at Mr. Wiggett as though he had suddenly developed horns and a tail.

"Ketchmaid told me hisself as he'd paid your passage to New Zealand," said the shoemaker; "he said as 'e'd pressed you to stay, but that you said as blood was thicker even than friendship."

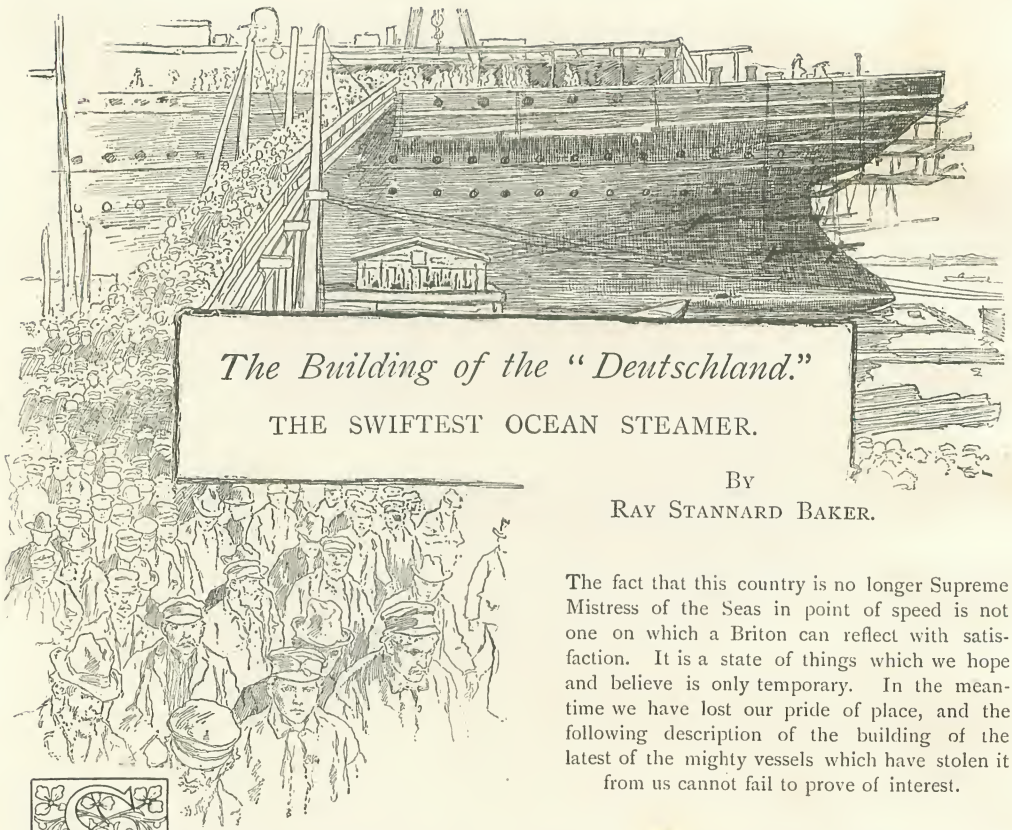
"BREAKING THE NEWS."

"All lies," said Mr. Wiggett, sadly. "I'll stay with pleasure if he'll give the word. I'll stay even now if 'e wishes it."

He paused a moment as though to give his bewildered victim time to accept this offer, and then addressed the scandalized Mr. Clark again.

"He don't like my being 'ere," he said, in a low voice. "He grudges the little bit I eat, I s'pose. He told me I'd got to go, and that for the look o' things 'e was going to pretend I was going to New Zealand. I was too broke-'earted at the time to care wot he said—I 'ave no wish to sponge on no man—but, seeing your 'onest faces round me I couldn't go with a lie on my lips—Sol Ketchmaid, old shipmate—good-bye."

He turned to the speechless landlord, made as though to shake hands with him, thought better of it, and then, with a wave of his hand full of chastened dignity, withdrew. His stump rang with pathetic insistence upon the brick-paved passage, paused at the door, and then, tapping on the hard road, died slowly away in the distance. Inside the Ship the shoemaker gave an ominous order for lemonade.



The Building of the "Deutschland."

THE SWIFTEST OCEAN STEAMER.

By
Ray Stannard Baker.

The fact that this country is no longer Supreme Mistress of the Seas in point of speed is not one on which a Briton can reflect with satisfaction. It is a state of things which we hope and believe is only temporary. In the meantime we have lost our pride of place, and the following description of the building of the latest of the mighty vessels which have stolen it from us cannot fail to prove of interest.

STETTIN, Germany, is famous for the greatest shipyards on the European Continent. One visiting the Vulcan Works in April of this year might have seen nine huge vessels in course of construction, seven yet on the ways and two in the water. Of the nine ships, seven were for German companies—one of them a ship of the line for the German navy. The other two were a cruiser for Russia and the *Yakuma*, then just completed, for Japan. Of the German liners, two will be the greatest ships in the world, with a single exception, and will both have a greater speed than any other merchant ship. These splendid vessels, although intended for the Atlantic passenger service, to be fitted with a degree of luxuriousness hitherto unapproached, are all built under the requirements of the German navy. On the deck there are beds for the mounting of great guns, the rudder and screws are especially protected from the possible harm of shots, and apparatus is provided for steering below decks in case the upper works are carried away. Guns are ready at Hamburg or at Kiel, the crews are already organized; and in a fortnight, should the Empire need them, these peaceful passenger ships could be made terrible engines of war.

Two years ago there came from the Vulcan Works what was then the largest and swiftest of all ocean steamships, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. Prophets of evil predestined these ships to failure. In vain. The great success of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* did more than any other one thing, perhaps, to establish the world fame of the German shipbuilder. Hardly had she been well tested when a still greater and still swifter ship was planned—the *Deutschland*. The *Deutschland* is not so long or quite so broad as the *Oceanic*, so recently from the yards of the Irish builders at Belfast, but she is next to her in size and much swifter.

On the ways of the Vulcan Works there is a long brown spine of steel, knobbed with rivets and almost ready for the ribs. It is the keel of an unnamed ship which will be as large as the *Deutschland*, and another is being planned to surpass the *Oceanic*. A few

years ago builders said confidently that the limit of size had been reached; now there is none who would venture to name a limit.

The time has come in shipbuilding when the addition of half a knot of speed is an epoch. The builder is so hemmed in and set about with problems that the half-knots beyond twenty-two—and there are only a few twenty-two-knot merchant ships — mean a vast outlay of money, time, and skill. And yet these fractional knots are paying investments. A vessel that steams, say, 565 miles a day, while her nearest rival makes only 502 miles, will arrive in New York from Cherbourg nearly a full day ahead—and a day in the life of a man whose minutes are counted in sovereigns is not to be despised.

It is probable that if a great steamship company should order a 750ft. ship to make thirty knots an hour, the builders would take the contract—eagerly, too. But it would be in a spirit of solemnity. The steamship companies are not ready, however, to go forward so rapidly as that; the money involved is too great. Yet in the *Deutschland* they have built a vessel 686½ft. long, 67ft. broad, and 44ft. deep, with a contract speed averaging at least twenty-two knots (about twenty-six miles) an hour during the entire voyage, and with a probability of twenty-three knots or more an hour. In order to force such an enormous mass of steel, machinery, and coal through the water the builders must of necessity construct engines such as no other ship ever had—indeed, the greatest engines in the world, either on land or on sea. It requires a 33,000 horse-power to drive the *Deutschland.*

The greatest German warship, the *Kaiser Friedrich III.*, has only 18,000 horse-power; the *Oceanic*, the greatest of ships in size, has only 27,000 horse-power; the *Campania* has 30,000 horse-power. It was therefore unknown ground that the Vulcan builders covered when they undertook to build the world's greatest engines. But there was no uncertainty about it. Indeed, in shipbuilding almost everything depends on experience. The builders knew to almost the last detail just what was necessary to the construction and operation of such enormous machinery; the strength of every bit of metal; the sizes of the parts that would give the greatest efficiency, and yet occupy the smallest space; the proper location in the ship of the vast weights of the boilers, the coal-bunkers, and so on—all of these facts had been established by years of experience with smaller craft. It required the continuous work for six months of over a score of draughtsmen to make the plans, to say nothing of the greater work of the men in whose brains the beautiful lines of the ship were first traced, and who had planned the engines and solved to a nicety those wonderful problems of strains and of vibration and balance, a single mistake in which might have ruined the entire creation.

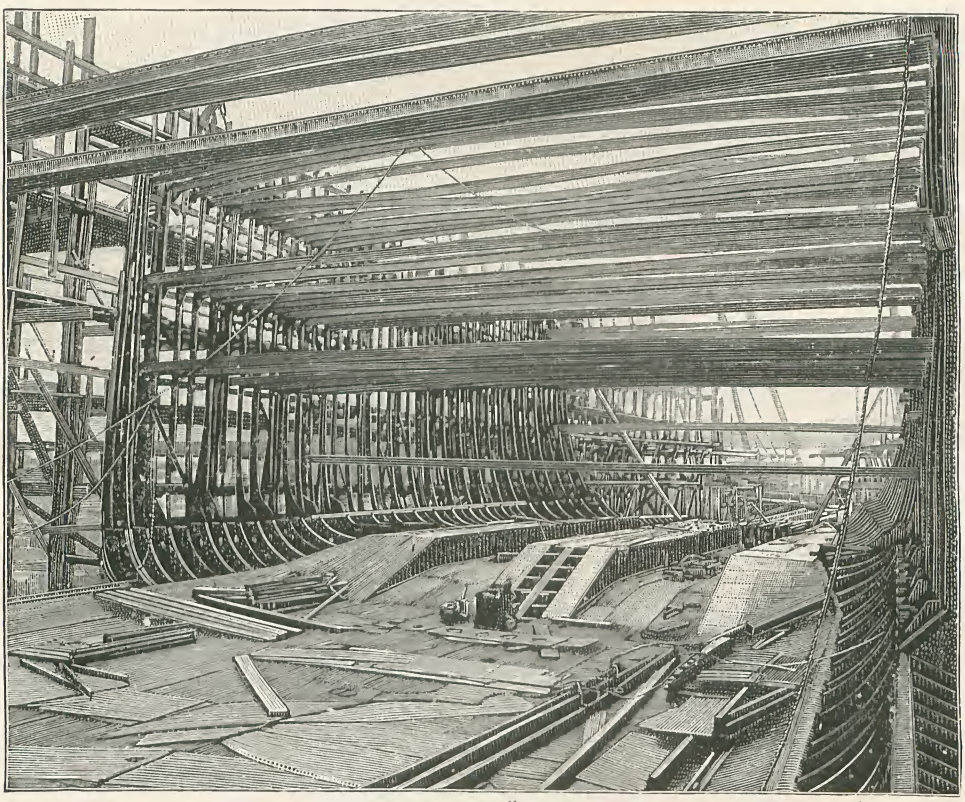
As in other branches of art, the shipbuilder must work within certain circumscribed limits. For instance, if he could make his vessel of any depth, he might build much larger, and there would be practically no limit to his speed—forty knots would be almost as easy as twenty-three. But he must construct his ship so that it will float into the harbours at New York and Liverpool and Hamburg, where the channels are hardly beyond 30ft. in depth. At the same time, if he would have her make a high speed, he must fit her with enormous engines; and yet if his engines are too large his vessel will not carry enough coal to get her across the Atlantic and leave any room for passengers. If he increases breadth to make her carry a larger load — in other words, if he makes her "tubby"—he cannot drive her through the water at the required speed. On the other hand, if he makes her too long in proportion to her breadth and depth she will break her back with the enormous weights which she carries and the thrust of her machinery.

These are only a few of the difficulties with which the builder must wrestle, but they will serve to indicate faintly the delicacy and intricacy of the art—the necessity of striking just the proper proportions of depth, length, breadth, weight, so that the vessel will derive the greatest possible speed from the work of her engines.

After these problems of size and proportions are settled there is the further difficulty of the balancing of the great ship. Here are engines and boilers weighing thousands of tons; here are bunkers which must be loaded with other thousands of tons of coal; here are hundreds of tons of other machinery, water-tanks, cargo, and so on. They must all so be arranged in the long, narrow shell of the ship that she lists neither to right nor to left, and so that throughout her whole 700ft. of length, more or less, she never sinks more than a few feet deeper at one end than at the other. Then there is the problem of preventing the vibration of the propellers as nearly as may be from shaking the ship; of ventilation, and of

providing strong draughts of air to the furnaces 40ft. or 50ft. below the upper deck.

The casual visitor at a great shipbuilding establishment is rarely aware of the importance of this preliminary work in which the genius of the supreme craftsman has its keenest expression. He sees a few absorbed men in a loft, bending over desks and drawing-tables or making computations. They are not particularly impressive, especially when his eyes still see green from the light of great forges and his ears still ring with the thunder of sledges. And yet it is here ice. Where the Vulcan Works spread along its shore the bank rises at a gentle slope, and here stands the scaffolding for seven ships. So narrow is the river that three of these cradles have been placed at a sharp angle to the water in order that when the greatest ships are launched they may not crash into the opposite bank. A ship's scaffolding at a distance resembles a gigantic basket, one end of which rests in the edge of the water, while the other reaches high up on the bank. On nearer approach the sides of this basket resolve themselves into an intricate maze of



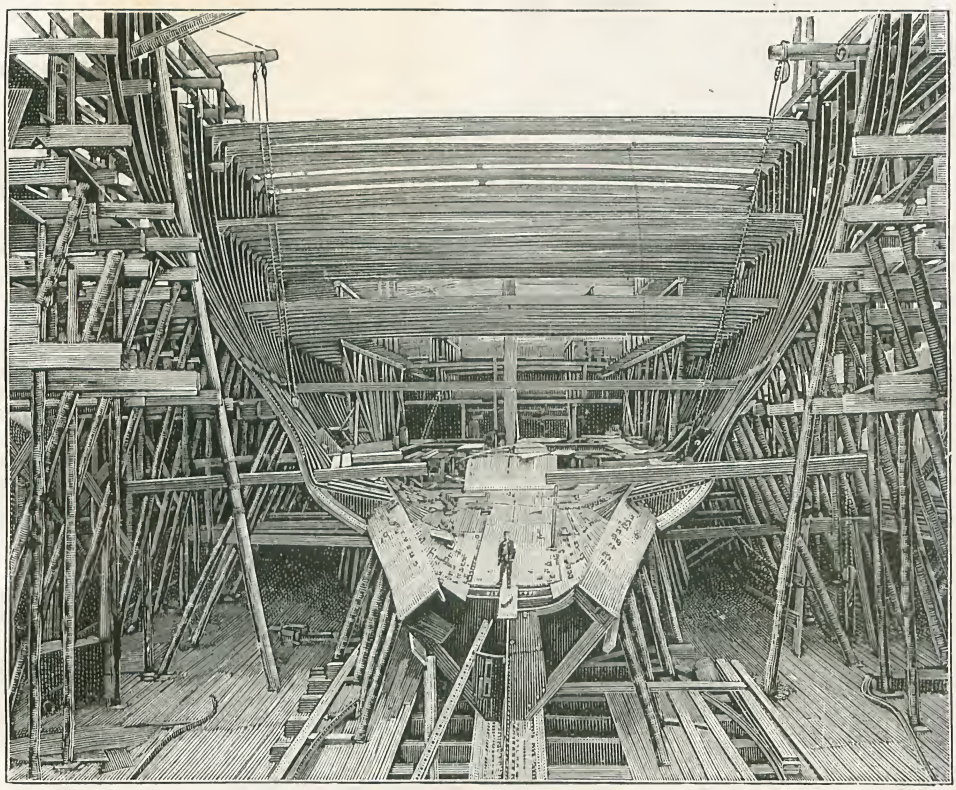
THE SKELETON OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."
This picture gives some conception of the enormous capacity of the "Deutschland"; she has a displacement of 23,200 tons, and provides accommodation for 1,750 passengers and a crew of 550.

that the ship is first built—finished to the last rivet in plan and blue print before the first block of the bed is laid in place. A score of men, directed by the brains of the master engineers and designers, have created a ship in six months which will require the labour of 1,500 men for nearly two years to body forth in steel.

The River Oder at Bredow is only a narrow stream without tides or perceptible current. When we saw it first the water was a murky brown, blotched with bits of rotten timbers of enormous proportions. Here the ship is born. The interior of the basket has been cunningly fashioned by the artificer until it follows the lines of the future vessel—a sort of huge wooden mould. At the bottom runs a long, low ridge of stout timbers, called the bed, sloping down to the water edge. This is to support the backbone or keel of the ship.

In one of the cradles the keel-pieces of a new warship had just been laid. A crew of riveters were at work fastening the vertical

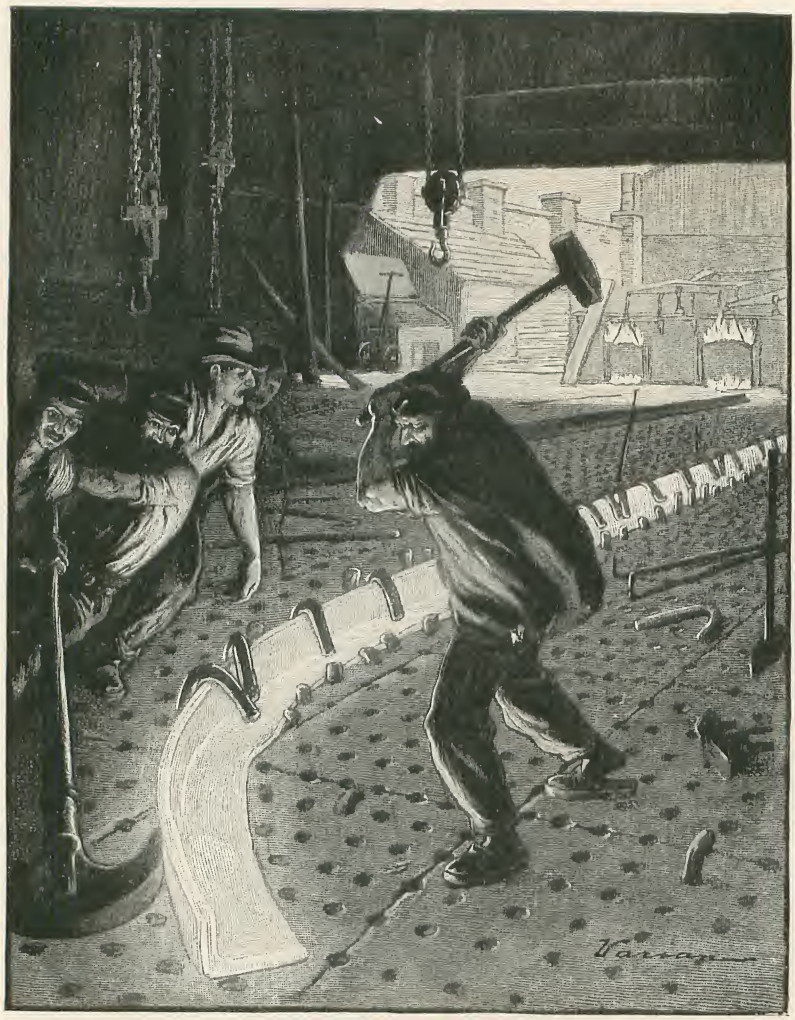
keel pieces to the horizontal keel. Imagine a machine as tall as a man and having the shape of your thumb and finger when fashioned in the form of a C. A boy at a hand forge throws a bursting red rivet. Another workman seizes it with tongs and



THE "DEUTSCHLAND" SIX MONTHS AFTER HER KEEL WAS LAID.
Showing the keel, ribs, the second, or "false," bottom, and the girders which are to support the decks. On the right and left is the scaffolding, or cradle, erected before the frame, within which the frame is built.

drops it into a hole in the ship's spine. There is a shout and a quick signal; the giant thumb and finger of the machine close in and come deliberately together, one at each end of the rivet. There is no sound; but when the machine opens again and draws away the lower end of that rod of iron, as thick as a man's two thumbs, has been crushed like so much putty into a rounded head. This rivet shrinks in cooling, and draws the beams of steel together until they are like one solid piece. And that is the daily work of the pneumatic riveting machine.

The ribs of the ship come from the mills in long, straight, L-shaped beams which must be bent to the delicate curves of the ship's body. A wide iron floor, full of equidistant holes; a furnace 65ft. long—of a length great enough to hold and heat the ship's longest rib; a force of workmen waiting for the furnace door to open—that is where the ribs are shaped. The master workman has pegged out the curve of a rib by fitting iron pins in the holes of the floor. When the signal is given the furnace door bursts open, emitting a blinding glare of light and fervid heat. A single dark figure, black against the glow, grapples with huge pincers in the furnace mouth; the workmen, but a moment before standing inert and lax of muscle, now bend their shoulders to a hawser, and the bar of metal, so hot that its edges bear no definite outline, is dragged forth. With infinite deftness and fearlessness, with swiftness and yet without hurry, this flaming bar is crowded against the pegs of the curve, the workmen smiting it with hammers, driving other pegs, straining at levers, and smiting again. Once the steel wrinkled in bending like a blotting-pad, as if reluctant to submit. In two minutes' time a simple L of iron had become a ship's rib, curving in the shape of the hull, and ready, except for rivet holes, for service.



IN ONE OF THE VULCAN SHOPS.
Here the steel ribs of the vessel are bent into shape. A sixty-foot bar of metal is dragged white-hot from the furnaces, crowded against the pegs that plot its curve on the iron floor, and in two minutes is made ready for service.

In ways just as fascinating the steel plates which are to form the skin of the ship are fashioned. Here is a pair of enormous rollers of steel, like the rollers of a laundress's wringer. Between them a plate of steel as large as two dining-tables is fed, leaving part of it sticking straight out. Just at the proper moment a third roller rises from below, pushed upward by the resistless force of hydraulic pressure. When it reaches the plate we start back, expecting to see the cold steel snap like glass; but, instead, it bends upward as easily as though it were pasteboard, until it is almost L-shaped. Then the noiseless but mighty roller that has done the work slips back again.

Around the head of each cradle at the Vulcan yards there is a cluster of machines covered with umbrella-like canopies of corrugated iron. There are thick, saw-like shears that trim the steel plates, three-quarters of an inch thick, as a little girl would snip the corners of a bit of calico cloth. Other machines there are that bore endless numbers of rivet-holes in beams, girders, and plates; others countersink these holes; still others level off the edges of the plates, and then a huge crane lifts them over into the scaffolding, dangles them, though they weigh ten tons each, just where they are to be placed, and the workmen fit and fasten them in.

One year from the time that the keel of the *Deutschland* was laid her hull was finished. It loomed huge and brown through the scaffolding which still protected and supported it, and it was ready to take the sea. In January, 1900, the Emperor came up from Berlin with a brilliant guard of officers. Count von Bülow pulled the silken cord, champagne was spattered on the great ship's stern, and she shot forward into the water. This shell of steel weighed upwards of 9,200 tons, and had cost all of a million and a quarter of dollars. There were yet to be added the engines and the fittings, which would bring her total weight to over 16,500 tons, and her total cost to over 3,000,000 dols.

In a great shipyard one tool stands supreme

in importance over all others. It goes by the highly expressive title of "shear-legs," a kind of crane. From the top hangs heavy chain tackle which will lift a hundred tons as easily as a boy would pick up a penny. And this is the way all of the heavy interior fittings—the engines, pumps, boilers, stacks, masts, and so on—are placed in the ship.

With Captain Albers, to whom fell the honour of taking the *Deutschland* on her first voyage, we went up the broad plank gangway which led from the river bank to the promenade deck of the vessel. Fifteen hundred men were there at work on her, hammering, sawing, planing, fitting, and yet so huge was she that the force seemed small, and there were areas where not a man was to be seen.

CAPTAIN ALBERS, OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."
Drawn from life by George Varian, April, 1900.

The space over the *Deutschland's* engines still gaped wide open at the time of our first visit, suggesting from the upper deck an enormous grimy pit. The cylinders for the main engines were still open at the top, the largest being nearly 9ft. in diameter, with a weight of forty-five tons—larger than the funnels of many a large steamer. Having gone down three stories of decks, we descended a ladder fully 60ft. long, into the depths of the vessel. One may read indefinitely the cold figures relating to the size of the engines and boilers in an ocean steamer, and still he will not realize their greatness. But let him get down, pigmy-like, among the machinery itself, and look up into one of the great twin engines, and he will receive an impression of size and power such as he will never forget, especially if he visits this greatest of all engines. There are 128 cylinders in the engines, and the ship has nearly a third of a mile of railroad track for carrying her coal from the bunkers to the furnaces.

It was interesting to hear Captain Albers explain how the great ship was balanced—the engine just aft of amidship, boilers forward, fresh water in great tanks on each side just balancing each other, coal in the bunkers around the boilers, so that in case of war the enemy's shot could not pierce to the ship's vitals—and how water could be let in from the sea to this or that compartment to balance the coal burned away. This was all interesting, but we felt more deeply impressed by the strange, cold, dark, resounding hole in the extreme stern and at the bottom of the great ship, which we reached through a door in a steel wall. Here in silence, and almost without human attention, works the mighty rudder-arm of the ship. It travels in a cogged quadrant, and it is so big that the engine which runs it is perched on top of it, and rides back and forth as the rudder answers the touch of the steersman's finger on the bridge.

The *Deutschland* may be said to be twenty-one ships in one. In passing up the vessel from stern to stem we crept through numerous gangways of steel, the doors of which could be instantly closed, and so screwed on rubber battens as to be impervious to both water and air. In case of an accident at sea two men spring instantly to each of these doors and close them fast; and the ship, a moment before a single great apartment, becomes twenty-one separate rooms, having no connection below decks. If one, or two, or even five of these compartments fill with water, the ship will still float with the buoyancy of those remaining. And each compartment has its own pumps and its own means of escape for passengers, so that even though there is a yawning hole in the ship's bottom she may yet sail safely into

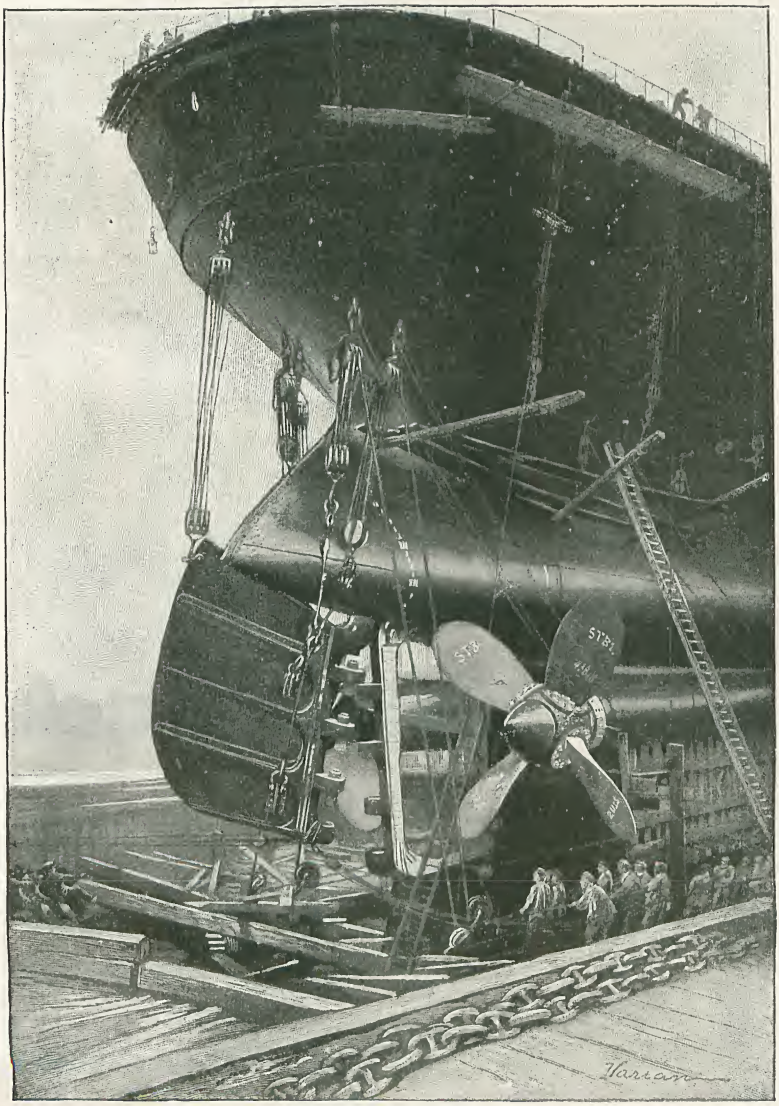
STOKE-HOLE OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."
In the foreground is shown the railway used for carrying coal from the bunkers to the furnaces.

port. The *Deutschland* also has two bottoms. The real bottom of the ship lies from 4ft. to 8ft. beneath the false bottom; both are almost equally strong, so that if a hidden reef burst through the outer plates there will still remain a firm, dry inner bottom to keep out the water. This wide space—it might be called the sub-basement of the vessel—has also its own separate compartments into which water can be let at will to balance the ship if she does not ride evenly.

After the ship's engines and boilers, perhaps the most impressive pieces of mechanism are the shafts, which reach from the engine out through the stern of the vessel, where they drive the propellers. In many respects, also, these shafts are the most difficult of any part of the ship to produce. They are made of a special, high-priced nickel steel. Each of them is 215ft. long—longer than many good-sized ships, and twice as large around as a man's

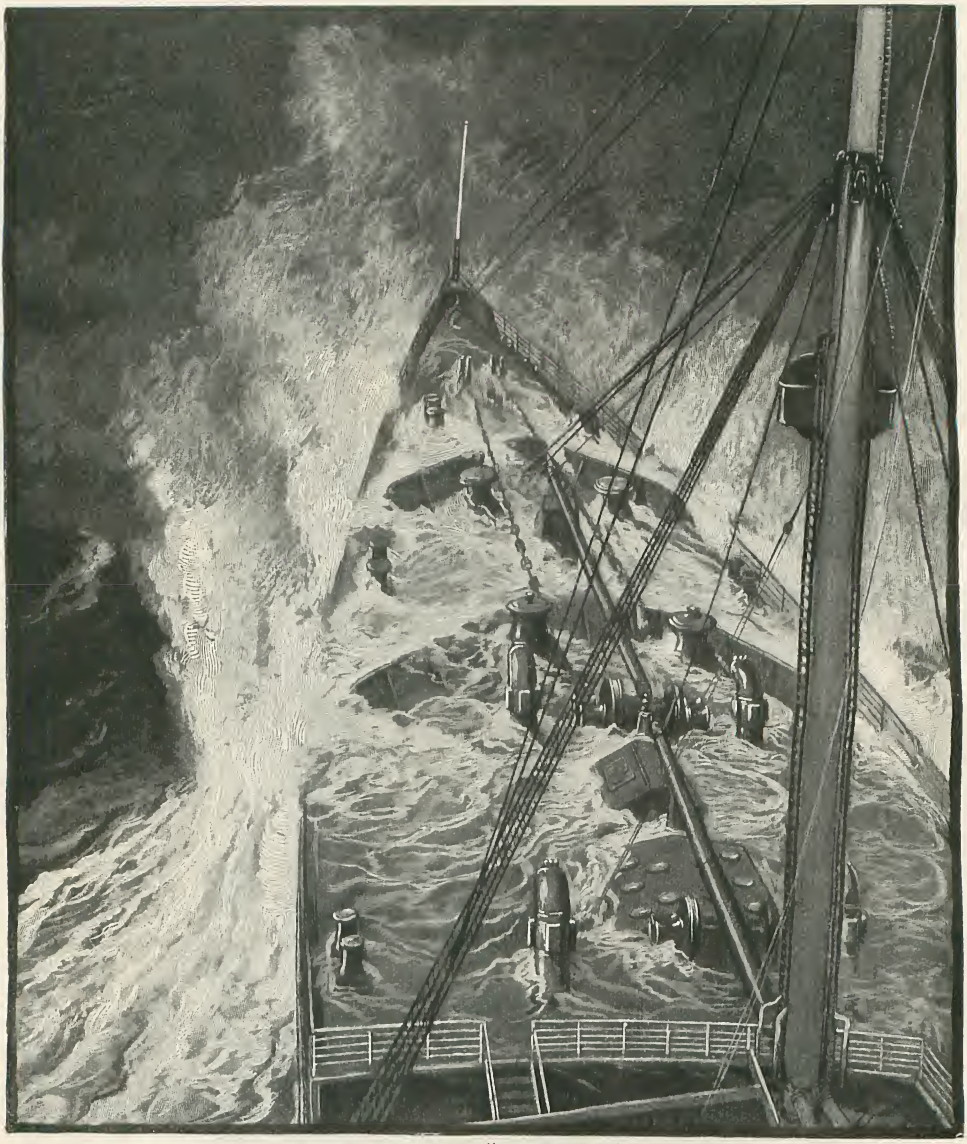
body. They must needs have strength to drive such a weight of steel through the water at such a speed. Each bears on its tip end outside the ship a screw propeller of manganese bronze, each blade of which weighs four and one-half tons. They are the work of that great German, Herr Krupp, of Essen, and they represent the acme of the art of steel-making. Upon its arrival from the mills the shaft is in five parts, and it looks rough and coarse. But the workmen at the Vulcan fit the pieces one by one into an enormous lathe, and plane them down as a cabinet-maker would turn the leg of a chair. We saw such a lathe at work, and picked up fine shavings of nickel steel, curled and strong as a clock spring.

Such a vessel as the *Deutschland* would have been an impossibility a few years ago, not only for mechanical reasons, but because she could not have been made to pay. The *Deutschland* carries no freight. She is wholly a passenger and mail steamer; and she is now a possibility because people are richer, and every year more of them travel back and forth between Europe and America. And to make such a speed as that indicated for the *Deutschland* means that so much room is required by the power-producing machinery and coal that there really is not any space for a large cargo. But for her purpose — that of carrying 1,750 passengers across the Atlantic in the least possible space of time and with the greatest luxury — the *Deutschland* is the perfection of the shipbuilder's art.



SHIPPING THE RUDDER.
The size of it and of the propellers may be realized by comparison with the workmen who are fixing it in its place.

Some few facts about the new ship may help to a realization of what a great modern ocean liner really is, and how absolutely complete she must be made in every particular. The *Deutschland*, for instance, has a complete refrigerating plant, four hospitals, a safety deposit vault for the immense quantities of gold and silver which pass between the banks of Europe and America, eight kitchens, a complete post-office with German and American clerks, thirty electrical



THE BOW OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."
As seen from the bridge on her trial trip.

motors, thirty-six pumps, most of them of American and English make, no fewer than seventy-two steam engines, a complete drug store, a complete fire department, with pumps, hose, and other fire-fighting machinery, a library, 2,600 electric lights, two barber shops, room for an orchestra and brass band, a telegraph system, a telephone system, a complete printing establishment, a photographic dark-room, a cigar store, an electric fire-alarm system, and a special refrigerator for flowers.

When we last saw the *Deutschland* great daubs of red and white chalk-marks covered her steel sides from stem to stern. Some German workman, with feeling for the monster on whom he had so long been toiling, had scrawled in big letters, "Gluck auf"—"Good luck!" Since that time, as everybody knows, she has broken the record for the passage between New York and Plymouth, leaving on September 4th, 1900, and covering 2,982 miles in 5days 7hrs. 38min.

"*For a Charity.*"

THE THEATRICALS WE GOT UP FOR IT IN AN INDIAN HILL STATION.

By Mrs. Fred Maturin.

"THE HIGHLANDS," Jellapehar, Darjeeling. June 1st.—The rains have broken. It's very dull. I was reading the *Belle of the Town* yesterday—a new lady's paper just out from England—and saw that the Home of Reflection for Swearing and Backbiting Parrots is in great need of funds. The people who run it say that it is an excellent cause — that a parrot was brought there a few days before who knew its Catechism, and yet used the most shocking language, and finally, having over-eaten itself on the bonnet of the Lady Superior, died, using such language towards the jet ornaments on the bonnet that its end had to be mercifully hastened. Funds were earnestly pleaded for, but whether for a new bonnet for the Lady Superior, or what, the appeal did not clearly state.

I felt so miserable and dull that I thought, "Let's get up some theatricals for this charity." So we're going to do it, and have written to the Branch Home of Reflection for the Parrots in Calcutta, and told them to expect a large cheque about the end of the rains, which is the time we have fixed for the performance.

They have sent us a lot of their little pamphlets, written by kind people for their Home, to paste up and send about the station, and a parrot sits on a ring in one corner with its head on one side, and the poetry is by people like Bishops and Lord Mayors and leaders of fashion, who are all interested in the charity, and it's mostly supposed to be written by cockatoos and parrots and macaws, and all that sort of bird, appealing to the public to help them.

One piece of poetry, by a lady, begins (it's an address to the dead parrot which ate the bonnet):—

> Was it thou, profane bird,
> Was it thou that I heard?

and it's *awful rot*—between you and me.

June 3rd.—Rehearsals have begun—in my bungalow. Morton says he'd never have taken leave if he'd known this. There are twenty women in the tableaux and twenty-five men, and I had to give them all tiffin,

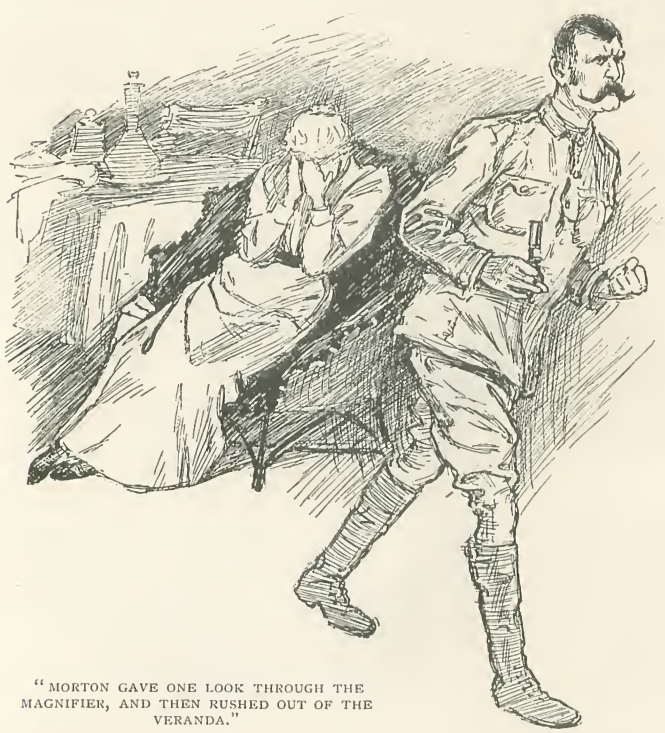
"THE PARROT HAD OVER-EATEN ITSELF ON THE BONNET OF THE LADY SUPERIOR."

of course. They rode, and came up in dandies, from Darjeeling in torrents of rain. There was a lot of discussion about what tableaux to have, and it seems to me there'll be rows before long, for everyone wants the best parts, and no one will do the old women, bystanders, and so on.

Some women are unreasonable, really. Là and I set the fashion in the station (of course, I don't count that lump, Mrs. Horner, whose husband ships bananas to Trincomalee, and so can dress her nicely), and so, naturally, in "A Dream of Fair Women" I felt it my duty to be *Helen of*

Troy, and Là took *Cleopatra;* and Mrs. Horner, who longs to be somebody, was dreadfully offended because I gave her the part of *Cleopatra's* old black nurse.

I meant to give them all such a nice tiffin —I'm sure I spent money and time enough ordering it. The bazaar bill will be awful—and the whole thing was spoilt by the *Iss-Stew*, as the cook calls it. I said, "I wish Abdool wouldn't cram his stews with these little black things which have no taste. I can't imagine what they are." And Morton, always ready to contradict me, of course,



"MORTON GAVE ONE LOOK THROUGH THE MAGNIFIER, AND THEN RUSHED OUT OF THE VERANDA."

said, "Well, I call them excellent—nothing these poor beggars of servants can do ever satisfies you."

"They're very riling," says Captain Frere, determined to stand up for me, yet trying to be polite to everyone, because he wants Morton to be the *Wolf* in the burlesque. (He's stage-manager.) "Tell us now, Colonel, what's your opinion of the way we treat native servants out here? One hears such different opinions."

"If you ask me," says Morton, grumpily, "I think it's beastly. I never can understand great, hulking Englishmen kicking and knocking about these poor, lean, half-fed beggars who *can't* retaliate! And, as my opinion is asked for, I call it unmanly, and nothing else."

"These little black spices," said I, changing the conversation, "look very funny, and I'm going to send for the children's magnifying-glass I gave Cedric on his birthday. Bearer, *jau beito juldee chota glass, tum sumsta deknee kewustee.*"

"You've told him to go and sit quickly under the glass. Why the deuce, Hetty, don't you learn Hindustani properly?"

The magnifying-glass came, and I put it over one of the black things Morton said was so delicious, and it was an ant. We had eaten thousands — I don't know where they all came from. I gave one loud scream, and so did Là, and everyone covered up their faces. Morton gave one glance through the magnifier, and then rushed out of the veranda to the cook-house, dragging the cook forth by the hair of his head, and kicking him along as he went. The cook, who had just refreshed himself after his labours by washing his head in the soup-tureen, and had got a pudding-cloth tied round his head to dry it, came running along propelled by Morton's boot, and crying piteously that the sahib not be angry, ants all dead in the boiling.

The cook's form appeared for an instant to make a curve on the edge of the khud against the sky, and then went over the khud, landing in a rhododendron below, and the pudding-cloth was left in Morton's hands.

So much for Morton's sermonizing.

June 15th.—Wouldn't anyone think that in a tableau called "Velvet and Rags" the person chosen for *Velvet* would rather be that than *Rags?* Morton and I have had a terrible scene; and really, if that hateful Mrs. Horner is going to have her own way like this, I'll throw up these theatricals, parrots or no parrots. As it is, I don't suppose there'll be half as much to send the charity as we thought, for everyone is choosing their own dresses, and as each woman has, of course, inwardly vowed not to be outdone by

the others, and all the bills are being sent in to Captain Frere, "to be paid for out of the proceeds," I don't know how much there will be over for the parrots, I'm sure.

As for the "Velvet and Rags," I will *not* give in—*Rags* I intend to be, and if Mrs. Horner doesn't care to be *Velvet*, let her go out of it altogether. The picture was in the Academy one year, and will make a lovely tableau. On one side sits a beautifully dressed, rather fat, well-fed, looking woman in a ball dress, by a roaring fire—she looks complacent and prosperous, and, with her fan in one hand, leans back in her chair languidly glancing, with a self-satisfied smile, over her ball programme. Her opera-cloak is thrown over a chair.

The other side shows the street outside her house. The snow is falling thickly—it is two in the morning—and sitting on the door-step, exhausted with hunger and cold, leans a beautiful pale girl in a shabby black dress, her head against the hall door, a basket with withered bunches of violets in her lap.

We asked Mrs. Horner up to dinner with several others one night on purpose to ask her to take *Velvet*, and she flew into a temper. Là put it very nicely for me, and described the picture and expressions, and said, "You're cut out for *Velvet*, with all your lovely clothes, and you have just the look, and the woman who does *Rags* must have a lot of expression and *Velvet* needn't have any. Mrs. Langtry took *Rags* in Lady Weake's famous tableaux, you know. And Hetty will do *Rags* and give you up *Velvet*, and you can show off one of your grand new dresses."

Morton says he never heard anything more nastily put, and enough to rile any woman, especially after Là and I had taken care to explain that *Velvet* had to have "a smug expression," which is what Mrs. Horner has to perfection.

I cried myself to sleep, but I won't give up *Rags*.

June 16th.—Mrs. Horner has retired from the theatricals altogether, and has got Morton to promise he won't do the *Wolf*. We have cut each other to-day riding on the Mall.

June 17th.—Mrs. Horner is back in the theatricals, and has consented to do *Velvet* if she may look "pensive" instead of smug. We said she might—if she could. She rode up here to chota-hazaree and began to cry, and Morton is making himself so disagreeable about the *Wolf* (and he's the only man in the station who can howl like one, and the only one who will spend four evenings running with a wolf-skin and a mask on) that I swallowed my feelings and made it up with her.

June 24th.—We are all so worn out with rehearsing that we are going to have a rest, and Captain Frere has got up an expedition for the whole company to go to Sandhook Phu, near the Snows. We start to-morrow morning with tents, coolies, ponies, and dandies. It seems as if there's to be a week's break in the rains, so I hope we shall have fun.

June 29th.—Sandhook Phu. We arrived here after an awful journey. It was fine the first day, and nothing especial happened except that Mrs. Horner's luggage got lost—the coolies went the wrong road—and when we all turned up at dinner-time in the dāk bungalow in fresh muslin dresses she had to keep to her habit, which makes her look awfully fat, and she was in a horrible temper.

It began to rain again in the night. We ladies all slept in dressing-gowns in one big room, some on beds and some in the tables turned upside down, and suddenly Stella Wyndham awoke us all with a piercing yell. Two leeches were fastened to her face sucking her blood, and she said she'd swallowed another, and instantly we all found our faces covered with them too, and the floor was black with them out of the wet jungle around. Là seized hold of one of Stella's leeches and Mrs. Ruthven the other, and tugged, but they hung on like grim death. So terrific were our screams that Morton and Major Ruthven rushed in with pistols and a blunderbuss, and the chokeydar and bearer and other servants rushed in too, and Morton, thinking it was *they* had been caught thieving, set to work to fell every servant to the ground before we could make him understand it was the leeches. By this time all the men had thrown on something and collected, and someone fetched salt and threw it over our faces, and the leeches dropped off. We are terribly disfigured.

We still had seven miles up the mountain-side to do, when it began to pelt torrents, and night found us Heaven knows where, for we had missed our way. We were in a thick jungle, and most of the ladies in dandies, and suddenly a huge grizzly bear appeared on the twilit path ahead. With one howl of "Allah" every dandie-wallah dropped his pole and bolted, and we all came to the ground with a crash. The coolies bolted too, pitching down our luggage, and I heard my portmanteau bouncing down the khud into the river below. In the con-

fusion no one noticed that the bear had bolted too, and we all fainted several times over before we would listen to the men, who kept shouting, "He's gone! It's all right! He's scooted! No danger! He was more frightened than you were, I tell you."

Mrs. Horner, we were told through the darkness, was seriously injured in her spine, through her dandie having dropped on a rock. No one had any matches that would light; they had all got wet. No one knew where we were or which turning to take, and it ended in our spending the night on that path five feet wide, and a yawning precipice below us, and, for all we knew, the bear, his wife, and family all close by. It rained as it only can in the Himalayas. The leeches had a glorious time. You should have seen us all when the sun rose. We got here somehow at midday, and coolies have been sent running to Darjeeling to fetch two doctors—for *everybody* is ill of something.

July 19th.—Back in Darjeeling, after "many peradventures by the way," as my sister Nina used to say.

Captain Frere is engaging special trains to run Calcutta people up here for our show (which comes off in three weeks), for it seems there is great excitement about it in Calcutta, and the one little daily train would never hold half the crowds. We pay in advance for it—the charity won't lose by it, for everyone who uses the trains will pay us back, and we expect packed houses each night.

We have also taken the precaution to book the whole of Sorder's Hotel for the four nights. Sorder is selling the tickets for us and providing the meals. Some of us live so far, we have engaged the Town Hall and all the dressing-rooms from now up, and Sorder sends meals there for us, and has fitted up beds and washing-stands in the dressing-rooms for the Edens and some tea-planters, who can't, of course, ride back thirty miles every day. Mr. Eden is growling, his wife says, because she's never home now, and everything is going to the dogs. She has frizzled in that odious tea-plantation of his for seven years, and now he grudges her the innocent amusement of being ballet-girl in the burlesque, and is trying to spoil the whole thing by forbidding her to kick higher than his nose, which is, of course, no way at all, and he and Captain Frere had a scene about it.

"MR. HERBERT AND CAPTAIN FRERE HAD A SCENE ABOUT IT."

Captain Frere said if he liked to hang his nose up on the wings as a guide he'd try and oblige him, but otherwise he could have no interference; and Mr. Eden said that the parrots might swear themselves black in the face before he'd let his wife show her ankles before all Bengal.

Mrs. Eden swooned away when he made this brutal speech, for it was a hot afternoon, and she was the only one who couldn't pick up the Pigeon's Wing Step, which consists of jumping off the ground and flapping your feet together in mid-air, and then Catherine-wheeling off the stage. She said her back was ricked, and she felt one of the knobs of her spine moving about, but Dr. Saunders, whom Mr. Eden sent for, in a terrible fright, said it was the whalebone of her dress broken in two.

Dr. Saunders still has Mrs. Horner under his care, and also Stella Wyndham, who will have it that the leech she swallowed is sucking her lungs dry; and he says he expects his bill alone will swallow up all the proceeds.

August 3rd.—Last night we had a semi-dress rehearsal of the show, and Captain Linden, in honour of it, gave us all a supper afterwards at Sorder's Hotel.

This morning there is a terrible uproar about the supper party, for Captain Linden and Mr. Floss must have had too much champagne, and threw things at each other till everything, windows included, was smashed, and Sorder has sent in the bill to Captain Frere. He has charged eighty rupees for an ostrich egg, which was in a glass case, and which Mr. Floss sat on for fun. Sorder showed it to us, and Mr. Floss said he was most unreasonable: he'd got his beastly egg hatched for nothing, and yet wasn't satisfied. Sorder said if Mr. Floss insulted him much longer he'd do something which would astonish him, and Mr. Floss said *nothing* could astonish him, not even if Sorder dressed up as the baby ostrich, and went round the Mall croaking, "Where's my pa?"

Sorder got so red, that Là and I jumped on to our ponies and rode off, and we last heard him saying he'd report Mr. Floss to the Commander-in-Chief, who I'm sure will stop these theatricals if he hears much more of them.

August 10th.—Our theatricals are in four days, and a most dreadful thing has happened. Là, who is very fair, has got freckled, riding up and down the mountain to rehearsals, and that spiteful Mrs. Horner told her of a woman in Calcutta who engages for the sum of five hundred rupees, expenses, dhobee, and beer, to take the skin clean off your face and give you a new one which will be pure as a baby's. You've got to be shut up for a fortnight, because, when the top skin rolls off, which occurs the third day, you are raw for another eleven days, and if anything then touches your face, even a fly, you are scarred for life. So the woman has to shut up your head in a sort of meat-safe thing, made of wire and mosquito net, and food is handed in at intervals. In return for these trials, however, you emerge in a state of ravishing beauty, and Là declared she'd have it done in time for the theatricals.

Jim and Morton both tried to dissuade her, but Mrs. Horner kept it up and told her she was a fool with a rich husband not to insist on it, so Jim had to send a telegram to the woman to come at once "to skin a lady."

The telegraph Baboo looked very uneasy, evidently fearing a cold-blooded murder was in the wind, but the woman arrived, and Là vanished from the world, and now, when the great day is arriving, and she ought to have a new skin all ready, we are told it hasn't yet arrived, and the woman doesn't know *what's* gone wrong, but Là is still quite raw, and it is probably the rarefied air up here, and it may take another year to grow. When Là heard this she threw herself on her bed, meat-safe and all, and screamed, kicked, and rolled. It was a most pitiful sight.

She cried that it was entirely Morton's doing.

"Good Lord!" he said. "Mine? And how?"

"How!" sobbed Là, sitting up and glaring at Morton through the meat-safe, her face looking just like a bit of raw steak inside. "Your beloved Mrs. Horner has done this—out of pure jealousy of my complexion. Fetch some rat-poison, bearer, from the bazaar—juldee, juldee, me want die."

All the *Noker* had crowded into the veranda and were huddled up, gazing horror-stricken at the vision on the bed, and not at all sure whether this were a religious ceremony, or what. The woman, the skinner, was hastily packing her things in the dressing-room, Là having vowed she would murder her unless she was gone in ten minutes.

"It's a got-up thing," she said, "between you and that fat arch-fiend in petticoats, Mrs. Horner—not a rupee shall you get."

In the end Jim had to lift the woman bodily up in his arms, she clawing at his face, and put her into Là's dandie, telling the

"JULDEE, JULDEE, ME WANT DIE."

dandie-wallahs to see her into the train for the Plains. As fast as he put her in she jumped out, shouting "My money!" so he gave her a hundred rupees without Là knowing, and we got rid of her, and she is going to bring a lawsuit against him for the rest.

Jim galloped off for Dr. Saunders, who says if Là takes off the meat-safe and lets the air get at her her skin will be back in a week, and Jim must walk beside her with a fan, and sit up with her at nights, for fear of flies and things.

We've had to postpone the theatricals three days, and the telegrams all over India and new posters have cost 150 rupees.

August 17th.—Là's skin has grown again, but I'm sorry to say (owing to a fly alighting on her nose while Jim fell asleep exhausted one night) she has a little scar which Dr. Saunders says may disappear in twenty years.

Last night was the big dress rehearsal, and instead of having it down in Darjeeling on the proper stage, Captain Frere insisted on having it up here in Jellapehar, at the little soldiers' theatre, though Morton, who is commandant and responsible for everything, *told* him the stage wouldn't bear us all, and it didn't, and the wonder is anyone's alive to tell the tale.

Captain Frere did it so that the soldiers should get a chance of seeing the show, so Morton gave in, and in the Village Green scene, when fifty-nine people were on the stage, and the lime-light fizzing away on Captain Linden, as the *Grandmother*, doing a step-dance with *Red Riding Hood* (Captain Frere), and everyone else kicking in time, a crash rent the air and the boards gave way, and most of the company disappeared. The space below was about four feet only, so the audience could see the arms and legs and sun-bonnets all struggling, and the front soldiers jumped on to what was left of the stage and helped pull us out. Morton, as the *Wolf*, hadn't yet come on at all; he was sitting in the dressing-room, all ready in his skin and wolf-mask, drinking champagne, when the accident happened, and he tore through the wings to see what was up, but finding no room to stand, jumped over into the audience, who, with one yell, believing it to be a real wolf (he had a self-wagging tail and jaws which moved), made for the doors shrieking "Murder—fire—police!" The soldiers' wives and children were trampled under foot, and two women had to be carried into hospital. One woman had her glass eye knocked out, and we must, of course, supply her with another, though that's a detail, for the total damages will come, Morton says, to something awful, for the stage is a wreck, and Dr. Saunders has his hands so full that another surgeon had to be wired for from the Plains.

We've had a letter from the Home of Reflection for Swearing Parrots saying they are anxiously awaiting news of the results of our noble enterprise, which shall be noised from one end of the world to the other, as soon as ever the expected cheque arrives.

We all went to bed feeling very cheap.

August 18th.—The grand day.

Là and I and Jim were sitting, very bruised, in the veranda, having chota-hazaree, and talking of last night, and hearing each other our parts, when Morton rode up in uniform, and jumped off his horse and said: "Here's a pretty go—while Frere, this last two months, has been jigging up and down to Darjeeling, teaching you all how to make idiots of yourselves over these infernal

theatricals, the canteen-sergeant has been embezzling the whole of the canteen money, and decamped in the confusion last night. I've had to place Frere under arrest, and communicate with the Commander-in-Chief at Simla."

"Arrest," I cried, starting up; "then who's to do *Red Riding Hood* to-night?"

"Well, not Frere, I can promise you that."

"Morton," shrieked Là, "have you gone mad? Why, pray, is poor darling Willie Frere clapped into a dungeon because another man bolts with the canteen money? Answer me that."

"'Poor darling Willie Frere,' Mrs. Busting, was in charge of the canteen money, but he's had no time to look after that, or any of his military duties, teaching you all to dance and kick, and he left it all to Sergeant Wylie, and here's the result. I've had to do my duty. I'm sorry for the parrots."

"But," I gasped, "the special trains, the bills, the audience, the dresses!"

"And," cried Là, "my new skin!"

And both of us burst into a storm of tears.

Captain Linden, also in uniform, rode up just then, and jumped off and came up saying on no consideration did Captain Frere wish the show stopped. In fact it must not be. We should all be bankrupt—and Mr. Floss must do *Red Riding Hood*. He had been at all the rehearsals as a yokel, and knew the play by heart; he was at present on parade, but would be up in a minute. He was nice and fat, and would look very well in the red cloak and hood and short frock and open-work socks.

"I tell you what it is," said Mr. Floss, when he arrived, "it's all rot, you know. I can't get into Frere's clothes, I'm six times his size, and I can't and *won't* appear in a short frock and open-work socks."

Mr. Floss is six-foot-two, and Captain Frere a small man—and Mr. Floss is *very* stout and broad, and Captain Frere very thin; but we all said he *must* do it, and we'd try on his things at once.

I sent the bearer running to Captain Frere's quarters for the *Red Riding Hood* clothes, and we got Mr. Floss into them somehow. When he saw himself in a long glass he again declared with emphasis that he would not do it; but we paid no attention, and I called in the Dersee to alter the things.

We ran him through his part and his dances in the veranda, but he is very depressed.

An orderly came up from the barracks with a note from Captain Frere for Morton, asking him to stage-manage for him, and there were pages of "Don't forget this and remember that," and one thing was, "Tell Flossie to mind and have the china eggs, and *not* real ones, in his basket, for his *pas de deux*, and I only hope the stage will bear him, but he'd better eat nothing after two, and if he sits on a charcoal stove for a couple of hours it will reduce him a bit."

"A nice letter for an officer under arrest to write to his colonel," growled Morton. "Frere's beyond a joke, upon my word. I'll stage-manage for him, but as I know absolutely nothing about it, don't blame me if it's not a success."

"Orderly," said I, addressing the orderly who stood at 'tention outside the veranda, "is Captain Frere very depressed? And what is his cell like?"

(I thought, of course, he was shut up in a dungeon with bars.)

"He seems very low-spirited, madam," said the man, saluting, "but is trying to keep up his sperrits wonderful considerin'. An' when I left his rooms he was a-teachin' Sergeant Atkins and Private Bowen 'ow to go off the stage behind the ladies, on their hands, with their legs in the hair, an' I think they'll do it very well."

"That'll do," said Morton (who the orderly thought was writing a letter), "we've had enough of this buffoonery. Take that to Captain Frere, and go."

August 19th.—It's all over. We were to have had four nights of it, but we dare not put it on again. It was a fiasco from first to last, and everyone is asking for their money back.

We had a big dinner before the show, and champagne flowed like water to keep everyone's spirits up. Two men of the company fell under the table, and had to have their heads dipped in buckets before they could even start dressing. It was a glorious real Himalayan night. The snowy range a hundred miles away looked *so* white and close in the brilliant moonlight, the stars shone with tropical brilliance, the dark mountain-sides and Mall were gemmed with the little moving red lights of syce and dandie lanterns!

Our hearts beat high, and on the scarlet programmes, headed "Home of Reflection for Swearing Parrots," were inscribed Byron's famous lines beginning:—

To-night you throng to witness the *début*
Of embryo actors to the Drama new.
Not one poor trembler, only, fear betrays
And hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your gaze !

It ended :—

Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

Mr. Floss (who seemed to feel every word of these lines as applying to him) groaned, and glanced down at his fat bare legs, but he was hustled off to have his wig put on ; very soon the curtain went up, and from that moment everything went wrong.

The tableaux opened the show, and when the great "Velvet and Rags" came on, and the curtain rose on me and Mrs. Horner, I heard Morton roaring from the wings up to the flies overhead, where he'd sent our bearer and kitmudgar to sprinkle snow down on my side (the street side) of the scene. I sat on the doorstep with my dead violets, and wondered in an agony why the snow didn't begin. Là and I had taken days to tear up enough paper for it, and it's the making of the picture, but it didn't come. The band played "Velvet and Rags—so the world wags," pizzicato, and you could have heard a pin drop in the audience, and then evidently something did happen, for I heard Mrs. Horner give a shriek, and then another.

They tried to drop the curtain, but it stuck, and I burst open the cardboard hall-door, and those servants had made an *awful* mistake. They had poured the snow down on to *Velvet* in the room, instead of on to *Rags* in the street ; and, what's far worse, the khansamah, not half understanding my directions or else my Hindustani, had *boiled* the basketful of rice I had given him to bring down for the final wedding scene in "Red Riding Hood," and had climbed up into the flies, and poured the wet boiled rice, in mistake for the paper, down on to Mrs. Horner. Her velvet dress was spoilt, and you could hardly see her face. The wet rice had stuck to the grease-paint, and she lay fainting in her arm-chair, while Morton chased the bewildered khansamah round the stage trying to kick him. All this went on in front of the audience, because they could *not* get down the curtain.

I never saw a woman go into such a temper as Mrs. Horner. She said it was all my doing, and was nothing but a mean revenge for Là's skin.

I said, "Nothing of the sort, though it's wonderful how Providence avenges these things."

"Providence," foamed Mrs. Horner, scraping the sopping rice off her nose with the ball-programme, at which she had been gazing "pensively" when it happened. "Your servants, you mean, set on to do it by you, Mrs. Ardath. Oh, I know."

"Well," said Là, losing her temper, "I can't help it ; I'm glad it's happened. It's no thanks to you, Mrs. Horner, that I hadn't to go about with my head in a meat-safe for a year."

"NOTHING OF THE SORT."

"The best place for it," said Mrs. Horner ; "the mosquito net would hide some of the defects."

"Here, you ladies," said Morton, rushing on to change the furniture for the next tableau (they'd got the curtain down), "stop quarrelling, please, till all this is over, unless you want it to be a failure."

But the next tableau was coming on: "A Modern Honeymoon" on a bicycle made for two, and the curtain went up, and it really looked very pretty, and loud applause was beginning, when the bicycle, which had been hastily screwed to the stage, started off full pelt, over the foot-lights, and crash into the middle of the band below, and the *Bride* went head foremost into the big drum.

I can't remember now half the contre-temps that kept on happening all the whole dreadful evening.

Amidst so many disasters it is satisfactory to be able to say that Mr. Floss as *Red Riding Hood* was splendid, and brought down the house, though he forgot the china eggs, and in the big ballet his basket flew off his arm, the eggs went right and left, and we were all streaming with yolk, but nothing seemed to matter by that time; the pats of butter, of course, fell out too, and the stage became like ice, and I'm sorry to say the ballet ended and the curtain finally descended upon half of us face downwards on the floor. What with wet rice, yolk of egg, and butter, they say it will take twenty coolies to get those boards right again; and talking of expense, here's the list, and as we only took 1,000 rupees I'm sure I don't know what's going to happen. Captain Frere has had a kind of stroke since Sorder and all the others sent their accounts in:—

To Theatrical Fund in Aid of Home of Reflection for Swearing Parrots.

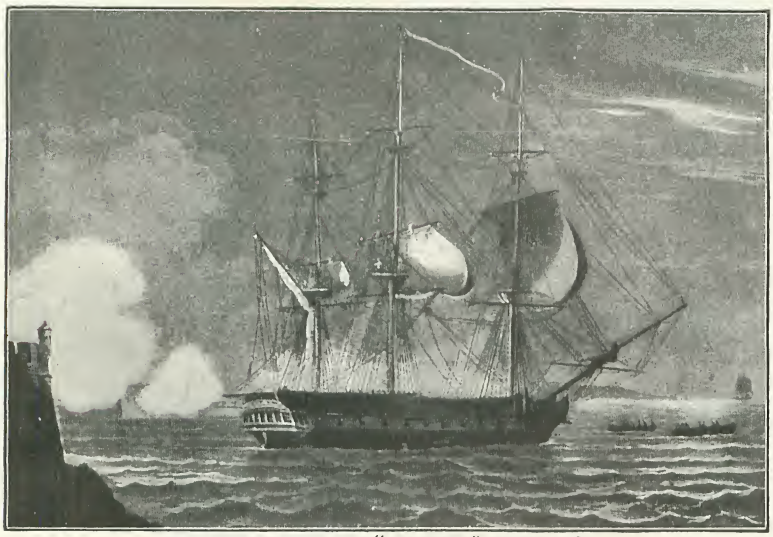
	Rupees	Annas	Pie.
Dresses from Madame Esmée, of 12, Chowringee, for fourteen village maidens	500	0	0
Smocks for yokels	100	0	0
Other dresses	200	0	0
Wolf skin and mask from Mr. Pym's	80	9	2
Self-wagging tail for same	15	2	2
Telegrams, postage, and posters (twice)	400	0	0
Special trains on Himalayan Railway (passengers refused to pay us back)	500	0	0
Hire for two months of Town Hall (including performance)	692	8	1
Meals from Sorder's hotel sent to hall	314	4	0
Bedroom and meals for one gentleman who said "It was all rot" and left without paying	35	6	0
Ostrich egg and other breakages	120	0	0
Pale-green velvet dress for Mrs. Horner (spoilt)	400	0	0
To Drs. Saunders and Manders for professional services to Mrs. Horner's spine	99	4	0
To Drs. Saunders and Manders for ditto to leech swallowed by Miss Wyndham	52	8	2
Emetic for Miss W.	1	0	0
Ditto for other patients attended at Sandook Phu	100	4	3
Cost of building new floor to soldiers' theatre	453	0	0
New glass eye for soldier's wife	25	2	0
Fitting same	20	0	0
Soldier's wife's broken leg (damages claimed for same)	100	0	0
Medical attendance on Mrs. Eden for broken whalebone	5	0	0
Medical attendance on Mrs. Busting for new skin	35	0	0
Price of big drum broken by lady falling into it	400	0	0
Medical attendance on aforesaid lady	32	6	9
Damage to tandem bicycle broken	100	0	0
Medical attendance on bandsman sitting just under bicycle	20	0	0
Twenty coolies to scrub butter, eggs, and mashed rice off stage, at 2 annas a day	13	0	0
Total.....Rs.	4,814	6	7

And this is the end of it all. Besides all this, the skinning woman has filed a lawsuit against Jim for her money, and Captain Frere has to pay up the embezzled canteen funds. There's *nothing* to send to the Home of Reflection for Swearing Parrots, but Captain Linden wants us to bring an action against them for having incited us to all this, and we've written and said unless they can help us with funds to pay up all expenses incurred on their behalf we shall be reluctantly compelled to take some desperate step exposing them.

Morton says he's had enough of charities for a long time.

A Hundred Years Ago (1800).

By Alfred Whitman. With Illustrations from Old Prints.

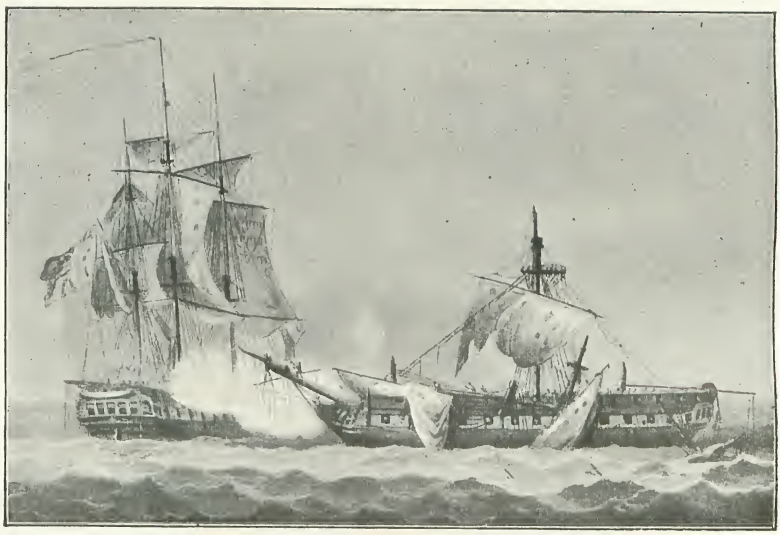


THE CUTTING-OUT OF THE "HERMIONE," JANUARY, 1800.

ALTHOUGH, as in the preceding and succeeding years, England was at war, during the last twelve months of the eighteenth century no great engagements took place either at sea or on the Continent. While we were taking breath after the great naval battles of St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile, and after the military victories at Seringapatam and Acre, we were making our plans and completing our preparations for the campaign which was to culminate at Trafalgar. During 1800 the belligerents were closely watching each other, and many naval duels took place.

Our first two illustrations give us two brilliant naval achievements. On January 21st news reached this country of the cutting-out of the *Hermione* from Porto Cavallo, Jamaica, which the admiral truly described as "as daring and gallant an enterprise as is to be found in our naval annals." The vessel had treacherously been allowed to pass into the enemy's hands, and the scheme of Captain Hamilton, of the *Surprise*, for her recapture was to board the *Hermione* himself with fifty chosen men, and while he was disputing for the possession of the ship the remainder of his men were to row in boats to the *Hermione's* cables, cut them, and then tow the vessel out of the harbour to the *Surprise*, where, if necessary, the contest might be renewed on more favourable terms, as the harbour was protected by some two hundred cannon. Steady execution of the scheme, three and a half hours of determined attack, and indomitable pluck crowned the daring venture with success. Captain Hamilton reported to his admiral that "every officer and man on this expedition behaved with an uncommon degree of valour and exertion."

The capture of *La Vengeance* by Captain Milne in the *Seine*, a vessel of much inferior

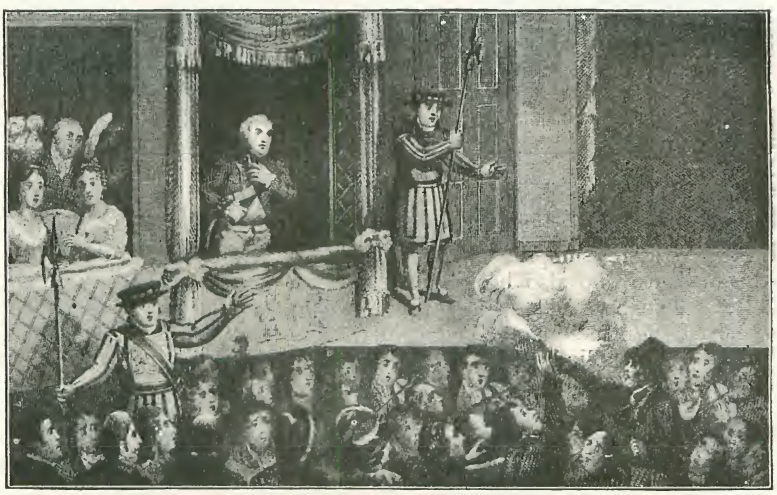


THE CAPTURE OF "LA VENGEANCE," AUGUST 21ST.

force to that of his opponent, was also accomplished in the West Indies. It was a matter of a hard chase, a duel at long range, then a separation till the morning (August 21st), and then a desperate encounter. At the end of an hour and a half a French officer climbed out on the bowsprit of *La Vengeance*, as seen in the print, and signalled his surrender. The terribly torn condition of the enemy's vessel is fully borne out by the captain's despatch to the Admiralty, which says: "The behaviour of the officers and ship's company was such as has always characterized the British seaman."

Perhaps this may be the place to note that in 1800 England's naval establishment was estimated at 100,000 men, while in the Army were 168,082 soldiers and 23,370 marines, exclusive of Ireland's total of 126,500 and the Volunteers.

Great consternation was experienced when the news spread that an attempt had been made to assassinate the King. On the evening of May 15th George III., with the Royal Family, went to Drury Lane Theatre to witness the play of "She wou'd and she wou'd not"; and being a "command" performance, the house was extremely crowded. As the King entered the theatre the assembled company rose to receive and greet the Royal Family; when, "as His Majesty was advancing to bow to the audience, an assassin, who had placed himself about the middle of the second row of the pit, raised his arm and fired a pistol which was levelled towards the Royal box." Fortunately the bullet missed its intended mark. "The Duke and Duchess of York hastened to the King, who was eagerly surrounded by his family. A more affectionate and interesting circumstance cannot be imagined."



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF GEORGE III., MAY 15TH.

The culprit was hurried out to the music-room, where an examination was at once conducted by William Addington, the Bow Street magistrate, assisted by the Dukes of Clarence and Cumberland, and R. B. Sheridan. Meanwhile, in the theatre, the audience "universally demanded the National Anthem," which was sung by all the vocal performers "and encored," Sheridan improvising the following extra verse :—

> From every latent foe,
> From the Assassin's blow,
> God save the King!
> O'er him Thine arms extend,
> For Britain's sake defend,
> Our Father, Prince, and Friend,
> God save the King.

James Hadfield, the would-be assassin, was found to be insane. The coincidence has not hitherto been pointed out that Hadfield's attempt to shoot the King took place on March 15th, 1800; Sipido's attempt on the Prince of Wales on April 4th, 1900.

It is curious to note that in this year an attempt was made on the life of Napoleon by placing a combustible machine in a cart as he was going to the opera. The machine exploded after Napoleon had passed, but several lives were lost.

George III.'s appreciation of his corps of Volunteers was in no way diminished in 1800, for he frequently inspected them in different parts of the country near London. On his sixty-second birthday (June 4th) 12,000 Volunteers assembled in Hyde Park, and before nine o'clock the King arrived to review them. A torrent of rain was pouring during the whole time the evolutions were being performed, but it did not interfere with the enthusiasm of the King or of the "immense crowds" that gathered to do honour to the Volunteer forces. "The various orders of the day were executed with precision, and the firing was excellent."

THE KING PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE KENSINGTON VOLUNTEERS, JUNE 4TH.

A fortnight later, at the invitation of the Marquis of Salisbury, George III. reviewed the Hertfordshire Yeomanry at Hatfield; and at the close of the manœuvres the King, the Royal Family, and His Majesty's Ministers were sumptuously entertained by the Marquis, who also hospitably dined the 1,500 Yeomanry. The bill came to £3,000.

The Volunteers then, as now, performed many useful public deeds; for at a disastrous fire at Bramah's Patent Lock manufactory at Eaton Street (January 23rd), the Pimlico Volunteers were on duty all night and "saved a great deal of property, which otherwise would have been exposed to pillage," while later in the year they rendered valuable service at the time of the Bread Riots. In fact, the Auxiliary Forces were well to the front, and we give an illustration of the presentation of colours to the Kensington Volunteers, a ceremony which took place in 1800.

It was in the year 1800 that the Post Office London Directory was born; so we reproduce the title-page of this famous first edition, and can from the volume gauge something of the proportions of the London of a hundred years ago. The book is 7in. high by 4in. wide, and is only half an inch thick. It is now 10in. high by 6¾in. wide, and is no less than 6in. thick. The original volume contains between 11,000 and 12,000 names, arranged in one alphabet, and in order to insure accuracy in the information given the proprietors sent their agents round with the letter-carriers to verify the names and addresses. The volume gives lists of aldermen, bankers, fire offices, foreign Ministers, etc., but no advertisements. Its postal information, as might be expected, is given in detail, but it is significant that in the Continental postings no mention is made of France. The preface tells us that "no exertion shall be wanting to render this Directory invariably the most complete and useful yet published."

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD AUCKLAND
AND THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL GOWER,
His Majesty's Postmaster General.

THE
New Annual Directory
For the Year 1800.

CONTAINING
A List, Alphabetically Arranged,
OF THE
PRINCIPAL MERCHANTS, TRADERS of EMINENCE, &c.
IN THE
Cities of London and Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and Parts adjacent:

A LIST OF BANKERS:
GENERAL and SPECIAL INFORMATION relating to the
POST OFFICE;
NAMELY,
The Rates of Inland and Foreign Postage;
A List of Packet-Boats and their Commanders, &c.
THE REGULATIONS OF THE PENNY POST OFFICE,
Ship-Letter Office, Money-Order Office, &c. &c.
ALSO,
The Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen.
Lists of Commissioners, Directors of Companies,
Foreign Ministers, &c. &c.

LONDON:
Printed by T. Maiden, Sherbourn-Lane,
For the Proprietors, and sold by W. J. and J. RICHARDSON, Cornhill, and J. WALKER, Paternoster-Row.

1800.

THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST POST OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY, ISSUED 1800.

Among other London items that call for notice we may mention that in 1800 work was commenced upon the West India Docks, a scheme of the highest importance, as the nineteenth century has demonstrated. On Monday, February 3rd, the chairman and directors assembled to perform the ceremony of breaking ground for the entrance basin near Blackwall, and on July 12th the foundation-stone, with its customary bottles containing coins and documents, was duly laid, after which the company returned in procession in Admiralty and Navy-board barges, and terminated the proceedings with "an elegant entertainment at the London Tavern," at which the Duke of Portland was present.

The official returns for 1800 show that in the trade of the Port of London were engaged 6,547 vessels, carrying 1,327,763 tons, and in the river were employed 2,288 lighters and barges, besides 3,336 vessels for lading and discharging. The total imports and exports were £67,000,000.

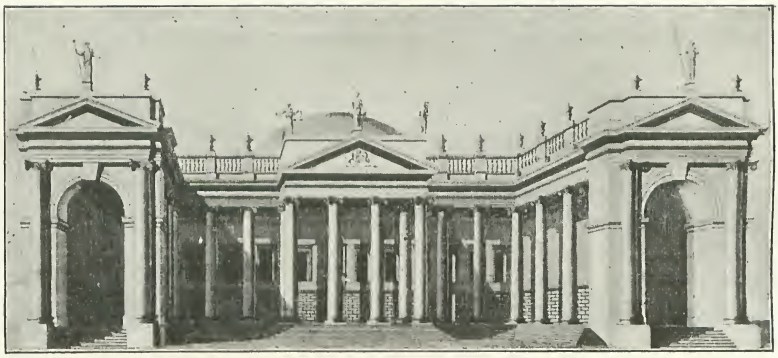
We also illustrate London with a representation of its great cattle market at Smithfield—the spot so famous in the history of the Metropolis as the scene of the death of Wat Tyler by the dagger of Sir William Walworth, and also as the place of martyrdom.

SMITHFIELD MARKET IN 1800.

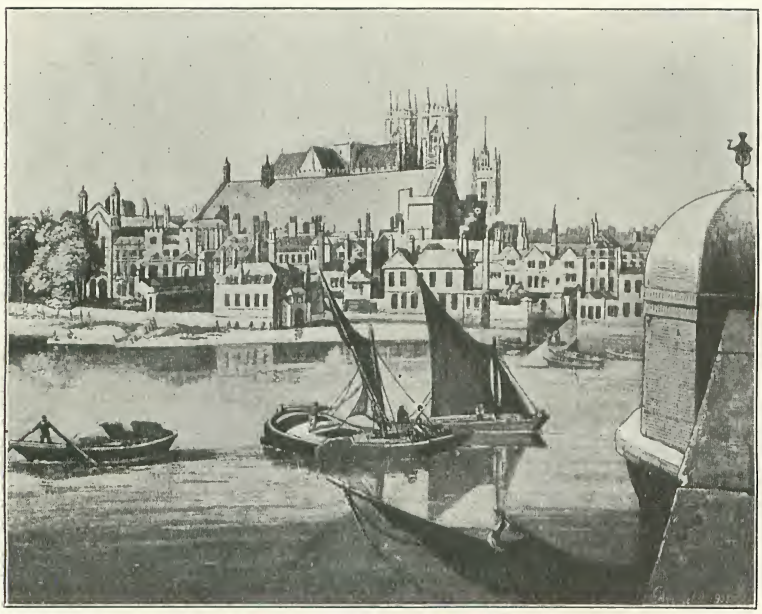
In the English House of Commons, where the Tories on a crucial division could depend upon a majority of nearly 200, the Whigs clamoured for an investigation in reference to the military expedition to Holland of the previous autumn, and started an angry debate in favour of Napoleon's negotiations for peace which Pitt did not think was genuine; and the first Bill was passed for taking a census of the population. But the great feature of the Parliaments (Irish as well as English) of the year 1800 was the Bill for the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland. The political struggle was a fierce one on the other side of the Irish Channel, and meetings were held and petitions presented both for and against the measure. Galway was in favour of the Union, but a meeting of Dublin freeholders resolved that "No power on earth has a right to deprive the Irish people of their Constitution."

Briefly, the course of the measure was as follows: On February 5th, after a vehement debate in the Dublin House of Commons, the majority in favour of the Union was forty-three, while the Irish Lords on the 10th were in favour by a large majority. In a later discussion the heated debate resulted in a duel between Grattan and Corry, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but by March 27th the resolutions in favour received the definite approval of the Irish Parliament. The question was then transferred back to Westminster to be further debated, and by May, the bases of the proposal having been sanctioned by decisive majorities, Pitt moved an address to the King, acquainting him, in answer to his message, that the subject had assumed definite shape, and a Bill for the legislative union could be framed, the Bill to become law on the first day of the ensuing century. Thereupon a Bill immediately passed through both Houses at Westminster, and at three o'clock on July 2nd George III. went in State to the House of Lords, and gave his assent to it. It was intended to fire the Park guns to celebrate the important event, but the order was countermanded, as it was thought fit that the Irish Parliament should first ratify the measure.

The Bill received the Royal Assent in the Irish Parliament on August 2nd, and on that day the Session terminated, and with it the existence of the Parliament of Ireland. In connection with this all-important measure we give a



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, DUBLIN, 1800.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT IN 1800.

contemporary illustration of the Parliament House, Dublin, and, as a companion to it, a view of the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, as they appeared from the River Thames in the year 1800.

The subject of the British Empire being so prominent at the present day, we may point out that, besides one or two places of minor importance, the Island of Malta passed under the sway of the British Crown after sustaining a blockade of two years; while in South Africa our representatives to the Kaffirs "have been everywhere received with the greatest kindness and cordiality," and "a peace has been concluded by the British Government of the Cape with the Caffrees."

In connection with the vastly important and beneficent Act for the

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, IN 1800.

incorporation of our Australian Colonies into one commonwealth, so soon to be inaugurated by the Duke and Duchess of York, we give a view of Sydney as it appeared a hundred years ago, and are glad to note that even then the chaplain to the Colony in New South Wales was able to report home that the condition of the Colony was most promising, and grain of all kinds was abundant; while another correspondent speaks strongly in favour of "speculation by the consignment of British goods thither."

Passing along the year we come to November—the month which brings with it the Lord Mayor's Show, an event of no small importance in 1800 on account of the presence of Lord Nelson. November 9th falling on a Sunday, the Show had to take place on the following day, and we give a representation of the procession as seen on the river. The fine day drew together a great concourse of people, and among the spectators was Lady Nelson, who viewed the procession from the terrace at Somerset House. On the return journey the company landed at Blackfriars, and at the top of Ludgate Hill the horses were taken from the carriages of the Lord Mayor and of Lord Nelson and they were drawn in triumph to the Guildhall. Nelson had only just landed in England for the first time since the great Battle of the Nile, and by permission of the King he was permitted to attend the Guildhall banquet before even paying his homage at Court. He was the idol of the people, and was received with the loudest acclamation. We are told that "the mob prevailed upon his lordship to put his hand out of the carriage that they might kiss it."

THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION PASSING ST. PAUL'S, NOVEMBER 10TH.

After the banquet Lord Nelson was presented with "a very elegant sword voted to his lordship by the Corporation" for his great services to his country; and, in acknowledging the gift, Nelson said, "he received with satisfaction that mark of their approbation of his conduct, and hoped with that sword shortly to make one in reducing our insolent and implacable foe within her proper limits." Two days later, when attending the King's levée, Nelson, dressed in full naval uniform, "wore the sword presented to him by the City of London for his gallant services."

But the people of England were far from happy during the months the century was ebbing to its close, for, with the burdensome taxation caused by the war, the failure of harvests, and the dearness of provisions, distress was keenly felt throughout the land. Coals went up as high as £3 9s. 6d. a chaldron; while bread, which in January was 1s. 3d. a quartern, rose in price gradually as the year advanced, until it reached the famine price of 1s. 10½d. In consequence, Bread Riots occurred in London and many provincial towns, regular troops and Volunteers were called out to quell disturbances, the Riot Act was read in several places, and Parliament and the City authorities took the matter into serious consideration and petitioned George III. to take some public action.

As the result, he issued a proclamation on December 3rd exhorting his people to exercise the greatest economy in regard to food, and, among other things, to confine the consumption of bread to one quartern loaf each person per week. We give a repro-

By the KING.

A PROCLAMATION.

GEORGE R.

WHEREAS an Addreſs has been preſented to Us by Our Two Houſes of Parliament, requeſting Us to iſſue Our Royal Proclamation, recommending to all ſuch Perſons as have the Means of procuring other Articles of Food the greateſt Economy and Frugality in the Uſe of every Species of Grain: We, having taken the ſaid Addreſs into Conſideration, and being perſuaded that the Prevention of all unneceſſary Conſumption of Corn will furniſh One of the ſureſt and moſt effectual Means of alleviating the preſent Preſſure, and of providing for the neceſſary Demands of the Year, have, therefore, in purſuance of the ſaid Addreſs, and out of Our tender Concern for the Welfare of Our People, thought fit (with the Advice of Our Privy Council) to iſſue this Our Royal Proclamation; and earneſtly exhorting and charging all thoſe of Our loving Subjects who have the Means of procuring other Articles of Food than Corn, as they tender their own immediate Intereſts, and feel for the Wants of others, to praciſe the greateſt Economy and Frugality in the Uſe of every Species of Grain: And We do, for this Purpoſe, more particularly exhort and charge all Maſters of Families to reduce the Conſumption of Bread in their reſpective Families, by at leaſt One Third of the Quantity conſumed in ordinary Times, and in no Caſe to ſuffer the ſame to exceed One Quartern Loaf for each Perſon in each Week; to abſtain from the Uſe of Flour in Paſtry, and, moreover, carefully to reſtrict the Uſe thereof in all other Articles than Bread: And do alſo, in like Manner, exhort and charge all Perſons who keep Horſes, eſpecially Horſes for Pleaſure, as far as their reſpective Circumſtances will admit, carefully to reſtrict the Conſumption of Oats and other Grain for the Subſiſtence of the ſame. And We do hereby further charge and command every Miniſter, in his reſpective Pariſh Church or Chapel, within the Kingdoms of *Great Britain*, to read, or cauſe to be read, On the *Lord's Day*, for Two ſucceſſive Weeks after receiving the ſaid Proclamation.

Given at Our Court at *St. James's* the Third Day of *December* One thouſand eight hundred, in the Forty-firſt Year of Our Reign.

God ſave the King.

LONDON:

Printed by GEORGE EYRE and ANDREW STRAHAN, Printers to the King's moſt Excellent Majeſty. 1800

A PROCLAMATION EXHORTING THE PEOPLE TO PRACTISE ECONOMY, DECEMBER 3RD.

duction of this proclamation, which will be read with interest.

Fortunately the distress was not aggravated by a severe winter, for at Christmas we read, "So mild a season has not been remembered as the present, which is highly advantageous to the poor," and we find that at Gresham in Norfolk a pear-tree, "which bore fruit in the summer, blossomed again since Michaelmas, and has now (December 27th) six pears on it."

We give the play-bill of Drury Lane Theatre for Boxing Night, but the *Times* slashingly criticised the pantomime as having "no claim either to humour or contrivance"; and among odd items culled from various sources we may mention that, according to the Board of Agriculture, in England alone in the year 1800 were 7,800,000 acres of land uncultivated and profitless; that Margate was swept by a hurricane in October, which partly destroyed the jetty and caused a collier to break from her moorings in the harbour and demolish a number of ships, while the waves dashed away at least half the parade; that the whole of Bognor in Sussex was put up for sale and realized £64,000; that Hoppner the artist was painting a portrait of the Princess of Wales in January, and in July broke his arm; and that the Prince of Wales bought the Pavilion at Brighton.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This preſent FRIDAY December 26th, 1800.

Their Majeſties Servants will act a Tragedy called

GEORGE BARNWELL.

Thoroughgood, Mr. POWELL, Barnwell, Mr. PACKER,
George Barnwell, Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Trueman, Mr. HOLLAND, Blunt, Mr. TRUEMAN.
Maria, Miſs HEARD,
Millwood, Mrs. POWELL,
Lucy, Miſs POPE.

After the Play, (THIRD TIME,) a new Pantomime called

HARLEQUIN-AMULET;

or,

THE MAGICK OF MONA.

With New SCENERY, MACHINERY, DRESSES and DECORATIONS,

To conclude with

A MOVING PANORAMA.

The New Overture, Songs, and Choruſſes, by Mr. SHAW,
with Selections from the late Mr. STORACE, and Mr. KELLY.
The Pantomime Tunes Selected from the Welch Bards by Mr. BYRNE.
Accompanied on the HARP by Mr. WIEPART.

Harlequin, Mr. BYRNE,
Pantaloon, Mr. GOODMAN, The Bard, Mr. COOKE,
Mocar, (the Magician,) Mr. DE CAMP,
Pero, Mr. CHIPPENDALE, Scaramouch, Mr. MORTRAM,
Clown, Mr. GRIMALDI.
Columbine, Miſs B. MENAGE,
Joan, Mr. BAYZAND.

With a variety of Pantomimick Characters by
Meſſrs. Fisher, Evans, Sparks, Rhodes, Webb, &c.
Maſters Chatterley, W. Chatterley, Walker, Ellis, Wells, Johnſon,
Tokeley, Weal, Smith, Beton, &c.
Meſds. Chippendale, Coates, Maddocks, Fowler, Hafkey, &c.
THE PRINCIPAL VOCAL PARTS BY
Mr. DIGNUM, Mr. TRUEMAN,
Mrs. MOUNTAIN, Mrs STEPHENS, and Miſs DE CAMP.
CHORUS OF WARRIORS.
Meſſrs. Cooke, Tett, Caulfield, Jun. Sawyer, Hawley, Aylmer, Jones, Ellis, Rhodes, &c.
CHORUS OF BARDS,
Meſſrs. Cook, Bardoux, Willoughby, Hinde, Dobbs, Dowty, Jun. Maddocks, Evans, &c.
CHORUS OF GIPSIES AND PEASANTS
Meſds. Aram, Menage, Bridow, Coates, Wentworth, Maddocks, Jacobs, Williams, &c.
The DANCES compoſed by and under the Direction of Mr. BYRNE.
The SCENES deſigned by Mr. GREENWOOD,
and painted by him, Mr. BANKS, and Aſſiſtants.
The MACHINERY, DRESSES and DECORATIONS, deſigned by
Mr. JOHNSTON,
and executed by him, and under his Direction,
by Mr. UNDERWOOD, Mr. GAY, and Aſſiſtants.
The Female Dreſſes by Mrs REID.

BOOKS of the SONGS, &c. to be had in the Theatre.

Boxes 6s. Pit 3s. 6d. Gallery 2s. Upper Gallery 1s. NO MONEY TO BE RETURNED.

Nothing under FULL PRICE will be taken.

Printed by C. Lowndes, next the Stage-Door. *Mount Row at Repose*

The New Pantomime of HARLEQUIN-AMULET, or THE MAGICK OF MONA, continues to be received with the higheſt applauſe, and will be repeated every Evening till further notice.

To-morrow, the Comedy of SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT.

On Monday, the Tragedy of HAMLET.

On Tueſday, (4th night,) KING JOHN; or, ENGLAND'S VALOUR.

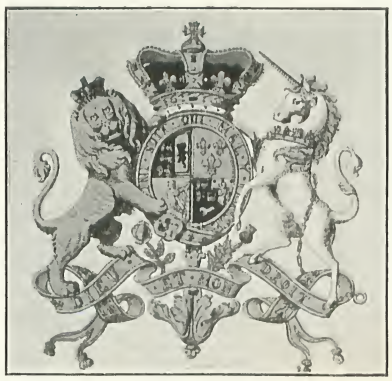
On Wedneſday, the WEST INDIAN.

On Thurſday, the Tragedy of PIZARRO.

The Tragedy of CYMBELINE is in Rehearſal, and will be produced immediately.

PLAY-BILL OF THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME, 1800.

On December 31st George III. went in State to the House of Lords, and dissolved the last Parliament that contained representatives of only England, Scotland, and Wales, and in commemoration of this event we give an illustration of the Royal Arms as used for the last time on that occasion. From that day forth the three fleurs-de-lis were to disappear, and the emblem of Ireland was to take their place, and our Monarch was to drop the too-long-retained fiction of "King of England, Scotland, Ireland, *and France.*"



THE ROYAL ARMS AS USED FOR THE LAST TIME, DECEMBER 31ST, 1800.

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. Wells.

CHAPTER III.

THE BUILDING OF THE SPHERE.

I REMEMBER the occasion very distinctly when Cavor told me of his idea of the sphere. He had had intimations of it before, but at the time it seemed to come to him in a rush. We were returning to the bungalow for tea, and on the way he fell humming. Suddenly he shouted, "That's it. That finishes it! A sort of roller blind!"

"Finishes what?" I asked.

"Space—anywhere! The moon!"

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why—it must be a sphere! That's what I mean!"

I saw I was out of it, and for a time I let him talk in his own fashion. I hadn't the ghost of an idea then of his drift. But after he had taken tea he made it clear to me.

"It's like this," he said. "Last time I ran this stuff that cuts things off from gravitation into a flat tank with an overlap that held it down. And directly it had cooled and the manufacture was completed all that uproar happened; nothing above it weighed anything; the air went squirting up, the house squirted up, and if the stuff itself hadn't squirted up too, I don't know what would have happened. But suppose the substance is loose and quite free to go up?"

"It will go up at once!"

"Exactly. With no more disturbance than firing a big gun."

"But what good will that do?"

"I'm going up with it!"

I put down my teacup and stared at him.

"Imagine a sphere," he explained, "large enough to hold two people and their luggage. It will be made of steel lined with thick glass; it will contain a proper store of solidified air, concentrated food, water, distilling apparatus, and so forth, and enamelled, as it were, on the outer steel——"

"Cavorite?"

"Yes."

"But how will you get inside?"

"There was a similar problem about a dumpling."

"Yes, I know. But how?"

"That's perfectly easy. An air-tight manhole is all that is needed. That, of course, will have to be a little complicated; there will have to be a valve so that things may be thrown out if necessary, without much loss of air."

"Like Jules Verne's thing in 'A Trip to the Moon'?"

But Cavor was not a reader of fiction.

"I begin to see," I said slowly. "And you could get in and screw yourself up while the Cavorite was warm, and as soon as it cooled it would become impervious to gravitation, and off you would fly——"

"At a tangent."

"You would go off in a straight line"—I stopped abruptly. "What is to prevent the thing travelling in a straight line into space for ever?" I asked. "You're not safe to get anywhere, and if you do, how will you get back?"

"I've just thought of that," said Cavor. "That's what I meant when I said the thing was finished. The inner glass sphere can be air-tight, and, except for the man-hole, continuous, and the steel sphere can be made in sections, each section capable of rolling up after the fashion of a roller blind. These can easily be worked by springs, and released and checked by electricity conveyed by platinum wires fused through the glass. All that is merely a question of detail. So you see that, except for the thickness of the blind rollers, the Cavorite exterior of the sphere will consist of windows or blinds, which ever you like to call them. Well, when all these windows or blinds are shut, no light, no heat, no gravitation, no radiant energy of any sort will get at the inside of the sphere; it will fly on through space in a straight line as you say. But open a window, imagine one of the windows open! Then at once any heavy body that chances to be in that direction will attract us."

I sat taking it in.

"You see?" he said.

"Oh, I *see*."

"Practically, we shall be able to tack about in space just as we wish. Get attracted by this and that."

"Oh, yes. *That's* clear enough. Only——"

"Well?"

"I don't quite see what we shall do it for! It's really only jumping off the world and back again."

"Surely! For example, one might go to the moon."

"And when one got there! What would you find?"

"We should see——! Oh! Consider the new knowledge."

"Is there air there?"

"There may be."

Copyright, by H. G. Wells, in the United States of America, 1900.

"It's a fine idea," I said, "but it strikes me as a large order all the same. The moon! I'd much rather try some smaller things first."

"They're out of the question. Because of the air difficulty."

"Why not apply that idea of spring blinds—Cavorite blinds in strong steel cases—to lifting weights?"

"It wouldn't work," he insisted. "After all, to go into outer space is not so much worse, if at all, than a Polar expedition. Men go on Polar expeditions."

"Not business men. And besides they get paid for Polar expeditions. And if anything goes wrong there are relief parties. But this—it's just firing ourselves off the world for nothing."

"Call it prospecting."

"You'll have to call it that. One might make a book of it, perhaps," I said.

"I have no doubt there will be minerals," said Cavor.

"For example?"

"Oh, sulphur, ores, gold perhaps, possibly new elements."

"Cost of carriage," I said. "You know you're *not* a practical man. The moon is a quarter of a million miles away."

"It seems to me it wouldn't cost much to cart any weight anywhere if you packed it in a Cavorite case."

I had not thought of that. "Delivered free on head of purchaser, eh?"

"It isn't as though we were confined to the moon."

"You mean——?"

"There's Mars—clear atmosphere, novel surroundings, exhilarating sense of lightness. It might be pleasant to go there."

"Is there air on Mars?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Seems as though you might run it as a sanatorium. By the way, how far is Mars?"

"Two hundred million miles at present," said Cavor, airily; "and you go close by the sun."

My imagination was picking itself up again. "After all," I said, "there's something in these things. There's travel——"

"AN EXTRAORDINARY POSSIBILITY CAME RUSHING INTO MY MIND."

An extraordinary possibility came rushing into my mind. Suddenly I saw as in a vision the whole solar system threaded with Cavorite liners and spheres *de luxe*. "Rights of pre-emption" came floating into my head—planetary rights of pre-emption. I recalled the old Spanish monopoly in American gold. It wasn't as though it was just this planet or that, it was all of them. I stared at Cavor's rubicund face, and suddenly my imagination was leaping and dancing. I stood up, I walked up and down; my tongue was unloosened.

"I'm beginning to take it in," I said. "I'm beginning to take it in." The transition from doubt to enthusiasm seemed to take scarcely any time at all. "But this is tremendous!" I cried. "This is Imperial! I haven't been dreaming of this sort of thing."

Once the chill of my opposition was removed his own pent-up excitement had play. He too got up and paced; he too gesticulated and shouted. We behaved like men inspired. We *were* men inspired.

"We'll settle all that!" he said, in answer to some incidental difficulty that had pulled me up. "We'll soon settle all that! We'll start the drawings for mouldings this very night."

"We'll start them now," I responded, and we hurried off to the laboratory to begin upon this work forthwith.

I was like a child in wonderland all that night. The dawn found us both still at work—we kept our electric light going heedless of the day. I remember now exactly how those drawings looked—I shaded and tinted while Cavor drew—smudged and haste-marked they were in every line, but wonderfully correct. We got out the orders for the steel blinds and frames we needed from that night's work, and the glass sphere was designed within a week. We gave up our afternoon conversations and our old routine altogether. We worked, and we slept and

ate when we could work no longer for hunger and fatigue. Our enthusiasm infected our three men, though they had no idea what the sphere was for. Through those days the man Gibbs gave up walking and went everywhere, even across the room, at a sort of fussy run.

And it grew, the sphere. December passed, January. — I spent a day with a broom, sweeping a path through the snow from bungalow to laboratory. — February, March. By the end of March the completion was in sight. In January had come a team of horses, a huge packing-case; we had our thick glass sphere now ready and in position under the crane we had rigged to sling it into the steel shell. All the bars and blinds of the steel shell—it was not really a spherical shell, but polyhedral with a roller blind to each facet—had arrived by February, and the lower half was bolted together. The Cavorite was half made by March, the metallic paste had gone through two of the stages in its manufacture, and we had plastered quite half of it on to the steel bars and blinds. It was astonishing how closely we kept to the lines of Cavor's first inspiration in working out the scheme. When the bolting together of the sphere was finished he proposed to remove the rough roof of the temporary laboratory in which the work was done and build a furnace about it. So the last stage of Cavorite making, in which the paste is heated to a dull red glow in a stream of helium, would be accomplished when it was already on the sphere.

And then we had to discuss and decide what provisions we were to take—compressed foods, concentrated essences, steel cylinders containing reserve oxygen, an arrangement for removing carbonic acid and waste from the air and restoring oxygen by means of sodium peroxide, water condensers, and so forth. I remember the little heap they made in the corner, tins and rolls and boxes—convincingly matter-of-fact.

It was a strenuous time, with little chance of thinking. But one day, when we were drawing near the end, an odd mood came over me. I had been bricking up the furnace all the morning, and I sat down by these possessions, dead beat. Everything seemed dull and incredible.

"But look here, Cavor," I said, "after all, what's it all for?"

He smiled. "The thing now is to go."

"The moon," I reflected. "But what do you expect? I thought the moon was a dead world."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you expect?"

"We're going to see."

"*Are* we?" I said, and stared before me.

"You are tired," he remarked. "You'd better take a walk this afternoon."

"No," I said, obstinately; "I'm going to finish this brickwork."

And I did, and insured myself a night of insomnia.

I don't think I have ever had such a night. I had some bad times before my business collapse, but the very worst of those was sweet slumber compared to this infinity of aching wakefulness. I was suddenly in the most enormous funk at the thing we were going to do.

I do not remember thinking at all of the risks we were running before that night. Now they came like that array of spectres that once beleaguered Prague and camped around me. The strangeness of what we were about to do, the unearthliness of it, overwhelmed me. I was like a man awakened out of pleasant dreams to the most horrible surroundings. I lay, eyes wide open, and the sphere seemed to get more flimsy and feeble, and Cavor more unreal and fantastic, and the whole enterprise madder and madder, every moment.

I got out of bed and wandered about. I sat at the window and stared at the immensity of space. Between the stars was the void, the unfathomable darkness. I tried to recall the fragmentary knowledge of astronomy I had gained in my irregular reading, but it was all too vague to furnish any idea of the things we might expect. At last I got back to bed and snatched some moments of sleep, moments of nightmare rather, in which I fell and fell and fell for evermore into the abyss of the sky.

I astonished Cavor at breakfast. I told him shortly: "I'm not coming with you in the sphere."

I met all his protests with a sullen persistence. "The thing's too mad," I said; "and I won't come. The thing's too mad."

I would not go with him to the laboratory. I fretted about my bungalow for a time, and then took hat and stick and set off alone, I knew not whither. It chanced to be a glorious morning; a warm wind and deep blue sky, the first green of spring abroad and multitudes of birds singing. I lunched on beef and beer in a little public-house near Pitham, and startled the landlord by remarking, *apropos* of the weather, "A man who

leaves the world when days of this sort are about is a fool!"

"That's what I says when I heerd on it!" said the landlord; and I found that for one poor soul at least this world had proved excessive, and there had been a throat-cutting. I went on with a new twist to my thoughts.

In the afternoon I had a pleasant sleep in a sunny place, and went on my way refreshed.

I came to a comfortable-looking inn near Canterbury. It was bright with creepers, and the landlady was a clean old woman, and took my eye. I found I had just enough money to pay for my lodging with her. I decided to stop the night there. She was a talkative body, and among many other particulars I learnt she had never been to London. "Canterbury's as far as ever I been," she said. "I'm not one of your gad-about sort."

"I FELL AND FELL FOR EVERMORE INTO THE ABYSS OF THE SKY."

"How would you like a trip to the moon?" I cried.

"I never did hold with them ballooneys," she said, evidently under the impression that this was a common excursion enough. "I wouldn't go up in one—not for ever so."

This struck me as being funny. After I had supped I sat on a bench by the door of the inn and gossiped with two labourers about brickmaking and motor-cars and the cricket of last year. And in the sky a faint new crescent, blue and vague as a distant Alp, sank westward over the sun.

The next day I returned to Cavor. "I am coming," I said. "I've been a little out of order—that's all."

That was the only time I felt any serious doubt of our enterprise. Nerves purely! After that I worked a little more carefully and took a trudge for an hour every day. And at last, save for the heating in the furnace, our labours were at an end.

CHAPTER IV.

INSIDE THE SPHERE.

"Go on," said Cavor, as I sat across the edge of the man-hole and looked down into the black interior of the sphere. We two were alone. It was evening, the sun had set, and the stillness of the twilight was upon everything.

I drew my other leg inside and slid down the smooth glass to the bottom of the sphere; then turned to take the cans of food and other impedimenta from Cavor. The interior was warm — the thermometer stood at 80deg. — and as we should lose little or none of this by radiation, we were dressed in slippers and thin flannels. We had, however, a bundle of thick woollen clothing and several thick blankets to guard against mischance. By Cavor's direction I placed the packages, the cylinders of oxygen, and so forth loosely about my feet, and soon we had everything in. He walked about the roofless shed for a time, seeking anything we had overlooked, and then crawled in after me. I noted something in his hand.

"What have you there?" I asked.

"Haven't you brought anything to read?"

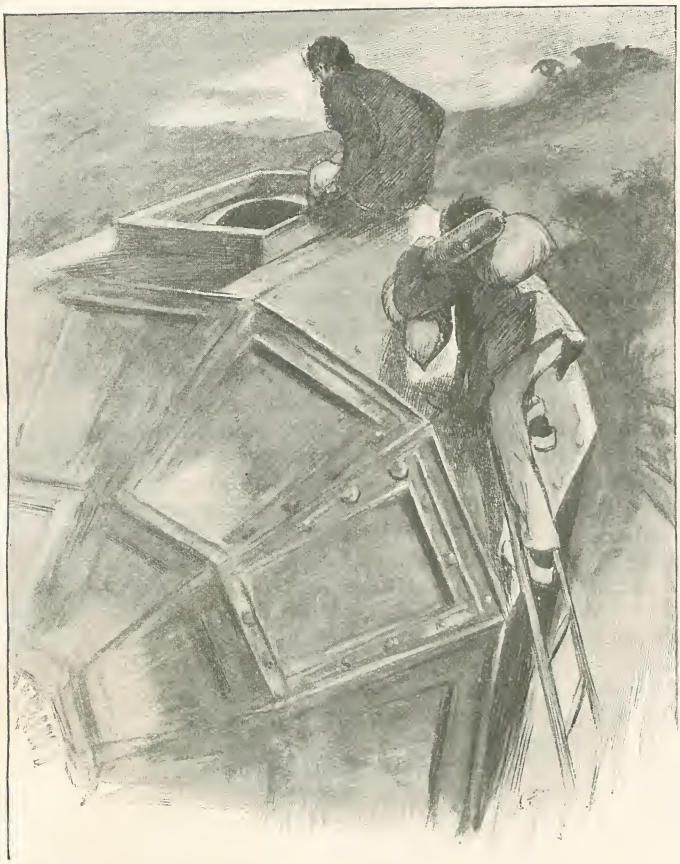
"Good Lord! *No!*"

"I forgot to tell you. There are uncertainties—— The voyage may last—— We may be weeks!"

"But——"

"We shall be floating in this sphere *with* absolutely no occupation."

"I wish I'd known."



"I SAT ACROSS THE EDGE OF THE MAN-HOLE AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE BLACK INTERIOR."

He peered out of the man-hole. "Look!" he said; "there's something there!"

"Is there time?"

"We shall be an hour."

I looked out. It was an old number of *Tit-Bits* that one of the men must have brought. Farther away in the corner I saw a torn *Lloyd's News*. I scrambled back into the sphere with these things. "What have you got?" I said.

I took the book from his hand and read, "The Works of William Shakespeare."

He coloured slightly. "My education has been so purely scientific," he said, apologetically.

"Never read him?"

"Never."

"You're in for a treat," I said. It's the sort of thing one must say, though as a matter of fact I had never read Shakespeare myself much. I doubt if many people do.

I assisted him to screw in the glass cover of the man-hole, and then he pressed a stud to close the corresponding blind in the outer case. The little oblong of twilight vanished. We were in darkness.

For a time neither of us spoke. Although our case would not be impervious to sound, everything was very still. I perceived there was nothing to grip when the shock of our start should come, and I realized that I should be uncomfortable for want of a chair.

"Why have we no chairs?" I asked.

"I've settled all that," said Cavor. "We sha'n't need them."

"Why not?"

"You will see," he said, in the tone of a man who refuses to talk.

I became silent. Suddenly it had come to me clear and vivid that I was a fool to be inside that sphere. "Even now," I asked myself, "is it too late to withdraw?" The world outside the sphere, I knew, would be cold and inhospitable enough to me—for weeks I had been living on subsidies from Cavor—but, after all, would it be as cold as the infinite zero, as inhospitable as empty space? If it had not been for the appearance of cowardice I believe that even then I should have made him let me out. But I hesitated on that score and hesitated, and grew fretful and angry, and the time passed.

There came a little jerk, a noise like champagne being uncorked in another room, and a faint, whistling sound. For just one instant I had a sense of enormous tension, a transient conviction that my feet were pressing downward with a force of countless tons. It lasted for an infinitesimal time.

But it stirred me to action. "Cavor!" I said into the darkness, "my nerve's in rags. . . . . I don't think——"

I stopped. He made no answer.

"Confound it!" I cried; "I'm a fool! What business have I here? I'm not coming, Cavor; the thing's too risky; I'm getting out!"

"You can't," he said.

"Can't! We'll soon see about that."

He made no answer for ten seconds. "It's too late for us to quarrel now, Bedford," he said. "That little jerk was the start. Already we are flying as swiftly as a bullet up into the gulf of space."

"I——," I said, and then it didn't seem to matter what happened. For a time I was, as it were, stunned. I had nothing to say. It was just as if I had never heard of this idea of leaving the world before. Then I perceived an unaccountable change in my bodily sensations. It was a feeling of lightness, of unreality. Coupled with that was a queer sensation in the head, an apoplectic effect almost, and a thumping of blood-vessels at the ears. Neither of these feelings diminished as time went on, but at last I got so used to them that I experienced no inconvenience.

I heard a click, and a little glow-lamp came into being.

I saw Cavor's face, as white as I felt my own to be. We regarded one another in silence. The transparent blackness of the glass behind him made him seem as though he floated in a void.

"Well, we're committed," I said, at last.

"Yes," he said, "we're committed."

"Don't move," he exclaimed, at some suggestion of a gesture. "Let your muscles keep quite lax—as if you were in bed. We are in a little universe of our own. Look at those things!"

He pointed to the loose cases and bundles that had been lying on the blankets in the bottom of the sphere. I was astonished to see that they were floating now nearly a foot from the spherical wall. Then I saw from his shadow that Cavor was no longer leaning against the glass. I thrust out my hand behind me, and found that I too was suspended in space, clear of the glass.

I did not cry out or gesticulate, but fear came upon me. It was like being held and lifted by something—you know not what. The mere touch of my hand against the glass moved me rapidly. I understood what had happened, but that did not prevent my being afraid. We were cut off from all exterior gravitation, only the attraction of objects within our sphere had effect. Consequently everything that was not fixed to the glass was falling—slowly because of the slightness of our masses—towards the centre of gravity of our little world, to the centre of our sphere.

"We must turn round," said Cavor, "and float back to back, with the things between us."

It was the strangest sensation conceivable, floating thus loosely in space; at first indeed horribly strange, and, when the horror passed, not disagreeable at all, exceeding restful; indeed, the nearest thing in earthly experience to it that I know is lying on a very thick, soft feather bed. But the quality of utter detachment and independence! I had not reckoned on things like this. I had expected a violent jerk at starting, a giddy sense of speed. Instead I felt—as if I were disembodied. It was not like the beginning of a journey; it was like the beginning of a dream.

CHAPTER V.

THE JOURNEY TO THE MOON.

PRESENTLY Cavor extinguished the light. He said we had not overmuch energy stored, and that which we had we must economize for reading. For a time, whether it was long or short I do not know, there was nothing but blank darkness.

A question floated up out of the void. "How are we pointing?" I said. "What is our direction?"

"We are flying away from the earth at a tangent, and as the moon is near her third quarter we are going somewhere towards her. I will open a blind——"

Came a click, and then a window in the outer case yawned open. The sky outside was as black as the darkness within the sphere, but the shape of the open window was marked by an infinite number of stars.

Those who have only seen the starry sky from the earth cannot imagine its appearance when the vague, half-luminous veil of our air has been withdrawn. The stars we see on earth are the mere scattered survivors that penetrate our misty atmosphere. But now at last I could realize the meaning of the hosts of heaven!

Stranger things we were presently to see, but that airless, star-dusted sky! Of all things I think that will be one of the last I shall forget.

The little window vanished with a click; another beside it snapped open and instantly closed, and then a third, and for a moment I had to close my eyes because of the blinding splendour of the waning moon.

For a space I had to stare at Cavor and the white-lit things about me to season my eyes to light again, before I could turn them towards that pallid glare.

Four windows were open in order that the gravitation of the moon might act upon all the substances in our sphere. I found I was

"THE LITTLE WINDOW VANISHED WITH A CLICK."

no longer floating freely in space, but that my feet were resting on the glass in the direction of the moon. The blankets and cases of provisions were also creeping slowly down the glass, and presently came to rest so as to block out a portion of the view. It seemed to me, of course, that I looked "down" when I looked at the moon. On earth "down" means earthward, the way things fall, and "up" the reverse direction. Now, the pull of gravitation was towards the moon, and, for all I knew to the contrary, our earth was overhead. And, of course, when all the Cavorite blinds were closed, "down" was towards the centre of our sphere, and "up" towards its outer wall.

It was curiously unlike earthly experience, too, to have the light coming *up* to one. On earth light falls from above, or comes slanting down sideways; but here it came from beneath our feet, and to see our shadows we had to look up.

At first it gave me a sort of vertigo to stand only on thick glass, and look down upon the moon through hundreds of thousands of miles of vacant space. But this sickness passed very speedily. And then—the splendour of the sight!

The reader may imagine it best if he will lie on the ground some warm summer's night and look between his upraised feet at the moon; but for some reason, probably because the absence of air made it so much more luminous, the moon seemed already considerably larger than it does from earth. The minutest details of its surface were acutely clear. And since we did not see it through air, its outline was bright and sharp, there was no glow or halo about it, and the star dust that covered the sky came right to its very margin and marked the outline of its unilluminated part. And as I stood and stared at the moon between my feet, that perception of the impossible that had been with me off and on ever since our start returned again with tenfold conviction.

"Cavor," I said, "this takes me queerly. Those companies we were going to run and all that about minerals——"

"Well?"

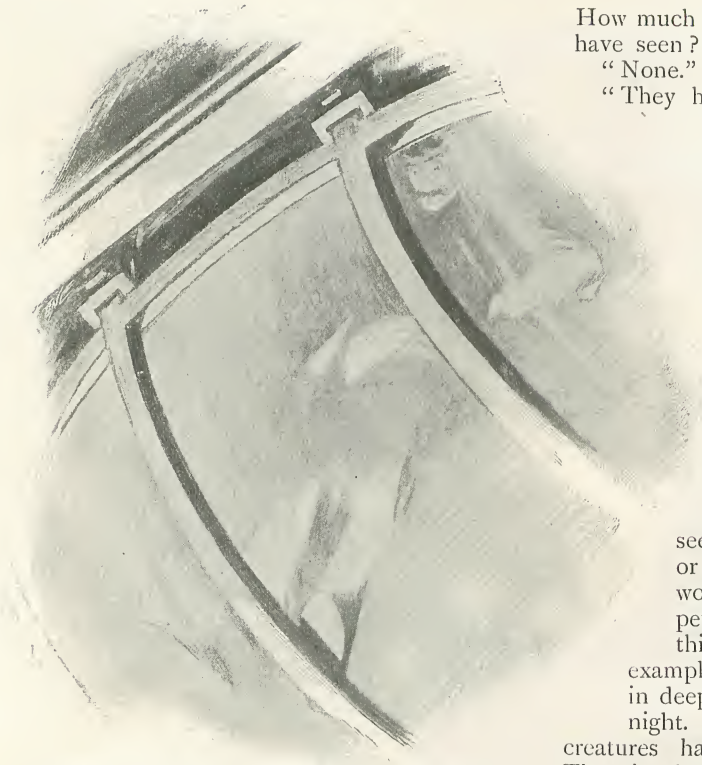
"I don't see 'em here."

"No," said Cavor, "but you'll get over all that."

"I suppose I'm made to turn right side up again. Still, *this*——. For a moment I could half believe there never was a world."

"That copy of *Lloyd's News* might help you."

I stared at the paper for a moment, then held it above the level of my face and found I could read it quite easily. I struck a column of mean little advertisements. "A gentleman of private means is willing to lend money," I read. I knew that gentleman. Then somebody eccentric wanted to sell a Cutaway bicycle, "quite new and cost fifteen pounds," for five pounds; and a lady in distress wished to dispose of some fish knives and forks, "a wedding present," at a great sacrifice. No doubt some simple soul was sagely examining those knives and forks, and another triumphantly riding off on that bicycle, and a third trustfully consulting that benevolent gentleman of means even as I



"I STOOD AND STARED AT THE MOON BETWEEN MY FEET."

read. I laughed, and let the paper drift from my hand.

"Are we visible from the earth?" I asked.

"Why?"

"I knew someone — who was rather interested in astronomy. It occurred to me that it would be rather odd if—my friend—chanced to be looking through some telescope."

"It would need the most powerful telescope on earth even now to see us as the minutest speck."

For a time I stared in silence at the moon.

"It's a world," I said; "one feels that infinitely more than one ever did on earth. People, perhaps——"

"People!" he exclaimed. "*No!* Banish all that! Think yourself a sort of ultra-Arctic voyager exploring the desolate places of space. Look at it!"

He waved his hand at the shining whiteness below. "It's dead—dead! Vast extinct volcanoes, lava wildernesses, tumbled wastes of snow or frozen carbonic acid or frozen air, and everywhere landslips, seams and cracks and gulfs. Nothing happens. Men have watched this planet systematically with telescopes for over two hundred years. How much change do you think they have seen?"

"None."

"They have traced two indisputable landslips, a doubtful crack, and one slight periodic change of colour. And that's all."

"I didn't know they'd traced even that."

"Oh, yes. But as for people——"

"By the way," I asked, "how small a thing will the biggest telescopes show upon the moon?"

"One could see a fair-sized church. One could certainly see any towns or buildings or anything like the handiwork of men. There might, perhaps, be insects, something in the way of ants, for example, so that they could hide in deep burrows from the lunar night. Or some new sort of creatures having no earthly parallel. That is the most probable thing if we are to find life there at all. Think of the difference in conditions! Life must fit itself to a day as long as fourteen earthly days, a cloudless sun blaze of fourteen days, and then a night of equal length, growing ever colder and colder under these cold, sharp stars. In that night there must be cold, the ultimate cold, absolute zero, 273deg. C. below the earthly freezing-point. Whatever life there is must hibernate through *that*. And rise again each day."

He mused. "One can imagine something wormlike," he said, "taking its air solid, as an earthworm swallows earth or thick-skinned monsters——"

"By-the-bye," I said, "why didn't we bring a gun?"

He did not answer that question. "No," he concluded, "we just have to go. We shall see when we get there."

I remembered something. "Of course, there's my minerals, anyhow," I said; "whatever the conditions may be."

Presently he told me he wished to alter our course a little by letting the earth tug at us for a moment. He was going to open one earthward blind for thirty seconds. He warned me that it would make my head swim, and advised me to extend my hands

against the glass to break my fall. I did as he directed, and thrust my feet against the bales of food cases and air cylinders to prevent their falling upon me. Then with a click the window flew open; I fell clumsily upon hands and face, and saw for a moment

"I FELL CLUMSILY UPON HANDS AND FACE."

between my black, extended fingers our mother earth—a planet in a downward sky.

We were still very near—Cavor told me the distance was perhaps eight hundred miles—and the huge terrestrial disc filled all heaven. But already it was plain to see that the world was a globe. The land below us was in twilight and vague; but westward the vast grey stretches of the Atlantic shone like molten silver under the receding day. I think I recognised the cloud-dimmed coast lines of France and Spain and the south of England, and then with a click the shutter closed again, and I found myself in a state of extraordinary confusion sliding slowly over the smooth glass.

When at last things settled themselves in my mind again it seemed quite beyond question that the moon was "down" and under my feet, and that the earth was somewhere away on the level of the horizon, the earth that had been "down" to me and my kindred since the beginning of things.

So slight were the exertions required of us, so easy did the practical annihilation of our weight make all we had to do, that the necessity for taking refreshment did not occur to us for nearly six hours (by Cavor's chronometer) after our start. I was amazed at that lapse of time. Even then I was satisfied with very little. Cavor examined the apparatus for absorbing carbonic acid and water, and pronounced it to be in satisfactory order, our consumption of oxygen having been extraordinarily slight; and our talk being exhausted for the time, and there being nothing further for us to do, we gave way to a curious drowsiness that had come upon us, and, spreading our blankets on the bottom of the sphere in such a manner as to shut out most of the moonlight, wished each other "Good-night!" and almost immediately fell asleep.

And so—sleeping and sometimes talking and reading a little, and at times eating, though without any keenness of appetite,* but for the most part in a sort of quiescence that was neither waking nor slumber—we fell through a space of time that had neither night nor day in it, silently, softly, and swiftly down towards the moon.

* It is a curious thing that while we were in the sphere we felt not the slightest desire for food nor did we feel the want of it when we abstained. At first we forced our appetites, but afterwards we fasted completely. Altogether we did not consume one-twentieth part of the compressed provision we had brought with us. The amount of carbonic acid we breathed was also unnaturally low, but why this was so I am quite unable to explain.

(To be continued.)

"English as She is Wrote."

By Meta Henn.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LABEL.

ENGLISH globe-trotters are eagerly welcomed by the landlords of towns and villages all the world over. Their lavishness and love of comfort have compelled those who would obtain them as customers to adapt themselves, as far as possible, to their varied tastes and inclinations. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that the foreigner endeavours to place his wares before the English-speaking customer in as attractive a garb as his knowledge of the Englishman's mother-tongue will allow. In the following article are reproduced a number of documents which go to show how English "is wrote" in some of the far-away corners of the earth where Britons roam.

Our first illustration is a facsimile of a label taken from the side of a tin of preserved crab. This particular tin was sold by a native dealer of Hacadate, a northern seaport town in Japan. We sincerely hope that the native characters which precede the extraordinary statement made below are in no wise a literal translation of the English version, or it is to be feared that the trade in tinned crabs is a flagging one in the peach-blossomed bowers of the Geisha. The announcement that the stuff "is not rot for a long year" leads one to doubt whether this thoroughly Oriental statement is intended as a testimonial or a warning.

The photograph which follows is not one of the tickle-your-palate order, but it is interesting in two respects. In the first place it clearly demonstrates the effect of English civilization in India. We have here a couple of water-tanks given for the free use of the public by a native merchant in Bombay Docks. The inscription on the foremost tank speaks for itself, though we might wish that the Baboo had called in the friendly offices of one of his English friends. The benefactor calls his tank "a charitable place for water to animals and other small creature." Perhaps his neighbours keep bees or make pets of little cobras.

When the Mediterranean Squadron visited Turkey last year the sportsmen of Salonica thought it a fitting opportunity to get up a brilliant "program" of horse and bicycle

"FOR WATER TO ANIMALS AND OTHER SMALL CREATURE."

races. We are enabled to include in our article one of the lists of sporting features which were distributed on that occasion. The wording of the bill, including the prices at the bottom of the sheet, is supposed to be in English, for the special con-

ΒΕΛΟΔΡΟΜΟΣ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΗΣ

VELODROME OF SALONICA

Sunday 1ª October

Beginning ah 3½ half past thrae

GREAH RACES HORSE E-BICYCLETTES

PROGRAM

1) Match of the Brassard of the Sporting Club p^st party
2) serics of racers of the 2^nd Class.
3) 2^nd party of the Match of the Brassard.
4) 2^nd series of the racers of the 2^nd class.
5) Belle of the Match of the Brassard
6) Finale of the racers of the 2^nd class arrived first
7) Horse-races with obstacles
8) Game of the Water-bucliet

PRICE OF PLACES

1. Place 2 Scellin — 2. place 1 Scellin
3. place ½ Scellin

FOR THE USE OF THE "HANDY MAN."

venience of English visitors. A "scellin" is, of course, a shilling. Needless to say, this literary curiosity caused a great deal of merriment amongst the British Jack-tars. The merry sailors were not left in doubt as to the time at which the sports began. Was not the printer sufficiently explicit in announcing the hour both in figures and letters, so that there should be no possibility of confusion in the minds of the distinguished visitors for whose benefit this distinctly "sporting" programme was arranged?

From the Far East we suddenly turn to the Far West. We have here a letter from a Western farmer to a well-known cycle manufacturer. This worthy farmer has an eye on the main idea—which, in his vernacular, spells economy. Among other queries he calmly inquires, "If your injun rubber is already

deer Surs. I live on my farm near Hamilton Kansas and am 57 years old and a little Sporta. My neffew in Indiana bot hisself a new bissikle, and sent me hos old one by frate, and Ive learned to ride sume. Its a pile of fun, but my bisikle jolts considerable. A feller com along yestiddy with a bissikle that had holler injun rubber tires stuffed with wind. He let me try hissen and mi, it run like a kushen. He told me you sell injun rubber just the same as hissen? Mine is all iron wheels. Do you punch the holler hole through the injun rubber or will I have to do it myself? How do you stick the ends together after you get it done? If your injun rubber is already holler will it come any cheaper empty? I can get all the wind I want out here in Kansas free.

P. S. How much do you charge for the doodad you stuff the wind into the rubber with and where do you start?

A LETTER WITH A MORAL.

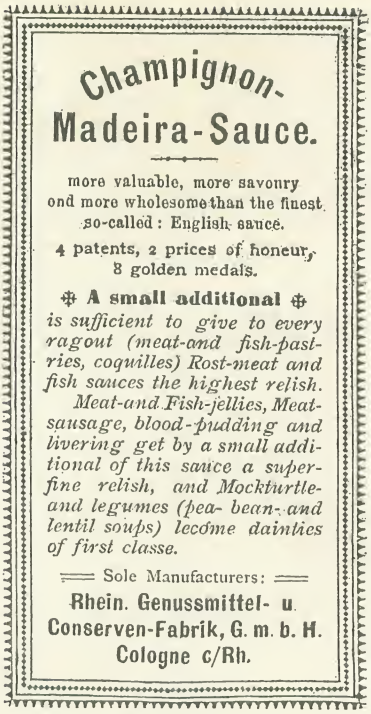
holler will it come any cheaper empty? I can get all the wind I want out here in Kansas free."

The next instance of literary distortion found the light of day in Japan. As a *bonâ fide* instance of the foreign compositor's genius we venture to say it has seldom been surpassed. We know of a temperance advocate whose heart would delight in the announcement that "this wine can drink for women and children," and we have no doubt that his goodly sentiments would rejoice still further if that same wine "could drink for men always."

The next illustration is surprising inasmuch as it is made in Germany. The enormous influx of German clerks into English centres of commerce leads one to

"THIS WINE CAN DRINK FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN."
From a Photo. by A. Savard, Vancouver, B.C.

wonder at the ignorance displayed by whoever may have been responsible for the label which we reproduce. The flavour of the condiments is considerably enhanced by the choice way in which they are recommended. That "blood-pudding and livering get by a small additional of this sauce a superfine relish and lecome dainties of first classe" we have not the slightest doubt, but why is it not stated that "this Champignon-Madeira-Sauce take das cake wonterful"?


Champignon-
Madeira-Sauce.
more valuable, more savoury
ond more wholesome than the finest
so-called: English sauce.
4 patents, 2 prices of honeur,
8 golden medals.
A small additional
is sufficient to give to every ragout (meat-and fish-pastries, coquilles) Rost-meat and fish sauces the highest relish.
Meat-and Fish-jellies, Meat-sausage, blood-pudding and livering get by a small additional of this sauce a superfine relish, and Mockturtle-and legumes (pea- bean- and lentil soups) lecome dainties of first classe.
Sole Manufacturers:
Rhein. Genussmittel- u.
Conserven-Fabrik, G. m. b. H.
Cologne c/Rh.
"A SMALL ADDITIONAL."

It seems almost cruel to comment upon the pathetic facsimiles which follow, inasmuch as they are expressions of sympathy with England in her early battles in South Africa. Perhaps, however, we may be forgiven for including them in this article with the hope that we may induce well-meaning friends abroad to call in the services of willing Englishmen in similar cases. Yet after all there is no reason to regret that the noble sentiments expressed by our Greek sympathizers owe their translation to an inexperienced hand, for while the result should certainly not tend to turn the tide of sympathy, it assuredly adds something to the gaiety of nations.

We reproduce at the top of the next page a facsimile of the bill of fare of the "Officers' Hindu Resturant" at Calcutta. It will be noticed that the proprietor does not appear to be quite certain whether his "hot diners" are "marvellously cheap" or only "moderate," and in order to make quite sure of being right both are inserted. According to English prices, one anna, or three halfpence, for a chop would be considered decidedly cheap. "Muton chup dry," however, figures later

Instead of Preface.

The greatest sympathies being indicated by the whole Greek nation towards the civilized and valiant Great Britain which has zealously contributed to every unpleasant case concerning Greece especially its independence have induced me to dedicate the present verses to the heroically slain British fighters.

On the one hand, the limited place, on the other, the difficult metrical translation into English have instigated me to insert only the Hellenic verses.

T. M. T.

IN HONOUR OF THE BRITISH HEROES
SLAIN IN SOUTH AFRICA

Oh! Noble land of the civilization and glory, of which the glorious and Heroic Childrens, allway's comes at your call to slain under the rolls of your flag, for the liberty of the small peoples.

Oh! Mother of the immortal Byron who with his preety poetry's sings the pain of our small Greece and frist buryed in the Heroicall Messolong, for our independence, accept my low verses which I sing for the Heroically slain in South Afcica fighters In that inhospitable land in which they slain victims the British Heroes of which the names will be described with golden characters in the pages of History waves now the British flag full of English blood with which the civilization was buyed in the far away Epirus. And if to day all the British Empire mourn so many fellows died far-away of the Mothers land. But our hearts exults waiting the good-end of your contending. Now when the British Troops occupied all the disobedient against the civilization and of the international reasons oposing their guns against the large Mother of the friend of liberty. England and waves at the breast-works of the castles of Orange after at little and in Transvaal's The British flag.

Reasonable we obey to put our laurel upon the grave of your Heroically slain fighters. And to desire for the good-end of the civilizations struggle explaining the wishes of all Greek Nation

Athens.

A TRIBUTE OF SYMPATHY FROM ATHENS.

THE
OFFICERS' HINDU RESTURANT.
TIFFINE ROOM.

No. 6 Bank shall Street under the neath of the India Club front of Military Account.

HOT DINER, HOT DINER; HOT DINER
IT IS FURNISHED TEROUGHOUT IN EUROPEAN STILE.
CHARGE MODERATE.
PERFECTLY NEAT CLEAN & MARVELLOUSLY CHEAP
TRIAL SOLICITED. TRIAL SOLICITED.

OPEN FROM 8 A M, TO 9 P. M.

Frest and hot Dishes can be had at all hours. Try our Food before going to any other native Hotel of this quarter.
ORDER TO BE SUPPLIED PROMPTLY.

BILL OF FARE,

		Rs	As	P.
First Class Tiffing Eight Kinds	... ...	0	12	0
2nd do do Five do	... ...	0	8	0
3rd do do Three do	... ...	0	4	0
SOUP Full plate	... ...	0	4	0
do Half do	... ...	0	2	0
ROAST do	... ...	0	8	0
do HAif do	... ...	0	4	0
do Quater do	... ...	0	2	0
CHOP Pice	... ...	0	1	0
CUTLET „	... ...	0	1	0
FRENCH CUTLET „	... ...	0	1	6
GREVY do „	... ...	0	2	0
PLATE do „	... ...	0	1	6
GLASIN do „	... ...	0	3	0
MUTTON GRALE „	... ...	0	12	0
CRUKET „	... ...	0	1	0
MUTON PATY „	... ...	0	1	6
do PIE „	... ...	1	0	0
do CHUP DRY „	... ...	0	5	0
do do GRAVY „	... ...	0	6	0
HAREEKATE MUTTON „	... ...	0	10	0
NIMKEY POLAO Full plate	... ...	0	6	0
do do Half „	... ...	0	3	0
do do Quater „	... ...	0	1	6
PANIAPUL POLAO Full „	... ...	0	8	0
do do do Half „	... ...	0	4	0
do do do Quater „	... ...	0	2	0
CURRY and BREAD Ful „	... ...	0	8	0
do do do Half „	... ...	0	4	0
do do do Quater „	... ...	0	2	0
KURMA do do Full „	... ...	0	10	0
do do do Half „	... ...	0	5	0
do do do Quater „	... ...	0	2	6
STEW Full „	... ...	0	8	0
do Half „	... ...	0	4	0
do Quater „	... ...	0	2	0
MUTTON BAGGARY Pice	... ...	0	2	0
de DUCK ROAST	... ...	0	12	0
COLD DRING ...	... Glass	0	2	0
PUDING ...	... Pice	0	1	0

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

A HINDU BILL OF FARE.

in the menu at just five times the price, "dry" presumably meaning without gravy, that delicacy costing one anna extra. Many of the items are, perhaps fortunately for us, quite unknown in this country. "Cruket" probably means cruet, "Hareekate mutton" could be translated into haricot mutton, but we will not attempt to explain the properties of such dishes as "Nimkey Polao," "Paniapul Polao," "Kurma," and "Mutton Baggary." They must be left entirely to our readers' ingenuity. One thing is certain, that if, as is stated in the heading of the menu, the "Tiffine Room" is "furnished teroughout in European stile," the bill of fare is very much out of European style, and only a brave man would tackle some of the dishes offered therein. "Plate cutlet" does not sound very appetizing for a hungry man, and "mutton duck roast" can surely only exist in the Hindu's imagination. A photograph of this latter dish would be a curiosity in itself.

The trade announcement which concludes this article was issued in good faith and all seriousness by two negroes, Johnson and Dugless, as an advertisement for the opening of their boarding-house and restaurant. By a close inspection it will be seen that it was printed with rubber type in a two-line holder, the upper part two lines at a time, and the lower part two half-lines at a time; it is also evident that their supply of type was exceedingly limited, and they were obliged to use the figure 1 as a small l, and the inverted c for an e, also a capital P for a small p. "Deppo St." is meant for "Depôt Street," and "South-east-coder" should be "South-East Quarter!"

who so ever will let him come
and injoy yourself FREELY!

speaks volumes for the kindness and liberality of Messrs. Johnson and Dugless.

THE BIG TIME HAVE COME

Dyersburg. Tenn
May29-1900

Tow of the leading Negros of Dyersburg. and well known citizen of this Town. Mr. J. H Johnson and S J, Dugless Will oPen the DOORS OF THE OEN TRIAL BOADING HOUSE. Saturday June, 2-1900 the Place mation Above will found on the left-hand sido of DEPPO, ST. GOING EAST, and on the South-east-coder of the city. It have beon said THAT THE NEGROS ARE COMING BUT-WE ARE HERE.

☆

This Celebration will oPen at 9, A, M. Boys what big time Barbacure, Lemon-Ado, Chiokon fish, Potaters, molases, tobaco. ICE-CREAM POAK CHOOP Snuff, Sardines. Flowyer, Sugar Chewing gum green-Pees, sody Beef stako BEEFROST MEAL oyster, soaP, Fancy cady, broom CANDY SOAP MEAT

who so ever will let him oome
and injoy yourself FREELY

"THE BIG TIME HAVE COME."

The Vicar's Conversion.

By A. E. W. Mason.

"THESE are fancies," said the vicar.

The vicar had just come to the parish, and had come straight from a college lecture-room. The peasant with whom he was walking on the trim gravel-path between the lych-gate and the church-door had heard that church-clock strike six on every morning of his seventy-two years.

"These are fancies, Jan, and reprehensible. It is disheartening to notice how the traditions of ignorance still live in distant villages. In olden times there was more excuse, and to be sure instances were more common. An unexpected draught of wind on a calm day and a rustle of the trees, and at once it was the fairies calling 'Horse and Hattock,' as they were transported from place to place. To see one's self in a dream divided into a two-fold person was a sign of death, doubtless because such a vision had happened to a man in a delirium and near his end. Superstition was an excuse, too, for quacks, and by them encouraged. There was a miller in Norfolk who owned a beryl set in a circle of silver, on which were engraved the names of four angels—Ariel, Raphael, Michael, and Gabriel—and in this beryl he professed to see prescriptions written on the images of herbs, and so to cure the sick."

Jan shook his head in admiration of the vicar's harangue.

"There's book-larnin' in every word," said he.

"Then there are the phantasmata proper," continued the vicar, "such as corpse-candles, which, rightly understood, are no more than Will-o'-the-wisps or marsh fires and exhalations of the soil, and when seen in churchyards are indeed an argument for cremation."

The vicar was enjoying his lecture too much to remark the look of dismay on Jan's old, wrinkled face, or to pay any heed to his expostulation against that or any argument for cremation. He bore Jan down with knowledge.

"Besides these, there are the apparitions, reserved, it would seem," he continued, with a severe look at Jan, "to those who have the second sight. The Scotch are the chief offenders in claiming that gift, and they tell many ridiculous stories about meeting people on the high road with winding-sheets up to their knees or necks according as they are to die, immediately or only soon. There is a legend told of the Macleans, whose child's nurse began suddenly to weep when she saw Maclean and his lady entering together. She wept, it seems, because she saw between them a man in a scarlet cloak and a white hat, who gave the lady a kiss. And the meaning of that rubbish was that Maclean would die and his lady marry again, and marry a man in a scarlet cloak and a white hat."

"An' did she?" interrupted Jan.

"Did she?" said the vicar, with scorn. "Would any woman marry a man in a scarlet cloak and a white hat?"

"She might be daft loike," said Jan.

The vicar waved the suggestion aside.

"The Scotch, indeed, make the most absurd pretensions. Aubrey writes that in the Island of Skye they offered in his day to teach second sight for a pound of tobacco."

"They couldn't du that," said Jan. "'Tisn't to be larned. 'Tis born in a body, so to speak. My feyther had it afore me——"

"Now, Jan," interrupted the vicar, "I cannot listen to you. It is mere presumption for you to speak in that way."

"Be sure, vicar," replied Jan, "Oi aren't proud o' the gift. Would git rid of it if Oi cud. 'Tain't pleasant to sit supping your yale with them as you knows are corpses already, so to say, and many years Oi've never been near churchyard at all on New Year's Eve, so as Oi moightn't knaw. But when Oi du come, sure enough all who are goin' to doi durin' the year comes down the lane, through the gate, and up the

path into church. An' those who'll doi first comes first. They don't wear no sheets or trappin's, but they comes in their cloathes, opens gate, and so into church. An' Oi'll prove it to you, vicar."

"How?"

"Oi'll watch to-morrow, bein' New Year's Eve, and Oi'll wroite down the names of the three who first go through the gate. Then Oi'll put the names in envelopes and mark 'em outside 'one,' 'two,' 'three,' and give you the envelopes. Then, when the first person doies you open the first envelope, and there you'll find the name, and same wi' the second and the third."

The vicar was in a quandary. It was undignified to accept the challenge; it would seem cowardly to refuse it. He compounded with his dignity and accepted.

"Not because I have any doubts myself," he said to Jan, "but in order to convince you of the absurdity of your pretension."

On the first of January the three envelopes were delivered to him by Jan. They were sealed and numbered. The vicar tossed them contemptuously into a drawer and locked them up. He forgot them altogether until the end of the month, when he was summoned hastily to the bedside of a labourer who was ill with influenza. The man was very old—eighty-four, the doctor said.

"AN' OI LL PROVE IT TO YOU, VICAR."

"Is there a chance of his living?" asked the vicar when he came out of the cottage with the doctor.

"Not one in ten thousand. He has been breaking for months. Last autumn I didn't think he would see another summer."

The vicar met Jan in the street and remembered the envelopes. He shrugged his shoulders at the recollection of the ridiculous challenge and went home to his study. His uncompleted sermon lay on his desk and he sat down to it. In a minute or two he went

to his book-case for a reference and, standing before his shelves, forgot why he had risen from his chair. He was thinking. "After all, old Peter Stewer's death was an easy guess." He went back to his table and unlocked the drawer. "It wouldn't be a proof if Peter Stewer's name was in envelope No. 1." He took out envelope No. 1. "Anyone, it seemed, might have known in the autumn that Peter Stewer was breaking." And his next thought was, "These envelopes are very thick." He woke up with a start to realize that he was holding the envelope up to the light of the window, and he tossed it back impatiently and snapped the drawer to.

Peter Stewer died at three o'clock in the morning. The vicar heard the news at nine as he was walking to the cottage, and he suddenly turned back as though he were going home. He changed his mind, however, and turned again, continuing his walk to the cottage.

"He was eighty-four," said Peter's daughter, phlegmatically.

"A ripe age," replied the vicar.

He repeated "Eighty-four" to himself more than once as he went home. "Eighty-four. Very likely his name's in the envelope. There's no proof in that"; and he felt himself grabbed by the arm. It was the doctor who had caught hold of him.

"You're in a great hurry," said the doctor.

"Am I?" said the vicar, colouring red. "I did not notice. My thoughts were busy."

"On to-morrow's sermon, eh? Well, I won't spoil it."

The vicar, however, now, would not let the doctor go; he loitered, he had a word for everybody he passed in the street, and it was not until the evening that he opened the envelope. He opened it with a great show of carelessness, all the greater because he was conscious that his heart was beating a little quicker than usual. He was prepared for the name, and yet the sight of it written there in black and white, "Peter Stewer," was a shock to him. He tore the paper into fragments and tried to thrust the matter from his mind.

But Jan was at the funeral, and after the ceremony he said:—

"What did I tell 'ee, vicar?"

"Peter was old," said the vicar, "and breaking fast. It was easy to guess his name."

"Wait to the next, vicar," said Jan. "Oi'm not proud o' the gift—Oi wish Oi hadn't it; but wait for the next."

Now, the parish was situated in a healthy, upland district, and the winter was mild. One or two of the elder people suffered the usual ailments of February and March, but there was no serious illness. More than once the vicar was inclined to tear up his envelopes during that time, for he had come to live in an expectation of a summons to a death-bed. But it would have seemed almost a confession that he gave in, that he admitted the possibility of second sight and the possession of it by Jan. He did not. He assured himself often that he did not. Indeed, it would after all prove nothing if all three envelopes contained the correct names. For there were extraordinary flukes: they happened every day. The vicar had read in his newspaper of them happening at gambling saloons. Jan was just gambling on the names as a player gambles on numbers. No, the vicar did not object to the letters because he shirked the challenge, but because they kept him in spite of himself speculating who of his parishioners would be the next to go.

Half-way through March he knew. A servant from the great house on the hanger above the village came to fetch him. A runaway horse, a collision with a cart, and the daughter of the house seriously hurt—this was the footman's story. The vicar hurried up the hill. The envelopes in his drawer were at that time swept clean out of his mind; he had no thoughts but thoughts of dread and pity. The girl who had been injured was barely nineteen, and she had all her acquaintances for her friends.

The doctor was already upstairs; the vicar waited in the great hall with the girl's father, hearing over and over again a broken narrative of the accident. At last the doctor descended, and neither of the two men waiting below had the courage to put a question. The doctor replied to their looks, and replied cheerfully. He recommended that a telegram should be sent for a specialist.

"There is a chance, then?" asked the father, in a voice he could not raise above a whisper.

"More than a chance," replied the doctor, and the vicar was at once, in spite of himself, and against his will, certain that there was no chance—not one in ten thousand. Perhaps it was that he remembered a similar question put by him outside old Peter Stewer's gate. At all events, the envelopes were recalled to his mind. Jan had as much as *told him* that the next of his parishioners to go would be young. And a conviction which he could

not shake off stood fixed in his mind, that "Gertrude Leslie" was the name written within the envelope. He seemed, as he stood in the hall listening to the interchange of hopeful words, to be actually reading the name through the envelope, and it was with a start almost of guilt that he roused himself to take his leave. In three days' time he had occasion to open the second envelope. "Gertrude Leslie" was the name inscribed in it, and he opened it on the day of Gertrude Leslie's death.

"What did I tell 'ee, vicar?" said Jan.

The vicar turned away without answering. He could not argue that Jan had merely made a likely guess. Apart from the other circumstances, it hardly seemed natural that Jan should have guessed at the Squire's daughter at all, when there were all his cronies and acquaintances to select from. The vicar from that moment took an aversion to Jan as to something repellent and uncanny; and it became a surprise to him that the villagers regarded the peasant with indifference and almost with pity as a being endowed with a commonplace but uncomfortable gift.

"IN THREE DAYS' TIME HE HAD OCCASION TO OPEN THE SECOND ENVELOPE."

The vicar no longer disbelieved in Jan's second sight. He owned as much frankly to himself one evening, and took the third envelope from the drawer. "I may as well burn this, then," he debated, "since I am already convinced"; and even while he was debating he replaced it in the drawer. His disbelief was replaced by curiosity—curiosity to know not so much whose name was in the envelope, but rather which of his parishioners would be the next to die—a point upon which the breaking of the seal would surely illumine him. He felt that it would be weak, however, to break the seal. He had a sense, too, that it would be wrong: it seemed to him almost that it would be an acknowledgment of a submission to the powers of darkness.

But he kept the envelope; and it tempted him like a forbidden thing, it called to him to break the seal and read, it became permanent in his thoughts. His parishioners began to notice a curious, secret look of inquiry, which came into his eyes whenever he met or spoke with them. He was speculating, "Is it you?" And the spring came.

The vicar threw up his window one morning and felt his blood renewed. He drew in the fresh morning air, with a consciousness that of late he had been living in and breathing a miasma. The trees in his garden were lively and musical with birds; there were sprouts of tender green upon the branches; the blackbirds were pecking at his lawn, and between the blades of grass he saw the shy white bells of snowdrops. He determined to brush all this oppressive curiosity from his mind, to forget the envelope lurking in his drawer.

He breakfasted, and went out to make a call. On his way to the cottage he was visiting he passed the post-office. By the letter-box the schoolmistress was standing with some letters in her hand. She raised her hand and slipped one of the letters into the box just as the vicar came up to her. The vicar was a keen-sighted man, and it chanced that his eyes fell upon the envelope. He read the superscription and recognised the handwriting. The envelope was addressed to Jan's son, a yeoman with the South African Field Force, and the address was written in the same handwriting as the names in the envelopes marked 1 and 2 which he had opened.

"So you are posting Jan's letters?" said the vicar, who was a trifle puzzled.

"Yes," explained the schoolmistress. "Jan's an old man, and there was no school here when he was a boy. So he never learnt to read or write. He tells me what he wants to say to his boy, and I write it for him."

"Then you know the name in the third envelope?" cried the vicar. The question was out and spoken before he was aware of what he said. Then he flushed with shame. It was humiliating, it was most undignified to betray such vehement curiosity. The vicar was so disconcerted that he hardly paid heed to the confusion and excuses of the schoolmistress.

"I did not know why Jan wanted the names written," she pleaded. "He never told me. I would never have done it if I had known that this was one of his heathenish tricks. I did not guess until the Squire's daughter died. I don't believe it, sir, even now, any more than you do."

"Well, well!" The vicar cut her short, anxious to escape from his undignified position. "You were not to blame, since you did not know. But it is not right to encourage Jan in these"—he cast about for an ambiguous word and found it—"in these devices."

The vicar hurried home in a turmoil of indignation against Jan, and more particularly against himself. He would put an end to the obsession of this sealed envelope, which was daily engrossing more and more of his life. He went straight to his study, unlocked the drawer, and pulled out the envelope. He tore it open, shutting his eyes the while unconsciously, so that he might read the name at once, and have done with it. Then he opened his eyes, and read. The name was his own!

The vicar looked out of his window upon his garden, but the spring morning had lost its charm for him.

"THEN YOU KNOW THE NAME IN THE THIRD ENVELOPE?"

Chinese Puzzles, Tricks, and Traps.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.

THE Chinese affair being, so to speak, red-hot at the present moment, and demanding the concentrated attention of the whole world, it has seemed to me to offer a favourable opportunity for displaying some examples of Chinese ingenuity which have been encountered in my researches. My chief concern is to afford as fresh material as it has been possible for me to secure.

1.—A MAGICALLY GROWN PLANT.

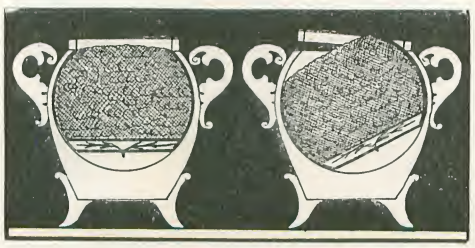
The Chinese have frequently been referred to with contemptuous emphasis as barbarians, but, however much in a moral sense of the word they deserve the repugnant appellation, I am sure that, as regards purely mental attributes, they are and have been pre-eminently conspicuous.

But to discuss this phase of their character further would be beyond the scope of this particular article. Therefore I will proceed to my immediate subject.

The magical growing of plants from earth in which apparently nothing but a single seed has been secreted is a fairly favourite one among Oriental wizards. Whilst not claiming to explain accurate details of all these varieties of trickery, it is at any rate possible for me to convey a description of the mysterious mechanism by which one of them is managed by the Chinese — a method quite different from that employed by the Hindus.

A pot or vase (Fig. 1) is introduced for the inspection of the audience. It is empty —at least to a goodly depth, beyond which it is solid. With vociferous ejaculations the wizard proceeds to fill it with earth, in which he embeds a seed. A silken handkerchief is then shaken out and displayed, and when the onlookers are satisfied that it is inoffensive as regards deception, it is neatly placed over the pot. Finally, the conjurer nips the middle of the handkerchief between his thumb and forefinger, and slowly raises it, when, lo! there blossoms, as though in defiance of all Nature's laws, a full-blown and genuine-looking flowering plant of picturesquely large size. You finger it and find it to be moist, while you keenly observe that the delicate flower bears some pollen-dust. How on earth did the thing get there? I will tell you.

Whatever may be the outer shape of the pot, the chief portion of its interior is globular, and within this globular space there revolves a hollow sphere, with a cross-central partition, dividing it into two very unequal compartments (Fig. 2). The upper compartment thus formed is filled with new mould, and into this the seed is thrown. The two pivots on which the inside sphere revolves are connected with springs; whilst the neck of the vase can be raised on hinges like a skeleton lid. At the moment the conjurer covers the apparatus with the handkerchief he slily causes one part of the neck to be momentarily raised, and this action permits the inside sphere to rotate quickly so as to completely invert it, bringing the small compartment uppermost.

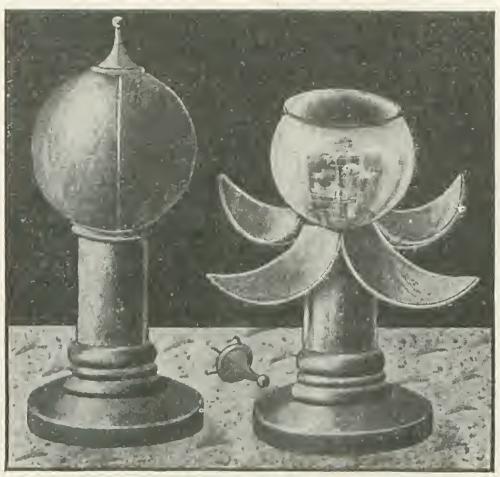


2.—EXPLANATION OF THE MAGIC PLANT.

In this position the earth which has

become revealed, although resembling that which it has replaced, is really only a thin layer stuck to a circular board, having in its centre a hole through which projects just the tiniest bit of a folded, artificially prepared, plant. This botanical curiosity is contained within the hitherto lower (now upper) compartment.

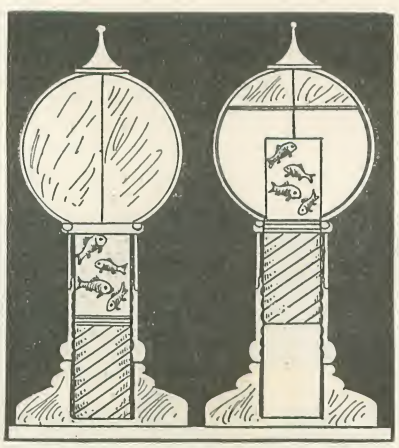
Whilst removing the coverlet the performer deftly seizes the protruding end of the plant, which is thus literally pulled out of the ground, and expands by unfolding mechanically. Each leaf and petal of this extraordinary plant is composed of two skins, between which are elastic or spring veins. The veins permit them to be folded individually into halves, and over one another so as to occupy the minutest possible amount of space; yet when all parts are expanded the veins are so rigid as to impart quite a stiff and life-like appearance to them.



3.—A DISAPPEARING GLOBE OF LIVE FISH.

Another extraordinarily effective illusion is a disappearing globe of live fish. An elegant contrivance is placed upon the performer's table, and consists of a stout pedestal to properly support the undue weight—as impressively explained by the conjurer—with a four-leaved, or four-flapped, ball. A retaining knob is released, and the flaps fall down and outwards. Then an empty fragile globe is brought in and disposed pompously upon the summit of the upright. Afterwards water is gently poured into it, and a few gold-fish inserted (Fig. 3). To prove that the creatures are fully alive, and no mere pieces of mechanical trickery, they may be first handed round in a different receptacle, or allowed to flop and frisk about on the table for a few seconds. But when all is ready the wooden ball is closed, a touch given with the wand, and then the receptacle again opened. There is then neither glass globe, fish, nor water to be observed. Truly a wonderful disappearance! Water, especially, is a peculiar thing to conjure with; yet there is no sign of wet anywhere. The liquid cannot be palmed or smuggled up one's sleeves.

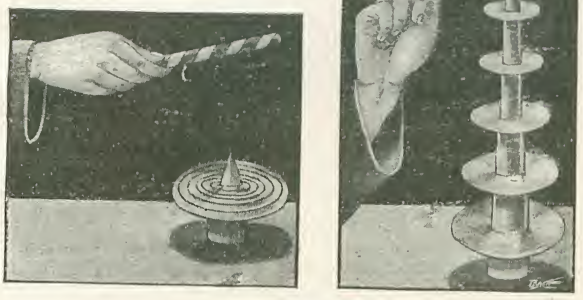
But let me tell you that the glass globe is a base deceiver. It is really made in four sections to correspond in width and contour with the flaps of the wooden ball, and is held together with elastic rings round its stumpy neck and at a lower edge. It is quite devoid of all semblance to a bottom. The dividing lines in it cannot be detected because of the brilliancy of the performer's light and the position of the article as it faces the onlookers. The stout standard or pedestal of the apparatus is hollow, and contains in one part a very thin glass jar, which can be raised above the level of the top—*i.e.*, within the closed wooden globe — by a twist of one of the rings which appear to consist of mere turnery (Fig. 4). Just as the seat of a music-stool may be raised by rotating the screw, so does this ring actuate on a screw-piece. Thus, while the globe is being apparently filled with water, and fish placed in it, it is in reality only the surreptitiously introduced jar that is being occupied, and this is, of course, lowered down into the pillar-standard in the same way that it was caused to appear. The insides of the flaps of the globular box having previously been prepared with a sticky, shining substance on a black ground to resemble polished ebony, the neatly loosed por-



4.—EXPLANATION OF THE DISAPPEARING GLOBE OF FISH.

tions of the glass globe adhere to them after the retaining elastic rings have been removed by catches which can be shot out of the fastening knob; and when the leaves are lowered they consequently fall with them.

Here is another device. Half-a-dozen thin metal discs of graduated sizes, provided with tube attachments so that they may be fitted telescopically one inside another, are handed round, detached for scrutiny, so that



5.—THE MAGIC DISCS.

a manifestation may be made that there are no concealed springs or catches upon them. Then the performer inserts them one within another, and places them on his table. Whilst his wand is circling about mysteriously the telescopic arrangement slowly and gracefully erects itself into an extended position, the portions completely raised one over another (Fig. 5).

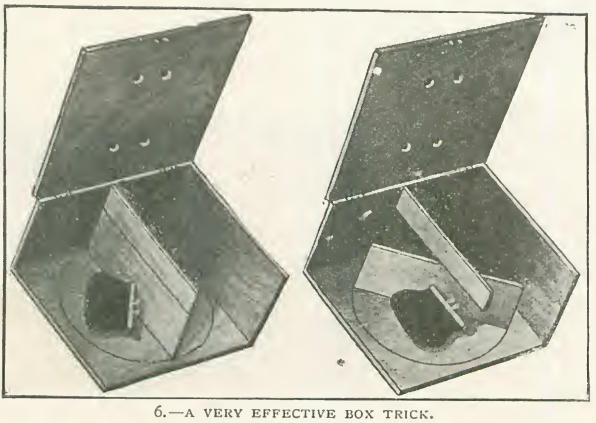
Without any other perceptible personal contact, the conjurer strikes each disc violently in succession, and soon the whole six are rotating with startling velocity. At the word of command, and while still careering round and round, the pile slowly descends, and may be again examined, without success, for clues as to why they could be made to undergo such antics.

The secret is this: A tightly-wedged roll of prepared material is placed within the bottom segment of the telescope when it is being placed on the table. A rolled-up tape-measure may be taken as a good likeness. The inner or immediately central end of the roll has a pointed catch bearing a small coil of fine strong silk or catgut, as preferred. While the telescope remains folded the catch is dexterously pulled through the conical top segment and hitched on to the performer's robe somewhere in the region of his chest. He thus has one end of a thread attached to himself and the other end united to the inner end of the roll that lies within the collapsed telescope. As he majestically raises his fantastic wand the latter (unnoticed, of course, by the audience) comes into contact with the thread and withdraws it, and as a consequence extends the concealed roll, which, by opening out to resemble a barber's pole, elevates and supports the telescope and its accompanying discs, which are then enabled to revolve in the curious manner described.

By removing the catch from his robe and letting it adhere to his wand he can cause the pile to descend, this movement being accelerated by means of a properly-fitted spring arrangement inside the roll.

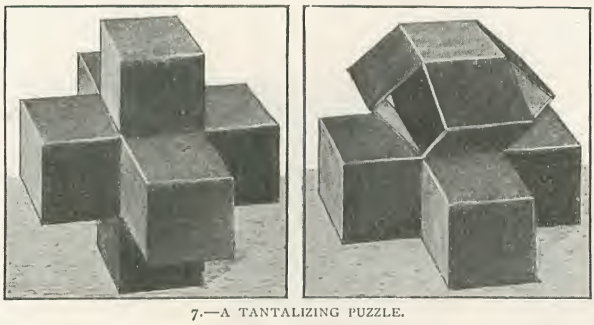
You must have seen old-fashioned entertainers pull yard after yard of coloured paper from their mouths. This is done with a roll of material just like that referred to here. In fact, such a device is widely used for producing various effects.

Another deceptive trifle, which notwithstanding its bareness of construction is essentially clever, is the magic box illustrated in Fig. 6. A person is invited to deposit some small article of whose *bonâ-fide* formation or composition he will be perfectly assured into either selected compartment of a double box, the lid of which bears exterior numbers or signs, by reference to which the particular compartment may be identified. In order to secure additional confidence from the audience, there exist four holes completely through the lid —



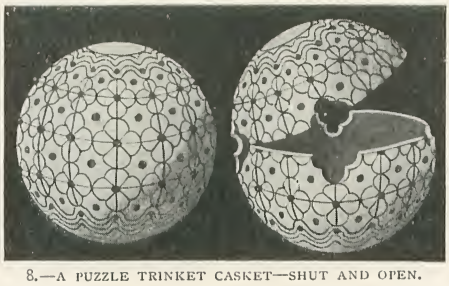
6.—A VERY EFFECTIVE BOX TRICK.

two covering each compartment. You are at liberty to use your judgment or discretion concerning whether you shall or shall not dispose of a pair of pegs through these holes, each peg being of sufficient length to extend to a depth of a few inches within the interior of the article. At all events, you can satisfy yourself respecting the identical division in which you secrete a handkerchief, a watch, or a purse. Permission is also granted to turn the key and lock the contrivance. Then, after the orthodox ceremonies of concealing it beneath a cloth, tapping with a wand, and subsequently removing the coverlet, the box is unlocked and the lid raised, when the onlooker discovers that his property has been cleverly transferred to the fellow-compartment. Naturally, some people think that the lid veils the chief part of the problem, and that the numbers and pegs have been tampered with. But the truth is delightfully easy of description.



7.—A TANTALIZING PUZZLE.

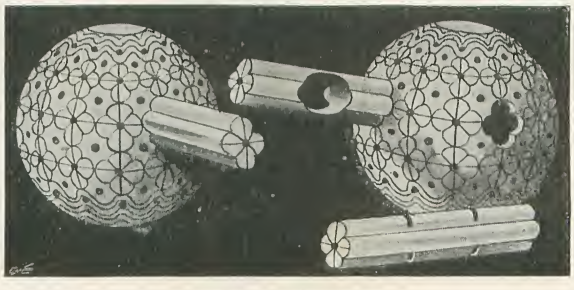
The bottom of the box is of a double thickness, the upper slice being composed of a circular board revolving flush in the remainder. The disc is attached to a very neatly separated portion of the middle upright partition. Thus, one compartment practically revolves round and replaces the other. The revolution is accomplished when the key is turned. It hardly needs mentioning that the lines of the detached circle and upright would not be allowed to show so conspicuously as illustrated in Fig. 6. Of course, some intricate geometrical pattern, or painted sprays of flowers, would cover the interior of the box and efface the lines of separation.



8.—A PUZZLE TRINKET CASKET—SHUT AND OPEN.

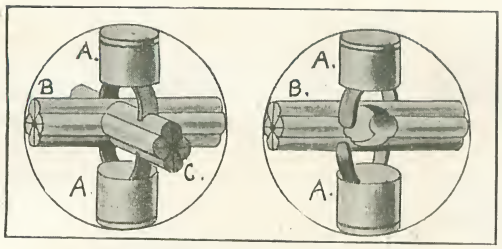
A geometrical puzzle of a purely toyish character is shown in Fig. 7. Although the impression might occur to some among those who read these notes that they would quickly hit upon so absurdly easy a method of solution were they to handle such an object, it is really excusable to think that they would be bewildered in regard to it. The cross is proved to contain something or other—perhaps a marble. To secure the contents, all that is necessary is to pull downwards a four-blocked portion, having previously slid outwards to a slight extent a tiny flap that defies detection on account of neatness of joinery. This enables the remainder to be collapsed, when access is gained as desired to the small interior.

Even if a clue to the exact movement is conjectured, the manipulator is confronted with the tiresome fact that there are three crosses combined together, and while he thought he was pushing each down in succession he might merely be repeating unavailing endeavours. As a rule, people try with this puzzle such methods as pulling apart, turning the blocks round, or pushing them inwards. Perhaps with the grasp of one hand they may resist their own efforts made simultaneously with the other hand.



9.—OPENING THE CASKET.

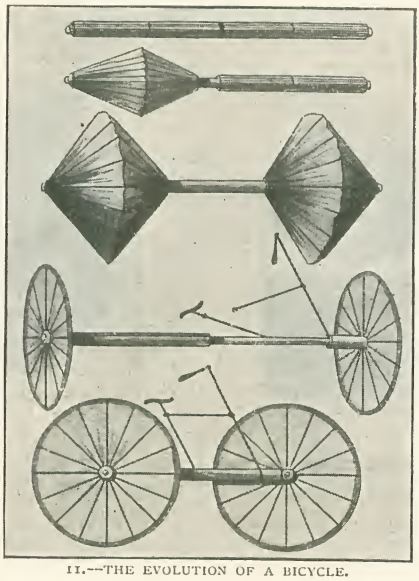
A distinctly clever puzzle, in the form of a globular trinket casket, is shown in Figs. 8, 9, and 10, and is beautifully made in ivory.



10.—EXPLANATION OF THE CASKET TRICK.

It is guaranteed to defy the acutest penetration. Being covered entirely over its surface with a tracery of lines assuming a network pattern, it is thereby rendered more difficult of solution. To those who relish these curiosities the subjoined descriptive details may prove interesting. The globe is essentially a hinged box, as shown in the right-hand half of Fig. 8. Occupying an exact central position in each half is a kind of reel (A) (Fig. 10), which revolves as a fixture in a hole. A pair of catches issue from the interior end of each reel and fit into slots on a movable rod (C), which rod itself can slide through the one which helps it to form a cross (B). To solve the puzzle, each reel has to be slightly turned by pressure upon its exterior surface with a thumb and finger in order to remove the catches from C. This accomplished, it is then quite an easy matter to withdraw C frontwards, and thus allow B to be extricated sideways, when the box can be properly opened on its hinges. A slight study of the mechanism will reveal that, notwithstanding its apparent simplicity, it is so arranged as to afford a really effective bar against opening the casket until *all* its movements have been discovered and made.

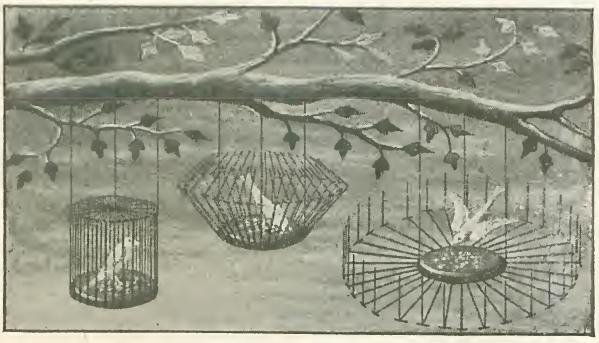
The extraordinary bicycle portrayed in Fig. 11 in various phases of its evolution is a really unique piece of work, and was shown to me by one of the members of a firm who make a speciality of importing Chinese and Japanese furniture and similar goods. Nothing more than a fragile bundle of sticks is placed in your hands; yet they may be converted into a passable machine — not intended for use, of course, as you will readily conceive. You push two halves of certain parts in opposite directions, the motions resembling the opening of a double Oriental umbrella. Eventually you secure the equivalent of two wheels, which need just a slight turn (properly arranged for) to bring them into line with the developing framework. There is then disclosed to view a divided tube, with some intermediate rods, which need raising. Then, when this has been accomplished, the two segments of the tube are closed up into mutual contact, and certain fastenings hitched into position. In this very unusual way an interesting trick toy-bicycle is composed.



11.—THE EVOLUTION OF A BICYCLE.

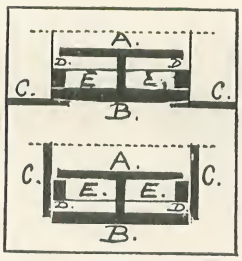
I have shown the parts forming the wheels as though papered completely all over their areas. This has been done to avoid confusion of comprehension —if I may be permitted to use a rather Irish remark. Actually, only the semblance of a rim or tyre is represented in paper.

For the purpose of entrapping rare or shy small birds in their native haunts, the device illustrated in Fig. 12 seems admirably adapted. Many birds confine themselves (when man is about) almost solely to



12.—VARIOUS PHASES OF A BIRD-TRAP.

the foliage of their beautiful abodes, and get scared away if sought for by climbers. Hence the unsuspicious-looking trap, baited with some attractive seed, is suspended high up among the branches to await developments. When a bird alights with sufficient force upon the prepared part of the object the outstanding circlet of slender bars quickly rises simultaneously into an upright position and imprisons the intruder.

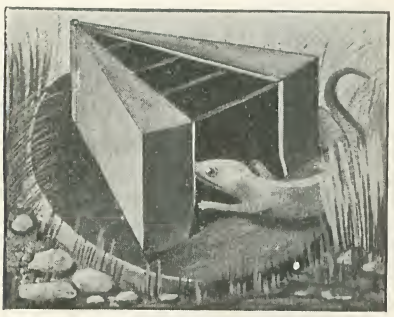


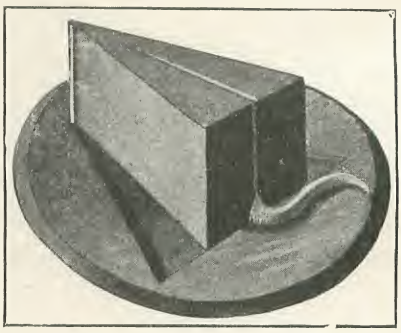
13.—EXPLANATION OF THE TRAP.

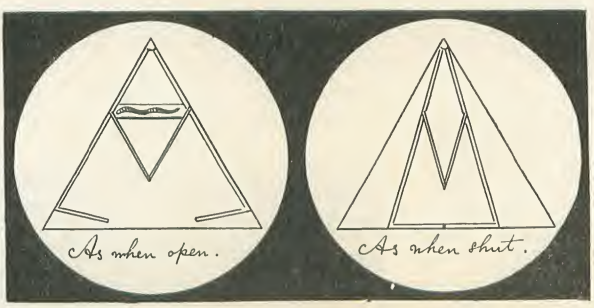
For the edification of those readers who care to pry further into the details of the apparatus I have given some diagrams in Fig. 13. Those to whom they may appear to be tiresome may pass over the next paragraph.

The pressure of the bird causes a disc (E) to slip downwards until its lower edge rests upon a bottom ring (D) to which the trap-bars are either hinged or pivoted. Meanwhile the descent of the disc E has resulted in the simultaneous depression of a lower one (B), which, by pushing down the inner ends of the trap-bars (C) immediately jerks those bars into a vertical position, from which they cannot be liberated by any accidental movements of the captive.

A very ingenious arrangement for the purpose of capturing lizards and similar fry is exhibited in Figs. 14 and 15. The principle of this artful object may be more clearly understood from an inspection of the diagrammatic sketch Fig. 16. This reveals a certain number of wooden bars pivoted together, so as to be collapsible. The opened-out portions of the V are connected together with pieces of elastic of sufficient strength to hold the contrivance tightly closed after the bait has been removed. The trap is maintained in an open condition by the insertion (within the diamond-shaped opening) of a small glass tube containing a wriggling worm or a moth. The removal of this tube permits the whole affair to snap and make a prisoner of the lizard.


14.—A LIZARD TRAP—SET.


15.—A LIZARD TRAP—CLOSED.



16.—EXPLANATION OF THE LIZARD TRAP.

A CHRISTMAS FOG

BY

JOHN STRANGE WINTER

I.

I MAY as well say at once that I, Miranda Cheape, am not a young girl. I have heard it said that when one sits down to tell a story one ought to take the public completely into one's confidence and put the reader in the same category as one's lawyer, one's doctor, and one's banker. Well, I have no doubt that the advice is excellently good, and, therefore, I will say at once that I am not a young girl.

I belong as yet to the noble army of spinsters, and when my last parent died, leaving me a modest but sufficient competence upon which to support myself, I did not do what so many unmarried women seem to think the right thing, and go to live with one of my married sisters; but, after leaving the large house in which my mother had lived and died, I took my share of the furniture and settled myself down in the smallest flat that I could find in all London.

My sister Rose said that I was funny and independent. I agreed with her that I was independent, but I could not see anything particularly funny in my arrangements. My sister Maude, who had seven children under fourteen, said she thought I was horribly selfish. Because I did not happen to have got married, as my sisters had done, I had collared—yes, that was the word she used—I had collared an extra £300 a year, and now I went and lived by myself, and gave nobody else the benefit of it.

Then Susie had her say. Now, Susie is a rich woman; money is no object to her, but she is always in trouble with her servants, and Susie wanted my mother's useful maid to go into her household and help to look after the next generation. Now, Barbara had been my nurse before she was my mother's maid, and it had always been an understood thing between my mother and Barbara and myself that I was never to turn my back upon her: and, if I had told her that she would have to leave me and go to live with Mrs. Sergeant—that was Susie's married name—I think poor Barbara would have broken her heart; but, to tell you the truth, I never thought of such a thing. Susie had a husband who could protect her; I hadn't anybody. I was not able to afford to keep more servants than Barbara and a young cook, and, naturally, Barbara was, under these circumstances, absolutely essential to my well-being.

My sister-in-law, Mrs. Horace Cheape, also

cast her eye upon Barbara; and another sister of hers, who was no earthly relation to us, even went so far as to offer her double the wages that I was able to give her, if only she would go and take charge of her nursery.

However, the family discussion came to an end at last, and Barbara and I took up our abode in our new home on the second floor of Rosemary Mansions.

Well, dear reader, this has not very much to do with my story, and yet it is necessary that I should slightly sketch out the main lines of my previous life. Somehow it had always been an uneventful existence. I think it is often so with the only one of a large family who remains to the end in the parent nest. My sisters had all paired off, and had made new nests for themselves. I stayed behind to make my mother's last days happy; partly because I had no wish to desert her, and partly, to be quite frank, because I had never had any temptation to do so. And, yet, I was quite as good-looking as any of my sisters, and I was certainly quite as agreeable in myself, if not more so; but, from the days when I was just out of my teens, it always seemed to be an understood thing in the Cheape family that Miranda was an unromantic person who would never have a love story, or get married as all the others had done.

And so, when the incident happened of which I am about to tell you, I had got to the mature age of thirty-four, and I had never had a lover in my life.

My eldest sister, Susie, had married very young, and had three daughters who seemed all likely to follow in her footsteps. The eldest of the three, Doreen, was a tall, pretty, lively girl of nearly eighteen. She was my god-child, and my favourite among all my nieces, and right merrily did she take advantage of her position as such.

"Aunt Miranda," she would say to me, "I want you to take me in for a few days. My people are going off to Bournemouth (or some other place), and I have several engagements in town that I don't want to miss."

She never said "If you can do with me," and I never told her to wait until I invited her; and I generally found that the engagements consisted of some arrangement with a young man, and that I had to take her to a concert, or a theatre, or a dance, as the case might be. When the third or fourth young man of the kind was introduced to me I asked Doreen seriously when she was going to be married.

"I ASKED DOREEN SERIOUSLY WHEN SHE WAS GOING TO BE MARRIED."

"Oh, I don't think, Aunt Miranda," she replied, promptly, "that I feel like marrying any of them."

"But, my dear, you really ought not to encourage these young men unless you mean to marry one of them. It's not the proper thing to do at all. Does your mother know?"

"Oh, yes, mother knows," said Doreen, cheerfully. "Mother says if I marry under two or three thousand a year I shall be a fool; and so I should; but one can have a little fun without thinking of marrying."

I read her a little lecturette upon the mistaken policy of frittering away one's life.

"Well, auntie," she said, quite cheerfully, "by all accounts you have not frittered your life away, and, yet, here you are, left high and dry, and as much alone in the world as if you had not a single relation on all the earth."

For the first time in my life I felt a hideous sense of loneliness creeping over me, and for an hour after the child had gone gaily off to a tea-party at some house near by I sat wondering what I should feel like when another thirty-four years had gone by, and I should still be living in this flat or some other, quite by myself.

It was just a week before Christmas. By some freak the Sergeant family had all gone out of town, excepting Doreen, who had flatly refused to be taken away from several dances, for which she had engaged herself from the first waltz to the very last.

"It is all the same to you, mother," was her argument, "whether I go down to that dull old house in the country or whether I stay up in town with Aunt Miranda. I hate the country, particularly in winter, and more particularly in a hired house in a neighbourhood where you hardly know a soul. It's a ghastly idea, mother, of which I am sure you will all bitterly repent ere the time is at an end. So, dear, darling mother, do leave me with Aunt Miranda, and we shall be two happy old maids, eating our Christmas dinner together."

My sister Susie was always inclined to shift her burdens on to other people's shoulders, and, although I don't mean to imply that Doreen was a burden, still she was one of Susie's responsibilities. So, when the family took their departure for a rambling country house in one of the wildest parts of Yorkshire, Doreen, accompanied by several large dress-baskets, came to me.

I think it was the fact of its being Christmas, as well as Doreen's remark, that first made me realize how lonely, how very lonely, I had been. She was such a good child. She was so sweet-tempered and cheerful, and so popular with other young people, that she soon turned my quiet flat into as bright a corner of the world as you could well find in any part of London.

"Miss Doreen makes a good deal of traffic," said Barbara to me, when Doreen had been with us about three days.

"Yes, Barbara," I replied, "but it is good for us; you and I are two old things who want stirring up and rousing out of our selfish old-maidism."

"No, Miss Miranda," said Barbara, "there is not much of the old maid about you."

I sighed. "I don't know, Barbara," I said; "I begin to feel very old, and very much of a maiden lady. It is not a pleasant feeling."

I had then been living for several years at Rosemary Mansions; you know the particular block of flats, of course, that I mean; but perhaps you don't know that they are built in a very unusual form. There are four separate sets of flats in the one great square building. Each of the four sides has its entrance, its large hall, its great door-mats with "Salve" written upon them, its liveried porter, and its convenient lift, and each hall goes right through to the courtyard at the back; so that, from each, one can communicate with any one of the other three sets of flats.

Well, it happened one day just before Christmas—the day before Christmas Eve, to be exact—that Doreen went to help some friends to deck a Christmas-tree which was to form one of the attractions at a party to which we were bidden for the following evening. The tree was to be followed by a dance with a cotillon, and I understood from Doreen that the favours for the cotillon were to be something very unusual and out of the common.

As Doreen was fully occupied that afternoon I took the opportunity of going out to buy a present for her. She had been with me to buy the various presents that were necessary for me to send to the other members of the family, but until that moment I had not had an opportunity of buying for Doreen a certain article of jewellery which I knew she was most anxious to possess.

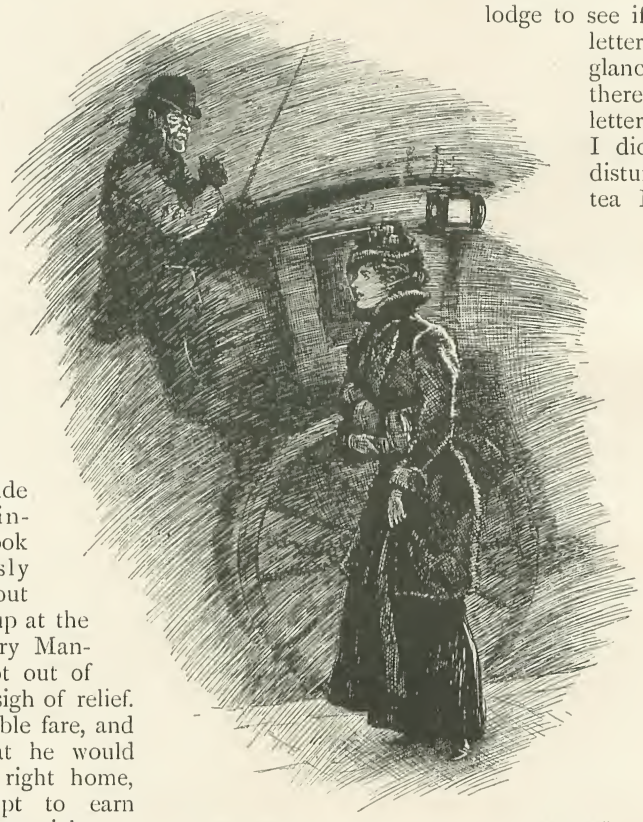
It was a horrid afternoon, stingingly cold, with an inclination to fog. I took a cab as far as Oxford Street, and there made my purchase. Then I passed Buszard's, and it occurred to me that I should be wise if I took home with me an extra cake or so; because, although I had weeks before ordered my usual supply of Christmas dainties, the advent of Doreen had made it more than likely that we should find ourselves very badly off for nice things for afternoon tea. Not that Doreen ate so much, you know. I don't mean that, but Doreen had such a train of young men, and Doreen had so many girl friends, and young men and young girls do get through a good deal of plum cake and such things when they congregate together. And so I thought it would be a good thing if I stepped into Buszard's and bought some extra things which I could carry home with me.

I bought a three-pound plum cake and a two-pound cherry cake, and put them into the first hansom that I saw.

"Rosemary Mansions, Westminster," was

the direction I gave the Jehu. I saw with dismay that the fog was thickening visibly, and as we descended towards the Houses of Parliament it had become almost impossible to distinguish the houses as we passed. More than once we were blocked by the traffic, and my Jehu made one or two hoarse remarks to me through the trap-door that he was afraid he would find Rosemary Mansions very difficult to get at.

I told him cheerfully to do his best; that I would give him something extra; but I cannot say that I felt very cheerful. Here was I, a lone woman, sitting in a cab in a neighbourhood which I did not recognise, with a handsome piece of jewellery in my hand, a well-filled purse in my pocket, and two heavy cakes on the seat beside me.



"I GOT OUT OF THE CAB WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF."

My driver made one or two inquiries, and took some obviously wrong turnings, but at last he drew up at the door of Rosemary Mansions, and I got out of the cab with a sigh of relief. I gave him double fare, and he told me that he would walk his horse right home, and not attempt to earn another penny that night.

"Yer see, lydy," he said, "it goes down yer throat and down yer 'orse's throat; so 'ome I goes, strite."

I bade him good-night and a merry Christmas.

As I went up the steps I looked up in order to make sure that I had arrived at my own entrance, for, as I said before, there were four entrances to Rosemary Mansions, each one with the name plainly written above the portals, and, below the name, one of the first four letters of the alphabet. I lived in Rosemary Mansions "A." The fog was, however, too thick for me to distinguish the letters; so I passed within, knowing that it would be perfectly easy to find my own staircase from the porter's.

Oh, yes; this was my own hall. I recognised the crimson carpets, the great door-mats, the porter's bench, and the dog lying before the fire, which blazed in a semi-open grate. But there was no porter about, which was very unusual at that hour. I supposed that Doggett, as our porter was called, had either gone upstairs with a message or else down below to his own apartment to get his tea.

I looked into the porter's lodge to see if there were any letters for me, but a glance told me that there was not a single letter in the rack. As I did not choose to disturb Doggett at his tea I quietly walked up the staircase, without troubling to wait for the lift. Oh, how horrid the fog was! It made one think kindly even of the rambling country house in the wilds of distant Yorkshire. Indeed, it was so heavy and so thick that it had worked its way within doors, and the electric lights at various points of the stairs shone with a curious yellow radiance, and each had a sort of halo surrounding it.

I reached my own door and rang the bell. Nobody came. I rang again and again, but there was no response. How was it that everybody was out of the way this afternoon? I supposed Barbara had gone off buying Christmas things. Then where was Jane? I felt impatiently in my pocket to see if I had my key. I had. I opened the door with a sigh of relief. How very extraordinary: all was in darkness! I drew the key out of the lock, shut the door behind

me, and, passing on through the inner door, which was of heavy ground glass, closed it behind me.

It shut with a little click. How odd! I had never heard the door click like that before. I groped my hand along the wall feeling for the switches of the electric light. Why, what had happened? There was no switch. I went back to the door, which now was closed quite tightly. I could find no handle, so I went back again to feel for the switches of the electric light, but could not discover them. How extraordinary and how curious the effect of this yellow fog was! It made not only the streets but my own house feel strange. Never mind, I should find a light in the dining-room—probably a fire. Certainly there would be one in the kitchen. I turned towards the door of the dining-room, which was the first on the left after the second door of entrance, but I could not find any sign of an electric switch.

Then it dawned upon me that I had mistaken my block and my flat, and here was I, shut up in the dark, in a flat belonging to some unknown person. I groped my way back to the inner door of the entrance. No, I could find no trace of a handle upon it. I shook it, I knocked upon it, but with no result, excepting that I hurt my knuckles even through my thick winter gloves.

At this point I put my two heavy cakes, which I had still been carrying, down upon the floor, and set myself to make a tour of the apartments. The entrance was evidently precisely of the same proportions as my own, and it was furnished. I came in turn to an umbrella-stand — one of those tall porcelain pipes—which held several sticks and umbrellas, and to a carved hall bench, then to a table. I dropped over a door-mat, and felt the outlines of one or two pictures. Then I touched a brush, and something that felt in the dark like a fox's head; it was certainly the stuffed head of some small animal. At last I reached the kitchen door, hoping to find a fire there. No, all was dark. If only I had had a light the situation would not have been so bad; but although I groped about for at least ten minutes I could not find a single box of matches. At last I came to what was evidently the kitchen easy-chair, and in that I sat myself down, wondering what on earth I should do next. I might try ringing the bells; so I started on a tour round the kitchen, shinning myself violently several times ere I remembered that I should not find any bell-pull there. Then I groped my way once more to the door which led to the corridor, and felt with my hand along the wall for the door of the dining-room. I knocked down a chair and, I think, a small table. Then I ran against the sideboard. Crash! There was a sound of falling glass! Oh, dear, I had smashed something belonging to someone I did not know, and I had cut myself. At last, however, I did find the little knob of the electric bell, and had the satisfaction of hearing it tinkling away in the kitchen which I had just left. Ringing the bell was no good. I went back to the door which led into the corridor; but, mind you, when I say I went, I mean that I arrived there after a progress involving much need of patience and the receipt of many hard knocks.

Then I nerved myself to speak. "Is there anybody there?" I said. I have a refined and lady-like voice, which my dear mother always used to say was one of my greatest charms. It sounded so soft and inefficient as I sat there in the darkness, and I resolved to speak in a much louder and more determined tone.

"Is anybody there?" My voice echoed down the corridor, but no answering voice came out of the darkness in reply.

I then determined to make a complete tour of the apartments. I explored the drawing-room, the dining-room, the little study, the large bedroom, the spare bedroom, the kitchen, the bathroom, and the servants' bedroom, all in turn, and, after the manner of the blind, I examined with my hands each chimney-shelf, in case I might come across one precious box of matches; but, although I resolutely carried this idea into effect, I did not light upon a single one—and at this point I sat down and wept!

It was the day before Christmas Eve. Perhaps the owner of the flat had gone away for the holidays. I could not get out of that front door. I had nothing to eat, and there was nothing but water to drink. I had already touched the tap in the kitchen, so that I knew I should not die of thirst; but I might be locked up in that flat for ten days or more, and the only sustenance I knew of was tap-water and two Buszard cakes. So I sat down and wept, wept piteously, until I suddenly became aware that I was chilled to the very marrow of my bones. I wondered what they would do at home. What would Doreen think? What would Barbara say? Would they go to the police? Would they go the round of the hospitals? Would the cabman to whom I had given double fare come and give

evidence that he had driven such a lady as Doreen would describe to one of the entrances to Rosemary Mansions?

I tried to console myself with the assurance that, after all, Rosemary Mansions was a highly respectable building, where tenants were not accepted unless they gave the very highest of references; that nobody who came and found me there eventually would believe that a woman of my position and means had come with any felonious intent. In the meantime I must make the best of a bad situation; I must resign myself to sitting there in the dark and in the cold, and be thankful that I had bought those two cakes with a view of helping out Christmas. Little did I think when I entered Buszard's busy, attractive shop that they would probably prove themselves a barrier between me and starvation!

By this time I was yearning for my tea. If only I had been able to find a match; if I had been able to find a gas-ring, or even some coals, I might have made myself a cup of tea—French leave tea!—in this house in which I had unwittingly invited myself. However, that was evidently out of the question, so I at last groped my way back to where I had left my Buszard cakes, and then I groped my way back to the kitchen again, and there I groped about until I found a knife, for they always keep such things in the kitchen drawer. Having smelt it, to make quite sure that it had not been used for onions or soap, I wiped it carefully on the inside of my skirt, and then ventured to cut myself a large piece of cake. I had not much difficulty in finding a cup, and, after making sure that it was quite clean, I filled it from the tap, and there I sat in the dark, eating my rich cake and drinking my ice-cold water, which seemed to go down my poor inside like a frozen waterfall.

All the same, I felt better when I had disposed of my wedge of cake, and I felt very grateful to Buszard for occupying the precise situation in Oxford Street which had attracted my attention. Hours went by—at all events, they seemed like hours to me, for I had sat myself down to wait patiently till morning light should shed some ray of hope upon my desperate situation. When morning came I would write a note and throw it down in the courtyard; or I would pick up a few inexpensive articles of crockery, and send them down smash! and so attract attention that way. I felt that it would be useless to shout into this fog: it would be like calling down a coal-mine; and, to tell you the truth, I did not like, in the darkness, to open any of the windows.

At last I began to get desperately sleepy. You see, I was not accustomed to sitting in utter darkness; and, as there is nothing so fatiguing to the eyes as staring into the night, I closed them in order to prevent myself from getting a bad attack of neuralgia. It was very uncomfortable in that hard, straight-up chair, which was evidently one of the Windsor persuasion, with a not very soft cushion tied on to the seat. Then an idea occurred to me. The flat was empty—I mean, that its occupants were evidently away; so I came to the conclusion that I might as well go and lie down upon one of the beds. I knew which was the best bedroom—it was the same as my own: and I had good occasion to know that there was a big bed in it, for I had run against it with such force that I bruised myself severely. I, therefore, after a last drink of cold water, got up, and, with care, found my way to the best bedroom.

The bed was a large and luxurious one, spread with a satin-covered eiderdown. I happened to be wearing a sealskin coat which came down to my knees; it was a coat with a storm collar. On my head I had a toque of mink fur, garnished with pink roses and some violets. I threw back the eiderdown quilt and got on to the bed, tucking myself well round with the soft satin cover. It was a glorious bed, a delicious bed, a bed that must have been made purposely for some poor wanderer like myself. The pillows were soft, but not too soft—not pappy, you know; and they were nice pillows, as I could tell by the linen slips which covered them. There was embroidery at the corners, and a small frill with a lace edge all round. They were much nicer pillows than my own. So I drew up my storm-collar yet a little higher, snuggled down under the coverlet, and in five minutes I was sound asleep.

II.

I DO not know how long I had slept. You see, I had no means of knowing how the time had passed since I was entrapped, I might almost say entombed, in the strange dwelling of some person unknown to me. I seemed to have been asleep for many hours, when I suddenly awoke. I came to myself with a start on realizing that I was not in my own bed. Just at first I thought I had been awakened from my ordinary sleep, and that my bed was on fire; but, no, it was an electric light just over my head. I was not dreaming; another light was shedding its

brilliant rays over the dressing-table, just where my own light hung, and an asbestos fire was burning cheerily in the grate. I had barely time to take all these things in, and to locate the circumstances of my incarceration, when I heard a voice which said, "Good heavens!!!"

It was a man's voice, and my first instinct was to hold the satin-covered eiderdown still more closely round me.

"Who the dickens are you?" went on the voice.

"Sir," said I, in quavering accents.

"Madam, what are you doing in my bed?" said the voice, indignantly. "I don't understand this. You must go away, please."

"I could not get out," I cried, piteously.

"YOU MUST GO AWAY, PLEASE."

"No poor woman on earth could be less anxious to inflict herself upon you than I am, but I'm afraid I mistook your flat for my own."

I daresay I looked very funny, for I still had my satin toque with the pink roses and violets on my head, and my storm-collar was pulled well up above my ears.

"I live in one of these flats," I went on. "I took a cab home from Buszard's——"

"Oh, that's where the Buszard cakes came from, is it?" he said. "I went into the kitchen to make myself a cup of coffee, as I always do, and found cakes there which I knew I had never supplied."

"Sir, what is the time?" I asked.

"It is about three o'clock in the morning—rather more," he replied; "at least it was three when I left the offices of the *Daily Trumpeter*."

"Is there a fog?" I demanded.

"Oh, nothing to speak of now. Did you say you lived in these flats?"

"I do; indeed I do! I live on the second floor of Block A. When I came home the fog was so bad that I could not see the letter. Oh, three o'clock in the morning! What shall I do? What can I do?"

"Well, the best thing you can do is to go home," he said, sensibly. "You must really forgive me, madam, for speaking as I did, but you must recognise that it was rather astounding for a hard-worked journalist to come home and find pink roses and violets rolled up in his eiderdown."

"I am sure I offer you ten thousand apologies for making so free with your belongings," I said, apologetically; "but it was so dark——"

"Why didn't you turn up the lights?"

"I would have done so, but I could not find the switches. I could not find any matches, and, as I am not a new woman and do not smoke, I hadn't any with me. And I was so cold and so miserable, sitting in the darkness, wondering if my people had given orders to drag the river for me."

"Oh, yes, of course, there are your people to consider," he remarked. "Will you excuse my asking you a plain question? Are you a married lady?"

"No, I am not," I replied. "I live in these mansions, as I told you, in number 'A' Block, on the second floor. My name is Cheape."

"Oh, didn't Herbert Sergeant marry a Miss Cheape?"

"Yes, yes, she's my sister," I said, eagerly; "and Doreen, her eldest child, is staying with me now. She must be frightened out of her wits."

"Well, between you and me, Miss Cheape,

I think it would take a good deal to frighten Miss Doreen; but that is neither here nor there. You must be got home, and you must be got out of this little affair with as little noise as possible. Look here; I'll leave you for a few minutes to put your hat straight, and so on, while I go down and reconnoitre. Why didn't you think of the tradesmen's entrance?"

"I did. It was locked; everything's locked!" I said, in a tragic voice.

"That's because the old woman who looks after me, and gets my breakfast, takes the key to let herself in with; and the handle is off the inner door—that's why you could not get out there. I expect it rolled down when you let it slip to. You had better leave your cakes behind you. You'll have to tell your people that you got lost in the fog, and nobody will believe that you hung on to those two heavy cakes all the time. Now, look here, Miss Cheape. I'm Berkeley of the *Daily Trumpeter*—Raymond Berkeley. We've got to tell the same story. You got lost in the fog, and I picked you up and convoyed you home safe. Now, is that clear?"

"Oh, yes, thank you; quite, quite clear. I won't be two minutes putting my hair straight."

"All right," he said; and, picking up his fur-lined coat, he went out, shutting the door noiselessly after him.

I put my hair straight with trembling fingers, and pinned on my smart, flower-decked toque. I made myself look as decent as I could. My handkerchief I had left on the bed; but what did I do with my gloves? I went to the door and opened it.

"Mr. Berkeley, I must have my gloves. What did I do with them? Can I have left them in the kitchen?"

"Yes, I did see a pair of ladies' gloves in there," he said, with a laugh. "I thought my old woman had bloomed out that way. Now, keep close behind me when you go downstairs. I have been down once. All is as quiet as the grave, and, if we can get out of this building, and round to your own entrance without anyone seeing us, no one will know you have been here at all. If we should chance to meet anyone, shrink back; get out of sight; don't let them see you. We must dissemble."

There was no more light on the staircase than the gleam from the electric lamp which burned all night in the central hall. We descended the stairs like a couple of thieves, he going first, and I following at a respectful distance. My heart beat furiously as I reached the lower flight. A few more steps and I should be safe. I should be out in the protective night, and nobody but Raymond Berkeley would be any the wiser as to the exact locality in which I had lost myself! Fortune favoured me. Not a soul came on the scene, and we gained the outer door in safety.

"It's all right," he said; "why, you are trembling like a leaf. Here, take my arm. Remember your story, and I'll see you through it."

I was hideously frightened; so frightened was I that I quite forgot to thank him, but clung to his arm like grim death, and he piloted me without further loss of time to my own entrance.

"Have you got your key?" he asked.

"Oh, I have left it in your flat!" I replied.

"Where?" said he.

"Oh, how stupid of me; I don't know. I let myself in with it. I don't know what I did with it after that."

"It doesn't matter; I'll go back for it."

Even then that angelic man didn't call me a fool, and I think he really would have been perfectly justified if he had.

"You had better stand here in the shade," he said, "and wait for me. I won't be two minutes."

"All right," I returned.

"You are sure you will not be frightened?"

"No, no, I'm not a bit frightened."

As a matter of fact my teeth were chattering, but not with that kind of fear, as you can very well understand. In less than two minutes he returned.

"Found it the very first thing," he said, triumphantly. "I trod on it just inside the front door."

The rule of our flats was that each occupant had a ring given to him on taking possession of his apartment. Upon this ring were two keys: the pass-key of the outer entrance and the latch-key of the flat.

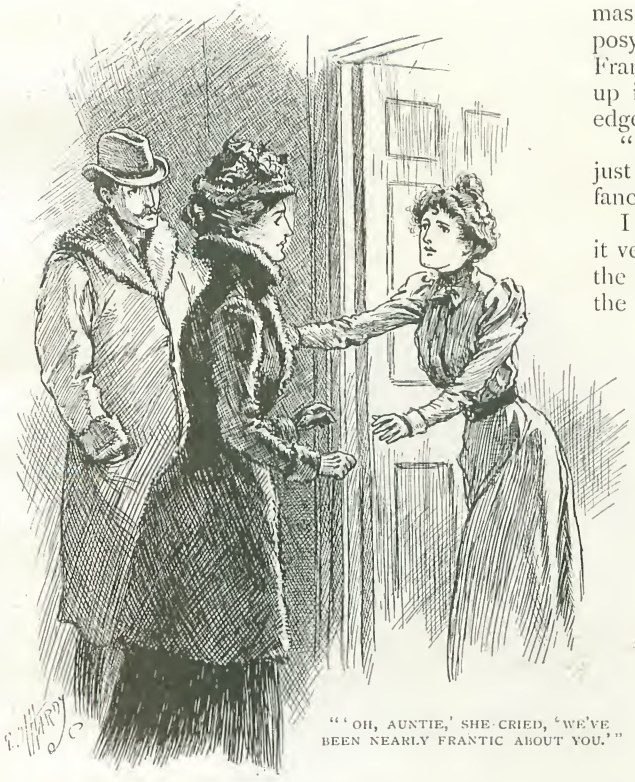
"I don't know," said Mr. Berkeley, in an undertone, as we stole towards the stairs, "how it comes that your key unlocks my door. There is something wrong about that. I shall make a fuss about it to-morrow."

"Oh, don't; it'll give me away if you do!" I cried.

"So it would. Then I must be mum. Remember your story. I picked you up on my way home from the *Daily Trumpeter*."

"Yes, yes," I replied, "I will not forget."

I knocked lightly at my own door. There was a sound of voices within, and Doreen came rushing out.



"'OH, AUNTIE,' SHE CRIED, 'WE'VE BEEN NEARLY FRANTIC ABOUT YOU.'"

"Oh, auntie," she cried, "we've been nearly frantic about you—and you are with Mr. Berkeley. How funny!"

"I don't know about it's being funny," said Mr. Berkeley; "it might have been funny if she had not been with me. Owing to the terrible fog I found your aunt hopelessly lost. She put herself in my care, and I have convoyed her safely here. She is very cold and very tired; so don't ask her any questions, but give her something hot to drink and put her to bed."

"But you will come in, won't you?" I said, faintly. I wanted to have a good cry; a real good cry.

"Not to-night, not to-night," he said, cheerily; "bed is the best place for wandering ladies and tired-out journalists. I will come in to-morrow and see if you are any the worse."

He did call the next day, and on Christmas Day he sent me the loveliest posy that I ever saw in my life—France roses and double violets, done up in a basket lined with pink satin edged with a border of mink fur.

"Why, auntie," said Doreen, "it's just like your toque! It's the quaintest fancy I've ever seen!"

I felt myself blushing, and found it very convenient to hide my face in the flowers; but I didn't tell Doreen the meaning of that quaint conceit. It was a little secret which I kept to myself.

"I cannot think," said Doreen that afternoon when Mr. Berkeley had come in again just to see if I was any the worse, "you know; I cannot think how auntie managed to lose herself for so long, because there was not much fog after about eight o'clock."

Mr. Berkeley avoided the question. "I suppose you were dreadfully frightened and upset, and thought there had been an accident," said he.

"Oh, yes, we thought of all sorts of things: we thought of an accident first, so we took a cab and went to ever so many hospitals, Barbara and I. Then the fog began to lift, and we wondered if we ought to go to the police: only it seemed so funny to mix auntie up with the police-station."

I put up my hand and laid it on hers. "I'm so glad you did not go to the police, dear child," I said, "because, although I got lost, I got home safe after all, thanks to Mr. Berkeley; and I would rather you did not tell anyone about it, Doreen, because it sounds so odd for a woman of my age to own that she got lost in London."

"Poor auntie!" said Doreen.

"Well, it might have been worse," said Mr. Berkeley.

And as I am going to be married to Raymond Berkeley in about six weeks' time, I quite agree with him.

The Most Beautiful Women in Painting.

THE VIEWS OF LEADING PORTRAIT AND FIGURE PAINTERS.

By Frederick Dolman.

WHEN the "Fair Women" Exhibition was held at the Grosvenor Gallery, six years ago, some objection was taken to its title, on the ground that it included the pictures of many women who were not "fair" in the sense that the word was intended to have. The directors replied by declaring that they knew of no "fixed standard by which such pictures can be judged." If there is such a fixed standard it should assuredly be found among artists themselves, more particularly those who have devoted themselves to limning the female form in portraits or imaginative pictures. My readers must judge for themselves, after perusing the following pages, what success the quest has had.

"THE MAGIC CRYSTAL"—BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.
(Selected by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A. By permission of the Painter. In the possession of Walter Palmer, Esq., M.P.)
From a Photo. by Henry Dixon & Son.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., seemed quite taken by surprise by my leading question: "Which is the most beautiful woman ever painted?"

"It reminds me," he said, "of the *Graphic* 'Gallery of the Beauties' early in the seventies. A number of artists were each asked to paint a woman's head as his ideal of beauty. I solved the difficulty by painting my wife's, and when I was rallied upon this I naturally replied, 'Well, if I hadn't considered my wife the most beautiful of all women I shouldn't have married her.'

"But, seriously, the trouble in respect to your question is that there is a fashion in beauty, as in most other things. The beauty of one age is not that of another. I suppose that few of us to-day would admire Agnes Sorel,* although there is ample testimony to show that she was considered a most beautiful woman by her contemporaries. Even the beauty of the last century, of which Reynolds, Gainsborough, and other English painters have left so many examples, is not altogether pleasing to the present generation. I suppose that by people of to-day the women painted by Millais are as much admired as any, although according to my own taste they are too much of the rosy-apple order."

Sir Lawrence then mentioned a lady painted by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A.—"The Magic Crystal" was the title of the picture — as embodying more successfully than anything else that he could think of for the moment his own ideal of beauty. "The Magic Crystal," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1894, was painted from a well-known professional model, an extremely beautiful girl in the opinion of all the artists to whom she sat, but Mr. Dicksee has, of course, put some of his own imaginative talent into the face.

I was promised a fuller exposition by letter

* Agnes Sorel, "La Dame de Beauté," the mistress of Charles VII. of France (1409-1450).

of Sir Lawrence's views on the subject; but a day or two later the distinguished artist was suddenly called away to the Continent, and his kindly intention was frustrated. His choice must, therefore, be regarded as having been made on momentary impulse, not as the result of mature consideration.

"LADY PEEL."—BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.
(Selected by Mr. James Sant, R.A.)

I found Mr. James Sant, R.A. (Painter-in-Ordinary to the Queen), full of enthusiasm, not for some pictorial representation of female beauty, but for an almost perfect living example which he had happened to see in the flesh a few weeks before. He had met the young lady, who was on a visit to London from her country home, at a garden party, and had some hopes of inducing her to sit to him for an Academy picture next year.

"But is there no portrait or picture extant with which you can compare your living ideal, Mr. Sant?"

"Yes, almost as soon as I saw her I was reminded of Lady Peel and Lawrence's portrait of the statesman's wife, although I haven't seen this or any reproduction of it for many years. There is in this portrait the same perfect symmetry of features as in the Greek type, together with an exquisite refinement in expression. If I remember rightly, Lady Peel was about thirty-five when Sir Thomas painted her—probably five or six years older than the lady of whom I have been speaking to you. She was tall and slender, with dark hair and eyes and a slight colour lending animation to a countenance which was, as I have said, of singular sweetness and refinement."

Sir Robert Peel married Julia, daughter of General Sir John Floyd, in 1820, and the lady survived his death in 1850 by some years. As the helpmeet of her distinguished husband Lady Peel won the respect and admiration of his political friends and foes alike, and in letters and memoirs tributes could easily be found to her grace and charm as hostess in Whitehall Gardens and at Drayton Manor. She had great energy and vivacity, and in one of his letters, in 1838, Sir Robert mentions that after a long journey from the Continent on the part of himself, his wife, and elder daughter, they went to a party, when "Lady Peel and Julia danced with a spirit worthy of their Italian fame." Lady Peel had two daughters and five sons, of whom the youngest is now Lord Peel, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons.

Some admirers of Mr. Marcus Stone's pictures of romantic love might suppose that he had one very definite ideal in female beauty. But in discussing the matter with me he was most emphatic in disclaiming the superlative as applied to the picture or portrait of any woman. But at the same time he was able to mention one than which—to quote his own words—"I desire nothing better."

"To me," Mr. Stone remarked, "beauty does not consist in regularity of features. In point of fact *every* face has its irregularities. It is the practice with some painters, of course, to tone down the irregularities. Millais, on the other hand, was extraordinarily successful in presenting the beauty in irregu-

larity, and for this reason I have always admired many of the women he painted as much as any in art.

"You ask me for an example. It is hard to say which is best as an example. I admire one face for its pathos, another for its purity, a third for its gentleness. On the whole, I don't think I could mention any more strikingly beautiful than the woman in 'The Huguenot'—for my own part, at any rate, I desire nothing better."

"THE HUGUENOT"—BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.
(Selected by Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A.)

Mr. Stone was unable to tell me who sat for the picture, which was painted long before Millais had daughters of his own to become his models. According to Millais's biographers, however, the original of the Huguenot woman was a friend of the family, Miss Ryan by name, who is long since dead, whilst the Huguenot man was painted from an officer in the Army, who afterwards rose to general's rank. The picture was painted in 1852, on a dealer's commission, for the comparatively small price of £200. It is now in the possession of a Preston lady, and on her decease will become the property of the Preston Art Gallery.

Mr. Walter Crane, who has given us so many exquisite fancies of feminine beauty, notably in such pictures as "The Renascence of Venus," "Sirens Three," and "The Swan Maidens," expressed his views, not *viva voce*, but in the form of the following letter:—

"You want a new Judgment of Paris, it seems! I can only say that there will have to be many Aphrodites, or the apple must be divided. I think the following would be my selections:—

Botticelli's "Madonna,' National Gallery; Botticelli's "Spring," Academia, Florence; Botticelli's "The Graces," Academia, Florence; Titian's "Mistress," Louvre; L. Da Vinci's "Gioconda," Louvre; Titian's "Sacred Love" ("Sacred and Profane Love"), Borghese Palace, Rome; Paris Bordoni's "Venetian Lady," National Gallery; Romney's "Lady Hamilton"; Reynolds's "Duchess of Devonshire."

"When we come to contemporaries I am too embarrassed!"

Of the nine women in portraiture or imaginative painting thus mentioned by Mr. Crane, two (Botticelli's "Spring" and Leonardo Da Vinci's "Gioconda") have been chosen, it will be seen, by other distinguished artists consulted for the purpose of this article.

By post also Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., sent me what was by far the most uncompromising reply of any. Writing from "Riverside," Wallingford, Mr. Leslie thus laconically gives judgment: "The Madonna di San Sisto at

Dresden is the most beautiful female figure ever painted." This masterpiece of Raphael's, it will be remembered, was selected by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., in the article on the Greatest Paintings which appeared in the August Number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

BOTTICELLI'S "MADONNA."
(Selected by Mr. Walter Crane, A.R.W.S.)

I saw Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., at his house adjoining that of the late Lord Leighton in Holland Park Road, but he was merely a bird of passage from the country to the Continent, and the conversation we had on the subject was rather hurried.

"I have seldom given a thought to their relative beauty," said Mr. Prinsep, "when looking at pictures of women. To me womanly charm is of so much more importance than mere beauty. I suppose Mary Queen of Scots was never beautiful in the usually accepted sense of the word, and yet the charm and grace she brought from the French Court gave her an extraordinary fascination. It is in suggesting such charm and grace that a painter's skill can do so much."

But Mr. Prinsep had seen some time before the Wallace collection at Hertford House, and a reference to some of the portraits exhibited there led him to concede that Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Mary Robinson, as *Perdita*, might well be regarded as an ideal of feminine beauty as artists have depicted it.

Mrs. Mary Robinson was painted not only by Gainsborough but by all the other leading artists of her time, including Reynolds and Romney. To some of them she probably sat as a professional model, for in her youth Mary was in very poor circumstances. The daughter of Captain Darby, of Bristol, she was married at fifteen to a ne'er-do-well solicitor, who spent most of his time in a debtors' prison. Thrown upon her own resources, Mrs. Robinson had recourse to the stage as well as to literature for a livelihood, several novels from her pen being published. As an actress she was befriended by Garrick, and in the character of *Perdita* her beauty fascinated the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. In her later years she was crippled by disease, and she died in 1800 at the age of forty-two.

"THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO"—BY RAPHAEL.
(Selected by Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A.)

Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A.,

"MRS. MARY ROBINSON"—BY GAINSBOROUGH.
(Selected by Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A.)

pleaded a most inexact memory which made it impossible for him to definitely answer my question. But it is sufficiently significant that in our conversation at his house in Greville Place, St. John's Wood, his thoughts should first turn to the women in Sir Edward Burne-Jones's pictures, and, in particular, to the woman occupying the central position in the celebrated "Laus Veneris." "The Golden Stairs" was also mentioned, and on this canvas, it will be remembered, there are many beautiful women, but Mr. Dicksee did not single out any particular one as meriting the superlative.

"There is great resemblance," said the distinguished painter of "Harmony" and many other works which themselves admirably exemplify female loveliness, "between Burne-Jones's women and those of the early Venetian artists. Millais's figures, on the other hand, had more flesh and blood about them. There is more vitality, perhaps, if less fascination, about the women in his pictures—but, then, Millais painted very largely the type which he had in his own family. The original of this girl in 'Laus Veneris' was, I believe, May Morris, the daughter of William Morris, when she was about eighteen, although I don't suppose that Burne-Jones ever regarded it as a portrait."

"Laus Veneris" was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878, about seven years after the artist had conceived the picture. Only once did Burne-Jones, by the way, exhibit a work at the Royal Academy, and he resigned the title of Associate, which had been tardily conferred upon him, some years before his death in 1898. "The Golden Stairs" was produced during the same period as "Laus Veneris." Both pictures, like most of Burne-Jones's works, unfortunately, are in private collections.

"It is not an easy question for me to answer," said Mr. Mortimer Menpes, whom I found in his house at Cadogan Gardens—renowned among connoisseurs for its Japanese decoration—just after Lord Wolseley had given him a sitting. "I have not a good memory for pictures—that is to say, not a good vivid memory. The most beautiful woman I have seen in painting—umph! Now, if you were to ask me for the most impressive scene I had witnessed I should reply, without hesitation: the cigarette factory at Seville, where you see hundreds

"THE GOLDEN STAIRS"—BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES.
(Selected by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A. Reproduced by permission of F. Hollyer, 9, Pembroke Square.)

of girls at work in one room, nearly all of them with striking features, and two or three in every group of great beauty. Nor should I have much difficulty if my choice were irrespective of sex—Giorgione's 'Shepherd Boy' has always seemed to me the finest picture of physical beauty."

So the conversation proceeded, travelling far from the purpose of my call, until I happened to mention Botticelli's picture, "Spring," in the Florence Academy.

"Well," Mr. Menpes exclaimed, "I don't think it will be possible for me to recall any woman in art more beautiful than the central figure of this great picture. The woman's figure has often been reproduced separately, you know, because of its extraordinary loveliness. As far as I am aware, nothing is known as to the woman who sat for the picture, but as Botticelli presents her she is so admirable, in my opinion, because she so perfectly embodies the idea of purity.

"Of course a painter's standpoint in this question is likely to be quite different from anybody else's. He always looks for the technique in a picture, and even in estimating the beauty of a woman's face and figure it will unconsciously influence him—he looks at the colour and form as well as at the woman herself. But in this figure of Botticelli's there is no obvious technique; the picture is simple and quite independent of any painter's tricks.

"Yes, I wonder I didn't think before of Botticelli's 'Spring.' I once paid a visit of several days to Florence especially to make studies of this one figure in the picture. It was long after my student days, but I had no ulterior motive in doing so—it was simply due to my intense admiration for this particular piece of painting. I believe I gave away my sketches to friends on my return. Fortunately, Botticelli's 'Spring' is one of the best-preserved of the old Italian pictures. It was painted in *tempera*, and looks as well probably to-day as it ever did."

The Hon. John Collier, one of our most

FLORA IN "SPRING"—BY BOTTICELLI.
(Selected by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, R.I.)

celebrated portrait-painter outside the ranks of the Royal Academy, was actually engaged in the preparation of a lecture on "Physical Beauty in Art," for the London Institution, when I sought his opinion on this subject. We had rather a long conversation in the studio of his house in Eton Avenue, Hampstead, surrounded by partly-painted portraits, among the number being one of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, as tanned by the South African sun, for which Mr. Collier had recently been visiting Rottingdean.

"SAINT BARBARA"—BY PALMA.
(Selected by the Hon. John Collier.)

"I have always had a predilection," began Mr. Collier, who is, by the way, a younger brother of Lord Monkswell, the London County Councillor, "for the Greek type of beauty. In my eyes there is nothing more admirable than the Venus of Milo, and if a similar masterpiece in Greek painting had been preserved I have no doubt we should be equally enthusiastic. Unfortunately we have no specimens of Greek pictorial art except such as can be seen in the excavations at Pompeii; and for the Greek type of female beauty we must go to the work of the early Venetians, to Titian and his contemporaries."

Mr. Collier, from the fulness of his knowledge, then spoke of various beautiful figures as painted by Titian, Leonardo, Giorgione, and Palma Vecchio, considering the claims of each to pre-eminence. His judgment was finally given for the last-named artist's "Saint Barbara," one of six pictures painted for the decoration of the Church of St. Maria Formosa, in Venice, early in the sixteenth century. The model for this figure was, it is supposed, Palma's own daughter, Violante. This young lady, whose beauty was famous in Venice, is also believed to have sat for several of Titian's pictures.

"I don't say," explained Mr. Collier, "that this picture altogether realizes one's highest ideal of the Greek woman. The Venetians, probably from the luxury of their lives and the want of exercise, were somewhat heavier and more fleshy than the Greeks. But the Venetian women, in form and feature, more closely resembled the Greek women than any other of their time. The woman in this picture is robust and healthful, one who would make a good wife and mother; womanly, but not too feminine, as is the case with pictures of the modern French school.

"It is curious that north of Italy at this time painters seemed

to have no sense of feminine beauty. For a long time, indeed, this could be said of art in the northern nations. Rembrandt and Holbein, for instance—where are the beautiful women in their pictures? In fact, it was not until the modern English school of Gainsborough, Romney, and Reynolds that we had pictures of women whose beauty—though of quite a different type—could be compared with that idealized by the Italian painters. Next to the finest embodiments of the Greek type, I think, must be placed such a picture as Gainsborough's Mrs. Sheridan."

I referred to the allegation of coldness in the beauty of Greek women.

"People who speak of the coldness and lifelessness of Greek feminine beauty usually think only of the Venus of Milo and other sculpture, and do not always know that there is good ground for believing that it was the habit of the Greeks to paint their sculpture. They had some method, not known to us, of giving expression and animation to a portrait statue by imparting to it the colours of life."

In his own work Mr. Collier, whose professional career extends over twenty-five years, has recently given us most interesting examples of feminine beauty in such pictures as "The Garden of Aminta," and such portraits as "Miss Alma-Tadema."

"PRINCESS CHRISTINA"—BY HOLBEIN.
(Selected by Mr. Byam Shaw.)

The views of Mr. Byam Shaw, who is, I think, among the most interesting of our rising artists, are in direct opposition to those of Mr. Collier. In "Love the Conqueror," which attracted so much attention at the Royal Academy in 1899, Mr. Byam Shaw has given us a study of many types of fascinating women, and had probably less hesitation, therefore, in answering my question.

"I loathe the Greek type," he declared, in his Kensington studio, as he told the model to rest and offered me a cigarette. "In looking at the Venus of Milo" (and a copy of the famous statue stood before us), "I always feel as though I should like to cut off the lady's head. The figure is beautiful, but nothing attracts me in the face—it looks best, I think, sideways, regarded from a particular angle—so."

The clue to Mr. Byam Shaw's taste in feminine beauty was to be easily found on reference to the rather dingy walls of a studio which, being half a mile from the artist's house in Addison Road, is intended entirely for work. There were reproductions of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Millais, and Holbein.

"I was at one time very fond of Rossetti and Burne-Jones's women, but they don't please me so much as they did. But I have always had a great feeling for most of the women in Millais's pictures, and this remains as strong as ever—I am particularly fond of this, the tallest of the four girls in the picture, 'Autumn Leaves'; and also of one of the figures—the girl lying at her full length on the ground—in that fine work, 'Apple Blossoms.'

"But if I have an ideal it is here," and Mr. Byam Shaw called my attention to a small photograph of Holbein's portrait of Christina Duchess of Milan, now hanging in the National Gallery on loan from its owner, the Duke of Norfolk. "I don't suppose the face will seem very beautiful to most people. One's standpoint is so different, I suppose. The conventional types of beauty have no attraction for me. I meet what are called pretty girls—I know that they *are* pretty—but they do not interest me. That is why I have never much cared for the Gainsboroughs and the Romneys. Their women owe so much to clothes and hair-dressing. One often sees a flower-girl in the street who would look as handsome as any of them if only she was got up in the same way. This Holbein, on the other hand, owes nothing to fine feathers—the dress adds nothing to the picture; it has only a Puritan simplicity suggestive of nothing but purity."

"LA GIOCONDA"—BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.
(Selected by Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.)

Mr. Byam Shaw turned to resume his work and awaken his model, who had fallen asleep as we talked. "He was Lord Leighton's model," remarks the painter, "for the famous picture of 'An Athlete Struggling with a Python,' and still retains his splendid muscles, although he is constantly sitting for hours together and never gets any exercise."

Holbein's portrait of Christina Princess of Denmark and Duchess of Milan was painted to the commission of Henry VIII., who is supposed to have had the intention of making the Duke of Milan's young widow his fourth wife. The Princess gave the painter sittings in Brussels in the summer of 1538. She is described as being at that time "tall, handsome, and no more than sixteen." Although it was thought to be to Henry's political advantage—Christina being niece of the Emperor Charles V. of Spain, and the most powerful monarch of his time—the match somehow or other miscarried, and the young lady espoused instead the Duke of Lorraine. The Princess died in 1590, at the age of sixty-eight.

The standpoint of Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., did not greatly differ from that of Mr. Byam Shaw, as was, perhaps, to be expected from the examples of intellectual beauty, as it may be termed, in his works "The Annunciation" and "The Cloister or the World."

"I think a face with expression," replied Mr. Hacker, who has his home in South Hampstead and has his studio close to Cavendish Square, "is always the most charming, and should say, as a general rule, that the most expressive face is the most beautiful. An irregular expressive face is always more fascinating than the accepted standard of classical beauty.

"I should name some of the heads of Leonardo as among the most beautiful I have seen in painting, notably 'La Gioconda.'" In endorsement of the choice of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, I may add, the only other picture mentioned by Mr. Hacker was Botticelli's "Spring," in which the Flora appeals to him as an ideal of womanly beauty.

Leonardo Da Vinci's "La Gioconda" is one of the glories of the great Louvre Art Gallery in Paris. It is the portrait of a

"MISS LINLEY" (AFTERWARDS MRS. SHERIDAN)—BY GAINSBOROUGH.
(Selected by Sir J. D. Linton, R.I.)

because of the variety of types of women, each one of which is beautiful of its kind; in addition, an artist is very apt to be influenced by the quality of the painting and colour used in the picture. Still, I cannot but remember that to me the most beautiful representation of youthful womanhood, loveliness of face, and purity of expression was combined in the portrait of Miss Linley (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan) in the group of herself and her brother by Gainsborough."

This picture, which was exhibited a few years ago in a winter exhibition at the Royal Academy, was the first of several in which the greatest artists did homage to Miss Linley's beauty. It was painted in Bath a short time before the young lady, at the age of seventeen, eloped with Sheridan, then an ambitious young dramatist, afterwards a leading orator in the House of Commons. Miss Linley was the daughter of a professional musician, and had probably

Milan lady, the wife of Zanobi del Giocondo (or La Gioconda), whose intellectual charm so fascinated the great artist that he exerted himself to the utmost in order that it might be reproduced on canvas. At the sittings, which are said to have extended over four years, Leonardo had a gifted musician to play in order that the lady, who was very susceptible to such influence, might maintain a rapt expression on her face. The portrait of another Milan beauty painted by Leonardo about the same time—between 1500 and 1505—has been lost to the world, but "La Gioconda" was purchased by Francis I., the French King, for four thousand golden florins, a few years later, and preserved for the admiration of future ages, although it has lost the rich colouring which it is known to have originally possessed.

Sir James Linton, the ex-President of the Royal Institute, was able to give his voice for an Englishwoman painted by an English artist.

"You have put to me," said Sir James, "a most difficult question,

"LADY WITH A MUFF"—BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
(Selected by Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A.)

"LADY EARDLEY"—BY GAINSBOROUGH.
(Selected by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.)

become known to both Gainsborough and Sheridan by singing at her father's concerts in Bath. Apart from the portraits by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Hoppner, and others, Mrs. Sheridan's contemporaries have left on record many testimonies to her superb beauty. According to Madame D'Arblay, it "surpassed any that she had ever seen," and another well-known writer described her as being "half-way between a woman and an angel."

"I am most catholic in my taste," said Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., to me, "as regards the beauty of women. I can admire the best of all types, blonde or brunette, tall and *petite*—you might almost as well ask me which colour I consider most beautiful when all colours can be most beautiful."

Mr. Boughton, however, admitted that there were several women, to whom painters have given enduring fame, who in his eyes were an embodiment of the greatest beauty of their several types. They were to be seen, in fact, on the walls of Mr. Boughton's own house on Campden Hill.

Mr. Boughton first showed me a crayon drawing—an undoubted original study—of Leonardo Da Vinci's "La Gioconda," but on learning that this portrait had already been chosen by Mr. Hacker, bethought himself of an alternative as a kind of "second best." On the staircase hung engravings of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Lady with a Muff" and Gerard's portrait of Madame Roland, one of the heroines of the French Revolution. Mr. Boughton's choice for some time wavered between them, but was finally, if somewhat hesitatingly, made in favour of the English painter's subject.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., was cordiality itself, but he declared that his memory was not good enough to stand the test of such a question.

"It would be necessary," said the painter of "The Judgment of Paris," "The Birth of Love," etc., "for me to go round the galleries and exhibitions with that one point in view to be able to state satisfactorily what was the most beautiful woman one had ever seen in a picture. I remember falling in love with the portrait of a young lady by Vandyke, in the gallery at Milan, the Brera, but I can't remember the name now.

"Another head of a woman (with a child, I believe), by Gainsborough, exhibited, I think, at the Grafton Fair Women Exhibition, greatly took my fancy, but again I forget the name—so you see I make a very bad witness. Fortunately for your purpose, my brother artists generally have much better memories than I have."

For ten minutes or more Mr. Solomon gallantly battled with his faulty recollection, and eventually established the identity of the second lady he had mentioned as Lady Eardley, the portrait by Gainsborough now in the possession of Lord Wantage at Lockinge House, Berkshire. Mr. Solomon, whose memory for faces is so clearly superior to that which he possesses for names, now devotes himself largely to portraiture, most of his sitters being of the fair sex, and in this sphere of art has won a reputation equal to that which is associated with the imaginative work of his earlier years as a painter.

Hidden in China.

By Winifred Graham.

I.

UP and down, up and down: what was the sound? Up and down—yes, footsteps in the room above, somebody pacing to and fro in the weary watches of the night. Enid rubbed her eyes; she thought at first she had been dreaming. Who was sleeping overhead? Why, Billy, of course.

She stifled a big yawn and tumbled out of bed. It seemed quite natural that she should run to him, the big cousin, who loved her as a little sister, alternately teasing and petting.

Billy was not restless for nothing. Billy must be in pain or trouble, and, with her woman's instinct, the child (only half understanding her impetuous desire to soothe suffering) answered the promptings of her heart.

Her bare feet pattered noiselessly along the corridor. Ghosts materialized in every shadow, or fears of ghosts, which filled the darkness with terror.

Oh! how heavily the stillness hung upon the air! No sound broke the mysterious silence save her quick breathing.

"'I HEARD YOU WALKING,' SHE SAID."

At last she reached the door and pushed it softly open—standing in a streak of moonlight, a quaint, white figure, gazing at Billy with large, questioning blue eyes—a shower of fair curls framing the small face, scarcely less grave than his own.

For a moment she made no remark—she just stared wistfully at him, and he stared back at her, dimly conscious she guessed something of his trouble.

"I heard you walking," she said; "I listened ever so hard, for I thought at first it must be Aunt Hannah going upstairs to bed. Then I remembered she had been in to kiss me, and so I just crept out, you see. Billy, dear, has anyone been scolding you, or is it a great big bother about money again?"

Billy nodded. Somehow this quiet sympathizer soothed his nerves and did him good. It was what he wanted. He could speak out his trouble to Enid, and she would be sorry, though she could scarcely understand. He let her crawl on his knee and snuggle into his arms, as he sat in his shirt-sleeves by the window, with her fluffy head pillowed on his shoulder.

She murmured "money" in a worried whisper, with her wide eyes raised to his and her forehead puckered. The word set him thinking again.

"It's like this," he said, speaking his thoughts aloud. "If I can't lay my hands on a thousand pounds, I'm done! I suppose you hardly know what that sum means, eh, little woman? There! don't look so sad—what

does it matter to you? I deserve all I get! I've been reckless, I didn't care; but to-night when I told my mother—when I saw her face——"

He shuddered and turned away his head. Enid felt the fingers on her shoulder tighten involuntarily—she touched his cheek with her lips, but he was barely conscious of the kiss.

"Is it true," she asked him, "that, when I am grown up, I shall be very rich? Nurse often tells me about it, but Aunt Hannah won't let me talk of money, she seems to think it's wrong. Nurse says this big house and everything in it belongs to me, and the land too, for miles and miles. Surely I've got a thousand pounds. Please take it, Billy, dear; I don't want it a bit, I really—really don't."

He smiled at the generous offer.

"You're a kind little soul," he said, "but your money is no good to me. To begin with, you can't touch it till you come of age. No—I must think of some better plan—I must try and borrow it, though Heaven knows from whom."

Again he knitted his brow, and the hard, strained look came in his eyes.

"Was Aunt Hannah very unhappy?" queried Enid. "She seemed so pleased when you wrote you were coming to-night; she gets tired of being here alone with me; she is always talking of you and wanting you to come; she liked the friend you brought; she liked him so much for being a lord. I suppose lords are different to other people—much nicer, I mean."

"Ah! Gaisford is a good chap; I meant to ask him for the money, but somehow I could not, the words stuck in my throat. Poor mother! how willingly she would give me her last farthing—but I've drained her dry. The game's up, and I must face the worst. You'll think of me sometimes, Mite, if I go away to a foreign country, and you'll be loving and good to the mater; remember, she will want all your love; she has been too lenient to me, she spoilt me when I was young. If father had lived it might have been different."

His voice broke, he put the child down almost roughly, and pushed her from him.

"Run back to bed; I've said more than I ought—but I don't believe you'll repeat—you are such a staunch little body. What's that I see—a tear? No, Mite, you must not cry, I am not worth your tears; besides, you know tears are such silly things, they don't do anybody any good."

He patted her on the head. She walked slowly away, her little brain busy, her heart swelling with a great desire.

A thousand pounds! What had she heard only yesterday to make the words sound so familiar? Somebody had mentioned that very sum in her hearing. She tried to link the threads of memory together. Instead of returning to her room she paused on the wide, oak staircase, thinking—thinking!

Yes, it was coming back—the scene of yesterday. Aunt Hannah had been entertaining a friend to tea, a lady in a black bonnet who knelt down before a cabinet in which a set of china plates grouped themselves stiffly. The lady had put on her spectacles and peered into the cabinet, then Aunt Hannah said: "There is certainly a thousand pounds locked up in those plates."

"AUNT HANNAH SAID: 'THERE IS CERTAINLY A THOUSAND POUNDS LOCKED UP IN THOSE PLATES.'"

The words re-echoed clearly now in Enid's memory, and a sudden determination to find the money locked away in that innocent-looking ware took possession of her.

"Everything in the house belongs to me," she told herself, "and so the cabinet is mine to do as I please with."

It was an intoxicating idea—to find the money, and take it straight to Billy, the money which was actually in the drawing-room!

Her pulses thrilled, the blood danced through her veins. The spell of adventure was upon her with its magic glow. She held her breath in anticipation.

No longer did she creep nervously along the moonlit passage; now she ran dauntlessly down the broad staircase, swift as an arrow from a bow.

She knew where to find matches in the hall, and, lighting a candle, made a triumphal entry into the big, old-world room, as if defying the malignant spirits which doubtless lurked in the heavy curtains or behind the tapestry screen. It was a room of curiosities, for Enid's mother had been a great collector, but the strange ornaments and their value were never explained to the child.

Enid went straight to the cabinet before which the black-bonneted lady had knelt, and, placing the candle on the floor, counted the plates through the glass.

"Oh! dear," she sighed, "the door won't open, and I shall never be able to find the key. I must smash the glass, I suppose, and break the plates afterwards. It's a lot of work for one night, but it must be done. I wonder if all the money is in one plate alone, or scattered about, and whether they open by a trick. But I expect I had better break them—it seems the quickest and easiest way of finding what is locked inside."

She managed to shatter the glass by aid of the poker, and force her hand in between the jagged edges. She drew out the nearest plate and examined it carefully, shaking it violently, and listening. Nothing rattled inside. Then, standing up, she flung it to the ground, with a clatter, against the twisted leg of a quaint oak chair. As she bent eagerly forward to gather up the pieces a step behind her filled Enid with sudden fear. She hardly dared turn, conscious though she was of a living presence at her side. She let the scraps of china fall, stifling a cry.

"What are you doing?" asked an astonished voice.

Enid looked round, to find a tall figure bending over her, in a long, blue dressing-gown.

"Oh, I am so glad it is only you," she gasped, "because you are good, and won't tell. I'm rather busy getting a thousand pounds."

Lord Gaisford's jaw dropped; he gazed in absolute bewilderment at the delicate figure of this small, fair child, with the earnest eyes and sensitive mouth. He noticed her feet were bare, and she stood unheedingly amongst the broken glass, her little pink toes peeping from under the long, white night-gown, which gave her a ghostly appearance in the gloom.

"I—I thought there were burglars in the

"HE GAZED IN ABSOLUTE BEWILDERMENT AT THE DELICATE FIGURE."

house," he stammered, by way of apologizing for his intrusion, "so I just ran down to see. I heard the glass break, and as I came in you dropped this plate. I say," picking up the bits, "what a thousand pities!"

He was an enthusiast over china, collected it himself, and recognised at once the value.

"Never mind the thousand pities," said Enid, resorting to business, "I want the thousand pounds. Perhaps, now you are awake and down, you wouldn't mind helping me. It is very important for Billy, you know. If he doesn't get the money, he's done. Now, I have heard there is certainly a thousand pounds locked up in these plates, and I am just going on breaking them until I find it! You might begin the opposite end: we will see which gets it first. I feel more comfortable with you here; it was dreadfully lonely before. You must be careful not to cut your hand—I broke the glass very badly. See, my wrist, it's bleeding."

Lord Gaisford fumbled for a handerchief, and, finding one in the deep pocket of his dressing-gown, bound it carefully round the injured wrist, with almost feminine tenderness.

It took a good deal to astonish Lord Gaisford, and this little scene upon which he chanced to alight did surprise him considerably. He was not usually taken with children, but the fairy-like atom with her slim body and big eyes fascinated him oddly.

He might have laughed at her ignorance had not the pathos of the mission struck him. Her care for Billy, her eager striving after the impossible, the sad havoc she was working, and the simple request that he should help her.

Very gently, and with a scrupulous regard for the childish feelings, he explained to Enid her mistake.

"You see," he said, tugging at his moustache, as he looked down at the inquiring face, "it was merely a figure of speech. The china could be sold for a thousand; that is its market value! If you had broken the plates you would have lost the money, instead of finding it as you supposed. A very natural mistake—just an error of judgment," he added, hastily, seeing a deep crimson flush steal over the delicate skin. She was struggling not to cry, but, despite her efforts, one big tear would come and roll down her cheek slowly, a tear which she wiped away with the corner of Lord Gaisford's handkerchief, made fast round her wrist.

He began to feel desperate. He wanted to say he would give her the money, that some day she could repay him, but, for the first time in his life, Lord Gaisford felt confused—almost shy.

He was conscious of a little cold hand slipped into his, and a broken voice whispered:—

"Do you think you could sell it for me, then? I don't know how one sells things, and I'm afraid I might be stopped. Perhaps if you packed it in your portmanteau and took it to London, Aunt Hannah might not notice it had gone for a day or two. She doesn't sit in this room when she is alone."

He smiled at the naïve suggestion, picturing his valet secreting the plates amongst the clothes to be packed for London the following morning.

"I very much doubt," he said, "if you have a right to any of your belongings, my dear, till you are grown up—till you come of age. At present it is all in the hands of your guardians. They might object to the china being sold. I would willingly buy it myself—for I am supposed to be a judge, and to tell you the truth, it is a bargain. These things increase in price every year; originally they probably cost half their present value."

"Oh! What am I to do?" sighed Enid, pushing her hair off her forehead, and leaning wearily against the tall figure of the man; "it is all very difficult—isn't it, Lord Gaisford? I hoped you might be able to make it right, because you're a lord."

"And why did you think that?" he asked, smoothing the tumbled curls. "What put such an idea into your little head?"

"Lords are better and cleverer than other people," she replied, confidently. "When I'm grown up I'm going to marry a lord."

She informed him so innocently of the fact that he almost broke into a laugh—but remembering the unconventional hour, and the strange incidents of this meeting, he controlled the desire. The thought of Enid's aunt suddenly appearing in night attire, to question him, paralyzed the visitor; or, worse still, an army of frightened maidservants, equipped with pokers. "Caution must not be lightly laid aside," he told himself, and glanced nervously round the silent room.

"I've got an idea," he said. "How would it be if I gave you a cheque for the amount now, and in return you were to sign a paper saying the china is to be mine—when you come of age?"

Enid danced round delightedly, three little skips and a jump, with her bare feet on the thick carpet.

"Then Billy won't have to go away. Billy will be quite happy!" she gasped, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling, her lips parted in ecstatic smiles.

"No, Billy can turn over a new leaf and reform, if the humour seizes him. And, by Jove! he ought, with such a little trump for a cousin. When do you want the cheque? What! Now, at once? Won't it do in the morning?"

Enid shook her head.

"Poor Billy can't sleep."

That was argument enough.

"Come along, then. I'll write it up in my room, and you can take it to him straight away. I say, where are your shoes? You will be getting pins in your feet. Shall I carry you?"

"I forgot about the pins, and I didn't think of shoes."

He picked her up in his strong arms as if she were a doll, and Enid put her little hands round his neck confidingly, conscious that her troubles were over.

Through the silent hall they passed, and up the broad oak staircase—an odd couple to have been doing a deal for a thousand pounds in the dead of the night.

He opened his door softly and put her down in a big arm-chair. Then he unlocked a case and drew out a long blue book, which he laid on the writing-table.

Enid wriggled out of the chair and ran to his side. She watched him write the cheque and fold it into an envelope, with eyes so bright and eager they looked like twinkling stars.

"Shall I address it?" he asked.

"Please. Just write 'Billy.'"

"Perhaps it had better be in your hand," said Lord Gaisford. "Can you write?"

She nodded.

"HE PICKED HER UP IN HIS STRONG ARMS."

"You see," he added, "I don't call your cousin by his pet name. He keeps 'Billy' for home use."

Enid perched herself on Lord Gaisford's knee and wrote the five letters in a big, childish hand.

"That isn't a bad 'B,'" she said, proudly. "I sometimes send Billy a letter, so I've got used to writing his name. Now there is the other paper to do, the paper for you to keep about the china. What must I say?"

"Anything you like," he answered, smilingly.

She took a large sheet of paper, and, after thinking a moment, made out the following document:—

"I promice to give Lord—(how do you spell Gaisford?)—Lord Gaisford a thawsand pounds of plats when I am 21.—ENID DREW."

"Thank you," he said, gravely; "I shall keep this very carefully."

"You have been so kind," she murmured, putting up her face to kiss him.

"Have I? Well, perhaps some day—who knows?—you will be kind to me. Will you remember to-night, I wonder, when you are grown up, and will your eyes be as blue as they are now and your cheeks as pink? There—there—little girl. I must not keep you up any longer; you are tired, no doubt, but you will sleep all the better for our talk. Run with the letter to Billy, and then scamper off to bed as fast as you can, and—oh! I say, look out for the pins."

She sped away, grasping her precious envelope in both hands.

Billy had just fallen into his first troubled sleep. Exhaustion at last crept over him, and the weary brain, worn out by thought and worry, came gradually under the influ-

ence of a Heaven-sent drowsiness. He never heard the little messenger come into his room till a hand touched his shoulder and a voice said :—

"Wake up, Billy; wake up! I've got something for you. It's the thousand pounds. I went to look for it. Oh! Billy, do wake up."

In a moment he sprang half out of bed, feeling about wildly in the darkness. An envelope was forced into his hands, and with a ripple of laughter Enid darted away, and swung the door to behind her.

He rubbed his eyes, wondering if it were a dream, as he struck a light, regarding with astonishment the envelope with "Billy" on it in Enid's childish fist.

"Then it was Mite," he said. "She must be crazy!"

Nevertheless he opened her envelope.

II.

Lord Gaisford was in London. Not over fond of the season, he had only come for a short visit to his little house in Park Lane, with its church-like door and mullioned windows, near the Piccadilly end.

He was hurriedly answering some long-neglected letters, when his servant brought in a large wooden box.

"What's that, Symons?" he asked, hardly looking up.

"I think it's china, my lord."

"But I am not expecting any," turning to the case with sudden curiosity. "Why, it's years since I've bought a bit of china; my collection has been shamefully neglected."

"Perhaps this is a present, my lord," said Symons, solemnly. "The lady asked me to open the box and see that none of the plates were broken. They have come up from the country, and she seemed rather afraid——"

"A lady—plates—china," the words broke from Lord Gaisford disjointedly. "Do you mean to say she is here?"

He hurried to the window and looked out. At his door stood a carriage and pair, and in it a slight, girlish figure, wonderfully delicate and fragile.

Without another word he left Symons to his task of unfastening the box and hurried downstairs. A moment later the girl in the carriage had turned at the sound of a familiar voice.

"Why, Miss Drew—what a scolding you deserve!"

She gave him her hand, with a smile, and the blue eyes twinkled.

"Nonsense," she said. "I did not know you were in town, or, I am impolite enough to say, I shouldn't have come. I wanted you to find those historic plates ranged in rows upon your return. They make me feel horribly old! Fancy! I am twenty-one to-day!"

"Is it possible? You look barely seventeen."

"Oh! fair people get an advantage." She laughed, showing a row of tiny, pearl-like teeth.

"Look here," he said, "I want you to come in for a few minutes; I can't argue in the road, and it is all humbug about those plates. You ought to have known I never meant to take them."

He put out his hand to help her to alight, but she drew back.

"Aunt Hannah would have a fit. You don't know what a particular chaperon she is!"

"Quite right, too; but it's different with me. I have known you since you were a mite of a girl. I carried you in my arms; in fact, I'm a sort of grandfather to you."

She looked at the handsome, well-set-up man of thirty-eight.

"All right, grandfather," she said, "if you'll vouch for the propriety," and sprang to the pavement.

They passed into the house together, still talking and laughing.

"I don't want to quarrel," he said, "but I am not going to let you leave without those wretched plates. No—no, I won't call them wretched, since they started our friendship, which has been kept up in a straggling way for quite a span of years."

"Yes, it did straggle rather," said Enid, sinking into a comfortable chair, and looking like a rose in bud. "Every now and again you came to Derry Park, and made some ribald jest when I pointed to your china. But I never forgot your goodness to me that night, and every birthday I used to look at the cabinet and say: 'One year nearer.' Then I went to school abroad, and that seemed to separate us. I wrote to you sometimes."

"Once—only once—I have the letter still. It was when you read I had been nearly killed out hunting. Your aunt sent you an extract from the paper."

"Well," argued Enid, "if I went to school abroad and obliterated myself, you started off for a yachting tour round the world just as I was coming out. Aunt Hannah would not have me presented till I was nineteen, so I began my social career rather late in the day."

"'YES, IT DID STRAGGLE RATHER,' SAID ENID."

"And how have you enjoyed it, may I ask? Lots of admirers, I suppose! I saw you in a lady's paper as a 'type of English beauty.'"

"Oh! I have had a good time, of course, and dear Billy has looked after me splendidly; just like a brother. It is perfectly true he reformed ever since that time you so generously helped him. He steadied down and slipped into a good business almost directly. We often wondered how that was. He got recommended anonymously. It was always my private opinion you had a finger in that pie. Do tell me; am I right?"

"You are too sharp," laughed Lord Gaisford; "but let us return to the china. Symons is still unpacking the box, I expect, and he will have all his trouble for nothing."

"Indeed, he won't," cried Enid, jumping up and running to the door, "for I'm off!"

Lord Gaisford caught her as she passed.

"Stay," he said, and his whole face changed, "I can't let you go like this. I want to ask you a question: you who are so quick at guessing things, has it ever struck you why I remained unmarried all these years?"

"No, I did not think about it, I was so used to your being single. I never pictured you with a wife. I can't imagine anyone I should consider good enough."

"Then I suppose you never traced the secret's clue to a little girl with blue eyes and flaxen curls, who was hunting a thousand pounds on a night long ago? You did not realize that I was waiting for the tiny creature I carried upstairs, a child who instinctively confided in me, and seemed to love me—because I chose to help her. She was such a small, sweet thing, she kissed me of her own accord, and she was so unselfish. Her sorrow was all for another, and her joy too. Now she has come back to me as she promised, with her 'thawsand pounds' worth of plats.' I have the scrap of writing still. It would not have been Enid to forget."

His arms were round her now, and she nestled into them, just as she had done long years ago, for somehow it seemed her natural resting-place.

He kissed her long and tenderly. So soft, young, and fair, he was half afraid of crushing the rose-leaf.

"The plates shall be between us," she whispered, shyly. "I don't think I'll bother to take them away."

Royal Notepaper.

By Albert H. Broadwell.

With facsimiles reproduced from private notepaper by special permission of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, H.R.H. the Duchess of York, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, H.R.H. Princess Christian, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife, etc., etc.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S DANISH ADDRESS, WITH MONOGRAM AND "ALEXANDRA" IN FULL.

EVERY loyal citizen will readily recall to mind the pathetic letter which Her Majesty the Queen wrote on the occasion of the death of her lamented grandson, the late Duke of Clarence. The Queen's monogram, a single "V.R.I." intertwined and embossed in black upon a sheet of mourning notepaper, is so well known that it requires no repetition here. When the Queen is not in mourning, however, this monogram is emblazoned in red and gold, or black and gold, or gold only. It is eminently characteristic of Her Majesty's simple tastes, for its simplicity is as charming as it is effective.

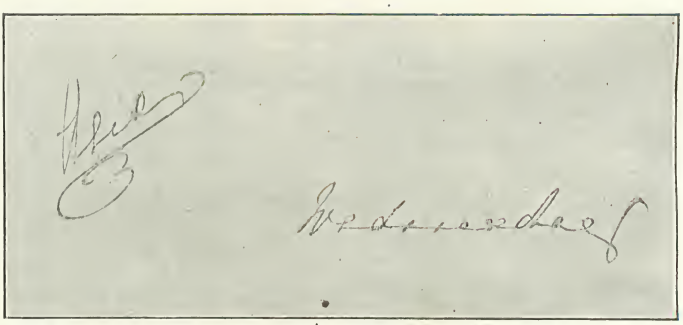
DESIGN MADE BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES FOR PRINCE HAROLD OF DENMARK.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who has been good enough to allow us to reproduce facsimiles of her monograms and crests, shows distinctive originality in the designs which she has chosen as headings for her notepaper. Simplicity is patent everywhere. The first illustration which we reproduce is one of exceptional interest, inasmuch as it is a facsimile of the notepaper used by Her Royal Highness at her parents' home in Denmark. The Princess of Wales holds a warm corner in the heart of every Englishman and Englishwoman for the splendid qualities which she has shown as a wife, a mother, and a daughter. The home ties which now link her life to a beloved and aged father add to the interest of the heading which we are privileged to reproduce here.

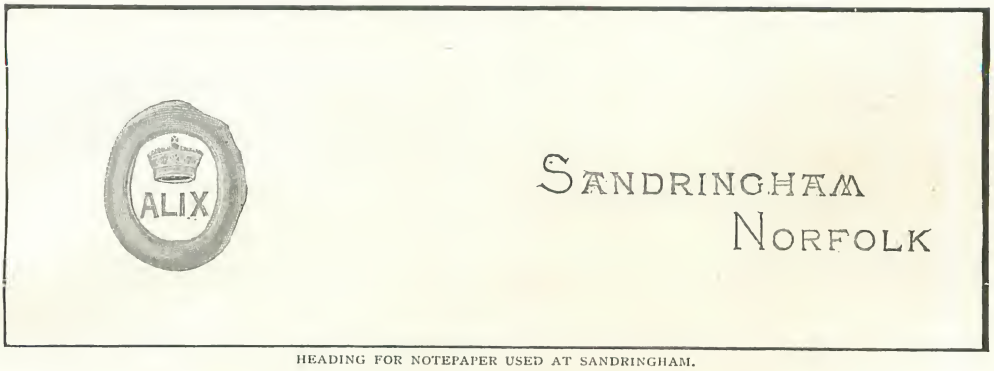
It will be seen that in most of Her Royal Highness's monograms the letter "A" is duplicated, and crosses itself above the name "Alexandra" written in full. The Princess was the first to use this form of monogram, and she has found a host of imitators even in her own immediate circle.

The second illustration is interesting, for the design of it is the Princess's Christmas gift to Prince Harold of Denmark.

The next reproduction is a facsimile of the Princess's handwriting stamped for every day of the week. "Alix" is Her Royal Highness's pet name, and she uses this design when



FACSIMILE OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S NOTEPAPER STAMPED FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK—ORIGINALLY WRITTEN BY THE PRINCESS.



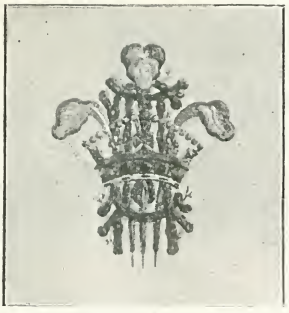
HEADING FOR NOTEPAPER USED AT SANDRINGHAM.

writing to her intimate friends, be it from Sandringham or Marlborough House. This

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CORONET.

gives a pleasant insight into the private life of one who stands second only to the Queen herself in the affection of the English people.

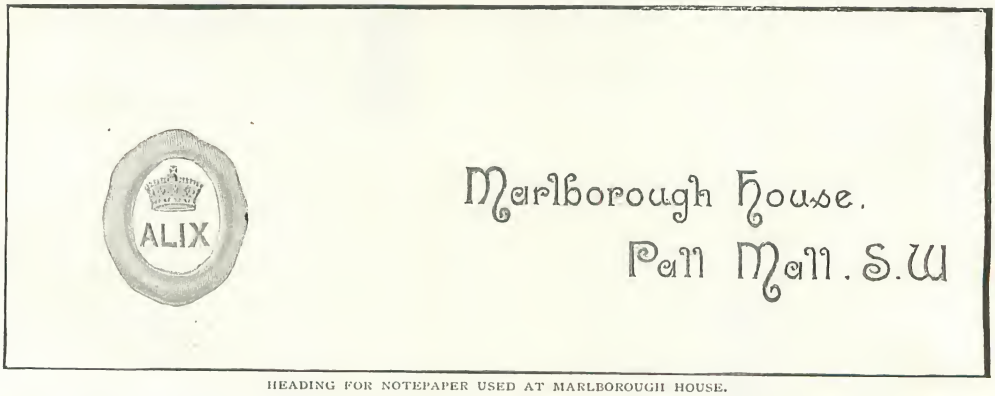
cards done, by the way, over twenty years ago. The Prince of Wales's feathers are,



FEATHERS AND MONOGRAM USED ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MENU CARD.

of course, prominent, and the original design in colours is a very beautiful one.

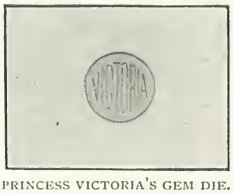
The Princesses Victoria and Maud of



HEADING FOR NOTEPAPER USED AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

The Prince of Wales is most simple in his tastes. He uses mostly a rather small sheet of deep-tinted blue paper, in the left-hand corner of which an equally simple monogram consisting of the Prince of Wales's coronet is printed in black.

We also reproduce a somewhat elaborate design taken from one of His Royal Highness's menu



PRINCESS VICTORIA'S GEM DIE.

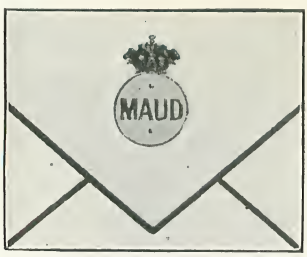
Wales show even more simplicity in their choice than their parents. The Princess Victoria has designed her own headings, and we find the single Christian name written out in full, slightly embossed on a round field, the colour of which varies from the deepest blue to the lightest pink.

Again in the design that follows

PRINCESS VICTORIA'S NAME-DIE AND CORONET.

we find the Christian name in full slightly more elaborate and surmounted by a coronet in appropriate colours. This notepaper is used on formal occasions.

Princess Charles of Denmark, better known to us as Princess Maud, gives preference to designs which have much in common with those of her



PRINCESS MAUD'S CORONET DIE.

sister, and the two examples which we reproduce are models of daintiness and good taste.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, in giving permission for the reproduction of her private notepaper heading, was good enough to send a specimen of the design she prefers above all others. It consists of a white rose heavily embossed representing the White Rose of York. Her Royal Highness's monogram, "V.M.," which of course stands for Victoria Mary, is raised

PRINCESS MAUD'S GEM DIE.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S FAVOURITE DESIGN.

upon the gold seeding in the centre. The coronet which surmounts the whole is embossed in gold and purple, and the original jewels are reproduced in their proper colours.

Her Royal Highness uses various designs, of which we reproduce several; another is a very simple one, though it is as pretty as any. The initials "V.M." are embossed in Roman characters on a field the colour of which varies with the rainbow, though every shade is delicate in tone and very pretty in its simplicity.

The next reproduction is taken from a sheet of mourning notepaper, and shows how popular the Princess of Wales's design, wherein the first initial crosses itself at an angle, has become. The design is carried out partly in black and partly in silver, the word "Victoria" in full being plainly discernible on a slightly-tinted field.

The next is also a design used by Her Royal Highness, and consists of a "V.M." used as a "cipher monogram" surmounted by a coronet in colours.

Messrs. James McMichael and Son, of 42, South Audley Street, W., own the dis-

THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S MOURNING NOTEPAPER.

tinction of being purveyors to Her Majesty the Queen, the Royal Family, and most Royal families of Europe and the East. Mr. McMichael's collection of notepaper, crests, and seals is, by the way, probably the most remarkable in the world. The firm have designed and manufactured notepaper for Royalties and aristocracies of all countries, and an hour spent in their premises is a delight to even the most casual lover of the beautiful and the artistic.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S GEM DIE.

It is, of course, unfortunate that the beautiful colouring of most of the notepaper

headings which are reproduced here is lost in the process of reproduction in black and white, and it is almost impossible to convey an idea of the daintiness of some of the designs which we are enabled to show.

As many as twenty to thirty designs are made for the approval of an important customer. Every one of these is a work of art in itself; it is drawn and coloured by hand, so as to give an accurate idea of what the final result is to be when it is eventually used as a notepaper heading.

The chief designer at Messrs. McMichael's tells me that his clients are for the most part extremely particular, and his ingenuity is sometimes taxed to an almost overwhelming degree, though, curiously enough, Royalties, as a rule, are more easily pleased than other people.

DESIGNED AND USED BY THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

Gold, which plays an important part in the final printing of the many notepaper headings here reproduced, is an expensive item, inasmuch as the best quality which is used costs as much as £8 8s. an ounce, at trade price.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife's favourite design is what heralds are pleased to call a reversed L, encircled by Her Royal Highness's coronet. This design is bold and sometimes inclosed in a circle, the field of which is slightly tinted, though the Duchess usually favours the simple monogram in black upon a light blue paper.

PRINCESS BEATRICE'S NOTEPAPER.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S MONOGRAM.

In the design taken from H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice's notepaper we again find the original design invented by the Princess of Wales. The "B" crosses itself on a delicate tracing of "Beatrice" in full, embossed in silver upon a dark field. The Princess's coronet in silver and black surmounts the whole. This is the notepaper which Her Royal Highness ordered immediately after the death of her lamented husband, Prince Henry.

PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS'S "DAISY" DIE.

The Princess Christian favours an elaborate but tasteful monogram in colours and gold, surmounted by a coronet.

Nothing could exceed the beauty and daintiness of Princess Henry of Pless's heading to her notepaper. "Daisy," her pet name, is delicately traced in gold upon a light green field; tiny daisies in full bloom surround the outer circle in graceful design, and the whole is surmounted by a coronet in scarlet and gold. The *tout ensemble* is printed on what is called "Mayfair note," the texture of which is beyond praise. Taken altogether, the Princess Henry of Pless's notepaper heading is one of the daintiest that Mr. McMichael has yet produced.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GREECE'S FAVOURITE NAME-DIE.

Most interesting are the designs which follow. They are taken from the notepaper of H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Greece. In the first instance

THE GREEK VERSION OF THE ABOVE.

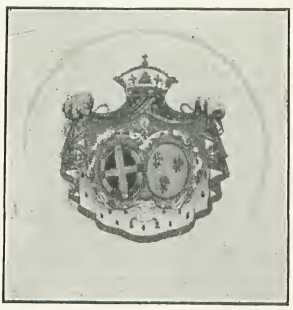
we find Her Royal Highness's name written in bold characters, heavily embossed in gold, surmounted by a crown in suitable colours; in the next illustration we find a simpler crown and the Christian name in Greek characters. In both cases the design is most simple, yet effective.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA'S LATEST DESIGN.

Prince Henry of Prussia's favourite design is of the simplest. It consists of the letter H, surmounted by the Prince's coronet.

THE DUKE D'AOSTA'S ARMS.

The Duke d'Aosta's arms, as reproduced on notepaper, are as effective as they are beautiful. The blending of gorgeous hues with a profusion of gold and ermine white, delicately yet at times boldly drawn, forms a *tout ensemble* of artistic finish and ingenuity. The Duchess's arms, being really the Royal Arms of France, since Her Royal Highness was *née* Princess Hélène d'Orléans, are seen on what heralds call the sinister or left side of the shield, which from the reader's point will be seen on the right of our facsimile.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS D'AOSTA'S ARMS COMBINED.

The Duke uses as a rule the design shown in the next illustration; and this, beautifully coloured and no larger than the reproduction shown here, is printed, embossed, and emblazoned upon a large sheet of beautifully finished blue-laid Mayfair paper. Both the Duke and Duchess's arms are surrounded and united, as it were, by a garland representing the Order of the Cordeliera, founded by Anne of Brittany for noble ladies. Both the Duke and Duchess d'Aosta use their own private paper, irrespective of that to which we have just referred.

THE DUCHESS D'AOSTA'S ARMS AND CORONET.

The Duchess d'Aosta's favourite design consists of a lozenge impaled on the dexter or right side by the arms of the Count, and on the left or sinister side by the Royal Arms of France, to which we have already referred. The whole is surrounded by the Order of the Cordeliera.

Particular interest attaches to the next illustration, which is that taken from the notepaper of the Duke of the Abruzzi, whose famous exploits in the Arctic were recorded in our issue for November. In the centre of the shield we find again the Arms of Italy on a background of ermine, the whole surmounted by a miniature coronet of exquisite design. The reproduction of this design is here given in its actual size, and looks very beautiful on a sheet nearly three times as large as a page of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The anchor which forms the centre is particularly appropriate.

THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI'S ARMS DIE.

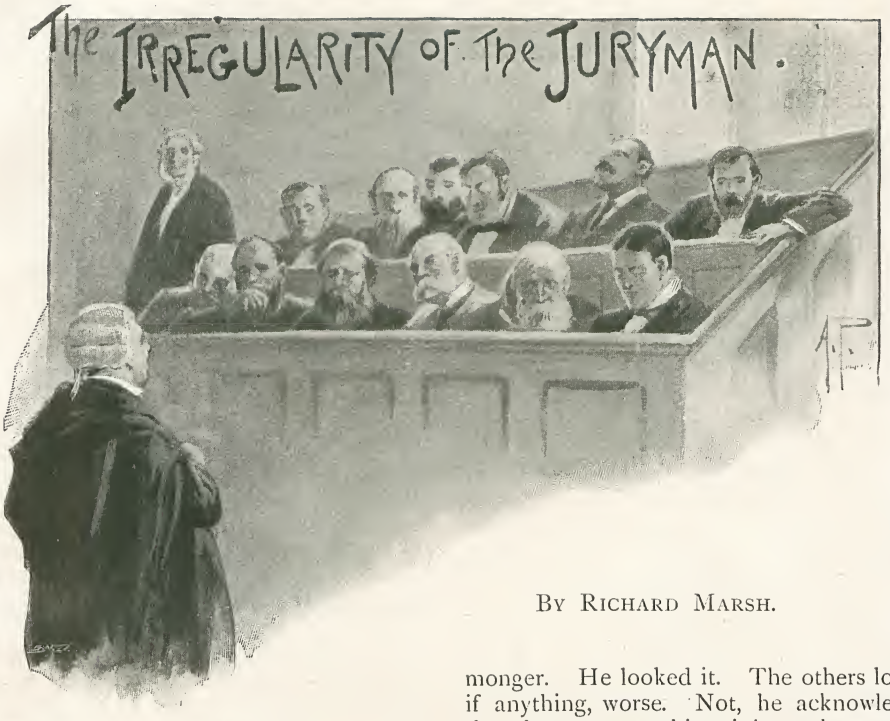
The Count of Turin, whose notepaper heading we reproduce next, shows great taste in his design. The Royal Arms of Italy form the centre of a beautiful scroll, the whole surmounted by the Duke's coronet finished at the base with the collar of His Royal Highness's favourite Italian decoration.

THE COUNT OF TURIN'S ROYAL ARMS DIE.

We close this article with the peculiar design used by the late Shah of Persia. The Imperial monogram is surmounted by the crest of Persia, a sun in splendour rising behind a lion couchant gardant.

THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA'S IMPERIAL DIE.

The Irregularity of the Juryman.



By Richard Marsh.

I.

HIS first feeling was one of annoyance. All-round annoyance. Comprehensive disgust. He did not want to be a juryman. He flattered himself that he had something better to do with his time. Half-a-dozen matters required his attention. Instead of which, here he was obtruding himself into matters in which he did not take the faintest interest. Actually dragged into interference with other people's most intimate affairs. And in that stuffy court. And it had been a principle of his life never to concern himself with what was no business of his. Talk about the system of trial by jury being a bulwark of the Constitution! At that moment he had no opinion of the Constitution; or its bulwarks either.

Then there were his colleagues. He had never been associated with eleven persons with whom he felt himself to be less in sympathy. The fellow they had chosen to be foreman he felt convinced was a cheesemonger. He looked it. The others looked, if anything, worse. Not, he acknowledged, that there was anything inherently wrong in being a cheesemonger. Still, one did not want to sit cheek by jowl with persons of that sort for an indefinite length of time. And there were cases—particularly in the Probate Court—which lasted days; even weeks. If he were in for one of those! The perspiration nearly stood on his brow at the horror of the thought.

What was the case about? What was that inarticulate person saying? Philip Roland knew nothing about courts—and did not want to—but he took it for granted that the gentleman in a wig and gown, with his hands folded over his portly stomach, was counsel for one side or the other—though he had not the slightest notion which. He had no idea how they managed things in places of this sort. As he eyed him he felt that he was against him anyhow. If he were paid to speak, why did not the man speak up?

By degrees, for sheer want of something else, Mr. Roland found that he was listening. After all, the man was audible. He seemed capable, also, of making his meaning understood. So it was about a will, was it? He

might have taken that for granted. He always had had the impression that the Probate Court was the place for wills. It seemed that somebody had left a will; and this will was in favour of the portly gentleman's client; and was as sound, as equitable, as admirable a legal instrument as ever yet was executed; and how, therefore, anyone could have anything to say against it surprised the portly gentleman to such a degree that he had to stop to wipe his forehead with a red silk pocket-handkerchief.

The day was warm. Mr. Roland was not fond of listening to speeches. And this one was—well, weighty. And about something for which he did not care two pins. His attention wandered. It strayed perilously near the verge of a doze. In fact, it must have strayed right over the verge. Because the next thing he understood was that one of his colleagues was digging his elbow into his side, and proffering the information that they were going to lunch. He felt a little bewildered. He could not think how it had happened. It was not his habit to go to sleep in the morning. As he trooped after his fellows he was visited by a hazy impression that that wretched jury system was at the bottom of it all.

They were shown into an ill-ventilated room. Someone asked him what he would have to eat. He told them to bring him what they had. They brought some hot boiled beef and carrots. The sight of it nearly made him ill. His was a dainty appetite. Hot boiled beef on such a day, in such a place, after such a morning, was almost the final straw. He could not touch it.

His companion attacked his plate with every appearance of relish. He made a hearty meal. Possibly he had kept awake. He commented on the fashion in which Mr. Roland had done his duty to his Queen and country.

"Shouldn't think you were able to pronounce much of an opinion on the case so far as it has gone, eh?"

"My good sir, the judge will instruct us as to our duty. If we follow his instructions we sha'n't go wrong."

"You think, then, that we are only so many automata, and that the judge has but to pull the strings."

Mr. Roland looked about him, contempt in his eye.

"It would be fortunate, perhaps, if we were automata."

"Then I can only say that we take diametrically opposite views of our office. I maintain that it is our duty to listen to the evidence, to weigh it carefully, and to record our honest convictions in the face of all the judges who ever sat upon the Bench."

Mr. Roland was silent. He was not disposed to enter into an academical discussion with an individual who evidently had a certain command of language. Others, however, showed themselves to be not so averse. The luncheon interval was enlivened by some observations on the jury system which lawyers—had any been present—would have found instructive. There were no actual quarrels. But some of the arguments were of the nature of repartees. Possibly it was owing to the beef and carrots.

They re-entered the court. The case recommenced. Mr. Roland had a headache. He was cross. His disposition was to return a verdict against everything and everyone, as his neighbour had put it, "in the face of all the judges who ever sat upon the Bench." But this time he did pay some attention to what was going on.

It appeared, in spite of the necessity which the portly gentleman had been under to use his red silk pocket-handkerchief, that there were objections to the will he represented. It was not easy at that stage to pick up the lost threads, but from what Mr. Roland could gather it seemed it was asserted that a later will had been made, which was still in existence. Evidence was given by persons who had been present at the execution of that will; by the actual witnesses to the testator's signature; by the lawyer who had drawn the will. And then——!

Then there stepped into the witness-box a person whose appearance entirely changed Mr. Roland's attitude towards the proceedings; so that, in the twinkling of an eye, he passed from bored indifference to the keenest and liveliest interest. It was a young woman. She gave her name as Delia Angel. Her address as Barkston Gardens, South Kensington. At sight of her things began to hum inside Mr. Roland's brain. Where had he seen her before? It all came back in a flash. How could he have forgotten her, even for a moment, when from that day to this she had been continually present to his mind's eye?

It was the girl of the train. She had travelled with him from Nice to Dijon in the same carriage, which most of the way they had had to themselves. What a journey it was! And what a girl! During those fast-fleeting hours—on that occasion they

had fled fast — they had discussed all subjects from Alpha to Omega. He had approached closer to terms of friendship with a woman than he had ever done in the whole course of his life before—or since. He was so taken aback by the encounter, so wrapped in recollections of those pleasant hours, that for a time he neglected to listen to what she was saying. When he did begin to listen he pricked up his ears still higher.

It was in her favour the latest will had been made—at least, partly. She had just returned from laying the testator in the cemetery in Nice when he met her in the train—actually! He recalled her deep mourning. The impression she had given him was that she had lately lost a friend. She was even carrying the will in question with her at the time. Then she began to make a series of statements which brought Mr. Roland's heart up into his mouth.

"Tell us," suggested counsel, "what happened in the train."

"I SLIPPED AND FELL."

She paused as if to collect her thoughts. Then told a little story which interested at least one of her hearers more than anything he had ever listened to.

"I had originally intended to stop in Paris. On the way, however, I decided not to do so, but to go straight through."

Mr. Roland remembered he had told her he was going, and wondered; but he resolved to postpone his wonder till she had finished.

"When we were nearing Dijon I made up my mind to send a telegram to the concierge asking her to address all letters to me in town. When we reached the station I got out of the train to do so. In the compartment in which I had travelled was a gentleman. I asked him to keep an eye on my bag till I returned. He said he would. On the platform I met some friends. I stopped to talk to them. The time must have gone quicker than I supposed, because when I reached the telegraph office I found I had only a minute or two to spare. I scribbled the telegram. As I turned I slipped and fell—I take it because of the haste I was in. As I fell I must have struck my head against something; because the next thing I realized was that I was lying on a couch in a strange room, feeling very queer indeed. I did ask, I believe, what had become of the train. They told me it was gone. I understand that during the remainder of the day, and through the night, I continued more or less unconscious. When next day I came back to myself it was too late. I found my luggage awaiting me at Paris. But of the bag, or of the gentleman with whom I left it in charge, I have heard nothing since. I have advertised, tried every means my solicitor advised; but up to the present without result."

"And the will," observed counsel, "was in that bag?"

"It was."

Mr. Roland had listened to the lady's narrative with increasing amazement. He remembered her getting out at Dijon; that she had left a bag behind. That she had formally intrusted it to his charge he did not remember. He recalled the anxiety with which he watched for her return; his keen disappointment when he still saw nothing of her as the train steamed out of the station. So great was his chagrin that it almost amounted to dismay. He had had such a good time; had taken it for granted that it would continue for at least a few more hours, and perhaps—perhaps all sorts of things. Now, without notice, on the instant, she had gone out of his life as she had come into it. He had seen her talking to her friends. Possibly she had joined herself to them. Well, if she was that sort of person, let her go!

As for the bag, it had escaped his recollection that there was such a thing. And possibly would have continued to do so had it not persisted in staring at him mutely from the opposite seat. So she had left it behind? Serve her right. It was only a rubbishing

hand-bag. Pretty old, too. It seemed that feather-headed young women could not be even depended upon to look after their own rubbish. She would come rushing up to the carriage window at one of the stations. Or he would see her at Paris. Then she could have the thing. But he did not see her. To be frank, as they neared Paris, half obliviously he crammed it with his travelling cap into his kit-bag. And to continue on the line of candour—ignored its existence till he found it there in town.

And in it was the will! The document on which so much hinged—especially for her! The bone of contention which all this pother was about. Among all that she said this was the statement which took him most aback. Because, without the slightest desire to impugn in any detail the lady's veracity, he had the best of reasons for knowing that she had—well—made a mistake.

If he had not good reason to know it, who had? He clearly called to mind the sensation, almost of horror, with which he had recognised that the thing was in his kit-bag. Half-a-dozen courses which he ought to have pursued occurred to him—too late. He ought to have handed it over to the guard of the train; to the station-master; to the lost property office. In short, he ought to have done anything except bring it with him in his bag to town. But since he had brought it, the best thing to do seemed to be to ascertain if it contained anything which would be a clue to its owner.

It was a small affair, perhaps eight inches long. Of stamped brown leather. Well worn. Original cost possibly six or seven shillings. Opened by pressing a spring lock. Contents: Four small keys on a piece of ribbon; two pocket-handkerchiefs, each with an embroidered D in the corner; the remains of a packet of chocolate; half a cedar lead-pencil; a pair of shoe-laces. And that was all. He had turned that bag upside down upon his bed, and was prepared to go into the witness-box and swear that there was nothing else left inside. At least he was almost prepared to swear. For since here was Miss Delia Angel—how well the name fitted the owner!—positively affirming that among its contents was the document on which for all he knew all her worldly wealth depended, what was he to think?

The bag had continued in his possession until a week or two ago. Then one afternoon his sister, Mrs. Tranmer, had come to his rooms, and having purchased a packet of hairpins, or something of the kind, had wanted something to put them in. Seeing the bag in the corner of one of his shelves, in spite of his protestations she had snatched it up, and insisted on annexing it to help her carry home her ridiculous purchase. Its contents—as described above—he retained. But the bag! Surely Agatha was not such an idiot, such a dishonest creature, as to allow property which was not hers to pass for a moment out of her hands.

During the remainder of Miss Angel's evidence—so far as it went that day—one juryman, both mentally and physically, was in a state of dire distress. What was he to do? He was torn in a dozen different ways. Would it be etiquette for a person in his position to spring to his feet and volunteer to tell his story? He would probably astonish the Court. But—what would the Court say to him? Who had ever heard of a witness in the jury-box? He could not but suspect that, at the very least, such a situation would be in the highest degree irregular. And, in any case, what could he do? Give the lady the lie? It will have been perceived that his notions of the responsibilities of a juryman were his own, and it is quite within the range of possibility that he had already made up his mind which way his verdict should go; whether the will was in the bag or not—and "in the face of all the judges who ever sat upon the Bench."

The bag! the bag! Where was it? If, for once in a way, Agatha had shown herself to be possessed of a grain of the common sense with which he had never credited her!

At the conclusion of Miss Angel's examination in chief the portly gentleman asked to be allowed to postpone his cross-examination to the morning. On which, by way of showing its entire acquiescence, the Court at once adjourned.

And off pelted one of the jurymen in search of the bag.

II.

Mrs. Tranmer was just going up to dress for dinner when in burst her brother. Mr. Roland was, as a rule, one of the least excitable of men. His obvious agitation therefore surprised her the more. Her feelings took a characteristic form of expression—to her, an attentive eye to the proprieties of costume was the whole duty of a Christian.

"Philip!—what have you done to your tie?"

Mr. Roland mechanically put up his hand

towards the article referred to; returning question for question.

"Agatha, where's that bag?"

"Bag? My good man, you're making your tie crookeder!"

"Bother the tie!" Mrs. Tranmer started: Philip was so seldom interjectional. "Do you hear me ask where that bag is?"

"My dear brother, before you knock me down, will you permit me to suggest that your tie is still in a shocking condition?"

He gave her one look—such a look! Then he went to the looking-glass and arranged his tie. Then he turned to her.

"Will that do?"

"It is better."

"Now, will you give me that bag—at once?"

"Bag? What bag?"

"You know very well what bag I mean—the one you took from my room."

"The one I took from your room?"

"I told you not to take it. I warned you it wasn't mine. I informed you that I was its involuntary custodian. And yet, in spite of all I could say—of all I could urge, with a woman's lax sense of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, you insisted on removing it from my custody. The sole reparation you can make is to return it at once—upon the instant."

She observed him with growing amazement—as well she might. She subsided into an arm-chair.

"May I ask you to inform me from what you're suffering now?"

He was a little disposed towards valetudinarianism, and was apt to imagine himself visited by divers diseases. He winced.

"Agatha, the only thing from which I am suffering at this moment is—is——"

"Yes; is what?"

"A feeling of irritation at my own weakness in allowing myself to be persuaded by you to act in opposition to my better judgment."

"Dear me! You must be ill. That you are ill is shown by the fact that your tie is crooked again. Don't consider my feelings, and pray present yourself in my drawing-room in any condition you choose. But perhaps you will be so good as to let me know if there is any sense in the stuff you have been talking about a bag."

"Agatha, you remember that bag you took from my room?"

"That old brown leather thing?"

"It was made of brown leather—a week or two ago?"

"A week or two? Why, it was months ago."

"My dear Agatha, I do assure you——"

"Please don't let us argue. I tell you it was months ago."

"I told you not to take it——"

"You told me not to take it? Why, you pressed it on me. I didn't care to be seen with such a rubbishing old thing; but you took it off your shelf and said it would do very well. So, to avoid argument, as I generally do, I let you have your way."

"I TOLD YOU NOT TO TAKE IT."

"I—I don't want to be rude, but a—a more outrageous series of statements I never heard. I told you distinctly that it wasn't mine."

"You did nothing of the sort. Of course,

I took it for granted that such a disreputable article, which evidently belonged to a woman, was not your property. But as I had no wish to pry into your private affairs I was careful not to inquire how such a curiosity found its way upon your shelves."

"Agatha, your—your insinuations——"

"I insinuate nothing. I only want to know what this fuss is about. As I wish to dress for dinner, perhaps you'll tell me in a couple of words."

"Agatha, where's that bag?"

"How should I know?"

"Haven't you got it?"

"Got it? Do you suppose I have a museum in which I preserve rubbish of the kind?"

"But—what have you done with it?"

"You might as well ask me what I've done with last year's gloves."

"Agatha—think! More hinges upon this than you have any conception. What did you do with that bag?"

"Since you are so insistent—and I must say, Philip, that your conduct is most peculiar—I will think, or I'll try to. I believe I gave the bag to Jane. Or else to Mrs. Pettigrew's little girl. Or to my needlewoman—to carry home some embroidery she was mending for me; I am most particular about embroidery, especially when it's good. Or to the curate's wife, for a jumble sale. Or I might have given it to someone else. Or I might have lost it. Or done something else with it."

"Did you look inside?"

"Of course I did. I must have done. Though I don't remember doing anything of the kind."

"Was there anything in it?"

"Do you mean when you gave it me? If there was I never saw it. Am I going to be accused of felony?"

"Agatha, I believe you have ruined me."

"Ruined you! Philip, what nonsense are you talking? I insist upon your telling me what you mean. What has that wretched old bag, which would have certainly been dear at twopence, to do with either you or me?"

"I will endeavour to explain. I believe that I stood towards that bag in what the law regards as a fiduciary relation. I was responsible for its safety. Its loss will fall on me."

"The loss of a twopenny-halfpenny bag?'

"It is not a question of the bag, but of its contents."

"What were its contents?"

"It contained a will."

"A will?—a real will? Do you mean to say that you gave me that bag without breathing a word about there being a will inside?"

"I didn't know myself until to-day."

By degrees the tale was told. Mrs. Tranmer's amazement grew and grew. She seemed to have forgotten all about its being time to dress for dinner.

"And you're a juryman?"

"I am."

"And you actually have the bag, on which the whole case turns?"

"I wish I had."

"But was the will inside?"

"I never saw it."

"Nor I. It was quite an ordinary bag, and if it had been we must have seen it. A will isn't written on a scrappy piece of paper which could have been overlooked. Philip, the will wasn't in the bag. That young woman's an impostor."

"I don't believe it for a moment—not for a single instant. I am convinced that she supposes herself to be speaking the absolute truth. Even granting that she is mistaken, in what position do I stand? I cannot go and say, 'I have lost your bag, but it doesn't matter, for the will was not inside.' Would she not be entitled to reply, 'Return me the bag in the condition in which I intrusted it to your keeping and I will show that you are wrong'? It will not be enough for me to repeat that I have not the bag; my sister threw it into her dust-hole."

"Philip!"

"May she not retort, 'Then, for all the misfortunes which the loss of the bag brings on me, you are responsible'? The letter of the law might acquit me. My conscience never would. Agatha, I fear you have done me a serious injury."

"Don't talk like that! Under the circumstances you had no right to give me the bag at all."

"You are wrong; I did not give it you. On the contrary, I implored you not to take it. But you insisted."

"Philip, how can you say such a wicked thing? I remember exactly what happened. I had been buying some veils. I was saying to you how I hated carrying parcels, even small ones——"

"Agatha, don't let us enter into this matter now. You may be called upon to make your statement in another place. I can only hope that our statements will not clash."

For the first time Mrs. Tranmer showed symptoms of genuine anxiety.

"You don't mean to say that I'm to be dragged into a court of law because of that twopenny-halfpenny bag?"

"I think it possible. What else can you expect? I must tell this unfortunate young lady how the matter stands. I apprehend that I shall have to repeat my statement in open court, and that you will be called upon to supplement it. I also take it that no stone will be left unturned to induce you to give a clear and satisfactory account of what became of the bag after it passed into your hands."

"My goodness! And I know no more what became of it than anything."

"I must go to Miss Angel at once."

"Philip!"

"I must. Consider my position. I cannot enter the court as a juryman again without explaining to someone how I am placed. The irregularity would transgress all limits. I must communicate with Miss Angel immediately; she will communicate with her advisers, who will no doubt communicate with you."

"My goodness!" repeated Mrs. Tranmer to herself after he had gone. Still she did not proceed upstairs to dress.

III.

Miss Angel was dressed for dinner. She was in the drawing-room, with other guests of the hotel, waiting for the gong to sound, when she was informed that a gentleman wished to see her. On the heels of the information entered the gentleman himself. It seemed that Mr. Roland had only eyes for her. As if oblivious of the presence of others he moved rapidly forward. She regarded him askance. He, perceiving her want of recognition, introduced himself in a fashion of his own.

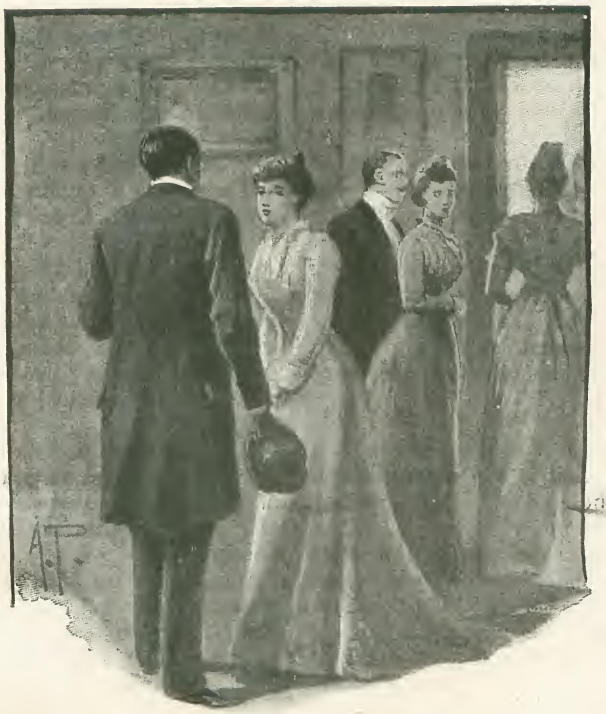
"Miss Angel, I'm the man who travelled with you from Nice to Dijon."

At once her face lighted up. Her eyes became, as it were, illumined.

"Of course! To think that we should have met again! At last!".

To judge from certain comments which were made by those around one could not but suspect that Miss Angel's story was a theme of general interest. As a matter of fact, they were being entertained by her account of the day's proceedings at the very moment of Mr. Roland's entry. People in these small "residential" hotels are sometimes so extremely friendly. Altogether unexpectedly Mr. Roland found himself an object of interest to quite a number of total strangers. He was not the sort of man to shine in such a position, particularly as it was only too plain that Miss Angel misunderstood the situation.

"Mr. Roland, you are like a messenger from Heaven. I have prayed for you to come, so you must be one. And at this time of all times—just when you are most wanted! Really, your advent must be miraculous."



"MIGHT I SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT IN PRIVATE?"

"Ye-es." The gentleman glanced around. "Might I speak to you for a moment in private?"

She regarded him a little quizzically.

"Everybody here knows my whole strange history; my hopes and fears; all about me. You needn't be afraid to add another chapter to the tale, especially since you have arrived at so opportune a moment."

"Precisely." His tone was expressive of something more than doubt. "Still, if you

don't mind, I think I would rather say a few words to you alone."

The bystanders commenced to withdraw with some little show of awkwardness, as if, since the whole business had so far been public, they rather resented the element of secrecy. The gong sounding, Miss Angel was moved to proffer a suggestion.

"Come and dine with me. We can talk while we are eating."

He shrank back with what was almost a gesture of horror.

"Excuse me—you are very kind—I really couldn't. If you prefer it, I will wait here until you have dined."

"Do you imagine that I could wait to hear what you have to say till after dinner? You don't know me if you do. The people are going. We shall have the room all to ourselves. My dinner can wait."

The people went. They did have the room to themselves. She began to overwhelm him with her thanks, which, conscience-stricken, he endeavoured to parry.

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for coming in this spontaneous fashion—at this moment, too, of my utmost need."

"Just so."

"If you only knew how I have searched for you high and low, and now, after all, you appear in the very nick of time."

"Exactly."

"It would almost seem as if you had chosen the dramatic moment; for this is the time of all the times when your presence on the scene was most desired."

"It's very good of you to say so; but—if you will allow me to interrupt you—I am afraid I am not entitled to your thanks. The fact is, I—I haven't the bag."

"You haven't the bag?"

Although he did not dare to look at her he was conscious that the fashion of her countenance had changed. At the knowledge a chill seemed to penetrate to the very marrow in his bones.

"I—I fear I haven't."

"You had it—I left it in your charge!"

"Unfortunately, that is the most unfortunate part of the whole affair."

"What do you mean?"

He explained. For the second time that night he told his tale. It had not rolled easily off his tongue at the first time of telling. He found the repetition a task of exquisite difficulty. In the presence of that young lady it seemed so poor a story. Especially in the mood in which she was. She continually interrupted him with question and comment—always of the most awkward kind. By the time he had made an end of telling he felt as if most of the vitality had gone out of him. She was silent for some seconds—dreadful seconds! Then she drew a long breath, and she said:—

"So I am to understand, am I, that your sister has lost the bag—my bag?"

"I fear that it would seem so, for the present."

"For the present? What do you mean by for the present? Are you suggesting that she will be able to find it during the next few hours? Because after that it will be too late."

"I—I should hardly like to go so far as that, knowing my sister."

"Knowing your sister? I see. Of course I am perfectly aware that I had no right to intrust the bag to your charge even for a single instant: to you, an entire stranger; though I had no notion that you were the kind of stranger you seem to be. Nor had I any right to slip, and fall, and become unconscious, and so allow that train to leave me behind. Still—it does seem a little hard. Don't you think it does?"

"I can only hope that the loss was not of such serious importance as you would seem to infer."

"It depends on what you call serious. It probably means the difference between affluence and beggary. That's all."

"On one point you must allow me to make an observation. The will was not in the bag."

"The will was not in the bag!"

There was a quality in the lady's voice which made Mr. Roland quail. He hastened to proceed.

"I have here all which it contained."

He produced a neat packet, in which were discovered four keys, two handkerchiefs, scraps of what might be chocolate, a piece of pencil, a pair of brown shoe-laces. She regarded the various objects with unsympathetic eyes.

"It also contained the will."

"I can only assure you that I saw nothing of it; nor my sister either. Surely a thing of that kind could hardly have escaped our observation."

"In that bag, Mr. Roland, is a secret pocket; intended to hold—secure from observation—bank-notes, letters, or private papers. The will was there. Did you or your sister, in the course of your investigations, light upon the secret of that pocket?"

Something of the sort he had feared. He rubbed his hands together, almost as if he were wringing them.

"Miss Angel, I can only hint at my sense of shame; at my consciousness of my own deficiencies; and can only reiterate my sincere hope that the consequences of your loss may still be less serious than you suppose."

"I imagine that nothing worse than my ruin will result."

"I will do my best to guard against that."

"You!—what can you do—now?"

"I am at least a juryman."

"A juryman?"

"I am one of the jury which is trying the case."

"You!" Her eyes opened wider. "Of course! I thought I had seen you somewhere before to-day! That's where it was! How stupid I am! Is it possible?" Exactly what she meant by her disjointed remarks was not clear. He did not suspect her of an intention to flatter. "And you propose to influence your colleagues to give a decision in my favour?"

"I THOUGHT I HAD SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE TO-DAY!"

"You may smile, but since unanimity is necessary I can, at any rate, make sure that it is not given against you."

"I see. Your idea is original. And perhaps a little daring. But before we repose our trust on such an eventuality I should like to do something. First of all, I should like to interview your sister."

"If you please."

"I do please. I think it possible that when I explain to her how the matter is with me her memory may be moved to the recollection of what she did with my poor bag. Do you think I could see her if I went to her at once?"

"Quite probably."

"Then you and I will go together. If you will wait for me to put a hat on, in two minutes I will return to you here."

IV.

HATS are uncertain quantities. Sometimes they represent ten minutes, sometimes twenty, sometimes sixty. It is hardly likely that any woman ever "put a hat on" in two. Miss Angel was quick. Still, before she reappeared Mr. Roland had arrived at something which resembled a mental resolution. He hurled it at her as soon as she was through the doorway.

"Miss Angel, before we start upon our errand I should like to make myself clear to you at least upon one point. I am aware that I am responsible for the destruction of your hopes—morally and actually. I should like you therefore to understand that, should the case go against you, you will find me personally prepared to make good your loss so far as in my power lies. I should, of course, regard it as my simple duty."

She smiled at him, really nicely.

"You are Quixotic, Mr. Roland. Though it is very good of you all the same. But before we talk about such things I should like to see your sister, if you don't mind."

At this hint he moved to the door. As they went towards the hall he said:—

"I hope you are building no high hopes upon your interview with my sister. I know my sister, you understand; and though she is the best woman in the world, I fear that she attached so little importance to the bag that she has allowed its fate to escape her memory altogether."

"One does allow unimportant matters to escape one's memory, doesn't one?"

Her words were ambiguous. He wondered what she meant. It was she who

started the conversation when they were in the cab.

"Would it be very improper to ask what you think of the case so far as it has gone?"

He was sensible that it would be most improper. But, then, there had been so much impropriety about his proceedings already that perhaps he felt that a little more or less did not matter. He answered as if he had followed the proceedings with unflagging attention.

"I think your case is very strong."

"Really? Without the bag?"

It was a simple fact that he had but the vaguest notion of what had been stated upon the other side. Had he been called upon to give even a faint outline of what the case for the opposition really was he would have been unable to do so. But so trivial an accident did not prevent his expressing a confident opinion.

"Certainly; as it stands."

"But won't it look odd if I am unable to produce the will?"

Mr. Roland pondered; or pretended to.

"No doubt the introduction of the will would bring the matter to an immediate conclusion. But, as it is, your own statement is so clear that it seems to me to be incontrovertible."

"Truly? And do your colleagues think so also?"

He knew no more what his "colleagues" thought than the man in the moon. But that was of no consequence.

"I think you may take it for granted that they are not all idiots. I believe, indeed, that it is generally admitted that in most juries there is a preponderance of common sense."

She sighed, a little wistfully, as if the prospect presented by his words was not so alluring as she would have desired. She kept her eyes fixed on his face—a fact of which he was conscious.

"Oh, I wish I could find the will!"

While he was still echoing her wish with all his heart a strange thing happened.

The cabman turned a corner. It was dark. He did not think it necessary to slacken his pace. Nor, perhaps, to keep a keen look-out for what was advancing in an opposite direction. Tactics which a brother Jehu carefully followed. Another hansom was coming round that corner too. Both drivers, perceiving that their zeal was excessive, endeavoured to avoid disaster by dragging their steeds back upon their haunches. Too late! On the instant they were in collision. In that brief, exciting moment Mr. Roland saw that the sole occupant of the other hansom was a lady. He knew her. She knew him.

"TOO LATE!"

"It's Agatha!" he cried.

"Philip!" came in answer.

Before either had a chance to utter another word hansoms, riders, and drivers were on the ground. Fortunately the horses kept their heads, being possibly accustomed to little diversions of the kind. They merely continued still, as if waiting to see what would happen next. In consequence he was able to scramble out himself, and to assist Miss Angel in following him.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"I don't think so; not a bit."

"Excuse me, but my sister's in the other cab."

"Your sister!"

He did not wait to hear. He was off like a flash. From the ruins of the other vehicle — which seemed to have suffered most in the contact — he gradually extricated the dishevelled Mrs. Tranmer. She seemed to be in a sad state. He led her to a chemist's shop, which luckily stood open close at hand, accompanied by Miss Angel and a larger proportion of the crowd than the proprietor appeared disposed to welcome. He repeated the inquiry he had addressed to Miss Angel.

"Are you hurt?"

This time the response was different.

"Of course I'm hurt. I'm shaken all to pieces; every bone in my body's broken; there's not a scrap of life left in me. Do you suppose I'm the sort of creature who can be thrown about like a shuttlecock and not be hurt?"

Something, however, in her tone suggested that her troubles might after all be superficial.

"If you will calm yourself, Agatha, perhaps you may find that your injuries are not so serious as you imagine."

"They couldn't be, or I should be dead. The worst of it is that this all comes of my flying across London to take that twopenny-halfpenny bag to that ridiculous young woman of yours."

He started.

"The bag! Agatha! have you found it?"

"Of course I've found it. How do you suppose I could be tearing along with it in my hands if I hadn't?" The volubility of her utterance pointed to a rapid return to convalescence. "It seems that I gave it to Jane, or she says that I did, though I have no recollection of doing anything of the kind. As she had already plenty of better bags of her own, probably most of them mine, she didn't want it, so she gave it to her sister-in-law. Directly I heard that, I dragged her into a cab and tore off to the woman's house. The woman was out, and, of course, she'd taken the bag with her to do some shopping. I packed off her husband and half-a-dozen children to scour the neighbourhood for her in different directions, and I thought I should have a fit while I waited. The moment she appeared I snatched the bag from her hand, flung myself back into the cab—and now the cab has flung me out into the road, and Heaven only knows if I shall ever be the same woman I was before I started."

"And the bag! Where is it?"

She looked about her with bewildered eyes.

"The bag? I haven't the faintest notion. I must have left it in the cab."

Mr. Roland rushed out into the street. He gained the vehicle in which Mrs. Tranmer had travelled. It seemed that one of the shafts had been wrenched right off, but they had raised it to what was as nearly an upright position as circumstances permitted.

"Where's the hand-bag which was in that cab?"

"Hand-bag?" returned the driver. "I ain't seen no hand-bag. So far I ain't hardly seen the bloomin' cab."

A voice was heard at Mr. Roland's elbow.

"'OLD 'ARD, GUV'NOR!"

"This here bloke picked up a bag—I see him do it."

Mr. Roland's grip fastened on the shoulder of the "bloke" alluded to, an undersized youth apparently not yet in his teens. The young gentleman resented the attention.

"'Old 'ard, guv'nor! I picked up the bag, that's all right; I was just a-wondering who it might belong to."

"It belongs to the lady who was riding in the cab. Kindly hand it over."

It was "handed over"; borne back into the chemist's shop; proffered to Miss Angel.

"I believe that this is the missing bag, apparently not much the worse for its various adventures."

"It is the bag." She opened it. Apparently it was empty. But on her manipulating an unseen fastening an inner pocket was disclosed. From it she took a folded paper. "And here is the will!"

V.

They dined together—it was still not too late to dine—in a private room at the Piccadilly Restaurant. Mrs. Tranmer found that she was, indeed, not irreparably damaged; and by the time she could be induced to look over the fact that she was not what she called "dressed" she began to enjoy herself uncommonly well. Delia Angel was in the highest spirits, which, on the whole, was not surprising. The recovery of the bag and the will had transformed the world into a rose-coloured Paradise. The evening was one continuous delight. As for Philip Roland—his mood was akin to Miss Angel's. Everything which had begun badly was ending well. He was the host. The meal did credit to his choice—and to the cook. The wine was worthy of the toasts they drank. There was one toast which was not formally proposed, and of which, perhaps, even in his heart he did not dream, but whose presence was answerable for not a little of the rapture which crowned the feast—"The Birth of Romance." His life had been tolerably commonplace and grey. For the first time that night Romance had entered into it. It was just possible that, maintaining the place it had gained, it would continue to the end. So might it be; for sure, the Spirit is the best of company.

After dinner the three journeyed together to Miss Angel's solicitor. He lived in town, not far away from where they were, and though the hour was uncanonical it was not so very late. And though he was amazed at being required to do business at such a season, the tale they had to tell amazed him more. Nor was he indisposed to commend them for coming straight away to him with it at once.

He heard them to an end. Then he looked at the bag; then at the will. Then once more at the bag; then at the will again. Then he smoothed his chin.

"It seems to me—speaking without prejudice—that this ends the matter. In the face of this the other side is left without a leg to stand upon. With this in your hand"—he was tapping the will with his finger-tip—"I cannot but think, Miss Angel, that you must carry all before you."

"So I should imagine."

He contemplated Mr. Roland.

"So you, sir, are one of the jury. As at present advised, I cannot see how, in the course of action which you have pursued, blame can in any way be attached to you. But, at the same time, I am bound to observe that in the course of a somewhat lengthy experience I cannot recall a single instance of a juryman—an actual juryman—playing such a part as you have done. In fact, not to put too fine a point on it, the position you have taken up is—in a really superlative degree—irregular."

Such, also, seemed to be the opinion of counsel before whom, at a matutinal hour, he laid the facts of the case. When, in view of those facts, counsel on both sides conferred before the case was opened, the general feeling plainly pointed in the same direction. And, on its being stated in open court that, in face of the discovery of the vanished will, all opposition to Miss Delia Angel would, with permission, be at once withdrawn, it was incidentally mentioned how the discovery had been brought about. All eyes, turning to the jury-box, fastened on Philip Roland, whose agitated countenance pointed the allusion. The part which he had played having been made sufficiently plain, the judge himself joined in the general stare. His lordship went so far as to remark that while he was pleased to accede to the application which had been made to him to consider the case at an end, being of opinion that the matter had been brought to a very proper termination, still he could not conceal from himself that, so far as he could gather from what had been said, the conduct of one of the jurymen, even allowing some *latitude*—here his lordship's eyes seemed to twinkle—was marked by a considerable amount of irregularity.

Decorated Ostrich Eggs.

By Laura B. Starr.

IN all countries of the world the egg is regarded as symbolical of the eternal cycle of life, and as such figures more or less in Church ceremonial, particularly at Easter time. But the Copts, who claim to be the oldest Christian Church, differentiate the ostrich egg from all others as their particular symbol because of the remarkable and ceaseless care with which the parent birds guard their eggs. The vigilance of the ostrich has passed into a proverb among them, and the egg is regarded as a symbol reminding the believer that his thoughts should be fixed continually on spiritual things.

The old Coptic church in Cairo is very handsomely decorated with them; before the sanctuary screen hang six silver lamps, and over each one an ostrich egg. The Romans also attached great value to ostrich eggs, and freely used them to decorate their homes and temples. The Greeks decorate their churches with plain and ornamented eggs, hanging them in festoons, or suspending them singly from any convenient hook. The ostrich egg is considered as much an emblem of good luck with them as the horse-shoe is with us. This is a belief inherited from the ancient Greek, who taught that if man were not watchful over his own soul it would grow bad, even as the egg addles when it is neglected.

These eggs are occasionally found in Mohammedan mosques. The tomb mosque of Kait Bey, in Cairo, contains some very fine specimens. As a rule they are mounted in a metal frame and hung by a silver wire from the roof, usually before the altar screen. Now and again one is threaded by a silken cord and hung above a lamp or from a wooden arm projecting from one of the pillars of the nave. When the real eggs cannot be had artificial ones are used.

The Hottentots eat the eggs, and consider them a great delicacy. They have rather a mean way of abstracting the eggs from the nest by means of a long stick with a crook at the end. They cheat the poor bird by taking an egg every day; she seems not to remember how many she has laid, and so keeps on so long as her work seems unfinished.

1.—EGG FROM THE SOUDAN.

Among the souvenirs which all travellers bring from the Orient are always found one or more ostrich eggs, plain or decorated. The great ostrich park at Matarieh, near Cairo, furnishes a large number, but quantities are also brought from Somali and the Soudan.

There are in the Frederick Stearn's collection in the Detroit Museum of Art some very fine specimens of decorated eggs showing a great variety of native work. A cream-white egg from the Soudan is covered with an etching of men and animals filled in with black and white, which, while very crudely done, is very effective (Fig. 1).

2.—EGG ETCHED IN CAIRO.

An Egyptian egg in the same collection is of a light-brown shade; an Arab artist has depicted an archaic fishing craft with various scenes familiar to Nile visitors.

Another Egyptian egg, the work of a Cairene artist (Fig. 2), is etched with ancient figures, copied from some of the recently discovered tombs, with curious scroll and figure designs at the ends. The egg is left in its natural colouring.

3.—EGYPTIAN EGG WITH VERSES FROM THE KORAN.

The finest specimen of Egyptian eggs in the collection is one from the Soudan, with quotations from the Moslem's Bible, done in intaglio, covering its entire surface (Fig. 3). These flowing characters are very decorative, and one is not likely to weary of them.

The handsomest and most artistic work done in this line is that of the Japanese artists, who never fail to improve upon whatever they imitate. Given the egg which comes to them from Egypt, Australia, or San Francisco, they return you an exquisite piece of work most ingeniously typifying Japanese

4.—A FINE SPECIMEN OF JAPANESE WORK.

art. They produce a variety of effects by producing lacquer in low relief and by etching in delicate outline upon the surface.

The finest specimen in this collection, or any other which the writer has seen, is the work of a Japanese artist of great skill (Fig. 4). The egg is that of an emu—the Australian ostrich—and is of a dark blue colour naturally. The design is wrought in cameo, which shows the gradations of colour to the inner lining, which is almost white. A Japanese mountain road with torrents and bits of scenery are in the background. A Japanese lady of the ancient *régime*, clad in the graceful Court kimono, fills the foreground and the eye of the beholder. The work is exquisitely done, but the beauty and delicacy are almost lost in the reproduction.

A crane's egg is converted into an ornamental incense-box, which the Japanese call a "kogo." This is decorated with wild flowers

5.—A JAPANESE INCENSE-BOX.

and grasses, done with gold in low relief. It is a charming specimen (Fig. 5).

Another one, the work of a Japanese artist, stands in a lacquered frame, and is intended for a table ornament. It shows a simple design of roots, leaves, and blossoms, with singing birds lacquered with gold in low relief (Fig. 6).

An etched rhea's egg from Argentine has for its subject a *gaucho*—or cowboy—on horseback with a girl behind him (Fig. 7). This egg is deeply pitted, as are all those from South America. The *gauchos* are familiar objects in South America; they chase the ostrich on horseback and catch them with bolas—two heavy balls attached to the end of a rope. They grasp one ball in the hand and whirl

6.—ANOTHER JAPANESE "KOGO."

8.—A RHEA'S EGG FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

the other round their heads, like a lasso coil; when near the bird they let go, and the two balls will, if skilfully managed, wind round the long legs of the ostrich and send him into a somersault into the sand.

A rhea's egg from South America (Fig. 8) displays on one side the Argentine coat of arms, on the other is depicted a naval engagement, probably an historic scene; the rounded ends are finished with scroll work and a geometrical border, above which rise several mountain peaks.

An egg in the writer's possession is one of the smooth, cream-coloured ones from North Africa. A quotation from the Koran is cut around either end, while the central circle is taken up with symbolic figures. There is a Nile boat with lateen sails; the three great pyramids; catching and plucking an ostrich (Fig. 9); a scarabæus with outstretched wings, and the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt. The contrast of the cream surface and the white background is very beautiful.

7.—A RHEA'S EGG FROM ARGENTINE.

9.—EGG FROM AFRICA SHOWING MEN PLUCKING AN OSTRICH.

THERE was rivalry — but friendly rivalry—between the literary staffs of the two smart halfpenny papers which daily appealed for the suffrages of the public, and, whether you bought the *Morning Mirror* or the *Daily Courier*, or both, you were pretty certain to find a good, readable article or two, in addition to the regular news of the day.

Each, but again in a perfectly friendly spirit of legitimate rivalry, alluded to the other in terms of scathing sarcastic politeness, but did its level best to prevent that other stealing a march or getting an inch ahead either in news or ideas, and the reason was obvious to all, for the literary staff of the *Courier* were male, of the *Mirror* (what could be more appropriate?) female.

The *Daily Courier* was the proud possession of Mr. Rupert Allington, and the proprietor-editor was, as his staff described him, "one of the best."

The *Morning Mirror*, the rival in the field, was owned by a titled lady, and although she took no active part in the administrative concerns of the paper, it was an open secret that nearly the whole of the literary staff were of the feminine persuasion, and, moreover, were reputed to be young and charming.

This fact was one that added a piquancy to the rivalry between the two journals, for the very smart staff of the *Daily Courier* were distinctly determined that they were not going to be beaten by a "lot of women," although candour compelled them to admit that at times the *Mirror* certainly did get very original "specials," and that some of the members of its staff were not bad-looking girls.

Whatever attributes were possessed by the young and charming staff of the *Mirror*, it was certain that they could not excel in *esprit de corps* or admiration for their chief the staff of the *Daily Courier*, and the good fellowship upon that journal had been born of and fostered by the open-hearted nature of its proprietor, Rupert Allington, who treated everyone around him with a consideration which endeared each member to him personally and made the paper's interests and their own mutual.

He did not regard his literary staff as so many pieces of machinery going to make up a complicated whole, but looked upon them as his friends, and was, in a word, what they tersely described him as, "one of the best."

It wanted but a few days to Christmas when he entered the offices late one afternoon with a cheery greeting on his lips and a copy of the *Morning Mirror* in his hand.

Three or four of the *Courier* men were in at the time, some turning out copy and others idling over a pipe until the hour for their evening engagements arrived. There was Jimmy Baxter, the senior reporter; Walter Rushton, one of the subs; and the cleverest member of the whole staff, albeit the youngest, irrepressible Charlie Carroll.

The chief took a chair, and in a genial, good-tempered voice began.

"Gentlemen of the *Daily Courier*," he said, "the *Mirror's* got a splendid special again. Upon my soul, I can't help admiring the little rag; but if we don't look smart, they'll get right in front of us. It's not the first time they've struck a brilliant idea that we ought to have had."

"You mean the article on——"

"Yes, of course," he broke in, more testily than was his custom, "of course, and what we have to do is simply to show them that the staff of the *Courier* is a mighty sight smarter than they are. Good lord! why the deuce didn't some of you fellows think of the special they published last week, 'Daughters of the Great City'?"

The staff looked a bit glum. It was rare indeed that the chief found fault, or, indeed, had any reason to do so, but they had to acknowledge to themselves that lately the *Mirror* had been getting in front of them, and that they had missed some pretty obvious specials—that was to say, pretty obvious when they had been done, as one can always be wise after the event.

"We'll have to do something big for our Christmas special," remarked the proprietor. "Something that the *Mirror* lot will never think of, or, if they did, wouldn't have the nerve to carry out."

"We're ready for anything," Charlie Carroll announced, with a fervour that pronounced his willingness to go through fire and water for the *Courier* and its chief, and to do anything to take the shine out of the *Mirror*.

The chief smiled at the enthusiasm of the young journalist. He had entered the room with an idea for a special in his mind, which he had thought of intrusting to Baxter as the senior, but he altered his decision and determined that he would give it to Carroll

"I've thought of a special," he said, "which will be the very thing, and which they'd never strike in a thousand years. It's not an easy or pleasant job, but it's realism, and we shall be right in front of them this time."

"Bravo, sir!" ejaculated Carroll.

"And I've selected you for the job, Carroll."

The young man's face fairly beamed, and they all drew their chairs closer to the chief while he propounded the proposal for the special which was to make the *Mirror* dull with envy.

"Have you ever been hungry?" he asked, looking towards Carroll.

"Occasionally. I've generally got a pretty good appetite."

"I mean very hungry—starving, in fact?"

"Thank God, no," he answered, fervently.

"Well, that's the idea for the special. I want you to put yourself into the position of an absolutely starving man for a full twenty-four hours. I want you to realize what it is to be an outcast in the streets of London without a penny in your pocket, without a friend, without a shelter for your head, and then to come back to the office and write the special. I know what you can write, as it is, from imagination, but I want the *real* thing this time. There's something that the *Mirror* won't think of and couldn't do, if they did, and we'll have the article of the season."

"And a thumping subscription list too," added Carroll.

"Eh?"

"I think what I shall be able to write," Carroll said, slowly, "will draw the money out of anyone. People are generous, but they don't understand, or they'd be ten times more generous. They couldn't help it. They're always ready to give in a stolid, automatic Christmas way, but I don't want that. When they read my special I want them to feel utterly miserable until they've sent off a cheque to the *Courier* fund."

"Good boy," said the chief. "You can do it."

"Yes," he answered, seriously. "I think I can do it. We'll show the *Mirror* what realism is, and we'll make the people who've got money feel wretched until they've helped to raise the biggest Christmas fund London's ever seen."

It was the morning of the 24th December, cold, bleak, and grey. The sky bore a dull, leaden uniformity of heaviness that foretold a fall of snow. It looked like what folks called "a good old-fashioned winter," when from the windows on Christmas morning those who lived beyond the smoke-line of

London could gaze out upon the open country covered with a mantle of white.

An old-fashioned winter; just the thing for those who were well to do, who were warmly clad, and who had enough to eat, but an old-fashioned winter indeed for those who were old-fashioned enough to feel cold and to realize hunger.

Such was the morning upon which Charles Carroll commenced the task he had undertaken for the *Daily Courier*.

For a whole day—indeed, from his supper before midnight on the previous evening, until the first stroke of the hour that ushered in Christmas Day, he was to go without food or shelter, he was to walk the streets the same as any outcast beggar, but different from any beggar, for he was not to seek alms or accept hospitality. It was a cruel task in cruel weather, and yet a task not undertaken with the flippant idea of winning an absurd wager, but a task to attain realism and to add power to a pen that already was one of the most brilliant in London.

All the conditions laid down by the chief had been rigorously observed. He was to go out at his usual hour—without a penny in his pocket, and throughout the whole of Christmas Eve was to do without food and to have no shelter other than that which an actual outcast could find for himself.

The clock of St. Martin's Church struck nine as he walked across Trafalgar Square; walked out into the street for the first time in his life without having had a breakfast.

It was cold, very cold, and he must keep the circulation up somehow. He started at a brisk walk, and, cutting across into St. James's Park, strode rapidly along. The exercise warmed his blood a little, but he could not help beginning to yearn for breakfast. Never before had visions of steaming coffee, nicely-browned toast, crisp bacon, and new-laid eggs risen so persistently upon his mental horizon.

He had not altered his dress in any way; he wore the suit he was accustomed to and a soft-felt hat, but no overcoat, for the chief had suggested that it would be better that he should feel cold as well as hungry, just the same as hundreds of others who would be tramping the wealthiest city of the world which was now on the eve of its greatest festival.

But neither did he, nor, for the matter of that, his chief, forecast the additional pangs that were to sadden his heart before the midnight hour struck.

Presently he sat down for a few moments on a bench in the park, and idly beat at the pebbles in the gravel with his walking-stick, and then looked up, to be conscious of the figure of a miserable little waif standing in front of him holding out, from a sleeve of rags, a wretched apology for a hand—a poor, thin, transparent, skeleton-like hand.

"Give us a penny, please," the haggard little mite implored in a faint voice coming through lips almost blue with cold and hunger. "Only a penny, guv'nor. I ain't 'ad no grub for two 'ole days."

"GIVE US A PENNY, PLEASE."

Carroll's heart turned to water in his breast. It was as though something had drained the life-blood from it with a single wrench.

"A penny," the words seemed to din into his ears like the clang of a bell. "A penny! A penny! A penny!" and he had not even

that in his possession ; he thrust his hands into his empty pockets, and with wistful eyes the shivering child waited and hoped, but Carroll shook his head because he dared not speak. For yet another moment the waif waited and hoped as he had waited and hoped before, but then turned away, as he had turned away before, stifling down a little sob which rose in the half-starved throat, and with a set face Carroll watched the tattered figure as it passed onwards out of his sight, and wondered what manner of man the childish heart must think him who would refuse a penny—a penny for food, and most of all, at Christmas time.

"Oh, God!" he said, slowly, "I didn't know it would be like this."

He sprang from the bench and walked onward, onward, onward, ever increasing his pace, and moving faster still, anxious to avoid being stopped and spoken to; for he told his heart he could not bear such a thing again, and ever before him there floated the pinched face of the ragged little waif, and the reproachful eyes, while in his ears there rang the sorrowful plea for just a penny. Twice the clocks had chimed the hour, and still he had walked on, heedless of where he went, and now a dull, sickening feeling was growing up within him, the first pangs of hunger—hunger that, as he heard noon strike, he realized he had yet another twelve hours to endure, and Heaven only knew how accentuated it would become to him before his task was ended.

He strove to fight down the yearning for food, and the thought came that a cigarette would be a solace, but that, too, was denied him, as the chief had said an outcast, starving wretch, without money to buy even a scrap of food, would have no tobacco, and so the cigarette-case, as well as the purse, had been left at home. His pockets were empty—no watch or chain that he could pawn—not that he would have done so if he could, for, having undertaken the task, Charles Carroll would be conscientious enough to perform it thoroughly.

He turned his face towards the City, and presently walked on down the Strand and into Fleet Street.

The thing was beginning to become painful. He would not have felt the horror of it as keenly as he did now but for that wretched little waif in the park whose face haunted him with a sickly remembrance. He vowed that to-morrow he would search the streets until he found that child again.

To kill his thoughts he determined that he would begin to write his special for the *Courier*, but then, again, his pockets were empty. He had no note-book or pencil. Everything seemed to emphasize the utter hopelessness that many a poor tramp in the London streets must feel even in summer under the broad blue sky and in the baking streets, and in winter when the air was chill and the skies ashen. The utter misery and wretchedness of having absolutely nothing in the world. Nothing, nothing, nothing! And yet he must write, or he would go mad.

He stopped by the corner of Ludgate Circus, and there, just inside the entrance of Cook's tourist offices, there fluttered, whenever the door was opened, sheaves of bills. Bills of all colours and sizes, giving particulars of the Christmas excursions for those who had holidays and money and friends to visit. Trips to carry those who had plenty far from the old-fashioned winter which they would enthuse upon in Cannes and Nice.

He stepped in and tore down half-a-dozen of those which were only printed on one side, and, as he did so, a tall, dark, good-looking fellow, with a travelling bag in his hand, who had just left the counter, tapped him on the shoulder.

"Halloa! Carroll, my lad," he cried. "You off, too? Where are you going?"

"Halloa! Jackson," he answered, gripping the hand of a colleague on the *Westminster*. "Oh, I'm not going away," and he crammed the handful of bills into his pocket. "I promised to get these for Ross as I was passing. Where are you off to?"

"Riviera. Catching the 2.45 from Charing Cross."

"Lucky fellow!" ejaculated Carroll.

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing much—mooning about."

"Come and have a drink."

For a minute a temptation that needed all his courage attacked the young journalist, but he fought it down. "No, thanks," he said, "just had one," for he felt he must make some excuse for refusing the offer, and yet how fervently he wished the lie had been the truth.

They walked out together into the Circus as St. Paul's boomed the quarter after one.

"Lunched yet?" asked Jackson.

"No."

"Well, come up to Gatti's and have a chop with me; sha'n't see you for three weeks."

"No, thanks, old chap; got no appetite."

And that was the truth, for it was no longer an appetite that assailed him, but a dull, sinking feeling that seemed gnawing at his heart!

His nerves and sympathies had been played upon as well as his physical system, and now he wanted to get away and write.

smoke, thanks, but I'll tell you what you can do: give this little brat half a dollar!" and he grasped the youngster by his frail shoulder and swung him into Jackson's view.

"Why, the deuce——" began the other, paused, and then dived his hand into his pocket and gave the boy half a crown, who

"GIVE THIS LITTLE BRAT HALF A DOLLAR!"

"That's bad," said Jackson; "you'll have to buck up, or you won't enjoy the roast beef and plum-pudding and all the rest of it to-morrow."

"Oh, yes, I shall," fervently answered the other, and then his heart asked him whether he would after all, if the phantom vision of the pale thin face should arise amid the silver, china, and flowers across the dining-table.

"Well, so long. A merry Christmas to you."

"Same to you. Good-bye. Stop!"

"Eh?"

Charles Carroll had caught sight of the wretched little waif whose face had haunted him all day, shuffling along close to the curb.

"I won't lunch, I won't drink, I won't

tightened his thin fingers upon it, breathlessly gasped out thanks, then ducked under Carroll's arm and shot across Fleet Street between a block of cabs and omnibuses and was lost to sight.

"Thanks, old chap," murmured Carroll. "Christmas time, you know," he added, weakly.

And Jackson stood and wondered why Christmas time had not prompted Carroll, who was always a generous-hearted fellow, to give the boy half a crown himself.

The pause was a little awkward, and Jackson broke it.

"Sure you won't lunch?"

"Certain, thanks."

"Well, good-bye. I'll get mine at the club. Hansom!" and he jumped in, and

was driving away, when Carroll stopped him again.

"Got a pencil, old chap?"

"Yes, half-a-dozen," and he produced a leather case full from his upper vest-pocket.

"Thanks. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

The cab drove off towards the Savage Club, while Carroll walked slowly up Ludgate Hill and turned into the gardens of St. Paul's Churchyard, where he stood for a moment and watched a knot of idlers scattering crumbs to the fluttering pigeons; then he moved round to the south side of the Cathedral, took his crumpled excursion bills from his pocket, spread them out smooth upon the grey stones jutting out of the turf, and which once formed a part of the foundations of Old St. Paul's, and began to write.

For a while he wrote on, until one or two damp flakes of snow began to fall upon his paper, and then he rose and strode out into the streets again. In front of the great west door of the Cathedral he hesitated; already the afternoon was beginning to give place to evening, the street lamps were lighted, and all down Ludgate Hill quivering splodges of light from the shops lay upon the greasy pavement; then he turned his steps northward; he did not care to follow the streets where he was likely to meet friends or colleagues who, with the season's greetings upon their lips, would offer invitations which he must refuse.

He went on, past the General Post Office and up the Goswell Road, and then cut across through a labyrinth of narrow streets giving on to St. Luke's, and for a while wandered about there. The snow was thickening, the soft, white flakes had ceased to fall, but in their place was a thin, powdery, persistent downpour that the chill wind which whistled round the corners dashed stingingly into his face and left clinging to his clothes.

He paused before a toy-shop decked out with gaudy German productions, with tinsel Christmas-tree ornaments, paper flags, Japanese lanterns, and half-a-dozen cheap dolls, which stared fixedly out of their round, waxen faces with great, wondering, wide-open eyes, as though they were all thinking, "My! what awful weather!"

In front of the shop a group of ragged youngsters, heedless of the falling snow, churned now into a muddy slush at their feet, glued their noses to the window, steamy with their excited breath.

"Which one of 'em would you 'ave, 'Liza? 'Cos my muvver's goin' to buy me one," asked a diminutive specimen of feminine humanity, who in happier circumstances would have been pretty, speaking with an air of admiration of the whole collection.

"That there with the pink 'at and the yallar frock," said the connoisseur appealed to.

"I likes the little black 'un with the ingerubber face," volunteered the smallest child in the group, "but I ain't got no muvver to buy me dolls," and she spoke discontentedly, not as if being motherless were a cause for grief, but only a reason for dissatisfaction.

Carroll thrust his hand into his pocket instinctively; that he had done so half-a-dozen times before that day and found it empty every time did not kill the accustomed habit, and again a dull, sinking feeling grew up in his heart, and he turned and strode away through the swiftly-driving snow.

"Poor little things!" was all he said, and he walked faster away from them.

The white dust was flying and whirling around in all directions now, swirling hither and thither, and sending pedestrians swiftly homeward. Huge drifts were forming in corners and doorways, and the lamp-posts were becoming shrouded with long, winding sheets, where the snow clung closely to them. The heavy throb of traffic was deadened by the thick mass upon the ground, and by-and-by the sound almost entirely ceased.

Then the omnibuses stopped running, and only here and there a shadowy cab, looking like a phantom in the all-pervading whiteness, made its slow and silent way along.

It was an old-fashioned winter with a vengeance, and London had suddenly become a deserted city. It was between three and four o'clock when the first flakes of snow began to fall, and by six the streets were impassable and practically deserted; by eight the Strand was like an Arctic picture. The light from the street lamps was dimmed by the accumulations of snow that had been driven by the wind against the glass and still adhered there, and a strange silence was over it all.

Into the protection of a deep doorway in the Temple Carroll crept for shelter and waited, listening to the quarters chime for two whole hours, until ten strokes beat forth.

"Only a couple of hours more," he muttered, as he stamped his numbed feet upon the stones. "That is all for me, but God help those who've got to endure the whole night of it!"

How he killed the remaining time he

hardly knew. He had afterwards a dim recollection of passing down on to the Embankment and gazing at the black river and the weird outline of Cleopatra's Needle, wreathed in white and watched on either side by a gaunt, blurred, snowy Sphinx.

He remembered gazing up at the lights in the Cecil and the Savoy, and that they called to his mind that he was hungry, and then he seemed to know nothing more of the flight of the last two hours, save that everywhere was soft and silent whiteness and that he was gravitating towards the *Courier* office, with its warmth and welcome.

It was within the last half-hour of his task that he stood in the deserted Strand again, at the corner of Southampton Street. He glanced up towards Covent Garden, and coming slowly towards him was a figure in black. A girl, thinly and poorly clad, a mere slip of womankind; the drifting snow lay thick upon her cloak and crêpe-trimmed hat, and her face was white and pinched with cold as she walked unsteadily, buffeted by the gusts of wind which hurled themselves upon her.

She swayed and almost fell as she neared the man who waited at the corner, and in a second he was by her side.

"You will pardon me," he said, "you are ill and——"

"Thank you, no," she interrupted, as she glanced at him standing before her with his hat in his hand and the snow thickening upon his head. "It is nothing. I am only tired."

"But you should not be out on such a night," he continued, for the face that he looked upon was that of a girl unused to the rough side of life; "if it is an errand, let me do it for you."

"I am on my way home now," she answered. "You are very good. I've had a trying day, and——" then, almost before he knew what had happened, she had tottered before him, and he saved her only by a hair's-breadth from falling upon the pavement.

The quarter struck as he stood there with the fainting girl clasped in his arms, and then as a belated cab came level with them he stopped it and lifted her in.

"*Daily Courier* office, Fleet Street," he said, "as fast as you can get along."

But the speed of the cab was but a snail's pace in the terror of that old-fashioned winter, and she was almost as one dead when he bore her in his arms into the room of the editor of the *Courier* and gently placed her in the chair of the chief.

The room was empty, but in the corner was a sight that brought back to the man the hunger that had been almost forgotten. A table laid for supper. A chicken roasted to perfection, a ham cut to the most tempting proportion, a tongue, bread, butter, cheese, and salad galore: a cold collation fit for a prince, much less a starving beggar, and the chair that was set for him flanked by gold-foiled bottles.

"IN A SECOND HE WAS BY HER SIDE."

It was the champagne bottles that aroused him to activity, and in a second he had deftly knocked off the neck of one with the ornamental brass poker, and held half a

glassful to the lips of the girl, who seemed to now be arousing from her numbness of exhaustion.

"You're very good," she said, and as he looked at her with the colour returning to her cheeks and the blueness of the frost leaving them he realized that she was pretty. As pretty as a picture, he told himself, and still gazed at her, until her colour deepened still a little more.

"It's all right," he said, gently. "You're in my office: the office of the *Courier*. You fainted, you know, just as I saw you. Don't worry. It's all right. Rest awhile, and then we'll send you home in a cab," and he took the cloak from her shoulders and threw it over a chair.

She only said "Thank you," and then a brilliant idea seemed to strike Charlie Carroll.

"Are you hungry?" he jerked, as though he felt the question was unconventional.

"Starving," she answered, simply.

Before he had time to ask himself whether such an action could be counted a liberty he had lifted her round bodily, chair and all, dragged the table over to her, and, with knife and fork in hand, gazed at her inquiringly.

"Chicken and ham?"

"Chicken and ham and tongue, please," she answered, demurely, and started on a roll.

"You must be hungry," he exclaimed, impetuously.

"I've had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours," she answered, speaking thickly through a portion of liberally-buttered roll.

"Twenty-four hours, eh?" he answered, with a lump in his throat, quite forgetting he had starved for the same time himself. "Poor little girl—twenty-four hours, and this is London, this is civilization——"

"Yes," she answered, looking into his eyes, "this is London, the greatest, the wealthiest, and the cruellest city in the world. Where should I have been to-night if you had not been the good Samaritan? Lying where I had fallen——"

"You'd better get on," he said, handing a plate to her with two-thirds of the chicken upon it, and he spoke roughly, because he was wondering where others were he had met that day: "you must eat first and talk afterwards."

"You cannot understand," she said, seriously; "you have not the horrors in your mind that I have in mine. You cannot grasp what I mean. You have never been really, truly hungry—starving, I mean."

"I know a little about it," he answered, with a laugh in spite of himself, and he placed the remainder of the chicken upon his own plate and simply told himself he could not wait any longer, no, not even to be polite to the girl who, now he quite recognised, was remarkably fascinating.

"Please start," he said, with a smile. "I'm really very hungry, but I feel I must see to you first as my guest."

She raised her knife and fork, and then with a strange little laugh placed them down again and rose to her feet.

"I feel better now. I must be going," she said, resuming her cloak.

"Be going," he echoed, in astonishment, and he sat looking at her with wide-open eyes, and then slowly rising he walked towards her.

"You won't do anything of the kind," he said, shortly. "I don't know what your reasons are, but I know you've fallen into my charge, and you don't go into the world alone so long as I'm alive. There's pluck and there's grit, and you've got both, and there's foolish pride, and you've got that as well. You shall pay for your supper one of these days, but you sha'n't go until you've had it. You shall only go then in a cab, if I have to lead the horse myself all the way, and you sha'n't go at all unless you promise to accept the first suitable berth we can find for you, and that will be vacant to-morrow. God bless my soul," he continued, impetuously, "I've friends here; what would they do if they heard I let you go like this? Twenty-four hours without a meal, and then because of paltry pride——"

"It is not that," she answered. "I do not know your name, but——"

"My name is Carroll," he answered, abruptly, and then felt he ought to kick himself because his eyes strayed from her face to the chicken.

She held out her hand to him, and instinctively he took it, although he was quite determined it was not to say "good-bye."

"I cannot accept your hospitality," she said, "because I am not what you think me. I have told you no untruth, but I've acted one. You think me destitute and alone in the world, but," in spite of herself the girl's eyes began to dance a little, and a smile hovered round the corners of her lips, "I'm not. I'm on the staff of the *Mirror*."

"But, why——"

"We're doing a special for to-morrow.

"THE 'MIRROR' AND THE 'COURIER' WILL WORK TOGETHER."

'One Day of the Life of a Wanderer in London,' and I——"

"Twenty-four hours," ejaculated Carroll, "nothing to eat, homeless, and an outcast. Why, I've done the same. Sent your copy on?"

"No, I was——"

"Give it to me. I'll send a messenger. Have you wound up by forming a subscription-list?"

"No; I did not think of that."

"Add it on then. For once the *Mirror* and the *Courier* will work together."

The girl took a packet from her pocket and scribbled a few paragraphs upon the last sheet and then handed it to him, and he dashed out of the door.

When he returned in two minutes she was as he had left her, gazing into the fire, with a little flush upon her cheek and the light playing upon her waving hair, and as he paused for a second an idea came to him that was not novel for a bachelor.

She turned with a smile as she heard his footsteps approaching her, and as she looked into his face there was just the shade of an idea in her mind, too.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Starving," she answered.

He waved his hand towards the patient chicken, and after five minutes spoke again.

"I do hope the *Courier* and the *Mirror*—that is you and I—will always be good friends," he said.

It seemed justifiable that with such an honest wish he should just touch with the tips of his fingers her hand as it lay upon the table, and because of the *camaraderie* which exists among journalists it was right that she should let her hand remain so for just ten seconds, and then, of course, she withdrew it.

"The greatest wish of my heart would be——"

"Might I ask you to pass the salad?" she interrupted, with the dawn of a twinkle in her eye.

Some Wonders From the West.—II.

IV.—A SKIRT DANCE ON GLACIER POINT.

By Mabel Clare Craft.

MISS TATSCH LYING ON THE OVERHANGING ROCK AT GLACIER POINT.
From a Photo. by Julius Boysen.

OF the many photographs that have been taken of the overhanging rock at Glacier Point, in the Yosemite Valley, California, none is more striking than a series taken by Julius Boysen this summer. The young woman who is doing the spectacular high-kick is Miss Kittie Tatsch, head waitress of the Sentinel Hotel in the Valley. It is not the first time that she has been photographed in startling poses, but this effort surpasses all her former achievements in point of daring and of nerve.

On one occasion she lay at full length on the rock, her head resting on her hand and the point of her elbow on the jagged edge of the outermost point of rock; and on another she stood with her foot raised and extending well out over the abyss while the photographer "took a shot" at her hazardous position. It may be seen that Miss Tatsch is no novice in the matter of nerve-trying exhibitions. She possesses a remarkably cool head, nerves like iron, and a grace and athletic training that make such poses possible. The clear-cut character of the photographs proves that during the pose there was not a tremor to show that the subject was executing anything more trying than the ordinary high-kick. In fact, even upon a floor it is not an

From a Photo. by] MISS TATSCH DANCING ON THE POINT. *[Julius Boysen.*

easy matter to take such a pose with sufficient steadiness for the purpose of a photograph, to say nothing of the edge of a not too stable rock hanging out over the brow of a cliff 3,200ft. high.

MISS TATSCH DANCING ON GLACIER POINT—ENLARGED FROM THE PREVIOUS PHOTOGRAPH.
From a Photo. by Julius Boysen.

Miss Tatsch's feat has only once been equalled, and that was by a Stanford University athlete, who stood on his head on the same rock; but the Stanford man was well in from the edge, and, while one might expect a college student away on his vacation to execute some such act, it is far and away out of the ordinary to have a pretty and graceful young woman point the tip of her toe heavenward from a pedestal of such startling prominence. In any photograph that would give even the slightest conception of the height of the cliff the figure on the top would be so small that it could not be told whether it was a man or a woman, much less what sort of pose the person was taking.

The photographs are unfair for the reason that they show at best only one-half of the real height of the rock from the floor of the valley. The sheer wall of the cliff here shown is 1,600ft., and from the underbrush at the bottom of some of the pictures to the floor of the valley there is still a distance of 1,600ft. The very small figures shown on the rock are just twice the size they would be if the real proportions were shown.

V.—THE MAN WITH THE UMBRELLA-HAT.

ANOTHER Western wonder is the man with the umbrella-hat. The people of Portland, Oregon, know him as well as they do their own mayor, and in that city he has become so common a sight that he now arouses little comment except from strangers. We can well imagine the sensation that this gentleman would cause in London if he were to appear upon one of our streets with the bizarre head-gear shown in our illustration. What a fine advertisement he would make if he were to display the recorded virtues of someone's soap upon his back as he passed along the Strand!

The man with the umbrella-hat is only a one-idea man. He is a veteran of the Civil War, and he asserts that his hat is an exemplification of an original idea. No one would dare to take issue with him on this point, although one might venture to observe that the hat is really patterned after a species of head-dress worn in South America. The old man has made an attempt to get the general public to take up his idea — each man, in fact, to become his own Jonas Hanway; but the people of Portland, Oregon, have not yet seen their way clear to adopt such a trouble-saving head-gear. The old man himself, however, believes in it with all the strength of single purpose, and at all seasons may be seen tramping around Portland, smoking his pipe, unmindful of comment and attention.

THE UMBRELLA-HAT MAN.
From a Photo. by Thwaites, Portland, Oregon.

VI.—AN EXTRAORDINARY SUIT.

Colonel Robert Hall, of Cotulla, Texas, may rightly be called one of the wonders of the West—that is to say, if the grand old Texan veteran has not, at an honoured age, already passed away.

Two years ago his tall and lithe figure was a common and welcome sight at all the Texas re-unions, and the stories that have been told of his prowess and the singular incidents of his romantic career would, if they were put in print, fill volumes.

But it is Colonel Robert Hall's suit, and not the man himself, which possesses special interest for this article. This suit is without doubt the most extraordinary wearing apparel that ever covered and protected the body of an old soldier. Colonel Hall proudly says: "I made every stitch of it." The coat is composed of over a hundred different pieces of the skins of wild animals which the old hunter has shot during a period of forty years. Each piece comes from the hide of a different wild animal, a reptile, or a bird; the skins of deer, bears, panthers, wolves, and wild cats making up the larger part of the costume.

COLONEL ROBERT HALL AND HIS EXTRAORDINARY SUIT.
From a Photo. by Delfraisse, San Antonio, Texas.

BACK VIEW OF THE SUIT.
From a Photo. by Delfraisse, San Antonio, Texas.

For trimming and ornamentation the hoofs of three hundred and fifteen deer, the claws of forty bears, the tails of innumerable smaller animals, and the rattles from hundreds of monster rattlesnakes are used. A cap composed of many pieces of pretty fur ornamented with a pair of antelope horns is as wonderful as the coat.

Eighty-five years of age and 6ft. 4in. high, the old warrior walks with a firm step, and when he appears on the streets of San Antonio or at some gathering of veterans, wearing this extraordinary suit, he is the cynosure of all Texan eyes.

He has been offered 500dols. for his frontiersman's suit, but he says he would not take 10,000dols. for it. The hunting-horn, which may be seen in our photograph, was given to the Colonel by General Sam Houston. The horn has a strange history, which perhaps is too long to detail here. Suffice it to say that the Colonel is so proud of it that nothing would induce him to part with it. "If I were out of bread," he once remarked, "it would take a million to buy that horn."

VII.—A CHRISTMAS SCENE.

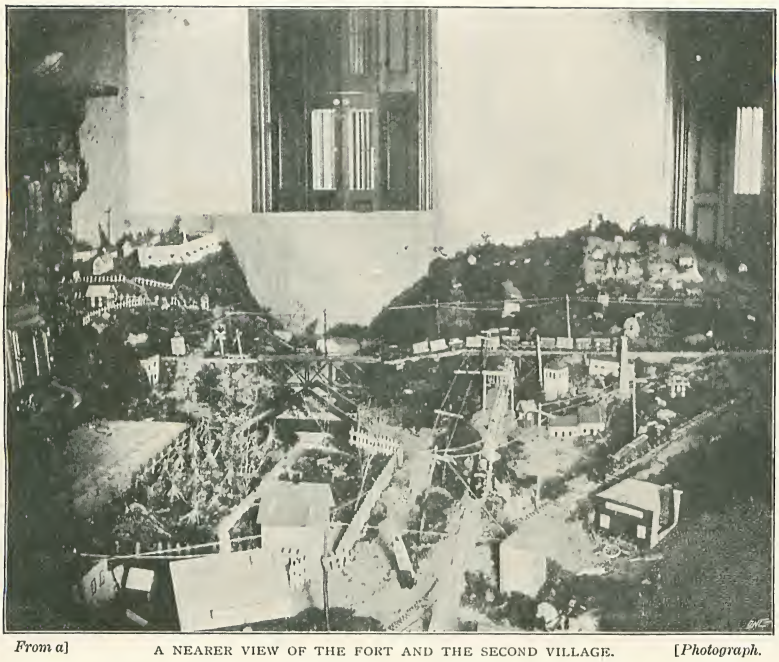
By George Dollar.

Different people have different ways of celebrating Christmas. The vast majority, it is true, display a lamentable lack of originality in devising means to celebrate the festive season; they content themselves with the turkey and pudding, the Christmas tree and the round games, the mistletoe and the bonbons, which have regularly appeared after dinner on the 25th of December for as many years as our grandfathers can remember. But there are a few choice spirits who are tired of the old amusements and desire novelty. Such a one is Mr. P. B. Herrity, of 926, G Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. We should think that Mr. Herrity's Christmas hobby is probably unique. Every year he lays out a tract of uncultivated ground in schools, churches, houses, railways, and farmyards. Lest the reader should infer that Mr. Herrity is an owner of vast lands and immense wealth, we hasten to say that the buildings, railways, etc., which he annually constructs are not life-size. They are, in fact, models of such things, and the tract of ground upon which Mr. Herrity constructs them is the floor of his own parlour.

The scene represented in the photographs is a typical American village, lying at the foot of some hills, upon the summits of which, at right and left, are a second village and a fort of the United States army. The villages are connected by railroad, and the fort is made impregnable by a broad stream, which flows at its base. If the photos. are carefully examined it will be seen that no feature of village life is omitted. Even the tufts of grass growing by the roadside and the ubiquitous vagrant dog are there.

The village is called Roseville, and is named after Mr. Herrity's little daughter,

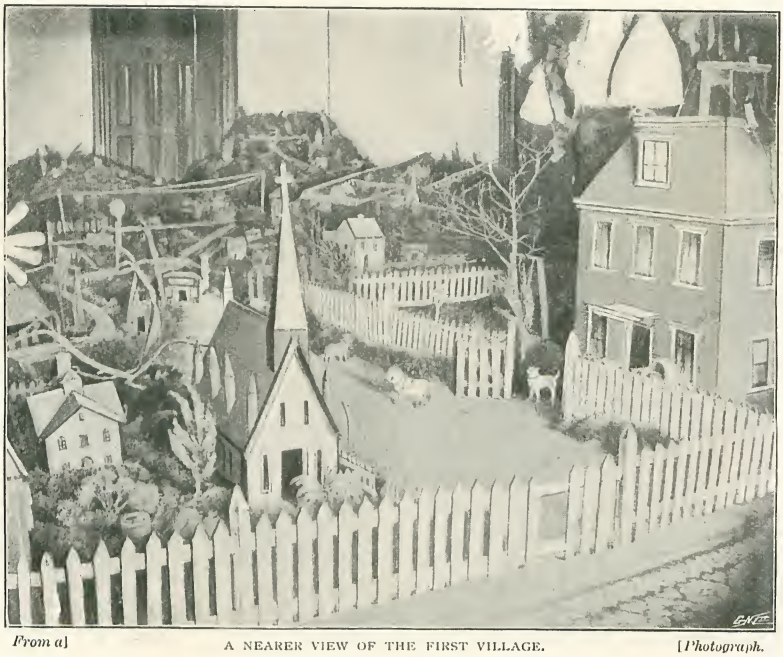
From a] THE MODEL VILLAGE OF ROSEVILLE. *[Photograph.*



From a] A NEARER VIEW OF THE FORT AND THE SECOND VILLAGE. *[Photograph.*

Rose. The scene does not take so long to prepare as might be thought. Mr. Herrity only commences to work upon it at the latter end of November, and, giving a few hours each evening, has it all ready by Christmas Day. After all the pieces are made the difficult work of setting up the scene is begun. The hills have to be made and the fields laid out. From start to finish the arrangement of the scene occupies about thirty-six hours, skilful movements and tireless patience being essential to its success.

Mr. Herrity has quite a reputation in his district for these models. For several Christmases past he has made a model village like the one we have been enabled to show. He does not copy anybody or anything. He mentally plans what his next year's exhibit shall be, and sets to work upon its construction when the time comes. He makes all the models himself, from the church-steeple down to the sleeper of the railroad. Some of the houses have taken him three years to make; but he possesses endless patience and the true artist's love of accuracy. No amount of pains is too great for him to take, and consequently his models are replete with all the details of the scenes they represent. It is this careful attention to minute detail that makes Mr. Herrity's model scenes so much admired and praised by all who see them. He intends to continue in his hobby, and this year, he says, he is going to make a scene "which will surpass any in this country."



From a] A NEARER VIEW OF THE FIRST VILLAGE. *[Photograph.*

VIII.—A SNAKE ARTIST.

One of the most remarkable cases of natural genius recorded in art annals is that of Mr. John W. Thompson, the keeper of the reptile-house at the Zoological Gardens, Philadelphia.

Despite his humble station in life Mr. Thompson is a painter and sculptor of ability, and has, moreover, invented what is practically a new art. Snakes are his speciality, and the state of perfection to which he has brought the art of reptile painting is truly wonderful. First he makes casts of them and then paints in their natural colours, getting a result which is simply startling in its wonderful accuracy.

His work has attracted general attention, and Mr. Thompson has lately been commissioned by the Smithsonian Institute to execute some casts for the national collection. The contract was only awarded after experts had carefully investigated the subject and examined Mr. Thompson's work. Their verdict was that no living artist could compare with him in this special line, and as a consequence no one else was considered.

It is a fact little known that the keeper's room at the Zoo is the studio of one of the most remarkable sculptors and painters recorded in the art annals of Pennsylvania.

Until the ambitious and art-loving keeper discovered the possibility of allying the two arts—moulding and painting—in order to secure truthful reproductions of snakes of all varieties in characteristic coils and attitudes, the only known methods of preservation to future generations for study, a record of the different species of reptiles now existing, but rapidly becoming extinct, was through the medium of paintings or by keeping their dead bodies in alcohol. The disadvantages of these methods can readily be seen. A painting conveys but a poor idea of the size and general shape, while in the case of preservation in alcohol no idea of the natural colours could be retained, for they fade and lose all brilliancy in a very short time. Mr. Thompson's discoveries have worked a practical revolution in this branch of what may be advisedly termed scientific art.

The finished products of the keeper-artist are simply startling in their accuracy, and at a glance it is practically impossible to distinguish the life-like painted casts, coiled and poised as if ready to strike, from real reptiles.

Mr. Thompson's work has been attracting the general attention of naturalists and art connoisseurs from all over the country, and much curiosity has been aroused by the fact that a man of such exceptional talent should be passing the greater part of his invaluable time in discharging the onerous duties of a keeper. The story is one of absorbing interest, and the career, life-struggles, and ambitions of the artist-keeper would make a romance worthy of a master of fiction.

Mr. Thompson's den, which is almost as interesting as himself, is a small room about 8ft. square, opening from the main reptile hall. This is his studio ; it is here that he works, and every operation, from the first securing of the cast to its painting and final completion, is here performed. Everything in the little room is characteristic of the man and his work. The walls are adorned with vividly life-like casts of snakes and reptiles. There are copperheads, rattlers, a gigantic salamander, frogs, fishes, and lizards. In addition to these are some really excellent landscape paintings and drawings in black and white, which indicate that Mr. Thompson might have turned his attention to either of these branches with every prospect of success. Snakes, however, are his speciality, his mania, his life-work, and at first the visitor to the little room is kept in a state bordering on nervous dementia, by successive shocks resulting from the close proximity of life-like figures of the most venomous and dangerous reptiles. All the snakes are not plaster, however, for in several boxes bearing the menacing label, "Poisonous," are hundreds of little rattlesnakes and copperheads from 8in. to 10in. long.

Mr. Thompson was busily engaged in putting the finishing touches on a beautifully marked Arizona rattlesnake, but willingly gave some interesting details concerning his methods of work and his career. He is a man who would attract attention in any company—tall, powerfully built, with a finely-shaped head, a strong face, and a pair of blue eyes which fairly kindle when he discusses his art. The snakes, which are regarded by the average person as about the lowest and most forbidding element of creation, have no repulsion for Mr. Thompson, who studies their literature with avidity, and by reason of his constant association with them for twenty years has come to be considered an authority on everything pertaining to snakes and snake-life. "In my opinion," he

said, "a snake is the most remarkable of all the many manifestations of the wonderful powers of Nature. Look at its construction—what a model of light, sinewy strength, perfectly adapted to the mode of life. Many varieties have little peculiarities adapted to their varying physical characteristics. For instance, the rattlesnake, being somewhat slow in its movements, is provided with the rattle, the warning sound of which prevents other animals from stepping on it. Water-snakes have in the nostrils a sort of valve which absolutely prevents the taking of water into the lungs. In my twenty years of practical experience with serpents I have again and again been filled with wonder at the ingenuity with which Nature has equipped them."

Mr. Thompson then described his method of casting and painting.

"The greatest part of my casting is done from dead snakes, which is a comparatively simple operation, but in many instances I find it necessary to use live ones, and, as can be imagined, this is a task of no small difficulty. The occasional necessity of casting from live snakes proceeds from two causes. In the first place the characteristic colours and markings of some snakes are very delicate, and fade within a few hours after death. As a result, in painting the cast, it is almost impossible to reproduce the colours as they were in life. By using a live snake of course I can study the living model. The second reason is the fact that I often receive orders for a particular kind of snake, and as we have a great many varieties here, I do not go to the trouble of trying to buy one, but simply use the proper precautions and take a good live specimen from one of the cases."

MR. J. W. THOMPSON MAKING A PLASTER CAST OF A SNAKE.
From a Photograph.

When asked if this hazardous operation was not attended with some danger, he laughed and said, "Yes, to the novice, but I am so familiar with them that I incur comparatively little risk. It is work requiring great care, however, and a miscalculation may mean a dangerous bite, or possibly the death of a valuable specimen.

"The first step is to secure the snake. My assistant makes a slip-knot with a piece of strong twine, attaches it to a long pole, and opening the cage places it over the snake's head. The struggling, squirming snake, wild with fear and anger, is lifted out, and when it happens to be of the venomous variety there are several exciting moments before he is finally conquered. I then take him into my private room and hold a sponge, saturated with chloroform, to his nostrils. In a short time he is temporarily dead to the world, and the cast is made with all possible expedition. Quills are placed in the nose, so that his snakeship can breathe, and the mixed plaster of Paris is poured all over him. After the plaster has had time to harden the snake, which was greased in advance, to facilitate its removal, is carefully pulled out from the cast, and, after reviving, is returned to its cage, usually none the worse for its novel experience. The inside of the cast is now flushed out with soapy water, the grease of which fills up the pores and prevents sticking. The plaster is then poured in, and the cast remains undisturbed for twenty-four

hours in order to insure perfect hardening. The next step is the chipping away of the outer shell, which has to be done with extreme care, lest the delicate outline of the impressioned plaster snake be irretrievably ruined. Particularly is this true of the head and eyes, which I always leave till last. When all the shell is chipped away an exact

"The painting is very tedious, and I usually spend fully a month on each specimen. I place a live snake in a glass box beside me and carefully study its colours as I work. Each scale receives separate treatment, and the head is usually a labour of several days. To produce the glassy shade of the eyeball three colours are placed on top of each

From a] MR. J. W. THOMPSON PAINTING A CAST. *[Photograph.*

reproduction of the snake, down to the finest details, has been secured, and all that remains to be done is the painting in the original colours.

"It is this painting which is really the crucial feature of the entire operation, and the one which determines the success or failure of the effort. For many years I found it impossible to secure the exact shades I desired. My colours, though fairly good imitations, always seemed to me too shiny. Oil colours always showed too bright, and I did not seem able to get the exact shades necessary to a perfect illusion. After six years of experimenting with various paints and chemicals at last I struck the desired combination, and I can now produce with absolute accuracy any shade of colour known to snakedom, and with such fidelity to Nature as to deceive even the expert. The brilliant colours are comparatively easy, the most troublesome ones being the quiet shades, especially the delicate touch of colour which appears at the edge of every scale, as a result of the under part of the scale being white.

other, and the result is usually a good approximation to the original.

"This, of course, is the only way to really preserve to future generations any idea of the snakes of to-day. As I stated to the authorities of the Smithsonian Institute during my recent visit there, snakes kept in alcohol soon lose all relation to the original, and become mere colourless, shapeless masses. I was shown several specimens of the work by authorities at the Smithsonian Institute. Among them was this small, brown cast of a copperhead. It was painted by a well-known artist, but, as I remarked to them, it looks no more like a copperhead than I do. It is not the proper colour, and no one ever saw a copperhead with a sticky, shiny coat like this. I showed them some of my work, explained my theory of colours, and demonstrated to them where they failed, and as a result was given the contract of repainting this and several other specimens, and also of executing some new casts for them.

"I always had a great love of art, and, even as a child, used to paint and draw the

pictures from the magazines. I was not, however, one of those fortunate mortals who have only to express the wish in order to have it gratified. I wished to study painting, but I had no wealthy parents to educate me, so I was reluctantly compelled to forego my ambition.

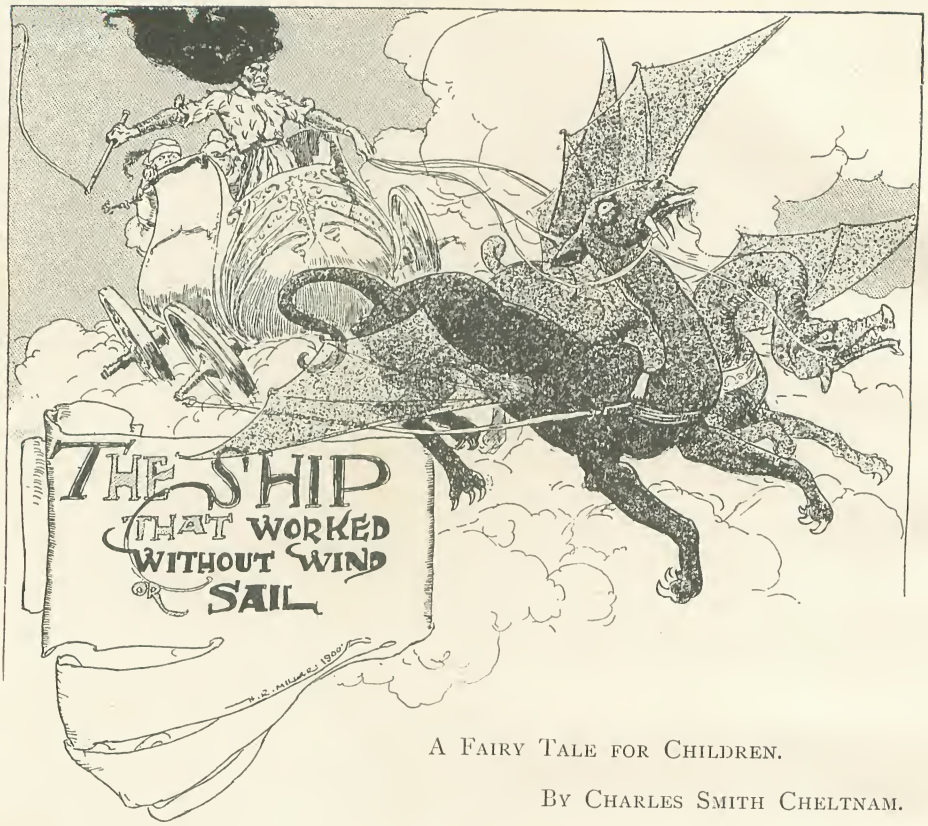
"I was born at Greenport, Long Island, and worked at various places in my native town until the Centennial attracted me to Philadelphia, and I have lived here ever since. The subject of snakes had always had a great fascination for me, and when twenty years ago I visited the Zoo for the first time I developed such an interest in the snake-house that I applied for and secured the position of keeper, and have held it ever since.

"My love for art was not dead, however, and I used to watch the painters who came here to sketch the snakes with heartbreaking regrets that I, too, could not have the opportunity to do this congenial work. Finally, the feeling became so strong with me that I could not suppress it, and fourteen years ago, out of my scanty resources, I raised enough to start my studies. Since that time I have had the advantage of the tuition of several well known artists. I had received some praise for my pictures, notably a landscape, which won many favourable comments at the annual exhibition, but I soon discovered that my real forte, my speciality, was in the field which I had created, the casting and painting of snakes, and it is to this branch that I have devoted the greatest part of my life.

"I believe I have made casts of every known variety, including a gigantic python over 16ft. long, rattlesnakes, cobras, copperheads, moccasins, pine snakes, indigo black snakes, adders, harlequin salamanders, lizards, frogs, and even an alligator.

"Sometimes the results have been so lifelike that they have even frightened myself. I remember especially the cast of a Florida diamond rattler. I had finished it and was showing it to two friends, and in order to get the full effect removed it from its accustomed place and put it on a soap-box which stood near the door. Engrossed in other duties I had gone away, forgetting all about the snake, and left it standing where it was. It was a particularly life-like specimen, and was poised as if about to strike. Entering the room suddenly, there, by the dim fading twilight, I beheld what at first thought I took to be a gigantic rattler, coiled and ready to spring at me. I jumped about three feet, and in spite of long experience with reptiles was for the instant paralyzed with fear. An excited rattlesnake is a ticklish customer for anybody to handle, and I was afraid to move, knowing that in my little room I should have but a small chance of escape. My natural thought had been that some of the big fellows had escaped from their cages, and I believe that I stood there motionless for fully three minutes before I recalled that the cause of my fright was only my poor harmless plaster cast. Many of my visitors and friends have had almost the same experience, and my casts have been the cause of many laughable occurrences.

"While the art of snake reproduction and everything having the slightest connection with reptiles is highly distasteful to many people, I believe that as mere matter of scientific record, if for nothing else, some effort should be made to preserve reproductions of every living species. I have long been working on a plan looking to this end, and which I shall eventually present to the national authorities. My idea would not necessitate any great outlay, and in years to come would comprise a collection which would be simply priceless. My plans involve the erection of a museum devoted exclusively to snakes. Here every known variety could be shown full-sized, in their natural colours and exact living conditions. Such a collection could be collated for a comparatively small sum, would be of great educational advantage, an invaluable aid to students, and would insure the lasting preservation of the reptiles, even after they ceased to exist in their living state. It seems criminally negligent to miss this opportunity of doing a priceless service to ourselves and to future generations."



A Fairy Tale for Children.

By Charles Smith Cheltnam.

I CANNOT tell how long ago it was—I can only say with certainty that it was long before almanacs were invented or thought of by anybody—when there lived a fairy named Grumstella, who was never so happy as when she was doing harm to somebody.

Now, before King Scoribon was born, one of the best friends of his mother, Queen Dulcetta, was the fairy Tendrilla, of whose company she was very fond, not only because it was so pleasant to her, but because it presented so great a contrast to that of Grumstella, who always contrived to make her visits disagreeable.

At the time when the Queen's little son — afterwards King Scoribon — was born Grumstella was biding her time to do her an ill turn, in revenge for her liking of Tendrilla.

With whirlwind speed she set off for the palace, in order to get there before Tendrilla. The pair of griffins that were drawing her carriage at a break-neck pace through the air were not going fast enough for her impatience, and, just as they were turning a sharp cloud-corner, she took to lashing them both cruelly, with the result that both fell, and one damaged his legs and the other his wings.

Nobody can fully describe an ugly and wicked fairy's rage, so I can only say that no rage could be greater than Grumstella's, which, if that were possible, became greater still when, on arriving at the palace, she found that her detested rival had already been three minutes and a half with the Queen, and had endowed the baby Prince with good looks, kind-heartedness, and a clever mind.

"You've not left much for *me* to give him," she said, with an evil smile; "but I'll give him *something*."

"What will you give my son?" asked the Queen, uneasily.

"Something that will serve to amuse him —which Tendrilla's gifts are not likely to do."

And as she spoke she opened the Prince's tiny right hand and put a little black spider into it.

The Queen uttered a cry of alarm and the fairy Tendrilla turned pale; and that

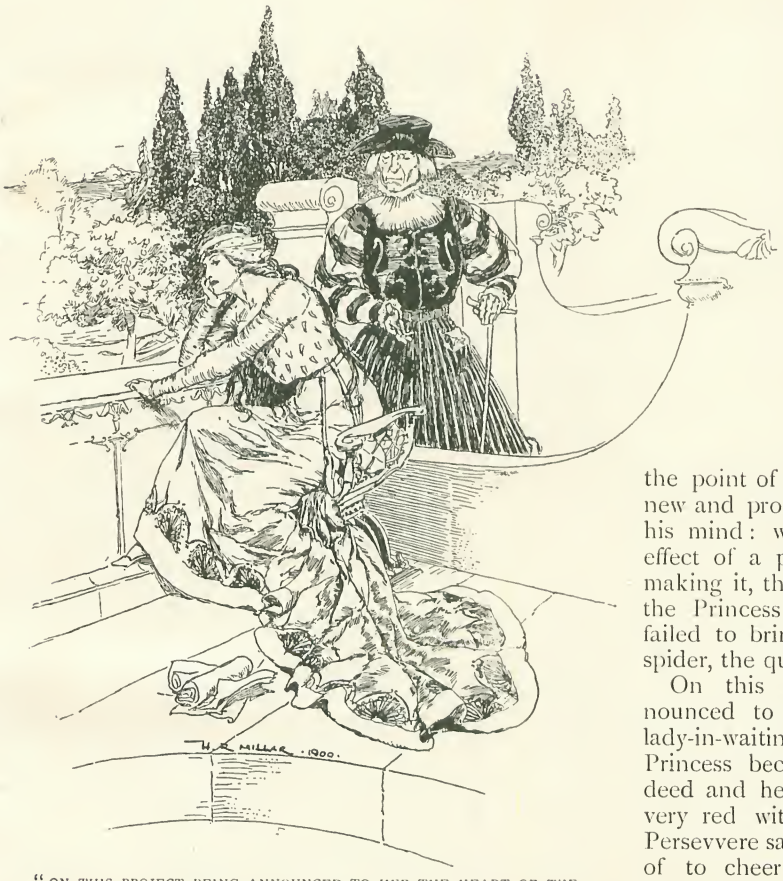
delighted Grumstella, who left the palace laughing so boisterously as to frighten a peacock who was spreading his tail on the roof of the palace. So that he fell into the courtyard below in a swoon, which will convey an idea of how shocking her laughter must have been to hear.

When the Prince grew up and became the King he had a daughter, about whom the fairies do not seem to have troubled themselves one way or another. She was called Vivanne, and was as good as she was beautiful, and that was as beautiful as a Princess could be. Of course, when she grew old enough to marry there were many young Princes who wanted to marry her; but she only cared for one of them, Prince Persevvere, who was ready to do everything that a Prince could do to win her. But the King, her father, threw obstacles in his way.

King Scoribon had peculiar notions and did peculiar things. One of his peculiarities was a liking for spiders. He had a wing of the Royal palace fitted up as a museum, in which were specimens of spiders, collected from every part of the world; while adjoining it he had thousands of living spiders, whom it was his pleasure to feed and admire.

People thought this was merely a queer whim of his, not knowing that it was no whim at all, but the spiteful work of Grumstella, who, being a fairy, had foreseen that the King would never be happy so long as he had the idea that there was still one spider wanting to complete his collection, and that idea she had taken care to instil into his mind by conveying to him a report that there was, hidden in some dim recess, in some remote part of the globe, a spider differing from every other in the world.

The King was constantly thinking of how he could get possession of the coveted insect, to which he knew the name of Crucifix-spider had been given, owing to its being marked with a snow-white cross upon its ebony-black back. He offered tempting rewards for it, and adventurous travellers had gone to the most likely and most unlikely places in the world in search of it, but without success. More than once he had even thought of going himself in quest of it, but had been deterred from carrying out his purpose by considerations of State. At last, just as he was on the point of abandoning hope, a new and promising idea entered his mind: what if he tried the effect of a promised reward?—making it, this time, the hand of the Princess Vivanne. If *that* failed to bring him the Crucifix-spider, the quest was hopeless.



"ON THIS PROJECT BEING ANNOUNCED TO HER THE HEART OF THE PRINCESS BECAME VERY HEAVY INDEED."

On this project being announced to her by a grim old lady-in-waiting the heart of the Princess became very heavy indeed and her beautiful, soft eyes very red with weeping. Prince Persevvere said all he could think of to cheer her, and at last succeeded in making her believe

that, if the Crucifix-spider was anywhere to be found, he would find it and come back with it in triumph.

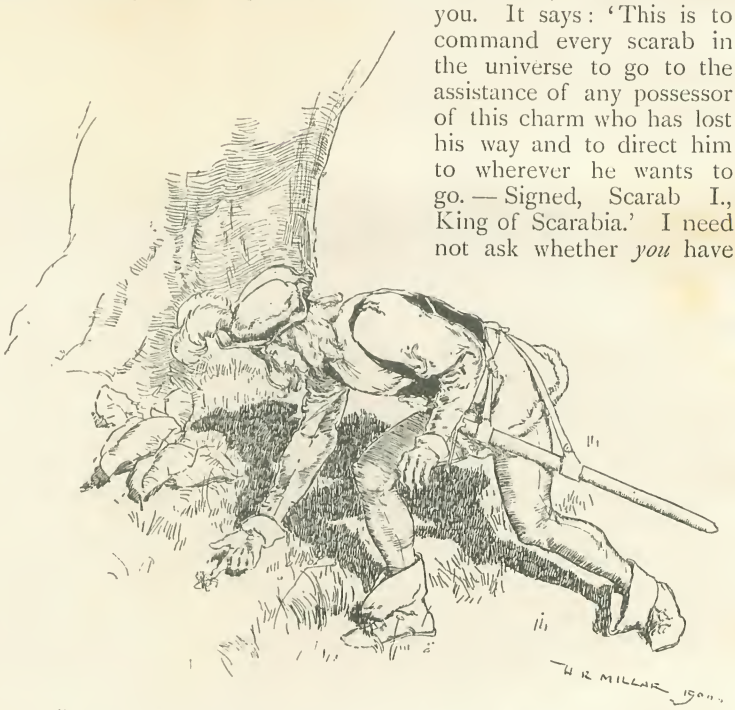
When one does not know where one is going it does not matter in what direction one turns one's steps. The Princess kept back her tears, so that he might not go away thinking that she was less hopeful for his success than he said he was, and gave him a pretty gold locket as a love-token for him to wear next his heart and to kiss when his spirits needed cheering. It was a gift from her mother, and contained the wing of a beautiful beetle called a scarab, on which were certain letters of a sentence written in some unknown language—a charm, perhaps; neither the Princess nor her mother knew their meaning.

The Prince often drew forth this token of the Princess's love and kissed it fondly. But though he did this so often, it chanced that he never discovered the locket's contents until one evening when he was resting in the shade of a giant oak tree. Just as he was raising the locket to his lips a big scarab flew blindly up against it and nearly knocked it out of his hand, falling half stunned at the Prince's feet.

"Why don't you mind where you're going?" said the Prince.

"Why don't you, if you come to that?" retorted the scarab, in a tiny, humming voice, while struggling to get upon its legs, for it had fallen on its back.

"I'm not going—I'm resting," said the Prince.



"THE PRINCE SET THE BRIGHT LITTLE BEETLE ON HIS HAIRY LEGS AGAIN."

"Well, we won't bandy words over it now it's done," said the scarab; "only you might lend me a hand to get on my feet, will you, after having knocked me over, and if it won't trouble you too much?"

"I shouldn't mind if it did," replied the Prince, stooping and setting the bright little beetle on his hairy legs again.

"Thanks," said the scarab, "for it *was* my fault, after all. No, it wasn't!" it suddenly said, catching sight of the locket which was hanging open upon the gold chain by which it hung about the Prince's neck; "I *had* to do it!"

"What do you mean by 'had to do it'?" asked the Prince, in a puzzled tone.

"What—don't you know what's inside your locket?" asked the scarab, in astonishment.

Then, for the first time, the Prince became aware of its contents, but without drawing any enlightenment from the discovery; for, of course, he could make nothing of the mysterious letters on the scarab's wing, though he felt sure they meant something—something of importance, he could not help thinking.

"I see you can't make out what you are looking at," said the scarab. "Well, as one good turn deserves another, I'll read it for you. It says: 'This is to command every scarab in the universe to go to the assistance of any possessor of this charm who has lost his way and to direct him to wherever he wants to go.—Signed, Scarab I., King of Scarabia.' I need not ask whether *you* have lost your way, because you wouldn't be here if you hadn't."

"Why not here as well as anywhere else?" queried the Prince: "as I was not going anywhere in particular, it was just as likely I should come in this direction as that I should have gone in another."

"Which ever way you went it would be with an object, I suppose?" argued the scarab.

"My object is to find a spider," replied the Prince.

"Well, you need not walk your legs off doing *that*—there's any number of the ugly brutes about you—one half-way up your left arm at this moment," said the scarab.

"But the one I want to find differs from all the rest," the Prince said; "it is as black as jet, and is marked with a white cross on its back. Do you happen ever to have seen such a one?"

"Never," replied the scarab, "and I think I have pried into every hole and corner in this country; but I can give you a hint: you are much more likely to hear news of the brute you want in Spideria."

"Can you direct me the way there?" asked the Prince, eagerly.

"No, *I* can't, but I know a centipede who may be able to; he's a great traveller — that's why he has so many feet," replied the scarab. "Come on, and I'll introduce you to him."

The Prince thanked and followed his guide by a zig-zag path. Happily the centipede was at home, and received his visitors civilly, though, as a rule, he is not partial to the company of strangers.

"Look here, Centi!" said the scarab, familiarly, "this friend of mine wants you to put him on the road to Spideria—can you do it to oblige me?"

"HIS HOUSE WAS AT THE ENTRANCE TO A DEEP AND DARK RAVINE."

"He won't like it when he gets there—if he ever does," suggested the centipede.

"I'll take my chance," said the Prince, bravely.

"That's easily said, but how are you going to take it?" objected the centipede; "there's only one conveyance—the ship that goes without wind or sail—and you'll never get on board that. *I* only got on board by accident, through being laid up with a blister on one of my feet, in a crack in one of the timbers of which that ship is built."

"Only tell me where to find it," begged the Prince.

"Can't," said the centipede, "because the owner, when he isn't using it, hides it where nobody but himself can find it. But I tell you what I can do — I'll introduce you to his brother, and *he* may be able to help you."

The Prince, taking heart, lavished thanks on his new friend, and the three set off to find the brother of the owner of the ship that went without wind or sail; but when they got to his house, which was at the entrance to a deep and dark ravine, it was, unfortunately, to find that he was out, and nobody at home to tell them how soon he was expected to return.

"We can't do any more for you," said both the scarab and the centipede; "still, you needn't give it up, you know—you can hang about here till he turns up. So, good evening, and good luck to you."

On being left to his own devices the Prince thought that the best he could do to kill time was to explore the ravine near which his two obliging little friends had left him. He found it almost choked with tangled bushes and weeds, but through these he forced his way, urged, he could not tell why, by a wish to see what the farther end of it was like, and found it closed by a high wall of rock in which there were a number of wide fissures. That was all that met his eyes, and he was just going to retrace his steps, thinking that his exploration was not worth the trouble it had cost him to make it, when

the sound of a faint voice reached his ears, calling for help.

Turning instantly in the direction from which the appeal came he beheld, woven in one of the largest openings in the rocky wall, a gigantic spider's web, the central part of which retreated, in the form of a huge funnel, into the heart of the rock. Each thread of the web was of the thickness of bale-cord, and the whole web was big enough and strong enough to have served for a fishing-net for the capture of sharks, sword-fishes, octopuses, or, indeed, any monsters that swim. But what most shocked the Prince was to discover, bound and utterly helpless on one side of the web, a little, grey-bearded man, who had evidently been caught in its meshes.

Without hesitating for a moment, the Prince drew his sword and tore his way through the thorny bushes to release the unfortunate prisoner; but before he could strike a blow at the web an enormous spider of the tarantula species darted forward from its concealment in the rock and threw out one of its horrible clawed legs and endeavoured to seize him. Enormous in size—the bulk of its dusky brown and speckled body was equal to that of a full-grown man—it was terrific in appearance. In its dreadful head blazed two great red eyes. Its eight legs were nearly all 10ft. in length and coated with bristles, each as long and as sharp as the quill of a porcupine; and every leg was armed with a claw bigger and sharper than that of an eagle.

Instinctively the Prince sprang back out of the monster's reach, at the same time striking off a great portion of the outstretched limb with his keen sword, causing the hideous insect to utter a hiss of pain and rage so loud and shrill as to be almost a scream. The Prince felt faint with loathing, but his own danger and the sight of the poor man imprisoned in the meshes of the monster's web nerved him, and he attacked the creature with all his might, and, after a long and sickening encounter, succeeded in hewing it to pieces and releasing its terrified prisoner, who owed his life to the fact that the monster had over-gorged himself earlier in the day—having breakfasted off a hare and a rabbit, and dined off a goat and a brace of eaglets; his human prey he was keeping for his supper.

"HE ATTACKED THE CREATURE WITH ALL HIS MIGHT."

Warm were the little man's expressions of gratitude for his release, and great was his satisfaction on learning from the Prince that it might be in his power to aid him in the quest he was making. While he and his brave preserver were supping he said:—

"I know that my brother has the ship that goes without wind or sail; but unfortunately he and I are not such friends as brothers should be."

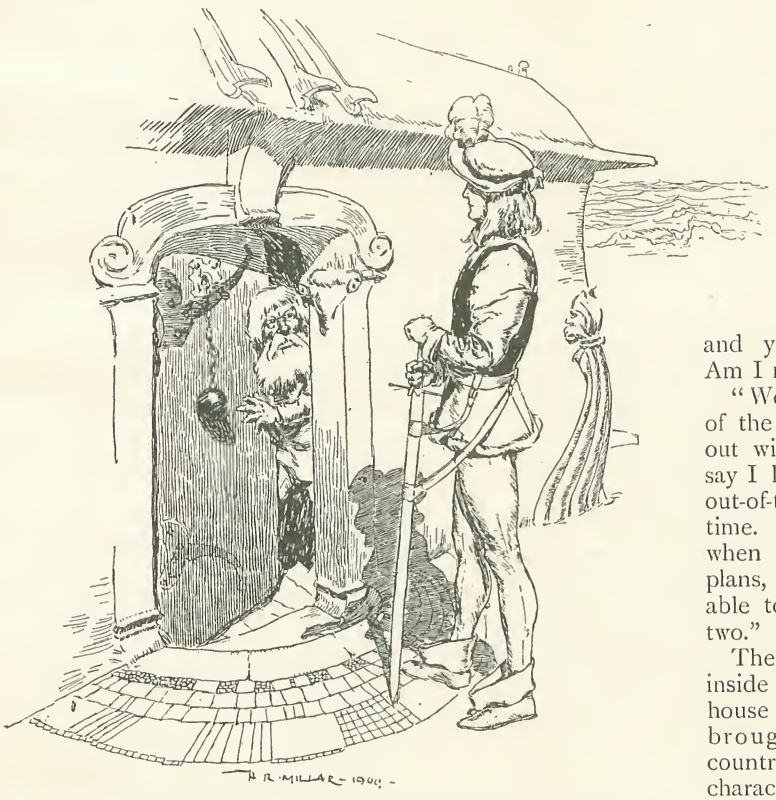
"And you have never seen his ship?" asked the Prince.

"Never," answered the little man, "nor have I ever had the least idea where he hides it. But I can direct you to his house, though I dare not

venture there, and you may be able to learn from him—if you find him at home—more than I have succeeded in learning."

Guided by the little grey man, the Prince lost no time in going to the house of the owner of the ship that nobody besides himself appeared ever to have seen.

The mysterious traveller's house was built upon the sea-shore, in a desolate part of the country, where no one would think of going. No sign of the neighbourhood of any sea-going vessel, large or small, was visible. The Prince's heart sank as he took notice of this; but he knocked at the house door, which was opened after awhile by a man whom he had no difficulty in at once recognising as the brother of his little grey friend.



"'WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?' ASKED THE MAN."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the man who stood in the doorway, gruffly and suspiciously, at once.

"My name is Prince Persevvere. I am on my travels, and feel sure I could not apply to anyone more able to give me some information of which I stand in need than to so great a traveller as yourself," said the Prince, politely.

"Who told you that I am a great traveller?" asked the man he was addressing, sharply.

"Can you imagine that, after visiting so many countries as you have visited, you have left no reputation behind you?" asked the Prince, a little artfully.

The face of the man on the doorstep decidedly brightened under the influence of this well-timed piece of flattery.

"Have *you* been in many countries?" he asked.

"Not many," replied the Prince, adding: "The fact is, I am rather peculiar in my tastes. Of course, as a Prince on his travels, I can go anywhere where all other Princes go when they want to see the world, but that does not satisfy me. *I* want to go to places where other Princes have never been—places *you* only know of, and you only can reach. Am I not right?"

"Well," said the owner of the ship that went without wind or sail, "I won't say I haven't been to some out-of-the-way places in my time. But come in, and when I've heard your plans, perhaps I may be able to give you a hint or two."

The Prince found the inside of the traveller's house filled with curios brought from distant countries, and all of strange character.

"What I should like to know," said his host, as soon as they were seated, "is this: Who advised you to come to me?"

"Oh!" replied the Prince, "a man in my position has only too many advisers; at the moment, I don't remember how I first came to hear about your travels. By the way," he went on, "an idea occurs to me: have you ever seen anything like this?" and he showed him the scarab's wing inclosed in his locket,

and repeated the translation of the letters upon it he had learned from his friend, the obliging little scarab.

"Where did you pick that up—you've never been to Scarabia, I suppose?" said the traveller.

"It was a present to me," the Prince said, adding: "Do you know the way there if I should want to go to Scarabia?"

"No, I don't know the way, but I could find it all the same," the mysterious traveller replied, in a tone so curious as almost to startle the Prince, who tried in vain to explain it to himself.

"But even if I should fancy going to Scarabia," the Prince went on, "there is another place I want to go to first of all. Have you ever been to Spideria?"

"Yes, I've been there," said the traveller, and, as he spoke, the Prince thought—though he could not feel sure it was not merely fancy on his part—he saw a slight shudder pass through his host's sturdy frame. "Yes, I've been there, and that's more than anybody else can say, I suppose—and I don't fancy there's a queerer place on the face of the earth for anybody to go to! The King of it is a spider, the Queen of it is a spider, and all their subjects are spiders, and ugly ones, too! But the oddest thing of all there is that the King—though, at first sight, he looks like all the rest—is very much unlike any of the others, and that's why he is their King!"

"I know," cried the Prince, eagerly; "he bears a mark—a wonderfully distinguishing mark on his jet-black back—a white cross!"

"I must, at some time, have let that out in my sleep," muttered the mysterious traveller, hoarsely. "Well," he said, "that's the truth, however *you* came to know it."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Prince, exultingly. "I've set my heart on making the acquaintance of that King! Take me to him, and I'll make your fortune!"

"I've made one already," replied his mysterious host.

"What will tempt you to take me to Spideria?"

"Nothing that I can think of."

"Let me help you to an idea," said the Prince. "I have offered you a second fortune for the service I ask of you; suppose I now tell you that refusal will certainly cost you your life?"

"What do you want to get at that King for?"

"To capture him and bring him away."

The mysterious traveller reflected for a time and then replied, speaking as much to himself as to the Prince:—

"It would be amusing to carry off their King, the poisonous little beasts!—for they'd never be able to find another with the right mark on his back; and then they'd break out into rebellion and perhaps kill each other, which I suppose nobody would much mind their doing."

"Are you making up your mind?" asked the Prince.

"I was, a minute ago, but I've got through the work now. I'll take you under to Spideria."

"You mean over the sea to Spideria?"

"No, I don't," the mysterious ship-owner replied, with a short, dry laugh; "but I've first got to make a bargain with you. Before we go any farther, will you pledge me your word as a Prince that, if I take you there and bring you back, you will not tell anybody how you got there and got back?"

"You have my promise," cried the Prince, joyously. "When can we start?"

"Now, if you like," replied the mysterious traveller, rising.

"I'm ready!" cried the Prince, exultantly, springing to his feet, at the same time pressing his locket to his lips and covering it with fervid kisses.

"Stay a moment, Prince, there is a little piece of ceremonial you will have to go through before leaving the house: you must let me blindfold you."

"Do it, only make haste about it," cried the Prince.

The mysterious traveller made so much haste about it that when the Prince, at his suggestion, removed the bandage which had been tied over his eyes, he found himself in the well-furnished cabin of the ship that went without wind or sail, and was further sensible of being carried through water at an incalculably rapid rate.

Before he had quite got over his first feeling of surprise, another took possession of him: the cabin, which had been fairly well lighted, suddenly became pitch dark.

"What does this darkness mean?" asked the Prince.

"That we are under the island; we shall be under the middle of it presently."

"What island?"

"The one you want to visit—Spideria. Here we are."

As he spoke, the light returned to the cabin and the ship evidently came to a standstill.

"I'll trouble you to let me put that

bandage over your eyes again," said the mysterious traveller, "then we'll land."

Of course, the Prince made no objection to that, and when, at the end of a few minutes, he was permitted to take off the bandage and look about him, he was astonished to find himself on the upper ground of an island so tiny that in five minutes he could have walked over the edge of it in any direction.

"Now," said his mysterious guide, "do what you want to do without losing a moment, if you value your life."

"Why, what dangers are there?" asked the Prince.

"Millions!—and all with raging appetites!" replied the mysterious traveller. "Look out!—they are coming at you already!"

Then the Prince saw that the whole ground was alive with myriads of spiders of all sorts and sizes, and shuddered at the thought of being covered and bitten to death by the greedy hosts.

"Where is their King likely to be?" he cried, in terror.

"In the very middle of them! Make haste! Trample on 'em—crush 'em. Come on, this way!" shouted his guide.

It was a fearful trial of the Prince's courage, but he was determined to capture the Crucifix-spider if human energy could do it. His mysterious companion aided him manfully in battling with the swarming insects that opposed them at every step.

At last they came upon a rampart formed of millions of the most ferocious spiders in the world, and behind it they caught sight of the King, distinguished from all his defenders by the glittering white cross upon his back. The Prince, heedless of the peril he ran, sprang over the living wall of venomous insects, and in an instant had his prize securely imprisoned in a golden box which he had brought with him for the purpose. Then he fainted, and when he recovered his senses it was to find himself back in the house of the mysterious owner of the ship that went without wind or sail, who refused all offers of reward for his services, and urged him to get back to Court without delay.

"THE PRINCE SPRANG OVER THE LIVING WALL OF VENOMOUS INSECTS."

When he presented the Crucifix-spider to the King the monarch almost danced with joy, and made no further objection to the Prince's marriage with his daughter, whom he thus made the happiest Princess in the world.

A long time after his marriage Prince Persevvere felt a strong desire to learn what his friend, the mysterious traveller, was doing; so he went on a visit to him. But when he reached the spot on which his house had stood there was no house to be seen, every trace of it having been removed. From which he inferred that the strange owner of the ship that went without wind or sail had gone away in it to some now unknown country, with the intention of staying there, and had stayed accordingly.

*Curiosities.**

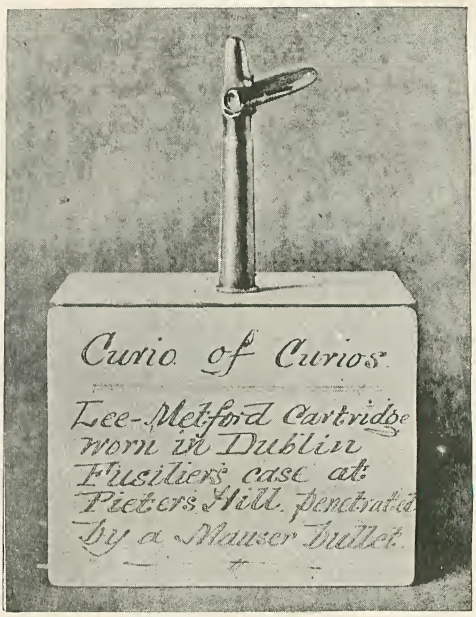
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

WOULDN'T THIS STUMP YOU?

"The idea of this picture was conceived by one of the young ladies who was walking through the forest and discovered this hollow stump, into which the two friends climbed with no little difficulty, when they promptly made use of the expression which has been given as a title to the picture." Thus Mr. A. C. Powell, of Haddonfield, N.J.

A HUGE HAUL OF TORTOISES.

Mr. Arthur P. Silver, of the Halifax Club, Halifax, N.S., sends a very striking picture, which he explains in his letter as follows: "I inclose a remarkable photo. of tortoise from the Galapagos Islands, where they were collected from the crater of an extinct volcano. The expedition to obtain them was fitted out by Mr. F. B. Webster, from San Francisco, under the auspices of the Hon. Lionel Walter Rothschild. They have since their capture been distributed by him as follows: two to the Paris collection, two to Agassiz's Museum at Cambridge, and the rest throughout the United Kingdom. They are of a species supposed to be well-nigh extinct, and hence are much-valued curiosities. They have cost on an average £100 each, not counting the lives of several men of the expedition lost by yellow fever and accidents. At the time the writer saw them these specimens were supposed to be the very last extant of that particular species of tortoise. Some of them were nearly 4ft. in length. They were consuming at the time two barrels of apples each day, which they devoured greedily, and of which they appeared to be very fond."



A VERY NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. George B. McKean, of 152, Ferry Road, Leith, sends a unique curio, which shows how narrow has been the escape from death of a private of the Dublin Fusiliers. It appears that, at the now famous battle of Pieter's Hill, a Mauser bullet struck the soldier, but fortunately hit his cartridge case and embedded itself in the bullet of one of the Lee-Metford cartridges therein.

* Copyright, 1900, by George Newnes, Limited.

NATURE'S MOSAIC.

The beautiful pattern reproduced in the photograph sent by Mr. J. A. Davidson, of 101, Greencroft Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W., is a horizontal section of a common pickling cabbage cut through the centre, and shows what may well be termed Mother Nature's Mosaic. The photo. was taken by electric light, the pattern being transformed into pickles a few seconds later.

NATURE'S SHOWER-BATH.

Another instance of Nature's wonders is given in the photograph of a natural shower-bath sent by Mr. A. E. R. Phillips, of 2, Berkeley Place, Cheltenham. The shower-bath is situate in the River Tavy, on Dartmoor, and becomes a source of delight to the weary traveller on a hot summer's day.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Mrs. N. Moggridge, of Jubbulpore, C.P., India, writes: "A rather strange thing occurred a few months ago at Sangor, C.P., India. A large black cobra was killed in the R.A. mess. On inspecting him he was found to have three fairly large lumps in his body. This was cut open, and in it were found three unbroken guinea-fowl's eggs. These were immediately placed under a hen, and were in due course hatched. This picture represents the stuffed cobra in whose interior the little chicks had found a temporary abode and two of the chickens themselves hopping about and around it. The fate of the third chick was rather tragic. One morning when it was running about in

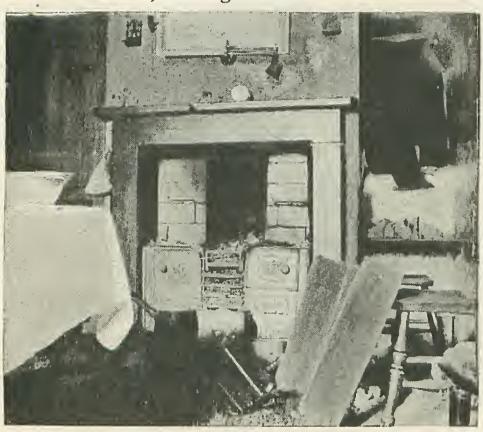
the compound a big hawk swooped down upon it and flew off with and devoured it, which was rather hard considering the vicissitudes it had been through in its struggle for existence."

A CURIOUS SIGN-POST.

The sign-post here reproduced is situated on the Great Orme's Head, Llandudno, outside a farm near St. Tudno's Church, to which it points the way. The peculiarity of it is that the lettering is reversed, the artist evidently thinking that the lettering must read the same way that the finger points. It should read "Right Road to St. Tudno's Through the Farm." Mr. W. H. Chadwick, of 62, Newlands Park, Sydenham, S.E., sends this interesting contribution.

WHAT THE THUNDERBOLT DID.

Mr. G. C. Horne, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, writes: "I send you two photographs which I took recently in Lincolnshire. No. 1 is that of a kitchen in the Hit-or-Miss Inn, at Stamford, which was struck by lightning in a severe thunder-storm. The fireplace was completely wrecked, there being a large gap between the mantelpiece and the wall. The photograph was taken soon after the room had been struck. Nothing in the room had been touched save the clock on the mantelpiece. This was hurled across the room, striking a man on the head as he



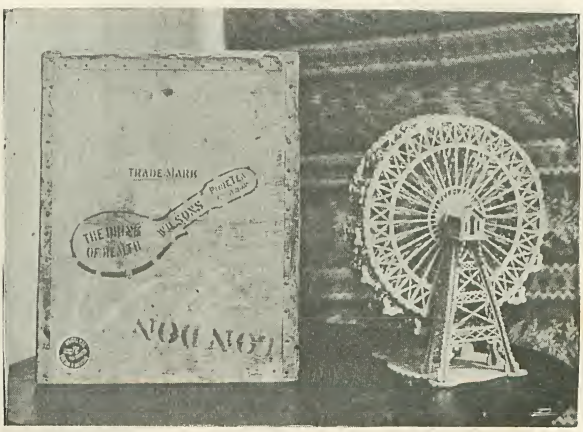
was sitting at dinner. The thunderbolt came down the chimney and struck the leaden gas-pipe which was on the wall and exposed to view. This became melted, and in the next room, which was the bar, molten lead poured down on the inmates. Picture No. 2 is that of a man who was standing in the bar at the time. *The white spots on his back are drops of molten lead!* Fortunately it fell on his back, and not on his face, or else he must have been terribly burnt. The man kindly stood outside the inn for me to take the photo."

AN ASTONISHING RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

During a heavy snowstorm in December, 1880, a snow-plough, one of the old-style wedge pattern, was sent out from Long Island City. The guard and engine-driver were told to clear the main line to Greenport, and to keep a sharp look-out for a van stuck in the snow some little distance east of Waverly, a small town about fifty miles from Long Island City. The night was a particularly dark one, but notwithstanding this fact the occupants of the brake-van failed to place the customary red lights on either end of their van. The plough was being pushed full speed by one of the heavy engines, and upon rounding a curve came on the obstructing truck before the driver had time to pull up; the occupants of the van were calmly toasting their cold feet at the small stove within! A glance at the accompanying print will show what happened: the wedge of the plough ran under the van so quickly as to lift it off the metals and over the plough itself back on to the boiler and cab of the locomotive, where it rested when this picture was taken. The photograph was kindly sent by Mr. L. P. Coleman, of Long Island City, N.Y.

A LESSON TO LAZY LADS.

The last photograph on this page is of a model of the Big Wheel cut from an old tea-chest, similar to that placed by the side of it. The wheel revolves, and the sixteen cars attached all swing on their axles precisely as the real wheel works. This beautiful model was cut and put together by a delivery lad of the firm of Messrs. William E. Wilson, of Croydon,



during his leisure on early closing days. This contribution is sent by Mr. T. E. Callander, of 115, High Street, Croydon.

A PERILOUS EXPERIMENT.

This rather extraordinary photograph was taken by Mr. C. E. Boyd, of Pellew House, Grove Park, Lee, and illustrates an attempt on the part of two local adventurous spirits to emulate the feats of the late Mr. Blondin. The two figures, taken from below, are those of two men standing on telegraph wires a goodly distance from the ground. The wire manufacturer who supplied the material has reason to be proud of his wares, as the combined weight of this novel burden registers a little over 20st.

NOT A DOUBLE-HEADED SHEEP.

Miss L. W. Hewetson, of Balterson, Newton Stewart, N.B., writes: "I believe the inclosed print of the 'sheep with two heads' will interest your readers. This curious result was produced in the following way. My camera is not quite instantaneous, and gives a loud click at each exposure. The sheep was in excellent position (profile), but on hearing the click it turned its head so rapidly to look at me that the photo. came out with two heads perfectly clear and distinct in all details."

A SIGN-POST WITH A WARNING.

This somewhat gruesome sign-post is situated at the top of Macclesfield Road, Alderley Edge, which lies about fourteen miles out of Manchester. It will be noticed that the top board was placed there by the National Cyclists' Union, and yet so many cyclists disregarded it and came to grief, that the local doctor thought he would give them something gruesome to

remember. The board itself is painted blue-black, the skull and cross-bones blood-red, and the lettering white. Mr. Robt. Noblett, of 300, Stancliffe Place, Audenshaw, near Manchester, sends this interesting item.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GOLFING ACCIDENT.

The ball seen in the photograph was driven and "topped" by a powerful driver from a tee two yards behind the discs marking the teeing ground, and struck one of the discs with such force as to be nearly bisected. The disc and the pin attaching it to the ground were carried some considerable distance, the ball remaining firmly attached to the disc. Mr. F. G. Barton, of 17, Lansdowne Road, Bedford, sends this photograph.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

It is a pity that the particular sort of potato, a specimen of which we reproduce herewith, cannot become universal; though, in that case, it is safe to presume that the price per pound would increase materially. If every potato grown in the kingdom were to contain a halfpenny, what——! We shudder at the figures which such a calculation would necessitate. Mrs. Welsh, of 46, Gardner Street, Partick, Glasgow, sends this interesting photo. of a halfpenny found embedded in the heart of a potato.

WHAT IS IT?

This picture was secured last winter in a cyclone cave in Iowa. It does not represent a washerwoman bending over a tub, neither is it an advertisement for Yeast Foam. The cave, which is used

for storing vegetables in winter, has a ventilating hole at the top, through which snow had drifted during a severe storm. The plate was exposed 30min., as there was no light except from a small door. The photo. was taken by Mr. Webster P. Holman, Sergeant Bluffs, Iowa.

HOW BEES SWARM.

Mr. J. Latterly, of 5, Vealenia Terrace, Ashburton, Devon, in his letter accompanying the photograph that follows, says: "The photograph is that of a swarm of bees which settled on a branch of a monkey-puzzle tree at Drind, Ashburton. To take

the photograph the camera was placed about a yard from the swarm. The definition of some of the bees in the centre is very good. The photo. was taken by Mr. J. Amery, of Drind, Ashburton, about six years ago."

CAUGHT BY "DE WET."

Such is the title suggested by Mr. Alfred Pearce, of 49, Lavender Grove, Dalston, N.E. The picture shows a small boy who was in the act of taking a free ride on the back of a water-cart; much to his surprise, however, and before he could jump, the water was

turned on by the driver. The little boy had perforce to travel in this critical position a distance of several hundred yards before the water was turned off, when he made his escape and reached home in a very wet and bedraggled condition.

HOW LIGHTNING AFFECTS FRUIT.

Mr. G. H. Evans, solicitor, of 84, Northgate Chambers, Chester, sends the most curious instance of the effect of lightning that we remember having seen. We give Mr. Evans's description in his own words. He says: "I inclose photo. of two sprays of an apple tree struck by lightning on one side, in a friend's garden a day or two ago at Chester. I thought the contrast a curious one, and had the sprays photographed. I cut the sprays off the tree myself and vouch for their genuineness. The spray on the left is the one struck, showing fruit, *in situ*, among leaves, reduced to size of cherries by action of electric fluid. That on right shows normal leaves and fruit of same tree cut from the other side of the tree which was unaffected by lightning." The photo. was taken by G. Atkinson, Chester.

ANOTHER CURIOUS LIGHTNING FREAK.

The next photo. shows a lightning freak which occurred near Grand Ledge, Mich. The tree was an oak, 90ft. high and 3ft. 8in. in diameter at the butt, and was split from the very tip down through the heart to the ground. The halves of the tree bend outward, and are 36ft. apart at the top. All the bark was torn from the trunk to a height from the ground of 40ft. The owner could have had 50dols. for the great oak from a chair company at Grand Ledge, but he preferred to "spare that tree." We are indebted for this photo. to Mr. W. R. Tilton, Prairie Depôt, Ohio.

RUNNING THE "FLIP-FLAP" AT CONEY ISLAND.

Here is one of the latest Coney Island sensations. It takes the form of an exciting modification of the switchback. Running down an incline with the speed of an express train the car takes a 30ft. circle, and flies around so rapidly that the passengers inside have no time to fall out, even were they inclined to do so. Mr. A. H. Davison, of 801, Dean Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., sends this capital snap-shot.

REVEALED BY THE CAMERA.

This curious photo., taken with an exposure too slow for the movement of the motor-car, illustrates the well-known though startling truth that the top part of a wheel running on the road moves much faster than the lower part of the same. The back wheel is seen quite blurred round the top, while the lower part is distinct and apparently still. We are indebted to Mr. F. Horner, 10, Bellotts Road, Tiverton-on-Avon, Bath, for this contribution.

THE BITER BIT.

The poor guillemot whose untimely end lies lightly on the conscience of its slayer was found by Mr. E. T. Titterton, of Eastbourne House, Portobello, Edinburgh, on the Portobello beach. The bird was quite fresh, and its lower bill was firmly held between the valves of the shell. It had probably been diving for food and had found the shell at the bottom of the sea, with valves open, had thrust its bill forward in pleasurable anticipation of a succulent morsel, and was quickly entrapped. The shell-fish, a fine specimen of the clam, weighed no less than 12oz., and, consequently, kept the bird under water until drowned.

WHAT BECOMES OF EMPTY WHISKY-BOTTLES.

In sending the next photograph Miss Irene Bennett, of 117, Brooke Road, Stoke Newington, N., says: "The accompanying is not a flower grown in a bottle, but a flower *built* in a bottle. It was made by the natives of Colombo, Ceylon, of wood, coloured with different dyes. The photo. plainly shows the darker colouring of the leaves. Each of the tiny pieces on the *bottom of* the bottle is put in separately with the aid of a piece of wire. The leaves are put on the stalk in the same manner, the whole being sold for half a rupee — about 7d. Sometimes the makers will come and make them on the deck of a vessel so that the buyer can be convinced that the structure is put in by the neck, and not by cutting and rejoining the bottle. The whole thing is often made in fifteen minutes. It may interest some of your subscribers to know that this is the final use that a lot of their empty whisky-bottles are put to."

TAKEN UNAWARES.

Beware how and where you fall asleep; there is no telling when and where the camera enthusiast may take advantage of your innocent rest. A case in point is illustrated by the snap-shot which concludes our Curiosities this month. In sending this humorous contribution, Miss E. Dickens, of 2, Egerton Place, S.W., says: "I send you a photograph which should act as a warning. The tourist, whose hobnailed boots form the principal feature of my photograph, was sunning himself at the edge of an old fountain at Vinta, in the Engadine, when I 'took' him with my snap-shot camera."

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